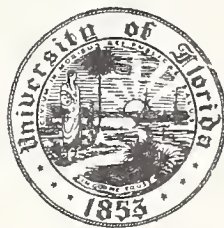






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# Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXVI.

JANUARY, 1928

NO. 1



THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON PRESTON  
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## OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS.

In the following list are many valuable works on Confederate history, and all of them more or less scarce at this time. As time goes on their value increases, as they become more and more difficult to procure, and those who are interested in building up a Confederate library should not let this opportunity pass. As there is but one copy to offer of some, your second and third choice should be given.

Short History of the Confederate States of America. By Jefferson Davis.	
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A Southern Girl in 1861. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright.....	4 50
Poems by Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition.....	2 50
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## TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

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3. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.
4. Financial Prospectus.

All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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NOTICE

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SEEKS TO LOCATE SWORD.—W. Chew, 1836 Park Row, Dallas, Tex., writes: "My uncle, Robert E. Chew, major in a Tennessee Regiment, killed at the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark. Dr. Keller, who lived of years at Hot Springs, told me that one of the regiment preserved my uncle's sword and watch, and I am hoping to locate them by making this inquiry through the VETERAN. Any information will be appreciated."

A. J. Rynerd, 3215 Oakland Avenue, Dallas, Tex., makes inquiry for a history of Walthall's Mississippi Brigade, which he thinks was written by the late Captain Sykes, of Aberdeen, Miss. Anyone knowing of this book will please communicate with him.

J. C. De Puyster, 447 South Orange Avenue, Orlando, Fla., wishes to secure a roster of those who served under General Forrest, or to learn whether J. W. Howell, who, he thinks, was from Pikesville, Ala., was one of them.

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# 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.  
Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.  
Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



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. XXXVI. NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1928. No. 1. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
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## THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION, U. C. V.

*The Place.*—Little Rock, Ark.  
*The Time.*—May 8-11, 1928.  
*The Headquarters.*—Hotel Marion.

## A MESSAGE FOR COMRADES IN THE NEW YEAR.

January 1, 1928.

This day I send greetings to my comrades who have survived for nearly sixty-four years the War between the States, wishing you this year health and contentment. May sweet angels attend you in life or in death.

I am calling on each State Commander that the *per capita* dues be sent in to the national and State Adjutants at once. This amount should be fifty cents from each veteran, twenty-five cents for national and twenty-five cents for the State. This is the only way to have your Camps in good standing, for your State to have the proper number of delegates to the Little Rock reunion.

I am asking also the Confederate Associations and new staff to give special effort to add to the circulation of the *Confederate Veteran* for the new year. As this is the only way we have to keep in touch with each other, please renew and get new subscribers for the new year, 1928, so we may have a large circulation. "Please do not fail in this."

With love and best wishes, your obedient servant,

J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

## A LIFE AND ITS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

On the 7th of November, Gen. K. M. VanZandt, former Commander in Chief, U. C. V., celebrated his ninety-first birthday by attending to his regular duties as president of the Fort Worth National Bank, which he helped to organize more than fifty years ago. In looking back over his long and active life, General VanZandt told of his ambitions when he located at Fort Worth, going there from Marshall, his first home in Texas. These ambitions were four:

To establish a school, a Sunday school, a newspaper, and a railroad—and he accomplished it all, in addition to founding the first bank there. And many other things he helped to accomplish for his home city, and his life there has been an example of right living, so that he is known as the "First Citizen of Fort Worth." Ever looking forward, he visions the continued material advancement of his city, holding that its development as a great business metropolis should be with the desire also to create a center of morality and culture—and that is his creed.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## ROBERT EDWARD LEE—SOLDIER AND GENTLEMAN

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

To a visitor from the Southland, Arlington, the old home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, gives a heartache. The rooms of the old mansion are left to memories and silence. His name is not on the Temple of Fame at Arlington, yet he was the finest soldier the English race ever produced, and America should be proud of this great son. For four long years, with his poorly equipped army, he faced the well-fed and well-equipped soldiery of the North. His genius was always bright. He was so gentle in peace, so invincible in war, with a character so clean, with a nature so loved and honored. Why, Stonewall Jackson said of Lee, "I would follow him blindfolded."

When a Southerner stands before the statue of Lee in Richmond, it makes his heart beat warm and quick, and he feels a pride coming into his soul, for that man belongs alone to Dixie. It took the sweet, chivalrous charm and spirit of the Old South to produce such a soldier. No other section of the country, nor of the world, could have done it. He needs no marble nor bronze tablet at Arlington Cemetery to keep his name bright, because every Southern fireside will remember him and his deeds, which grow grander as the years go by. Just Robert E. Lee, soldier and gentleman; there is no occasion to mention his rank. We can see him now in command of the Army of Northern Virginia; at the battle of the Wilderness, where his men pushed his horse back from the firing lines. We can see him again just before Appomattox, when Grant was closing in on his great antagonist, whose genius was never brighter; no adversity could destroy it.

Now the four years' struggle was coming to a close; the gray-haired veterans could never forget in after years the memory of Lee as he rode along their tattered ranks. Still the light winds will ever blow through the sweet pines and over the soft plowed fields of old Virginia and by the quiet battle grounds now hushed forever.

What war in history ever put such fighters in the field as Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart, Wade Hampton, M. C. Butler, John B. Gordon, and Pickett—who led that celebrated charge at Gettysburg, Cemetery Ridge, with fifteen thousand of Lee's veterans? We all love Dixie; out there the cotton fields are so white in the fall sunlight, and far away you can see the pale blue of the distant hills—and you feel very proud of the Old South which gave us such men.

Lee has crossed over the river to meet Jackson and the rest of his old soldiers on the other side, resting "in the shade of the trees." And we think of the old veterans of that glorious Army of Northern Virginia, after the surrender, pressing about their hero to touch his hands or the bridle of his horse, to express their sympathy as he told them "Good-by" and "God bless you." They have nearly all joined their old commander now.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
Not a sound save the rush of the river,  
Where soft fell the dew on the face of the dead—  
The picket line is forever."

France honored her great Napoleon, but how tragic was the end of his last days, with his English guard and just a marshal of

France with him out on that barren isle out in the Atlantic Ocean—St. Helena—and a young Irish surgeon, to keep him company, spending six awful years on that God-forsaken island, whose rugged sides jutted out on the rolling surf for nearly a thousand feet, while below, in the inlet, a British "man o' war" pulled at its anchor chains, ready for action, ever watching this little man, just a few inches over five feet.

But when we think of Robert E. Lee and the closing years of his life, we think of the old State of Virginia and the little town of Lexington. The most beautiful part of Lee's life was when he returned home and became the president of Washington College, and taught the Southern boys—many sons of those he had led in battle—encouraging them with his matchless character to go out into the world remembering the influence of their college days. And when we think of Robert E. Lee in these last few years of his life, we picture him riding about the town of Lexington and far out in the peaceful countryside, the little children running to the gates to wave their hands and say, "Good morning, General Lee," for the children knew he was good and great—"the man in gray on his old war horse, 'Traveller.'"

And the last scene, when this great Virginian passed away so peacefully in his native State, among the people who loved and honored him, and in the funeral procession his favorite horse, Traveller, who had carried him safely over many battle fields, was walking slowly with saddle empty.

When reading of Virginia and her wonderful history, it is always

"Virginia first, then Lee."

## HISTORIC WEALTH GOING TO WASTE.

BY REV. JAMES A. LYONS, GLADE SPRING, VA.

In libraries and attics of homes in our Southland there are carloads of valuable history, some of it priceless, on the road to the junk pile. Much of it in book form is never read, or even referred to for data, while periodicals are piled up in out-of-the-way corners as useless as wooden shoe pegs in a bake shop—except for rat nests.

This is not fancy, but fact of easy demonstration. There are literally thousands of our people, especially old ones, who, like myself, want to leave this literature where it will be most effective in bringing truth to the minds and hearts of our young people, who are being fed up on Confederate history, so called, from hostile sources.

I suggest that the U. D. C. women, God bless them! turn their attention this way:

1. Let each Chapter canvass its immediate field, gather up the publications indicated, not omitting precious manuscripts, and, under direction of the Historian, reduce periodicals to consecutive order and compile as far as possible, complete files of the same. Copies lacking can be secured by exchange among U. D. C. Chapters; books also.

2. When this is done, localities for permanent libraries can be designated by official action of district, State, and general organizations. Care must be taken that large cities do not absorb an undue share to the impoverishment of far needier places. It must be remembered that an overwhelming proportion of our Southern folk are not in reach of library facilities of any kind.

The sooner our people are "Yankeeized" in the matter of historical self-defense, the better for all concerned. Even the reputation of our dead is involved. It is now or never with us to rid a host of descendants of Confederate soldiers of the slanderous suspicion that their forbears were brave, but barbarous, fighting to keep negroes in slavery.



## TRIBUTE TO GEN. C. I. WALKER.

In the following a sincere tribute is paid to Gen. C. I. Walker, of South Carolina, by one who fought on "the other side," but who has ever shown his friendship for the veterans of the Southern Confederacy—Col. Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, Minn., former Commander in Chief, G. A. R. He writes under date of December 16, 1927:

"I have learned of the death of Gen. C. Irvine Walker, former Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans.

"This news did not surprise me, as he had reached a good old age, but I nevertheless experienced a feeling of sorrow that he had passed on. We corresponded regularly for the last fifteen years. His letters to me have been carefully preserved, for they gave strong evidence of his love for his friends and for his country, and especially for his State.

"He rendered efficient service in making the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburgh a wonderful success. As chairman of the National Committee of the Grand Army of the Republic, having the celebration in charge, I was brought into very close touch with General Walker. On several occasions we met with the Executive Committee at Washington, D. C., and also at Gettysburgh, planning for the success of the celebration. On one occasion, we stopped at the Raleigh Hotel, in Washington, occupying adjoining rooms, between which the door was always open; often we would visit together until midnight, talking over the war and our experiences in that sad and mighty struggle. He had no apologies to make for the part he had taken in that great conflict and firmly believed that the right to secede from the Union was not open to question. He certainly did his full share to make secession a success, and his record as a soldier and colonel of the 10th South Carolina Infantry, which he commanded at the close of the war, furnishes ample proof of the courage and fighting qualities of the South Carolinians. The better soldier, the better I liked him, and the finer the record of General Walker and his soldiers, the greater was my admiration for them. But to me, the crown of it all was his kindly, gentle, and loving spirit.

"He suffered many disappointments and sorrows, but he bore them with little complaint and made the best of every experience that entered into his life. I visited him at his home in Charleston some years ago, where I met his wife, who was one of the noblest of women. I was accompanied by my wife, and we were received by General and Mrs. Walker and their friends and neighbors as though we belonged to the family and were part of 'their people.'

"I am glad that I knew him, and am glad that our acquaintance was so continued and affectionate, and I am sorry that I will see his face no more.

"In preparation for Christmas and before learning of General Walker's death, I had written this letter to send him:

"*Dear Octogenarian Comrade:*

"The fleeting years, like thistle down,  
Have drifted out of sight.  
The boys are mustered out of life; let  
no man say 'Good night!'  
The boys in Blue and boys in Gray sleep  
peacefully together;  
And God's own stars shine through the  
flag and make it pleasant weather.'

"Fraternally yours,

ELL TORRANCE."

"Christmas, 1927."

1\*

## THE LEE MUSEUM.

BY WILLIAM M. BROWN, WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.

More than two years ago, several interested alumni of Washington and Lee started a movement looking to the establishment of a "Lee Museum" in some suitable place on the University campus. For many years—in fact, since General Lee became president of the institution—many objects connected with him have been in the University's possession. In addition to these, it is well known that there are many other articles—papers, books, letters, and the like—scattered throughout the country in the hands of private individuals which should be collected in one place and put on display to the thousands who are and may become interested in the life and character of General Lee.

There is no more logical place for the establishment of such a museum than Washington and Lee University, and it is to be regretted that the collection of such relics of General Lee was not begun in a systematic way several decades ago. There is not now in any museum or private collection extant, so far as the writer is aware, an accumulation of relics pertaining solely to General Lee and the members of his immediate family. In contrast to this rather amazing fact, there are several collections of Lincoln relics (or Lincolniana, as the collectors call them), one or two collections of Jeffersoniana, and many other notables. Further, the demand for such articles among collectors, and the fact that many letters, papers, and documents become destroyed through the ignorance or carelessness of the owners, makes it increasingly difficult to get together a collection of objects pertaining to any famous personage who lived as long as fifty or seventy-five years ago.

Consequently, the time for the opening of a Lee Museum is *now*, and an excellent beginning has already been made with this end in view.

At its meeting in June, 1926, the Board of Trustees constituted an official Committee on the Lee Museum, consisting of President Henry Louis Smith, Mr. Harrington Waddell, and Professors F. L. Riley and William M. Brown. At the same time a small appropriation was set aside for the purchase of such relics and papers as could not be obtained by gift or loan and which seemed to the Committee important enough to add to the collection. A call was sent out to the alumni and friends of the University to come to the aid of the Committee in this rather difficult undertaking. Some response was made by a few alumni, but up to this time the great majority have shown little or no interest in the matter. The Committee, however, has continued its work steadily and has added a number of articles to those already in possession of the University at the time this movement was begun.

During the past summer the entire chapel has been rendered as fireproof as it is possible to make it, and, upon the recommendation of the Lee Museum Committee, two basement rooms have been set aside for purposes connected with the Museum. Both of these rooms have remained in disuse for many years, but they have been made very attractive as a result of the repairs recently completed. They immediately adjoin General Lee's office, and the smaller room will be used for the purpose of displaying books, pamphlets, and photographs of a dignified and authoritative nature, to be sold to visitors at reasonable prices. The profits from the sale of all these articles will be added to the general fund for the maintenance of the chapel and Museum. The Committee also hopes to receive voluntary contributions from many of the visitors to the University, and these amounts will also be added to the above-mentioned fund.



In the larger room will be located the Museum proper, where the most interesting relics of General Lee, and also some connected with General Washington, will be placed on display. No admission fee will be charged to the Museum. Here, when the arrangements now under way are completed, will be found portraits of various members of the Lee family, many photographs of General Lee and other Confederate generals, household articles donated by members of his family, letters, papers, and reports connected with General Lee before and after he became president of Washington College.

At its meeting held on October 11 of last year, the Board of Trustees, at the request of the Lee Museum Committee, made an appropriation of \$1,500 to provide for the purchase of a magnificent collection of Lee and Confederate relics owned by a gentleman in New York State, and also for the purchase of display cases to be used in the Museum. The collection referred to has been sold to the University by its owner, Mr. E. Titus Black, at about half its real value, and Mr. Black is also making a number of donations to the Museum since the purchase of his collection. He is a New Yorker by birth, but is much interested in Confederate history and is anxious to have his collection remain intact in some Southern institution, where it will be available for historical and research purposes during many years to come.

Recently, Dr. W. P. Nye, a retired dentist of Radford, Va., and a Confederate veteran, has given to the University a very valuable collection of Confederate and Indian relics. The Confederate relics will be added to the Museum collection and the Indian relics will be placed on display elsewhere in the University. Dr. Nye is not an alumnus of Washington and Lee, but voluntarily, and without solicitation, has given his collection to the University with no restrictions, because of his admiration for General Lee and the institution over which the latter presided for five years.

Late last spring, Dr. George Bolling Lee, of New York City, grandson of General Lee and a member of the Board of Trustees of the University, sent as a loan to the Lee Museum a leather trunk which had belonged to General Lee and which contained many of the most valuable and cherished of the family relics. Many of these articles will be placed on display in the basement of the chapel when the necessary equipment has been installed. The contents of the trunk consisted of a clock, several books, handkerchiefs, a razor, a watch, spoons, and other objects, all owned by General Lee; a linen suit worn by him, two locks of his hair, a pair of pistols which had once been the property of George Washington, General Lee's commission as lieutenant colonel in the United States army, a pair of his epaulets, etc.

At the present time the Committee needs the earnest and enthusiastic coöperation of all friends of the University especially in its work of getting donations to the Museum. There are still living a number of men who attended Washington and Lee when General Lee was its president. There are others who know of the existence of relics, papers, documents, and the like pertaining to General Lee and the Confederacy, or to George Washington. Any such articles will be gladly received, either as loans or gifts, and prompt acknowledgment to the donors or lenders will be made.

Address the writer at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

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A GOOD FRIEND.—Sending two new subscriptions with his order for renewal for 1928, Comrade R. A. Hemphill, of Atlanta, Ga., says: "May you live long and prosper; yes, as long as there is a Confederate veteran or descendant of a veteran living to read your sacred pages."

## THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

BY MRS. JANIE ADGER GLASSELL, SHREVEPORT, LA.

In the September number of the *VETERAN* appeared an article on the burning of Columbia which carried the statement by General Sherman that the city was burned by Wade Hampton's setting fire to cotton to prevent its falling into the hands of the Yankee army. It may be that he did burn some cotton to save it from the Yankees, but one thing I know, and that is that General Sherman's officers set fire to homes in Columbia.

I know of two instances where the buildings were set on fire by such officers. The first I shall mention was the home of my grandfather's sister, Mrs. Agnes Adger Law, a widow, whose lovely home was on one of the best streets in Columbia. She had a niece living with her, who, with her young infant, only a few days old, occupied an upstairs bedroom. As there were no men in the house, my aunt sent for General Sherman and asked him to put two officers in the house for protection. He granted her request and put the officers in charge. My aunt invited them to sit down to a bountiful supper. When the meal was ended they picked up the lighted candles from the table, and, when she asked what they intended doing, they laughed and said, "Well, old woman, we will show you what we will do," and holding up the lighted candles they set fire to all the window curtains. My aunt just had time to get her niece and young baby downstairs and out of the burning house to safety. My aunt, being seventy-four years old and delicate, after wandering the streets, exposed to the wind, caught a dreadful cold from which she never recovered. She finally found shelter that night in the theological seminary. I will give you a few lines from her obituary which I read yesterday in my father's family Bible:

"Thus has passed from earth to heaven a mother in Israel. Her hospitable mansion, like its owner, is in ruins and dust, and its mistress cruelly driven from her burning home into the streets of a burning city, alone and sick, to find shelter where she most deserved it, in the halls of that seminary so liberally endowed by her. From its doors, after great suffering borne with exemplary patience, she was carried tenderly by the students, as if a mother, and laid in her grave, the last services being conducted by a professor who had been her friend for thirty-six years."

I can tell of another instance related to me by an old lady, who at that time was a girl attending school in a convent just out of the city. The Mother Superior sent for General Sherman and talked with him, expecting some consideration, as she had been a schoolmate of his sister in a Kentucky convent years before. So General Sherman promised to send some of his officers out to protect the convent property. After having supper—it seems they always ate before burning—they took candles up into the tower and set the building on fire. The nuns and pupils fled into the woods, where they spent the whole night.

Gen. Wade Hampton may have burned cotton, but Gen. Tecumseh Sherman and his officers set fire to the homes of Columbia, which were filled with old women, children, and helpless babes.

My grandfather lived in Fairfield District, S. C., fifty miles above Columbia, but as he was in feeble health, he, with his family, was spending some months on his plantation in Louisiana, so his home "Albion" in South Carolina was vacant when Sherman passed on his march to the sea. Old "Uncle Enoch," the carriage driver, was left in charge of the place, and when he learned that the soldiers were almost there, burning houses as they came, he hardly had time to take down



the family portraits and bury them in the woods. Everything else was burned with the house, and the soldiers carried the handsome rosewood piano into the yard and filled it with corn to feed the horses.

After the war my grandfather had the portraits brought to Louisiana, where to-day they hang on the walls of my home, oil portraits of three generations of the Adger family saved by the faithful old slave. The family of this old slave did not leave our plantation after the negroes were given their freedom, but most of them lived and died on our plantation, Carolina Bluff, and only last week a nephew of "Uncle Enoch," who was always called "Uncle Noah Adger," passed away on a neighboring plantation, after a long life of over ninety years, and was brought back and laid to rest in the old plantation graveyard, near the grave of his old aunt, who has on the marble slab over her grave—

"JANE ADGER, AGED 102 YEARS, WHO FAITHFULLY AND LOVINGLY SERVED FIVE GENERATIONS OF THE ADGER FAMILY."

"BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE."

## IN TRIBUTE TO THE GALLANT PELHAM.

Near Elkwood, Va., standing by the Lee Highway, one of Virginia's most traveled thoroughfares, is a small monument dedicated to Maj. John Pelham, of Alabama, whose glorious service in the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia brought forth General Lee's tribute to "the gallant Pelham."

This monument is the gift of George E. Douglas, a merchant and farmer living near Elkwood, now an elderly man, who has grown up in the heart of Virginia made historic by the battle fields of the War between the States. He has made a study of these fields of carnage, and his desire to honor the Southern heroes prompted him to raise this stone to the memory of Maj. John Pelham, who was killed at the battle of Kelley's Ford, which is near the site of the monument. Alabama furnished many brave men in this and later wars, but none braver than Pelham, a mere youth, whose name is honored wherever brave men come together.

The shaft stands on a corner of the grounds of the Douglas home, on the highway, approximately marking the spot where the cavalcade bearing the unconscious form of Major Pelham reached the highway on its way to Culpeper the evening after the battle. The base of the monument was made from a bowlder taken from the battle field of Kelley's Ford, and near the spot where he fell, according to eye-witnesses. On this stands a granite column, six feet high, bearing these inscriptions:

"IN MEMORY OF MAJOR JOHN PELHAM,  
BORN, SEPTEMBER 7, 1843,  
MORTALLY WOUNDED, MARCH 17, 1863,  
NEAR KELLEY'S FORD, VA."

On another face is this:

"LIKE MARSHAL NEY,  
ONE OF THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE."

On the obverse:

ERECTED BY GEORGE E., AND HIS WIFE, LENORE DOUGLAS,  
1926.

The Pelham Chapter, U. D. C., of Birmingham, Ala.—the only Chapter in the great organization bearing the name of the young hero—was selected by Mr. Douglas for the honor

of caring for this memorial through the years to come, to whom he turned it over by deed of gift, and whose privilege it will be to see that it is ever protected and given loving care. This Chapter had the handsome bronze tablet suitably inscribed and placed on the monument.

On October 29, the dedication ceremonies took place, with the Culpeper Chapter, U. D. C., in charge of general arrangements. After a bountiful picnic lunch, the exercises were carried out. Hon. Henry B. Steigall, member of Congress from Alabama, had been delegated by the governor of Alabama to represent the people of that State on the occasion, and his address was most eloquent. Mr. Douglas made the speech of presentation, and the monument was accepted for the Birmingham Chapter by Hon. George Huddleston, of Alabama, Representative in Congress. The veil was drawn by Miss Edith Burgess, a student at the University of Virginia. Randall's beautiful poem, "The Dead Cannoneer," was impressively given by Capt. Tom Hooper, and others contributed their part to the interest of the occasion.

An honored guest of the occasion was Mrs. Emma Pelham Hank, of Richmond, with her three little daughters, and other members of the Pelham family were there from Alabama. The only survivor known of Pelham's Battery is Robert M. Mackall, who was also in attendance, and other Confederate veterans were there to pay tribute to their gallant comrade of the sixties.

John Pelham was born near Alexandria, Calhoun County, Ala., September 14, 1838, the third son of Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson Pelham. He entered the West Point Academy in 1856, from which he resigned a few days before he was due to graduate in order to join the Confederate army. Major Pelham's record in the Confederate army is one of the brightest in a galaxy of brilliant records, and his name will grow with the years. His achievements were—and will continue to be—the subject of thought and discussion by all men who admire courage and ability, displayed to so marked an extent by Major Pelham.

"The Gallant Pelham" met a gallant death in the battle of Kelley's Ford, Va., on March 17, 1863. His body was returned to his native Alabama and rests in the cemetery at Jacksonville.

"His eyes had glanced over every battle field of the war from Manassas to his death, and he was, with a single exception, a brilliant actor in all. The memory of the gallant Pelham has many manly virtues, his noble nature and purity of character are enshrined in the hearts of all who knew him. His record has been bright and spotless, his career brilliant and successful. He fell the noblest sacrifice on the altar of his country, to whose service he had dedicated his life from the beginning of the war."

Gen. Robert E. Lee said: "I mourn the loss of Major Pelham. I had hoped that a long career of usefulness was before him. He was stricken down in the midst of both, and before he could receive the promotion which he had richly won."

"The gallant Pelham," and that from Lee was worth more than any rank in any army, more valuable than any title of nobility or any badge of any other," said Morris Schaff, of the Union Army, in "The Spirit of Old West Point."

The Birmingham News pays this tribute: "The sureness with which Pelham framed, the celerity with which he executed his plans, his unrivalled capacity in discerning the enemy's most vulnerable point, and his marvelous skill in smashing it, made of him, young though he was, to the Army of Northern Virginia what Desaix, the boy-general, was to the little Corsican. Like his infantry rival of the French army.



Pelham was killed in battle—Desaix at Marengo, Pelham at Kellyton.

Alma Rittenberry, State Correspondent, U. D. C., adds this for the Pelham Chapter:

"From Alabama went forth this youth. It was here that he was nurtured, here that his fine character flowered. Affixed to this memorial near Elkwood is a bronze tablet—the gift of the Pelham Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Birmingham. In his deed of gift, Mr. Douglas, mindful that Pelham was of Alabama's loins, lodged possession of this Pelham Memorial in the Pelham Chapter, U. D. C., here in Birmingham. The gracious act of this Virginian awakens keen appreciation in Alabama. It will be the privilege of the Pelham Chapter to care for this memorial.

"In this State's inspiring record there are few deeds shining with clearer valor than are those of 'the gallant Pelham.'"

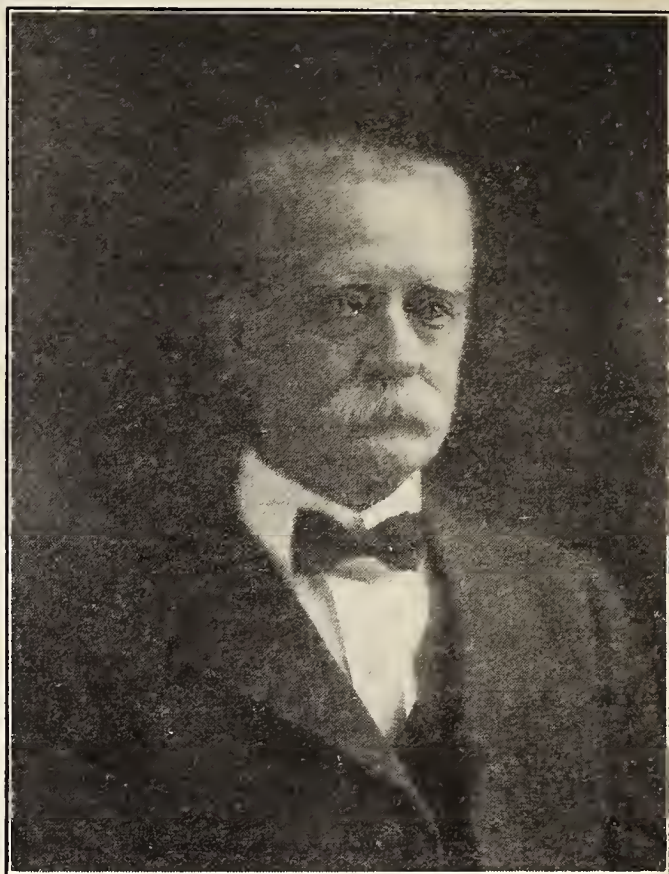
#### WILLIAM R. BRINGHURST—A TRIBUTE.

"He never held a high office; he did not climb the ladder of fame; he was hardly known outside the borders of his State; he did nothing to challenge first-page news stories or to provoke editorial discussion; and yet death ended for William R. Bringhurst, of Clarksville, a life that is in every respect worthy of the very highest emulation. He made real contributions to society; he accomplished, during his eighty-three honorable and well-spent years, much that will survive him. He was that type of Tennessean, American, and man whose homely virtues, whose high appreciation of man's estate, and whose devotion to the best ideals of the race have done more than history often credits them with doing for the true advancement of our civilization."

Of the many beautiful tributes which have been paid to the life of William R. Bringhurst, of Clarksville, Tenn., which closed on December 4, 1927, perhaps this editorial paragraph from the *Nashville Tennessean* gives a clearer picture of him who had lived and moved among us for eighty-three years, years full and overflowing with the kindly deeds and duties of a simple life; just to do his duty day by day and to reach out a helping hand to friend or neighbor or the stranger within his gates—that was the dominating thought of his long life, an active life almost to the very end. For fifty-four years he had been a hotel proprietor, and he was doubtless the most widely known man in that business in this Southern section, and perhaps, in point of service, the oldest in the United States. All who partook of his hospitality became his friends, for his cordial disposition and treatment of guests was never forgotten. It was not merely business with him, but an opportunity to share a part of his home with those who were away from theirs. He was congenial with the old and the young, and thus his friends were legion.

William Rufus Bringhurst was a native of Clarksville by "coincidence," as he facetiously expressed it, his father, William Robert Bringhurst, a native of Germantown, Penn., having located at Clarksville by accident. He met a girl from his home State, Miss Julia Matilda Huling, of Harrisburg, Pa., who was visiting friends in that section, and shortly afterwards they were married. He was then established in his business as a carriage maker, and helped to build up the town of Clarksville. His son, William Rufus, was born November 4, 1844, the day that James K. Polk was elected President of the United States. He was educated in the public schools of Clarksville and at Stewart College, which was later the Southwestern Presbyterian University. As a boy of seventeen, he joined the Confederate army in 1862. He was then clerking in the hardware store of F. S. Beaumont, who had raised a

company and gone with the 14th Tennessee Infantry to Virginia, leaving the business in charge of the clerks. One by one these had enlisted until young Bringhurst was left in charge. One day some Confederate cavalymen, under command of Col. Tom Woodward (a Connecticut Yankee



WILLIAM R. BRINGHURST.

who had lived in the South some years), came charging through the main street of the town, carrying a varied assortment of arms. They were simply on a lark, but their seeming earnestness deceived the Federals, some of whom were captured and paroled; then Colonel Woodward demanded the surrender of the force entrenched on the Stewart College property, under a Colonel Mason, who, becoming alarmed, surrendered to the small Confederate force, and he and his men were paroled, and sent back to Ohio by steamboat.

In the meantime, young Bringhurst had closed the store, rushed home for his brother's gun, joined Colonel Woodward's men, and participated in the capture of the Federals. The Confederates continued to operate in that section for some two months, then went out with Forrest and joined the regular army of Tennessee, William Bringhurst accompanying them as a member of Company A, Woodward's 2nd Kentucky Cavalry. He thus served through the battle of Chickamauga, and was then with Wheeler until the fall of Richmond, when he went to Greensboro, N. C., and became a member of the escort for President Davis and the Confederate treasury. An interesting account of his experiences in that connection was given by him in the *VETERAN* for October, 1926. His command was with those who were turned back at the Savannah River, and he returned home by way of Augusta, Ga., where he was formally paroled.

For some years he was engaged in business at Clarksville, then opened a hotel at Seebree, Ky., but in 1875 he returned to Clarksville and established himself in the hotel business there, in which he had since been continuously engaged. In 1869, he was married to Miss Sallie Scott, daughter of Col.



W. H. Scott, of Hopkinsville, Ky. Ten children came to bless the home, and on April 29, 1919, they celebrated their Golden Wedding with an unbroken family chain. But the youngest son and the beloved wife preceded him in death, and three sons and six daughters now mourn the loss of the revered father.

To the VETERAN, his passing is the loss of a devoted friend and a loyal patron. He had been a subscriber from the beginning and a contributor from his store of Confederate history, his knowledge of which was accurate and extensive. He had faithfully served the Forbes Bivouac of Confederate Veterans since its organization soon after the war and was a true comrade in peace as he had been in times of stress. He was an outstanding citizen of his community, an enterprising and at all times a progressive citizen, always interested in the public welfare. His courtly bearing, genial disposition, and tender consideration endeared him to all, and not only in his home town, but wherever known, he will be sadly missed. He was a true Christian, a member of the Madison Avenue Methodist Church from 1856, and served on its board of trustees; a member of the Masonic fraternity, by which the last sad rites were conducted after funeral services at the church.

It is difficult to express the sense of loss which such a life occasions in its passing, and the test of appreciation is what is said by his own people. Nothing could be finer than the editorial tribute in his home paper, which concluded thus:

"As a soldier in war, as a citizen in peace, as a follower of the Great Teacher, he measured to the highest standard of manhood. His religious faith was to those who came within the circle of his amiable life a benediction and an inspiration.

"But the real gem of his character displayed its brilliance and its beauty in his home life. No husband was ever truer to his marital vows or bestowed more love and tenderness and care on his companion. No father ever merited the affection and the gratitude of his children more than he.

"Taps for the old soldier!

"Good night for the father!

"Home at last for the Christian!

"God bless his memory!"

## THE ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

Referring to the statement which has been widely published of late that the original of the South Carolina Ordinance of Secession was in the possession of a man in Ohio, A. M. Barnes in *Kind Words*, brings out testimony to show that this valuable old paper could not be in the possession of any private individual, and quotes Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., Secretary of the Historical Commission of South Carolina, as follows:

"This is to say that the original Ordinance of Secession, adopted December 20, 1860, by a convention of the people of South Carolina and signed up the same day by the delegates thereto, is in this office, and has been in the custody, first of the Secretary of State and then of this office since the aforesaid 20th of December, 1860."

This is testimony sufficient to show that the Ohio man could have only a copy of the original ordinance, and Mr. Barnes says that a number of these were made by request of members of the convention. This is the text of the famous old document:

"At a convention of the people of the State of South Carolina, begun and holden at Columbia on the seventeenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty, and thence continued by adjournment to

Charleston, and there by divers adjournments to the twentieth day of December in the same year,

"An Ordinance: To dissolve the union between the State of South Carolina and the other States united with her under the compact entitled, 'The Constitution of the United States of America.'

"We, the people of the State of South Carolina, in convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinance adopted by us in convention, on the twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying amendments of the said Constitution are hereby repealed; and that the union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the 'United States of America,' is hereby dissolved.

"Done at Charleston, the twentieth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty."

The story of the signing of the South Carolina Ordinance of Secession is told by Mr. Barnes in the following, and it has not lost interest in all these years:

"When as a result of the national election in November of 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected President of the United States, the legislature of South Carolina, which had remained in session, awaiting the news, called for an election of delegates to a popular convention to be held in the following month. It was thus that on December 17, 1860, the Democratic State Convention assembled in Columbia. Each delegate wore a blue badge attached to his hat instead of being pinned on the lapel of his coat as was the custom later. But one session of the convention was held, however, when learning that smallpox had broken out in the city it was decided to adjourn to Charleston. There the meetings were held in St. Andrew's Hall, a building on Broad Street, belonging to the St. Andrew's Society, an organization founded in 1729 principally for charitable purposes. The building sat back from the street in the midst of a garden.

"The president of the convention was Gen. D. F. Jamison, the delegate from Barnwell County. The convention is described by an eyewitness as one of men 'of a most dignified bearing and exceeding gravity of manner.' Yet underlying this outward calm was an unmistakable air of tenseness, likely at any moment to give place to an outbreak of excitement. Not a man there who did not understand fully the real purpose for which the convention had been called, or who failed to recognize the crisis toward which the legislation was tending.

"It was exactly thirty minutes past eleven o'clock on the morning of December 20, as the records state, when a delegate stood up to read the Ordinance, which had been drafted by Dr. Francis Wardlaw, Chancellor of the State University. In the tense silence that ensued, as men sat with bated breath and rapidly beating hearts, the least sound was discernible. Outside, too, a great crowd had assembled that stood in massed formation to the very doors of the hall, tensely waiting to learn the action of the convention.

"When the ballot was called for every member of the convention, one hundred and nine in all, voted for the adoption of the Ordinance. Throughout the voting there was still evident that same grave demeanor that had marked the bearing of each delegate during the reading; but the moment the result of the voting was announced, the tumult of cheering broke forth, which extended to the crowd without. The people outside struggled to enter the building; and despite



the efforts of the door men, many of them succeeded. Soon the hall was filled to overflowing.

"It now having become evident that a larger hall would be necessary for the ratification of the Ordinance, the convention adjourned to reassemble in Institute Hall, on Meeting Street, a building used by the State for the promotion of the industrial arts. In procession, marching two and two, the delegates proceeded to the building selected. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Bachman, of the Lutheran Church, the order of business was resumed. General Jamison made a few preliminary remarks, then called for a signing of the Ordinance. It was now close to seven o'clock in the evening. The bells of St. Michael's Church chimed the hour as the first three or four signatures were placed.

"When the last of the one hundred and nine signatures had been written, General Jamison, lifting the document from the table, and holding it impressively aloft, announced its ratification, at the same time proclaiming the State of South Carolina 'an independent commonwealth.'

"Following this announcement there was an outburst of cheers, and delegates and audience arose as one man, giving vent to their enthusiasm not only by voice, but by the waving of hats, canes, and handkerchiefs.

"The news of the signing of the Ordinance having been proclaimed outside the hall, the church bells began to ring; whistles blew; and shortly cannons were booming; while, as though with the swiftness of magic the State flag appeared on public buildings and private residences. Later in the evening there was a general celebration. The whole city was illuminated; bonfires were built on the Battery; while groups passed along the streets, bearing torches and singing Southern songs. On the following evening there was a mammoth torch-light procession, with bands of music.

"It was shortly afterwards that the 'Secession Song,' 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' appeared. It was composed and set to music by Harry McCarthy, an Irish comedian, who with a small theatrical company was touring the South at the time. The line, 'The Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star,' had reference to the secession of South Carolina and the flag adopted by the State, a blue ground with a palmetto tree and a single star in white."

The following was contributed by Robert W. Sanders, of Greenville, S. C.:

"A native of South Carolina, and one whose residence has been in the 'Palmetto State' since his birth—now over eighty years ago—I was thirteen years old when the Secession Ordinance of South Carolina was adopted, December 20, 1860. More than once the erroneous printed statement has gone forth that this ordinance was passed in Columbia, S. C. That, however, is a mistake. Mr. Barnes, in the above account, gives the correct history of that memorable event. Mr. Salley's account of the original document is, beyond doubt, also true. Copies of it have doubtless been referred to as being the original. I remember well when the news of the secession of South Carolina was flashed to Barnwell, S. C., my native county (district, as it was then called). There was great excitement, and also enthusiasm over it. Cleaving, as South Carolinians still do, to the State Rights doctrine as advocated and defended by John C. Calhoun, but few people in the State perhaps expected the bloody war to follow. They mistakenly thought that the State would go out of the Union and join with other States, peaceably forming the Confederacy.

"The Secession Convention held its meetings while sitting in Columbia, in the First Baptist Church edifice, which stands there yet, with its stately columns fronting Hampton Avenue.

The congregation had previously worshiped for years in a much smaller and far less imposing church building on another street. And I have read this story (no doubt a true one) that when Sherman's army entered Columbia, February 17, 1865, some of his men made inquiries of an old negro as to where that old building was, so they might burn it. They did burn the small old church house, believing that the Secession Convention had been held in it, instead of the large new building in which the convention had really met. Hence, the building in which the assembly took place, before moving to Charleston, escaped the enraged enemy's torch. This cruel torch (or rather torches) was applied by General Sherman's soldiers in many other places, however, and much of the beautiful city was left in ashes, as were homes, ginhouses, and the like, burned by that army along its relentless march from Savannah, Ga., to Greensboro, N. C.

"Misled people, in some sections of our great country, seem to have believed the false allegation against Gen. Wade Hampton that he burned Columbia by having bales of cotton fired on a street of the city. Even admitting that any buildings 'caught fire' from burning cotton, there can be no doubt that the city was destroyed by numerous fires from the hands of Sherman's soldiers. This fact has been several times stated to me by aged, truthful, and honorable citizens of Columbia, eyewitnesses of the cruelties of Northern soldiers whom they saw set the fires a-going. Some of these old citizens made other statements to me about some shameful acts and words of some of Sherman's men that I would blush to see printed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The story that Hampton burned Columbia has no more truth in it than the cruelly false report that President Jefferson Davis was in women's clothes when he was captured on that memorable night while camping near a spring, a day's journey from Washington, Ga., whence he had departed that morning about nine o'clock."

#### THE CULTURE OF THE OLD SOUTH.

BY MRS. WILLIAM LYNE,\* OF VIRGINIA.

Looking backward to my girlhood as I near my eighty-third year there is so much connected with the history of the Old South which will never be chronicled that I am often tempted to reminiscences; but those who knew my experiences have now nearly all answered the roll call of the Master's voice and gone to their eternal reward. Yet I am glad that I lived, in a sense, "when knighthood was in flower," and that my beaux were the gay *sabreurs* who wore the gray. I did not marry until after the war, but my husband fought with the Richmond Howitzers in twenty-seven of the worst battles and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox. I also had five brothers in the service of the Confederacy; and my mother's home, on the Telegraph Road midway between Fredericksburg, Va., and Richmond, was the scene of many stirring events, for, after the battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Courthouse, the Yankees camped in our yard.

Mrs. Lyne was the famous beauty, Cassie Moncure, one of the belles of the sixties when Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy. She is a great-great-granddaughter of Col. William Byrd, of Westover, and a great-niece of Richard Henry Lee, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Her father, Hon. William A. Moncure, was auditor of the State of Virginia under Gov. Henry A. Wise; and as her uncle, Chief Justice Richard Cassius Lee Moncure, was for thirty-five years president of the Supreme Court of Virginia, she used to attend the levees at the Confederate White House. Her cousin, John Moncure Daniel, was editor of the *Examiner*, and his caustic sarcasm wielded a great influence, for he was an experienced diplomat, having been minister to Italy. He belonged to the same family as Judge Peter Vivian, of the United States Supreme Court, who was an Associate Justice on the bench with Roger Taney, of Maryland.



During the battle of Jericho Ford, Gen. U. S. Grant made our home his headquarters; and other Northern officers whom I recall as being there, and studying their maps in our yard under the big catalpa tree, were General Meade, Col. Nelson Miles, General Humphries, and Col. William McKinley (afterwards President).

The Washington Artillery camped there for one winter and, being Frenchmen from New Orleans, they erected a theater and gave plays to relieve the tedium of the country life. This battalion was equipped by Mrs. Urquhart, the mother of the actress, Mrs. James Brown Potter.

My brother, Maj. Thomas Jefferson Moncure, having graduated at Lexington under Stonewall Jackson, early became the Chief Engineer of McLaw's Division; and at the Crater, at Petersburg, he had charge of the countermining, at the special request of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Another of my brothers, Judge Eustace Conway Moncure, was a scout for Gen. Robert E. Lee, attached to Gen. "Rooney" Lee's Brigade, and he rode with Stuart in his famous raid around McClellan, and was one of those who recognized the brave Latané when a stretcher was being borne by, covered with a blanket, for Latané's boot was showing, and my brother knew him well; but he rode on, with a sob in his heart, for our families, the Latanés, Moncures, and Peachys, are all related. Latané's burial by the ladies of Virginia has been immortalized by the painting of Washington, and it illustrated how bereft was our country, with all the men at the front.

As the war came closer and closer to us, both in privations and heartaches, we experienced almost starvation when Sheridan was tearing up the railroads and burning the bridges toward Ashland. I had to make my own shoes, and all the meal we had to eat was what my mother ground in her coffee mill, for both armies had burned our rail fences and taken all our cattle and provender.

When the seven days' battles raged around Richmond, for safety, I was sent to Georgia, between Athens and High Shoals, not so far from Stone Mountain, and so I saw life on a Southern plantation, where long avenues of crêpe myrtle led to the manor house; and where I shall always glimpse in memory the negro women coming from the fields, riding mules; for they did not work in the evening sun, but would spin and card. We used to drive to church in a carriage with steps that let down, and it was upholstered with crimson satin; and four mules were required to pull it through the sand roads. Happy, happy days, though tidings came of terrible import to our family, for young Joe McCrae, who was a Georgia volunteer and a member of my aunt's household, was killed at Petersburg, Va. Then, news of Sherman's burning of Columbia, S. C., brought other heartaches, for my cousin, Mary Ambler Weed, was the Mother Superior of the Ursuline Convent there. She took her nuns and fled to the church and sent General Sherman word that she must

have a guard, which was furnished; but when the sacred cross of her convent fell, as the flames encircled it, she likened it to the falling of the Southern Cross and the end of our hopes for victory. She was my first school-teacher, and that brings me to the education of Southern girls in ante-bellum days.

As my father was auditor of Virginia, I was educated in Richmond, at the famous Richmond Female Institute, which was very near the White House of the Confederacy. It was founded in 1853, the year that William Makepeace Thackeray made his famous visit to the city; and though my father has told me that Thackeray's visit did not cause the enthusiasm accorded to Charles Dickens, yet the lectures by the author of "Vanity Fair" aroused a deep desire in the hearts of the Richmond parents to give greater educational opportunities to their girls and boys. So that year witnessed the establishment of both the Richmond Female Institute and the Mechanics Institute. When the doors of the Richmond Female Institute opened, over two hundred and twenty-five pupils were ready to matriculate. Most of them rode in their own carriages, driven by negro coachmen, who were pompous in manner and jealous for their young mistresses to shine in society. There were few paved streets then; and the city sprawled from Church Hill to Shockoe Hill and Chelsea, with spacious homes and beautiful gardens.

Virginia had planned for public education before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and that Harvard has the distinction of being an older university than William and Mary College was due to a terrible Indian massacre; for Virginia always encouraged culture and sent her sons to Edinburgh and Oxford, while the girls were taught by tutors at home. But when railroad travel made it possible for planters to send their daughters to finishing schools, Richmond early took a most important stand for the higher education of women, and these schoolgirls were destined to be classified later as the *Women of the Southern Confederacy*. As I look back from my *eighty* years of retrospection to the years of suffering and the agony of four years of invasion of Dixie by the Northern troops, I see my contemporaries sewing for the soldiers, scraping lint and making sand bags for fortifications, knitting and weaving, and nursing the sick and wounded—which they deemed their privilege and duty as they interpreted the Constitution.

When news came that the students of the Citadel Academy, of Charleston, S. C., had unfurled the Confederate flag over their barracks, some girls from the Palmetto State, who were terribly in earnest, made and unfurled a Confederate flag over the Richmond Female Institute, which thus became the first building in Richmond to proclaim its colors in loyalty to the Confederacy. Then tidings came that young Gordon McCabe, afterwards one of Virginia's most celebrated educators and the intimate friend of the poet Tennyson, had made bold to place the flag of the Confederacy over the rotunda of the University of Virginia. McCabe was ever a daring spirit, and he and John Esten Cooke, the novelist of the Southern cause, were members of the same artillery battalion with my husband, the Richmond Howitzers. The day Virginia seceded happened to be my husband's seventeenth birthday, so he was only a gunner—though at the Wilderness, when his cannon was captured, he seized a rifle from the hands of a dead infantryman and led a charge where he recaptured his ordnance, but positively declined a *captaincy*, for he was devoted to driving his caisson. At the last terrible effort at Appomattox, when all seemed lost, and the cry went up, "If artillery would just come!" then McCarthy tells, in his "Story of the Army Life of Northern Virginia," that they put their ear to the ground, for they thought they detected



MRS. CASSIE MONCURE LYNE.



the sound of oncoming cannon; and soon a shout went up, "Hurrah! It's *Bill*! It's *Joe*! Hurrah!" for slashing their horses into a furious gallop the Richmond Howitzers hove in sight. The *Bill* was my husband, William H. Lyne, who is named among those who surrendered with *Gen. Robert E. Lee*; and the "*Joe*" was his dear comrade, *Mr. Fourqurean*, of Richmond. How they loved the flag!—the flag of which Father Ryan wrote: "It is wreathed around with glory, and will live in song and story—though its folds are in the dust."

During the war, Father Ryan frequently preached in Richmond at St. Peter's Cathedral, and there was a deep mysticism about his sermons, for he felt the burden of war; and I shall never forget his quoting: "Far out on the ocean are billows that never will break on the beach. And I have heard voices in silence too lofty to utter in speech," which is one of his rarest pearls in the rosary of his lofty idealism and patriotism.

In making the statement that South Carolina girls at the Richmond Female Institute unfurled the first Confederate flag to float over a building in the city, I do not forget that young Crenshaw, whose father's home became the White House of the Confederacy, made a Confederate flag and put it up over the stable in their backyard; but this received no official recognition, as he was a mere lad, enthusiastic, boy-like, for his native State. However, when our governor, known as "Extra Billy" Smith, sought for a flag to wave over the State Capitol, Col. George Wythe Munford had his daughter to comply with the request; and she nearly sewed holes in her fingers making it out of bunting that had run the blockade, for the artist who painted this flag had literally dabbed on the turpentine, hence it was very stiff. At the surrender, when our loved emblem was lowered, a soldier from Massachusetts took this ensign with him back to the North, but it has recently been returned to Virginia. Col. Munford's daughter later became Mrs. Talbott, of Richmond. The Munfords were staunch in their allegiance, and are related by marriage to the Rhett's, who were most prominent likewise in their love for the Confederacy. Truly, of our dear banners do we feel—

"Nothing but flags, yet they're bathed with tears,  
They tell of the triumphs of hopes and fears;  
They are sacred, pure, and we see *no stain*  
On those dear flags come home again."

It is not the purpose of this article, as I near the sunset of life, to rehash sectional bitterness, yet, as has been truly said: "The North first made money, then *morals*, out of slavery." I simply wish to go on record as stating that through divine providence, the bringing of the blacks in Yankee clippers and their being sold in the Southland, where climatic conditions made it possible for them to live, and where the development of the country called for *labor*, has worked for the Christianization and the elevation of the negro race in a manner more prolific of betterment to these Africans than all the missionary efforts ever sent to the Dark Continent. Confederate women all did *social work* in the quarters and taught the Bible in the Sunday schools held in the ginhouses and weaving rooms; where many negroes became earnest, devout Christians; and their loyalty and love were exemplified in thousands of ways to the families of the Southern soldiers who were absent on the battle fields. Nobody ever heard of outrages being perpetrated, though the Southern women were entirely left to the protection of the faithful slaves. This fact is a refutation within itself of the propaganda that the *lash* was the torture of the blacks—for the Southern negro became a gentleman in his manners, as he waited in the dining room or drove the coach. Every Southern hero, from George

Washington to Robert E. Lee, was lulled to sleep in infancy by the spiritual crooning of the old darky mammies. I have known of *cannibals* being brought up the Rappahanock River and sold in Virginia, who tried to eat the little *negro babies* in the quarters; and, of course, they had to be summarily dealt with, which meant they were sent to the sugar fields of Louisi-



WESTHAMPTON COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

The Richmond Female Institute, which later merged into the Woman's College, and from which developed Westhampton College at Richmond, Va., was the first building in the capital of the Confederacy to officially fly a Confederate flag. During the War between the States, this seat of learning was turned into a hospital, and later was seized by the Federal government at the surrender of Richmond. Here many of the noblest women of the Confederacy were educated, among whom may be mentioned Cassie Moncure (Mrs. William Lyne); Kate Wortham (wife of Col. A. S. Buford); the Thomas girls (who became Mrs. J. L. M. Curry and Mrs. Carlyle); and Mrs. Connelly, of Asheville—all of whom moved in diplomatic circles in Washington and abroad.

ana, remote from dwellings, where overseers had to manage them, for their voodooism was not safe for Virginia.

Lord Spotswood thanked God in Colonial times that there were no "public schools" in Virginia; but later, at every homestead, there was a schoolhouse in the yard, just as there was a "smokehouse" and also an office, where the planter saw his business acquaintances and settled with his "factor," or the person who looked after his affairs. Even in my day, Marion Harland, who was Miss Hawes, of Richmond, afterwards Mrs. Terhune, assumed a *nom de plume* lest she be considered as bold if she took up the pen; and George Egbert Craddock's masculine pen name was employed for similar reasons; while the celebrated Dr. Mary Walker had, even at the North, to secure an act of Congress authorizing her male attire as a nurse on the battle field, since the sixties were not the days of knickers or bloomers, but ladies rode horse back in a flowing skirt and plumed hat, like Di Vernon.

My mother's father had been a captain of the War of 1812, and when she was old enough to wish to learn the alphabet and asked for "a book," he walked to his mahogany secretary, took out "Goldsmith's Greece," and handed it to her, saying: "If you have a mind to learn, a book is a book!" His was the frontier spirit, which bent circumstances to meet necessities; and his death bed was solaced by the presence of that famous Ajax in strength, Peter Francisco, the herb doctor, who, with his own hand, beat off nine of Tarleton's dragoons when that Britisher was raiding Virginia. Hence, the Southern woman was tutored by vicissitudes into that deeper common sense which is the "knowledge never learned of school." It supplied the resolute spirit for the mothers and daughters of the Confederacy.



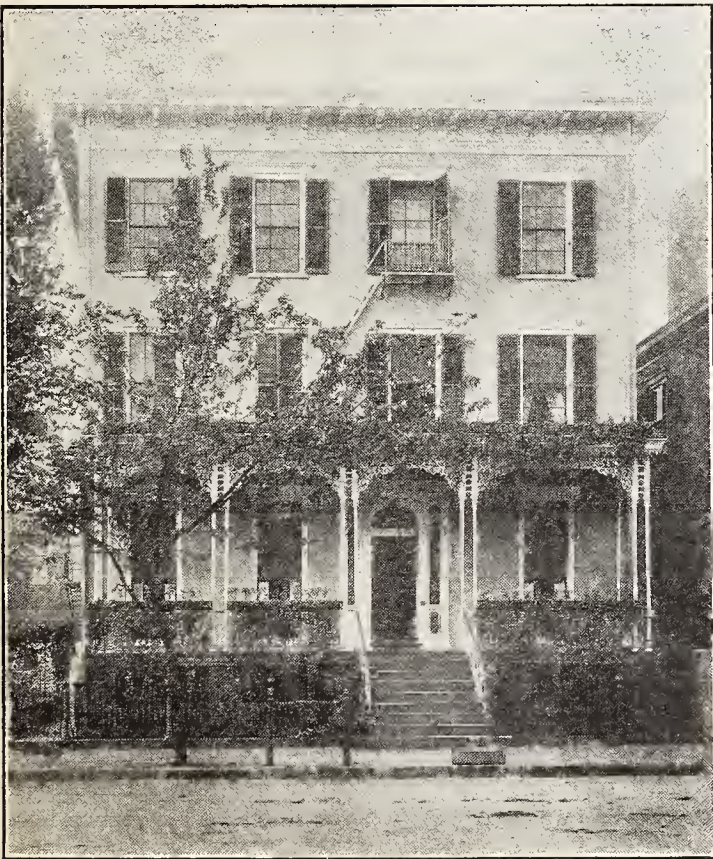
So let the North boast of Whittier, of Beecher, and those other preachers who took Abolition as their text, but south of Mason and Dixon's Line were men whose purity of life and whose messages of hope were equally as conscientious. There was Bishop Polk, himself a graduate of West Point; but my knowledge concerns itself with the memory of men like the sainted Rev. Moses D. Hoge, who delivered the funeral sermon of Jefferson Davis, reading from the text: "Unless the Lord keepeth the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." The names of Drs. Minnegerode, Jeter, Norwood, Peterkin, Duncan challenge all time for godliness of life, for truly they were the "school of the prophets." I shall never forget the memorable Sunday when the Pawnee battleship was rumored to be coming up the James River, for Bishop Doggett was taking dinner at my uncle's home and was not forgetful to remind us to "love our enemies." The chaplain of our beloved school was a Northern man, Dr. Lansing Burrows, so when news came of the assassination of President Lincoln, the city of Richmond at once dispatched Dr. Burrows to Washington to inform the authorities that the South had no part in the crime, but deplored this terrible tragedy as the climax to a war where the South had bared its breast to invasion and fought on the field of honor to protect homes, but scorned assassination and the conspirators as utterly beneath the recognition of Virginia's ideals. But, in speaking of the clergy, the name of Pendleton, of the Army of Northern Virginia, must not be overlooked. He was sincere if not eloquent; and in those trying days when Lee was confronting Meade on the Rapidan River, my husband was camped in the county of Orange, and Pendleton preached at St. Thomas's Church in the courthouse of that parish. He tried to impress his hearers with the glory of immortality and the resurrection of the soul. So, most earnestly, he leaned over the pulpit and said, "What would be your feelings and how would you act if, when going out of this holy edifice, you were to find that the graves had given forth their dead?" A pause ensued for dramatic effect, then Gen Jubal Early, who was as

notoriously profane as he was brave, replied from his pew in the rear of the church: "D— it! I would conscript them every one!" The hush that followed was momentous, for General Lee was among those present, yet all realized, as did Jubal Early, that the thin gray line was growing daily thinner.

The Powell School in Richmond, through the aid of the Virginia legislature and the Daughters of the Confederacy, was the building selected as the Home for Needy Confederate Women. In this great work, the wife of the former governor of Virginia, who is now the representative in Congress for the city of Richmond, Hon. Andrew Jackson Montague, has been most efficient. She has been ably assisted largely by the Hebrew ladies of Richmond, who are noted for philanthropy. Thanks to their noble representative in art, the history of the Southern Confederacy is perpetuated by the most beautiful of monuments in Arlington National Cemetery, where beneath his masterpiece, Sir Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor, rests in the eternal fame of a New Market cadet and the loving memory of his native State, Virginia. His sisters were my classmates at Mackelvoy's dancing school. They were very beautiful girls, clear of feature, with sparkling black eyes; and their children have been true to the Confederate ideals in assisting patriotic memorials. As I was for some time a vice president of the Confederate Home, I wish to mention that one of our dear old ladies taught Mrs. Montague the "pop-corn stitch" in knitting; and on a trip down the Chesapeake, on the Mayflower, the President's yacht, she showed Mrs. Calvin Coolidge the pattern. She was a most apt scholar, and from this "kneedle work" lesson, Mrs. Coolidge wrote the directions for publication; and donated the munificent sale of the article to the Confederate Home. Though Powell's Seminary was a later institution than our Institute, yet its standard as an educational center fitted Lady Astor for Parliament and was also the *Alma Mater* of Edith Bolling, wife of Woodrow Wilson, our Virginia-born President, who, as the head of Princeton University, and a law student under our John B. Minor of the University of Virginia, found in the charming notes of Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt the culture which his standards required for a helpmeet in the trying days of the world's agony of war.

After the close of the war, as the Richmond Female Institute had been used as a Confederate hospital, it was seized by the Federal government, but in course of time, its doors again swung wide to receive our daughters. The school merged into the Woman's College, and has since grown into beautiful Westhampton College. But I shall always be proud to think that my diploma has on it the signature of James Thomas, of Richmond, who went on Jefferson Davis's bail bond. Be it remembered that Northern critics declared that Mr. Thomas could not write his own name and had to make his mark; but his signature represented one of the wealthiest tobacconists in the city; and as for refutation of illiteracy, he was the father-in-law of Dr. J. L. M. Curry, our Ambassador to Spain and great educator, ranking high in his work for the South. The motto of our *Alma Mater* read: "That our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

In later years, at one of the commencements of the dear old institute, when Dr. Thomas Nelson Page, our author and Ambassador to Italy, was the orator of the occasion, he said: "If the women of the South did not know so very much of ethnology and philology, they knew a great deal of doxology." And that was the balm in Gilead that made the true soldier son of the South, which was learned at the Confederate mother's knee of our glorious Golden Age of high ideals and selfless love and noble patriotism!



HOME FOR CONFEDERATE WOMEN, RICHMOND, VA.



## BEVERLEY UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE.

BY THOMAS J. ARNOLD, ELKINS, W. VA.

An expedition that proved disastrous to the Confederates, and likewise for some who were not, was that connected with the occupation of Beverley, Va., now West Virginia, during the War between the States.

At the time of the Imboden raid through Western Virginia (April, 1863), Gen. William L. Jackson, who accompanied Imboden, casually remarked while in Beverley that he was coming back there to spend the 4th of July. Of course, no one took the remark seriously. Although it was commonly repeated afterwards, as well to the Federal commander as others, it passed unheeded. Sure enough, on the third day of July, a Confederate force unexpectedly appeared south of and in the vicinity of Beverley, under the command of Gen. William L. Jackson, who dispatched a detachment under Maj. J. B. Lady on the road leading northward, west of the river to its intersection with the road leading to Buckhannon, in order to cut off retreat in that direction. He having previously dispatched another detachment under the command of Col. A. C. Dunn, by a country road, eastward of the main road, with orders to occupy the road leading to Philippi, northward of Beverley, thus cutting off retreat in that direction. He planted his artillery on the slope of the hill, about one and one-half miles southwest of Beverley, and opened fire on the Federals, who were hurriedly gathered within their fortification. The Confederate guns were of small caliber, and, probably due to inferior ammunition, most of the shells fell short, landing in Beverley.

Col. Thomas M. Harris, of the 10th Virginia (Federal) Regiment, and who at a later period attained unenviable notoriety, as a member of the military court that tried and convicted Mrs. Surratt and sent her to the scaffold, was in command of the Federals. Guards were stationed on all the roads leading from Beverley; and no one—man, woman, or child—was permitted to pass these guards; hence all civilians were confined to the limits of the town and were thereby subjected to the fire of the Confederate artillery. Although this firing continued for a considerable part of two days, no citizens were injured, and but few houses were struck by shells.

It has always been the understanding, which is probably correct, that the detachment Jackson sent to approach Beverley from the north and open the attack, had in the course of their march found a supply of apple brandy; and the detachment became so intoxicated, that they lost sight of and interest in the undertaking. Jackson waited impatiently throughout the first day for the officer in command of this detachment to make the attack, as prearranged. The second day he was still expecting it every moment, but received no intelligence. Along toward noon there appeared, advancing up the valley, west of the river, an army of mounted men, deployed to sweep everything before them. It was Averill's full brigade of Federal cavalry. It was a formidable force. There was but one thing left for Jackson to do—get out as rapidly as possible or be overwhelmed. This he proceeded to do, and accomplished with such skill that he escaped with but slight loss.

Gen. William L. Jackson, while on the bench prior to the war, had held a term of court in Beverley, knew many of the citizens, and was familiar with the country in the vicinity. Immediately following the fight, and while Averill was still in pursuit of Jackson, Colonel Harris dispatched guards through the country north of Beverley, who arrested quite a large number of citizens, all of whom were peaceable, law-abiding men—good citizens. They were marched into Bever-

ley and formed in line near the old courthouse. Colonel Harris then walked along the front of the line and put this question to each one separately: "Are you a Union man?" When the answer was directly in the affirmative, the man was passed. When the answer was, "My sentiments are with the South," or its equivalent, Harris ordered the person giving such answer to take two steps forward. Several of those in line, in reply to the question, stated that they were "Constitutional Union men"; of these latter were Lennox Camden, a brother of Judge G. D. Camden, and Charles W. Russell, the latter, a late leading merchant and well known throughout the county, and who was a Union man. This answer evidently, in the opinion of Harris, did not constitute sufficient loyalty, for in each instance where this answer was given, such person was ordered to take the two steps to the front. When Harris had finished his questioning, there were thirteen in the advanced line. The number in this instance in the course of time proved to be a frightful exemplification of all that has ever been attributed to it in the way of being an omen of disaster by those given to superstition. The thirteen were immediately sent under guard to the Federal prison at Fort Delaware. The names of those sent were: Lennox Camden, Charles W. Russell, Thomas J. Caplinger, Levi D. Ward, George Caplinger, Jr., Smith Crouch, John Crouch, William Saulsbury, Phillip Isner, Pugh Chenoweth, William Clem, John Leary, and Allen Isner.

The public at the time attributed these arrests to Harris's intense hatred of Southern sympathizers and his chagrin and anger at Jackson's having reached the immediate vicinity of Beverley without his knowledge, and especially as Jackson had made announcement of his intended coming several months in advance; all of which Harris realized constituted a severe reflection upon the commander of the post in not having been more alert, and in allowing himself to be thus surprised; and which, but for the miscarriage of Jackson's orders to Colonel Dunn, would have resulted in the probable capture of himself and his entire command; and also, the further fact that Jackson had succeeded in withdrawing his troops and escaping without material loss, all of which was intensified by the rebuke and criticism administered by General Averill, his superior officer. Averill, being a West Point graduate, had no special admiration for civilian army officers like Harris.

There is little doubt that Harris was smarting under Averill's criticisms, and especially as Averill attributed his own failure to defeat, if not to capture, Jackson's command to Harris's failure to notify him (Averill) in time. Averill, in his official report, says: "Had Colonel Harris furnished me with timely warning of the approach of the enemy, I should have killed, captured, or dispersed his entire command. As it was, he received but a slight lesson."

Later, on several occasions, most strenuous efforts were made to obtain the release of these men from Fort Delaware, where they were dying like sheep. The public generally knew they were innocent of any charge; a number of them were influential men; but all efforts were without avail until virtually half of them had died in prison. When finally the survivors, seven in number, were released, one of them, Lennox Camden, died before reaching home. Another, Philip Isner, died a few days after reaching home. Smith Crouch and John Crouch died very soon afterwards. The three survivors, Charles W. Russell, Thomas B. Caplinger, and George Caplinger, were so broken in health as to suffer from the effects of their incarceration and treatment to the day of their demise.

Harris had, prior to the war, been a country doctor, practiced in Ritchie County (now West Virginia) and later,



located in Glennville in the same State. After he became identified with the Union cause, he became intensely partisan. In those days intense partisanship was the stepping-stone, for many, to promotion. Harris had risen to the rank of colonel of the 10th Virginia (Federal) Regiment, as stated. This regiment contained many good men, and many who detested Harris. His unpopularity was such that while stationed at Beverley, he was shot at one night by some of his regiment, one bullet passing through his whiskers. Of this I was informed by one of his commissioned officers. Elevated to the rank of colonel, Harris seemed to have become obsessed with an exalted idea of the prominence that such an appointment carried with it. He was stationed at Beverley a long time. Having the power of a despot, he was much dreaded, especially as he seemed ever ready to give a willing ear to the unreliable and disreputable who approached him with tales about their neighbors, and which resulted generally in the arrest and imprisonment of those so reported. It would be impossible for me to recall to memory, and I presume it is equally true of others, the number of citizens of the county, or their names, who were, during the war, arrested and sent under guard to the military prisons of the North, many of them by Harris—generally without cause and without any specific charge being made known to them, and many of whom did not live to return to their homes.

#### *PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF COLONEL STREIGHT.*

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The account of this prolonged and desperate conflict on the barren mountain of North Alabama has been handed down through several generations. The battle was one of peculiarly weird grandeur. The thunder of artillery, peals of musketry, and the multiplied reverberations from mountain to valley, mingled with sharp words of command, cries of the affrighted and wounded animals, added to which was a splendor in lurid flashes of rapidly served artillery and the blaze of muskets, which excited admiration, even in that moment of fiercest passion.

The Confederate loss was surprisingly light, only a few wounded and four killed. Immediately the pursuit was renewed, and for ten miles the roadway was strewn with saddles and bridles and boxes of crackers, from which the Confederates drew a hasty ration; mingled with all this there was also crockery and kitchen utensils, blankets, shoes, and plated ware, and there were seen, scattered around, embroidered skirts and other articles of female apparel, taken in sheer wantonness, now cast away by the fugitives or dropped from pack mules or from wrecked wagons. The Yankees were evidently demoralized by this time; they thought the devil was after them. All the romance had been knocked out of them; but they had lost no energy.

Biffle was directed to send several men to catch up with the enemy and in the darkness mingle with them, so as to ascertain, if possible, their purpose as to any other stand that night. Meanwhile the Confederates followed some four miles, when one of the men detached returned with the information that Streight stood once more at bay across the road a mile ahead (that man was Granville Pillow, of Capt. John S. Grave's Company, of Biffle's 9th Tennessee Cavalry). I remember with appreciation having been entertained in his father's house the night we crossed Duck River, December 18, 1864, on retreat from Nashville. Generals Forrest and Chalmers had been invited by Mr. Pillow to make their headquarters at his home. I commanded General Chalmers's

escort company, and we slept on the long gallery, holding the reins of our horses.

Moving up with the least possible noise to within a few hundred yards, General Forrest dismounted his men, detached his horses from the artillery, and had the pieces pushed up by hand. Biffle on the left and McLemore on the right of the road approached to within a hundred and fifty yards of the Federals before breaking the grim silence of the night with the crackle of rifle and din of artillery. The enemy broke in wild confusion, leaving many dead and wounded behind, without returning the fire. Swift pursuit was made and some fifty captures, but it was so dark that it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. A few hours later the darkness had been somewhat diminished by the stars bursting forth after the clouds rolled on. Remounting his men, Forrest ordered the chase to be resumed. Again the way was thick with booty, equipment and abandoned animals, while the woods swarmed with negroes. Men were sent ahead again to intermingle with the enemy, and returned about one o'clock and reported that another stand had been resolved on by the Federal leader, who surely was not wanting in courage. The place chosen was the south bank of a deeply bedded, rugged mountain stream, and very strong.

The Confederates quickly arranged for attack. McLemore was pushed forward across the stream on the right of the road, the horses were again detached from the guns, which were moved by hand up the road to within short range, preceded by skirmishers, who fired suddenly in the direction of the Federals in order to draw a return, so as to reveal their exact locality to the artillerists, who opened with grape and canister, while Biffle poured volleys of Minies into the ranks. Then McLemore on the right joined in the fight. This was more than men could stand, and the Federals again gave way, leaving numerous killed and wounded on the ground. They made off hurriedly in the direction of Blountsville.

It was now about three o'clock, and the terrible din had come upon the people of this isolated section unexpectedly, for the outburst and tumult of the battle storm was the first warning they had. As may be supposed the people were filled with terror. The women with little children fled frantically from their houses and were found seeking shelter, they did not know from what dire peril. Satisfied with the work of the past eighteen hours and sure of the ultimate capture of his game, Forrest halted and awaited daylight, to water and feed and rest his fagged, foot-weary horses, and to overhaul his ammunition and refresh his men. When daylight dawned, the men had been without food for more than twenty-four hours, but cheerfully renewed the pursuit.

Forrest led with his Escort and one squadron of the 4th Tennessee Regiment, and at about eleven o'clock reached Blountsville, where the enemy had halted to rest. The pickets being at once driven in, they set fire to their remaining wagons and some stores. Streight made off due eastward in the direction of Gadsden, without offering to renew the combat. Extinguishing the fire, and replenishing his commissary and ammunition supply from that abandoned by the Federals, with little loss of time, Forrest and his men were again in the saddle. Relentlessly the Confederates followed and overhauled the Federals before they reached the Black Warrior River, ten miles distant from Blountsville, and a running fight occurred. The ford was rocky, rapid, and difficult, but the miscreants, rather than risk another trial of strength, made the venture and plunged in. Before all had crossed, the Confederates were upon the rear and captured several of them, and caused the drowning of several pack mules.



Here a most remarkable circumstance occurred. About a mile before the Confederates reached the Warrior River, they met two young country girls, seventeen and eighteen years of age, leading three horses fully accoutered, and driving before them the former riders, whose guns they carried on their young shoulders. They halted in the middle of the road and asked for the commanding officers.

They stated with much simplicity how they had captured those men. The captives, in extenuation of the situation, said: "We can't fight day and night; we want to rest." The brave girls, little more than children, dressed in homespun and barefooted, but clean and neat, said: "We will go on with you if you want us." General Forrest gave each one a horse, and they went away, smiling and proud. Those girls came from a fine womanhood, we may depend.

A halt was now ordered for five hours, so the men could get a short sleep, and to feed and rest the horses. In the meantime, General Forrest was everywhere looking after the arrangements to go forward. Soon after midnight the Confederates were again in movement, and the enemy, fully aware of the situation, were doing all they could to hamper pursuit. They destroyed a bridge over a creek, the banks of which were high and sheer and difficult to ascend. But little time was lost, and by daylight the Confederates were again in hot pursuit toward Wills Creek, fifteen miles distant, in the southern part of Wills Valley, and coming upon the Federal main force, feeding and resting. Streight, without ceremony, ran away, leaving in the hands of the urgent foe twenty-five prisoners and a hundred negroes, including some who were dressed in Federal uniforms, also an abundance of forage and ten pack mules.

Forrest knew the end was at hand, selected his best horses for his most appropriate guns, and prepared to move for a final struggle, with not quite six hundred men. The other artillery and remainder of the command he sent back to Decatur.

Meanwhile, worn down by three days and nights of riding and fighting, eating little and at long intervals, the Confederates began to show signs of flagging, and many in the last stage of the pursuit had fallen asleep on their horses. Then suddenly there came an inspiration. Several ladies, whose husbands and friends had been seized and carried off by the Federals, appeared and filled the camp with their sad wails and appeals to restore their kinsmen. The appeals had the happy effect to wake the men, and Forrest, taking advantage of the circumstance, called his men in line and made them a stirring address. Few men were ever able to hold the attention and move the spirit of men as Forrest could do in such an emergency. He told them of his confidence and their ability to obtain the objects of their mission and the end of their hardships. Calling for all who were willing to follow or fall in the attempt, the entire command responded with cheers. The women also gave shouts of joy and encouragement.

They moved off in a gallop, the two guns following. They overhauled the Federals about ten o'clock, when Forrest called for fifty of the best mounted men, with whom he and his Escort charged headlong into the rear of the Federal column in the face of a hot fire. For ten miles a sharp running conflict was kept up to Black Creek, where the Federals crossed and set fire to the bridge, which, being old and dry, was consumed before the Confederates could extinguish it. Streight planted his artillery on the opposite bank. Black Creek is a deep and rapid stream and its passage in the immediate vicinity was an impossibility. Forrest was in a predicament, but soon he was approached by a group of

women, one of whom, a tall comely, auburn-haired girl of about eighteen years of age, stepped forward and inquired: "Whose command?" The answer was: "The advance of Forrest's Cavalry." She then requested to have General Forrest pointed out to her, which being done, she advanced and spoke to him in these words: "General Forrest, I know of an old ford to which I could guide you, if I had a horse; the Yankees have taken all of ours." Her mother, stepping up, exclaimed: "No, Emma; people would talk about you." "I don't care if they do," the girls said; "I am not afraid to trust myself with a brave man as General Forrest," her face illuminated with emotion. General Forrest then remarked, as he rode beside a log near by: "Well, Miss, jump up behind me." Without an instant's hesitation, she sprang from this log behind the great man and was ready to guide him under as noble an inspiration of unalloyed courage and patriotism as that which has rendered the Maid of Saragossa famous for all times.

Calling for a courier to follow, guided by Emma Sansom, Forrest rode rapidly, leaping over fallen timber, to a point half a mile above the bridge, where, at the foot of a ravine she said: "This is a safe ford." Then, dismounting, they walked to the river bank, opposite to which, on the other side, was posted a Federal detachment, who opened upon both of them with some fifty rifles, the balls of which whistled about them and tore up the ground in their path as they approached. The intrepid girl stepped in front, saying: "General, stand behind me; they won't shoot a woman!" Gently pulling her aside, Forrest led her to the roots of a fallen tree, where he asked her to remain with the courier until he could reconnoiter the ford. Returning to the position and looking back, to his surprise and regret, she was at his back.

After examining the ford, Forrest was satisfied that he could cross, and returned through the ravine with the girl, an open mark for Federal sharpshooters, whose fire sent whizzing balls about them. Forrest and Miss Sansom returned to the command, who received her with unfeigned enthusiasm.

The artillery was sent forward and a few shells, well directed, quickly drove the Federal guns at the ford away, and Major McLemore was directed to take it with his regiment. The stream was boggy, and steep banks on both sides, so the ammunition had to be taken from the caissons to keep it dry, and it was difficult to force the horses down the steep slopes, all of which consumed time; nevertheless, the passage was successfully effected in less than two hours. In the meantime, General Forrest delivered his fair young guide back safely unto the hands of her mother and presented her with a fine horse. The legislature of Alabama, at a succeeding meeting, donated to Miss Sansom a section of the public lands of the State, as a testimonial of the high appreciation of her services to the people of Alabama, and directed the governor of the State to provide and present her also with a gold medal inscribed with suitable devices, commemorating her conduct. The writer met her at several Confederate reunions. She married the second time and removed with her husband to Texas, but passed away several years ago.

Moving rapidly forward after crossing Black Creek, the Confederates soon reached Gadsden, three miles distant. General Forrest sent a courier to Rome, Ga., to apprise the people of the approach of Streight and to urge every effort to hold him in check before the place until he arrived.

It was Saturday afternoon when the Federals had dashed into Gadsden, to the complete surprise of the citizens and the people from the surrounding country, whose horses were



seized and taken away in exchange for thin, exhausted ones. Here General Forrest selected three hundred of his best mounted men and went in pursuit of the enemy, who had taken the road up the west side of the Coosa River in the direction of Rome. About five o'clock that Saturday afternoon, May 2, the Federals were again overtaken at a small village, known as Turkeytown, and a smart encounter followed.

The enemy had halted to feed, and at the same time attempt an ambuscade in a dense thicket of second growth pines, through which the road ran. There was a bend in the road where the enemy placed a barricade, closing it so that the Confederates would be forced to take across the field over a small bridge, where five hundred Federals were concealed behind a fence, while the pine thicket, through which they were to be drawn, was filled with sharpshooters. The ambush was skillfully arranged, and might have resulted in the capture of the command under any other man but Forrest. The Confederate skirmishers were thrown out in advance of the thicket as if offering battle, and the rest of the command, led by General Forrest, galloped around the Federal force behind the fence and dashed into their flank and sent them pell-mell. The Federals scattered in all directions, leaving some fifty prisoners and as many killed and wounded.

In this engagement, Colonel Hathaway, one of their best officers, was killed, while the Confederate loss was six wounded and two killed.

In the engagement at Turkeytown, Sergt. William Haynes, of the 4th Tennessee, ran into the enemy's line and was captured, taken before Colonel Streight, and questioned as to the strength of the Confederates. Haynes stated that Forrest had his own brigade, Armstrong's and Roddy's, with several others. Streight exclaimed with a fierce oath: "Then they have got us!" During the night Haynes made his escape and rejoined his company, and gave the story he had imposed upon the Federal commander.

It was now dark and the enemy was in full flight. Forrest ordered a halt so that the men he had left at Gadsden might come up. By sunrise, May 3, the Confederates, reduced to five hundred officers and men, were again in motion and, on reaching the bridge over Coosa River, found it in ashes. The men were dismounted and carried the ammunition and pieces by hand, as at Black Creek. When the chase was renewed and the enemy overtaken, about nine o'clock were eating breakfast, which was abandoned, leaving their hot coffee, a number of mules and horses, and saddles and other spoils. The commander, however, rallied them on a ridge in an open field, but his men were greatly discouraged. Detaching Major McLemore to the left flank, and Colonel Biffle to the right flank, while Forrest threatened an advance in front with his Escort and some hundred men, Forrest decided to adopt the policy of crafty Ulysses, rather than the wrathful Achilles. Accordingly he sent forward an officer of his staff, Capt. Henry Pointer, with a flag of truce and the demand of the immediate surrender of the Federal force, as he declared, in order to stop the further and useless effusion of blood.

Meeting the flag, Colonel Streight, asked to communicate directly with General Forrest, and they met in a woods, where a parley ensued. Streight, however, declined to capitulate unless it could be shown to his satisfaction that he was doing so to a force at least equal in number to his own. Forrest replied promptly he would not humiliate his men by any effort to persuade the surrender of a force that they had driven and beaten in every conflict for the past three days. At this moment the section of Confederate artillery came in sight at a full gallop, remarking which, Colonel Streight

urged that no more troops should be brought up nearer than three hundred yards. Forrest assented to the request, at the same time secretly instructed an aid-de-camp to keep the two pieces of artillery moving in a circle, so as to appear like several batteries coming up.

That was done so adroitly by Captain Ferrell that Colonel Streight inquired of Forrest how much artillery he had. "Enough," was the prompt answer, "to destroy your command in thirty minutes." After some further discussion, Colonel Streight, greatly perplexed, lest he surrender to a small force, asked time to consult his officers. Forrest granted the time, but told him if he failed to capitulate, the grave consequences must rest on him.

Captain Pointer, at this, invited Colonel Streight to take a drink before separating, observing that it might be the last that he would ever take. The invitation was pleasantly made and pleasantly taken, and hands were shaken by the parting antagonists.

Colonel Streight rode back in the direction of his line, but soon met a flag of truce on the way from his command, with which he returned to the Confederate quarters. He announced that his officers desired to surrender, which he was ready to do on condition that all were to be held as prisoners of war, and that the officers should retain their side arms and personal baggage. Those terms were granted without discussion.

It was still thought to be necessary to keep the enemy deceived in regard to the actual force that had captured them, and Captain Pointer asked General Forrest what disposition should be made of some three or four imaginary bodies of troops. At the same time, General Forrest explained to his prisoners that as forage was very scarce at Rome, he would send only his Escort and one regiment to accompany them there. Preliminaries being arranged, the Federals lined up in the field, when one thousand seven hundred and forty officers and men and a rifle gun battery stacked their arms. Colonel Streight made a short address to his men, thanking them for their gallantry and endurance, and explained the reasons that caused him to surrender. There were two colonels, one lieutenant colonel, and four majors. The officers were separated from the men, and all were escorted to Rome, some eighteen miles distant, while Colonel Biffle, assisted by Captain Pointer, collected the arms and followed on to Rome the next day. The Confederates in line at the surrender numbered less than five hundred officers and men.

When the prisoners and the Confederate Escort were within four miles of Rome, the high hills which adjoined the place were filled with militia scouts, who evidently intended to carry out General Forrest's request to prevent the enemy from entering Rome. As the Confederates entered Rome with the prisoners, the streets were alive with its citizens, including many refugees from Tennessee, and some two thousand men in hospitals, who turned out to welcome and greet their deliverers. Every honor was given to officers and men and unstinted hospitality, which embraced even the Federal officers to some extent.

Colonel Streight looked like a strawberry patch after the pickers had worked it over and, he must have felt as Eve did the last time she walked out of Eden. There was no more chance of getting away from Forrest than there was hope for the sea and shore to part. Forrest was like a volcano; he had an exceptional power, overpoweringly great.

## ADDENDA.

To commemorate the wonderful achievement of General Forrest, the Gadsden (Ala.) Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, erected a splendid memorial on the banks



of the Coosa River, at the end of Broad Street in Gadsden. It stands thirty-five feet high. The base is built of granite, and on top is a life-size figure in marble of Emma Sansom. On one side of the monument, in relief, is a figure of General Forrest on horseback, with Emma Sansom sitting behind him. This relief is about one-third the natural size. On the south side is the following inscription:

"This monument was erected by the Gadsden Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. 1906."

On the east side:

"Our Heroes, 1861-1865. The Confederate Soldiers."

"These were men whom power could not corrupt, whom death could not terrify, and whom defeat could not dishonor. They glorified the cause for which they fought."

The north inscription is as follows:

"In memory of the Gadsden, Ala., girl heroine, Emma Sansom, who, when the bridge across Black Creek had been burned by the enemy, mounted behind General Forrest and showed him a ford where his command crossed. He pursued and captured that enemy and saved the city of Rome, Ga."

Since the erection of the Emma Sansom statue, a magnificent concrete bridge has been built across the Coosa at the head of Broad Street. The bridge cost \$500,000, and has an enormous amount of traffic crossing it. The center line of the bridge, if extended, would hit the Emma Sansom monument, so that the monument serves as a silent traffic cop, keeping traffic always to the right. With such a location, it is viewed by thousands of motorists each day.

Also, a bronze slab has been erected on the banks of Black Creek, marking the exact spot where Forrest crossed. All praise to the noble women who erected these memorials, which bring to us a sad but sweet pleasure, mingled with a melancholy regret for the lives lost on the field of glory. If our men were heroes in battle, every home in the South had its heroine, and every lover of true greatness in womanhood will find in their lives the highest incentive for emulation. They left a record of loyalty and devotion that will ever remain a brilliant page in the annals of time.

The city of Rome also erected an equestrian statue of General Forrest, and the principal hotel of Rome is called the Hotel Forrest.

There should be an equestrian statue of General Forrest in every town and city in this country. The sight of it would contribute to the quality of American valor, for he was a masterful man.

#### ARGUMENT.

The merits of this operation are unqualifiedly very great in every respect, and nothing handsomer of its kind may be found in military annals.

In the last forty-eight hours of the expedition, Forrest marched his men, jaded as they and their horses were, fully ninety miles. The most salutary moral effect that was felt throughout the country was the capture of so many Federal soldiers by so small a force as that which Forrest led. He had averted the widespread destruction of bridges and manufacturing and transportation resources of the State, which were of vital importance to the people.

Forrest led men to whom all honor is due—due for qualities among the least of which we place their intrepidity in combat; men whose acts of individual heroism can make no figure in battle reports; men whose endurance of fatigue and long abstinence from food, combined with their unbroken spirit, were indeed marvelous. The pursuit and capture of Colonel Streight will give a just conception of the distinctive traits of General Forrest both as a man and a soldier. His tactics, intuitively and with no knowledge of what other men

had done before him, were those of the great masters of the art—that is, to rush down swiftly, thunderously upon his enemy with his whole collective strength. Fortitude, animal courage, and vitality of body gave him his energy and celerity in action, while all was guided by a judgment and conception rarely at fault.

He was essentially as daring a cavalry leader as ever gained distinction. A few years ago I met in the Pantheon in Rome the general who commanded the Italian cavalry, who was much interested when I told him I had served under General Forrest. We conversed through an interpreter. He said: "Forrest was the greatest soldier of all time except Napoleon." I replied: "If Forrest had been in command of the French army at Waterloo, the map of Europe would have been different."

I am proud to have known General Forrest, proud to have served under him, and proud and thankful to be able to tell of his wonderful qualities. I drop a tear to his memory and to the matchless men who followed him.

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#### AT BEAN'S STATION, TENN.

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

On the 14th of December, 1863, there was fought at Bean's Station, Tenn., a little battle, which was so mismanaged and devoid of any practical result that General Longstreet preferred charges against a couple of his brigade commanders for "lack of energy" and failure to carry out his plan of attack and pushing the attack to a conclusion. As a "spectator" in the main event, I have always believed he was justified in condemning the inactivity and "lack of energy" exhibited by the commanders involved. (See Longstreet's report on his "East Tennessee Campaign," in Official Records.) The forces opposed to him consisted of fifteen regiments, three of which were cavalry—the 4th, 5th, and 6th Kentucky, under Col. G. T. Shackelford (6th Kentucky), and twelve regiments of infantry, and several batteries. The whole under Major General Parke, though we were under the impression that we were opposed by Gen. Gordon Granger at the time, and until a long time after. In addition, they had as supports coming up from Blain's Crossroads, Haskell's Brigade of four regiments of infantry, but which did not arrive in time to avail them. This command was diverted to the right and took up a position of defense in a gap in the ridge known as "The Knobs," and about two and one-half miles in the rear of their line of battle. And it is with this brigade that we had to deal late in the evening, which is part of another story, but not disconnected with Longstreet's affair entirely, rather in part with it.

On the 10th we had had a brush with Garrard's Brigade, near Russellville, during a snow storm, and had worsted them slightly. On the 14th we crossed the Clinch at Evans's Ford and took the road to Bean's Station, and when near the ridge (the Knobs) heard the firing of artillery, beginning at the station. We were halted before going through the gap, and, after a short halt, the head of the column was turned to the left on a road leading along the foot of the ridge, my regiment (the 6th Georgia) in the lead. We had progressed but a short distance (apparently) when the head of the column was turned up the hill diagonally, until we reached the top of what appeared to be the highest peak of the knobs overlooking the valley, and about a half mile in the rear of the Federal battle line, a part of which (the right) we could not see owing to a projecting spur of the ridge, from which a full view of the whole scene and the valley for several miles either



up or down could be had. Of our own line we could see little or nothing.

The Federals were lined up at a fence, which appeared to extend from the foot of the knobs to the foot of Clinch Mountain, cut only by the main valley road. With little labor we could have planted our battery on that projecting spur, and—well, anyone having any knowledge of a plunging fire's effects from a near rear, can form a pretty accurate estimate of what the results would have been. But nothing of the kind was done, and I feel positive that the Federals never suspected the presence of an enemy force almost in their rear, and, at the least, two hundred and fifty feet above them, and beyond their reach, practically. The ascent from our side was easy, through open timber, whereas, on the valley side, the hill sloped down at about from fifty to sixty per cent, a hard climb for any attacking force. We missed a great chance there. Though we could see every discharge of the Federal guns near the main valley road and beyond, we could barely hear any sound whatever—and of rifle fire none whatever. Of our own guns, they were out of sight and all sound.

After probably ten or more minutes of "observation," we descended to the road again and proceeded down it to its junction with the road leading through the gap in the knobs to Byrd's Mill on the river. We were in no hurry, it appeared. Why? If the intention was to go through the gap and make a demonstration in their rear, we were very leisurely going about it. Arriving at the foot of the gap and ascending to a *bench* on the hillside, we found the gap occupied by our friends the enemy, a brigade of infantry, Haskell's. Dismounting at the foot of the ridge, two companies, A and G, were sent up to the bench, as skirmishers under Captain Lay, of G Company, in all eighty-three men. We ran up in a double quick and deployed on each side of the road, G on the left, along the lower fence of a corn field which covered the bench and extending far to the left, and to the foot of a high point on the left, along which extended the upper fence. The field was about three hundred yards wide, more or less. We found that the enemy held the upper fence, and no doubt extended into the woods on the upper side of the road. Their position was possibly twenty-five to forty feet higher than our own, a decided advantage, with an open field between us. As soon as we appeared, bullets began to whistle around us, many striking the rails, but most of them went too high to do any damage. We replied, to the best of our ability, with the advantage in our favor, firing up hill, with what effect we could not judge. But soon we learned to estimate the number of our foes and to realize what we were up against. Two small companies, on the one side, and a double line of infantry extending far beyond our left behind the fence. No doubt they were there simply to hold the gap, so as to protect the rear of their force at Bean's Station. They held it, principally because we did not invite them to leave.

There was a reason for the latter course, since two of our regiments had been detached. In fact, I can recall but two regiments (1st and 6th) being present, and the force they developed and the strong position they held would have made any attempt on our part to dislodge them presumptuous, to say the least. They poured a murderous fire down on us, but we had drawn back from the fence into the edge of the timber and took refuge behind the largest of the trees; and as long as we did not expose ourselves needlessly, we were in no danger. However, we sent them back as good as we received, comparatively. But the fun of it (and it was funny) was when we heard one or two of their officers, presumably, order a "charge!" Not to be outdone, we shouted back: "Charge, 6th Georgia! charge!" to every call of the enemy

to charge. I never had heard bullets strike with such a vicious spat, spat as when they struck a tree. It seemed as though coming down hill gave them much greater velocity than if projected from the level—point blank. To have accepted their challenges, to "come out into the open and fight like men," would have been suicidal on our part. We could see what was before us, and as they could judge how many men we had behind our two hundred yard long skirmish line in the woods, they made no attempt to rush us. Their incessant firing prevented us from exposing ourselves. Not so foolish we, eighty-three men only, and four regiments of them.

The firing kept up until dark night had settled down on the hills, and a deep gloom pervaded the valleys, and we could fire only in their direction and position, guided by the flashes from their guns. By seven o'clock, approximately, all firing had ceased on both sides, and we retired to the foot of the ridge and "lay on our arms" without fires. Although we were engaged at least two hours, and at least 25,000 shots were fired at us, we had but *one man* wounded and one horse killed. What the enemy's loss was, if any, we never learned.

Now comes a little adventure of quite my own. I had not had a drink of water since early in the day and was very thirsty, "dry as a sponge," so as soon as we got down into the valley, and before I had found my horse, I began to look for water—a well, riverlet, run, or creek. All canteens were empty. Starting out on a hunt through a low-hanging mist that rose from the damp ground after a warm day's thawing, and a gloom that was almost impenetrable, I stumbled into what appeared to be a dry run. No water there, but the promise of a pool lower down. I decided to follow its course down until I came to water, if any was to be found. After stumbling along the dry course for nearly a hundred yards, as a near guess, my foot struck a very soft spot, very damp. Edging along cautiously, feeling along, I caught a gleam of water. Putting my hand down, I assured myself that it was a very shallow pool of yellow water, and thicker than the water we had waded through that morning when we forded the river. What matter of that? It was water anyhow, even if a bit muddy. Laying my rifle on the bank, I stooped down and, making a scoop of my two hands, scooped up a double handful of the "thicker than water" liquid and took in a big swallow. One swallow was enough. Ugh! I can taste it yet after sixty-four years. The mud in it was not much worse than the "Big Muddy's" (Missouri); but the taste? Ah! that was something else. But I kept it down. I had a stout stomach in those days.

The following morning early we became aware that the gap had been evacuated, that the main body had withdrawn from before Bean's Station, and had retreated toward Blain's Crossroads. We followed at a leisurely pace, and late in the afternoon came up with their rear guard pickets, with whom our advance exchanged a few shots, and they fell back on their main line, which extended across the valley and up the side of Clinch Mountain. That night they built fires along their whole line, even to the top of the mountain, which was simply a blind, as the next morning there was not a bluecoat in sight. My regiment was in reserve and not at all engaged in any of the skirmishing subsequent to our little affair at Richland Gap on the 14th—Richland Knobs. General Park retreated to Knoxville, and Longstreet retired to Rutledge and Rogersville, and shortly afterwards was recalled to Virginia and rejoined General Lee's army.



## THE BATTLE OF MONOCACY.

BY JUDGE GLENN H. WORTHINGTON, FREDERICK, MD.

In order to understand the significance and importance of the battle of Monocacy, it is necessary to bear in mind the situation of the two great opposing armies at that time, the Union army, under the command of Gen. U. S. Grant, and the Confederate army, known as the army of Northern Virginia, under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The battle of Monocacy was fought on Saturday, July 9, 1864. At that time Grant was besieging Petersburg, with the capture of Richmond as his objective, while General Lee was defending Petersburg as the vital outpost of the Confederate capital.

In order to gather together a superior force in the siege of Petersburg, Grant had drawn practically all the Federal troops from the defenses around Washington City to join in that siege. Those remaining to defend the city consisted of "a portion of the Veteran Reserve Corps, War Departments Clerks and Citizen Volunteers," wholly inadequate to the defense of the city, as stated by Gen. Lew Wallace, in his autobiography.

"That is to say, eight or nine thousand inefficients were in the works proper, ready upon alarm to take to the guns and do the duty of forty thousand trained specialists, supported by a medley so half pledged and shadowy as to be a delusion and a snare to everybody not an enemy."

The defenses of Washington consisted of fifty-three widely separated forts within the perimeter of about thirty-five or forty miles, and to properly man these defenses a force of at least forty thousand trained soldiers was deemed necessary. (See report of Gen. J. G. Barnard, 1871.) This defenseless condition of the Union capital was brought about by Grant's assurance to President Lincoln that in case of necessity he could send troops by transport up the bay from City Point, on the James River, near Petersburg, to Washington in time to repel any attack upon that city; that transports sufficient to carry an army would be kept under banked fires ready for quick movement. Prior to March, 1864, when Grant took command of the Union army, President Lincoln had always insisted upon a sufficient force being maintained around about the capital in these several outlying forts to fully protect the city, but Grant's assurance that he could, upon notice, get troops to Washington within thirty-six hours, had caused him to yield to the General's request so as to gather all troops possible to the siege of Petersburg.

In June, 1864, Gen. David Hunter was threatening Lynchburg with a considerable Union force. In order to prevent the capture of Lynchburg with its stores and supplies for the Confederate armies, General Lee sent Jubal A. Early, with a force of about 25,000 men, to attack Hunter, and if possible to drive him out of the Valley. This Gen. Early accomplished, driving him in a northwesterly direction into the mountains. Unfortunately for the Union cause, General Hunter was unable to give battle to Early's forces because of a want of ammunition, and consequently he had "no choice of route for his return but by way of the Gauley and Kanawha Rivers, thence at the Ohio River, returning to Harper's Ferry by way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A long time was consumed in making this movement. In the meantime the Valley was left open to Early's troops, and others in that quarter, and Washington also was uncovered." (Grant's Memoirs.)

Being aware of the unprotected condition of the Federal capital and also of Baltimore City, General Lee directed General Early to march down the Shenandoah Valley, to cross the Potomac into Maryland, and to proceed against Washington. Early thereupon moved his forces across the

Potomac at Shepherdstown and Williamsport, and marched toward Washington by way of Boonsboro, Middletown, and Frederick.

On March 12, 1864, Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace had been assigned to the command of the Eighth Army Corps, U. S. A., of the middle department, with headquarters in Baltimore. The troops under his command were not more than 2,500, and were largely inexperienced in warfare. About July 5, General Wallace received information that General Early was advancing in force down the Shenandoah Valley, headed toward Shepherdstown and Williamsport, with Washington or Baltimore apparently as his objective. Thereupon General Wallace began to concentrate his small forces at Monocacy Junction.

On the 5th of July General Wallace went from Baltimore to Frederick Junction (also called Monocacy Junction), and established his headquarters first in the blockhouse on a bluff at the eastern end of the railroad bridge. Subsequently he transferred his headquarters a short distance across the railroad tracks to a small dwelling house on the south side of the railroad. From that place he directed the operations of the forces under his command before and during the battle.

Hearing that Col. David D. Clendenin, in command of about eight hundred Union cavalry, was scouting in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Monocacy, General Wallace sent a messenger to him requesting him to report at his headquarters. Colonel Clendenin arrived before daylight on the morning of July 6, and was ordered toward Frederick and Middletown to ascertain if the enemy was in sight, and to hold him in check as long as possible. Colonel Clendenin took his force of cavalry up the National Pike as far as the top of Catectin Mountain, from which vantage point he saw a body of Confederate cavalry, under the command of Gen. Bradley T. Johnston, coming from the direction of South Mountain and Middletown. There was a slight clash between these two opposing cavalry forces, but Colonel Clendenin finally fell back toward Frederick, where he took a stand west of the city.

Gen. Wallace sent forward other troops to support him, and on the 8th there was an interchange of cannonading between the opposing forces, and shots were also fired by the infantry. A larger Confederate force was then seen coming over the mountains west of Frederick, and on the night of the 8th of July, General Wallace ordered all his forces to retire from Frederick to the east bank of the Monocacy River. During the night he made preparations for the battle, which he was certain would ensue on the following day.

The Monocacy River flows in a general southerly direction, with many bends and curves, and finally empties its waters into the Potomac River, ten miles below the iron bridge at Frederick Junction. On the eastern bank (above and below the iron bridge), there are bluffs of hills extending along not far from the river, and at places there are somewhat similar bluffs or hills on the western side of the river a little distance therefrom, with a valley between. Leading out of Frederick in a southeasterly direction by divergent courses, are two great highways, the one to Baltimore and the other to Washington, which cross the Monocacy River about three miles from Frederick, the crossings being about two and a half miles apart. The bridge over the Monocacy on the Baltimore highway is a stone structure and known as the Jug Bridge. At the time of the battle of Monocacy, the bridge carrying the road over the Monocacy on the Washington highway was a long wooden structure, weather boarded and covered with a shingle roof. The Jug Bridge is about two and a half miles upstream or north of the wooden bridge. Besides these



bridges over the Monocacy there was a ford upstream from the Jug Bridge known as Hughes's Ford, another ford about three-fourths of a mile south of the bridge known as Crum's Ford. A little farther south going down stream was another ford known as Reich's Ford. The next crossing south, scarcely a mile away, was the railroad iron bridge already mentioned. The B. and O. Railroad from Baltimore crosses the Monocacy westerly on that bridge, and then turns in a southerly direction and runs along about a quarter of a mile west of the Monocacy River for a considerable distance, then, leaving the river more to the south, runs on southwesterly to Point of Rocks, and then up the banks of the Potomac to Harper's Ferry and beyond. A few hundred yards south of the railroad iron bridge was the wooden bridge, on the road to Washington. About one and one-half miles south of this wooden bridge was still another ford that figured in the battle, which may be designated the McKinney-Worthington Ford. Here it was that the main Confederate army crossed just before the heat of the engagement which occurred on July 9, about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

Not knowing which one of these two great highways General Early's forces would take, nor which large city, Washington or Baltimore, was his objective, but surmising it was Washington, General Wallace placed all of the forces of the Eighth Army Corps under the immediate command of Gen. E. B. Tyler, who was already on the ground, and directed him to occupy the hills and bluffs on the east bank of the Monocacy, his line facing west, and extending from the railroad tracks northerly to the Jug Bridge and beyond, a distance of two and a half miles, thus preventing as far as possible any effort on the part of the Confederate forces to cross the Monocacy in case General Early should attempt to march upon Baltimore. This army under Gen. Tyler thus guarded the railroad iron bridge, Reich's Ford, Crum's Ford, the Jug Bridge, and Hughes's Ford.

Gen. Tyler sent Col. L. Allison Brown, commanding the 144th and 149th Ohio Volunteers, to the Jug Bridge to defend it from Confederate attack, and Colonel Brown ordered his forces across the bridge to the bank to occupy the rising ground on that side. Considerable skirmishing took place between this force and a force of Confederates sent to demonstrate against it. There was also skirmishing in the neighborhood of Crum's Ford, and farther down the river, but the main battle, or the real battle, occurred in the afternoon between the forces of Gen. John B. Gordon and Gen. James B. Ricketts, on the east side of the Monocacy south of the wooden bridge.

In the meantime, General Grant, besieging Petersburg, Va., had ordered a division of the Sixth Army Corps under James B. Ricketts to proceed up the bay for the purpose of defending Washington or Baltimore, as the case might be, from any possible Confederate attack. Very fortunately for General Wallace, General Ricketts arrived at the former's headquarters on the east bank of the Monocacy late at night on the 8th of July, with 5,000 seasoned troops under his command, consisting of the Third Division of the Sixth Army Corps.

After a conference at Wallace's headquarters, General Ricketts was ordered to station his troops on the hills and bluffs on the east side of the Monocacy, facing west and extending southwesterly from the old wooden bridge, thus to hinder and impede any attempt of the Confederate forces to cross the Monocacy and march upon Washington in case that should be their objective. General Ricketts' line of battle was a mile or more in extent, his right resting on the hill close to the wooden bridge over the Monocacy River on the Wash-

ington highway. His left was some distance back from the river, perhaps a distance of a mile or more, his lines running southwesterly somewhat obliquely from the course of the Monocacy at that place past the Thomas house and barn. He had strong picket lines out across the long covered bridge, near a blockhouse which stood on the west side of the Monocacy close to the highway and not far from the small wooden bridge over the railroad; and squadrons of cavalry were nearer to the Monocacy River farther down. Between his main line of battle and the Monocacy River was located the farm then owned and occupied by Mr. John T. Worthington. The dwelling house was of brick, with a good cellar under the whole building. The land upon which Ricketts' army was drawn up belonged at that time to C. Keefer Thomas. The dwelling house on that farm was also of brick, with a cellar under a portion of it, at least. These two farmhouses were located about half a mile apart, the Worthington house being nearest the Monocacy. The Confederate forces participating in the main fight, at the beginning of the battle, in a general way, occupied the Worthington farm, while the Union forces occupied the Thomas farm, a considerable portion of the two brigades of Union forces being hidden behind the division fence between the two farms. This division fence runs in a straight line for several hundred rods in a southwesterly direction, and behind this fence was concealed in part the front line of the Union army when McCausland's dismounted cavalry made its ill-starred attack. Once or twice the Confederates were forced back past the Worthington house, and the attacking Union forces occupied the premises for a while, to be in turn driven back by the Confederates.

On the morning of July 9, the Confederate forces under General Early were in full possession of Frederick City and the surrounding country. He sent forward some pieces of artillery toward the Federal line at Frederick Junction. About nine o'clock, a rifle gun posted on a hillock near the Cronise house, one mile east of Frederick, fired the first shot directly upon the blockhouse on the east bank of the Monocacy at the railroad bridge. This shot mortally wounded two men of the 151st New York Regiment, and in a little while several more men were killed or wounded in the 8th Pennsylvania Regiment. A little later, certain forces of the Confederates took possession of a barn on what was known as the Best farm, located a short distance from the Monocacy River, on the west side, not far from the wooden bridge, and sharpshooters from that barn made it very uncomfortable for the advance guard, or picket line, of the Union forces stationed on the west side of the Monocacy near the blockhouse, on that side. This picket line consisted of about three hundred men commanded by Capt. George E. Davis, of Company D, 10th Vermont Volunteers. Besides his own company of seventy-five men, there were two companies of the Potomac Home Brigade, under Capt. Charles J. Brown, and one company of the 9th New York Heavy Artillery. About noon a well directed shell from one of Alexander's pieces on the east bank of the river hit the Best barn, setting it on fire and burning it down, thus driving the Confederate sharpshooters from that point of vantage. About this time—that is, about noon—Gen. Lew Wallace, through his field glass, saw approaching in the distance, from toward Frederick, a considerable force of Confederates under General Ramseur, and believing that the object of this force was to cross the wooden bridge over the Monocacy, he ordered kindling and lightwood piled up against the walls of the bridge and set on fire, the bridge being completely consumed.

Except for this advance guard near the blockhouse on the west side, General Ricketts' men had not yet been engaged,



but they stood in two or three lines, about five thousand of them, awaiting the onslaught which they were sure was coming.

Meanwhile, Gen. John McCausland, commanding a regiment of Confederate cavalry about twelve hundred strong, at near eleven o'clock in the morning, marched from Frederick out the Washington road for a distance of about two miles, and then across the fields to a position on the west bank of the Monocacy, directly west of the Worthington house and about five or six hundred yards therefrom. In this position McCausland's troops were hidden from the view of the enemy by the thick foliage of the trees and bushes which grew at that place along the banks of the Monocacy. While in that position, he caused two-thirds of his cavalry to dismount, the one-third remaining being required to hold the horses of those who dismounted.

This dismounted cavalry, about eight hundred strong, then waded the Monocacy, which is somewhat shallow at that place, and formed in line of battle in one of Worthington's fields, then moved forward toward the enemy's line posted along the dividing fence between the Thomas and the Worthington farms. The field nearest to the enemy through which the Confederate dismounted cavalry had to advance was then in growing corn about waist high all over the field. Lying down behind the dividing fence, and hidden from view by the growth of corn in the field, were parts of two brigades of Ricketts' seasoned soldiers.

The only man on horseback was General Ricketts himself, sitting quietly and soldierly on his horse a little back from the line. His officers, having dismounted, were standing by their horses. Toward these horsemen McCausland advanced his line through the cornfield, with banners waving, in a general feeling of an easy victory prevailing. Onward they went through the corn, drawing nearer and nearer to the enemy, neither side firing a shot, until the Confederate line had reached within less than one hundred and fifty yards of the division fence. Then, at the word of command, the whole Federal line of infantry rose to their feet and, resting their guns on the rails of the fence, fired at the approaching enemy a murderous and disastrous volley. Scores of men were killed and wounded, and many horses ridden by officers were shot and mortally wounded.

The whole force suddenly disappeared from view except the few officers remaining on horseback. The survivors retreated precipitately back to the Worthington house and beyond, pursued by the blue-clad Federals. Mr. John T. Worthington, who witnessed this attack and repulse, stated that he never saw such a terrible sight as an army shocked and frightened as this one was. The men dragged their muskets by the muzzle, shirt collars were open and their faces depicted the greatest terror. After great effort, with many threats and oaths, the officers finally succeeded in arresting the men in their flight, but the latter declared that they had been led deliberately into a deadly ambush.

It was some time before those that were left could be gathered together and form line again; and finally, when this was accomplished and another second attack was attempted a little to the right of the first, they proceeded much more cautiously than before, not approaching so near, and retiring when they were met with the fire of the enemy again. Often and again these men demanded to know: "Where in hell is Gordon?" They had expected that General Gordon's brigades would arrive much sooner than they did. In fact, his forces were considerably delayed in crossing the river and getting into position for the main attack. Though McCausland's dismounted cavalry were twice repulsed with severe

losses, yet his attack disclosed the position of the enemy and in a manner opened the way for the real attack by General Gordon later on.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, Gen. John B. Gordon, commanding one of Early's divisions, marched out of Frederick along the highway leading to Washington until he reached what is known as the Sand Hole, or Buckeystown road, which branches off about one mile from Frederick in a southerly direction. He followed that road about three and a half miles to (what is known as) the McKinney farm, just across Ballenger Creek. Here he turned his division abruptly to the left and, first crossing the railroad, crossed the Monocacy River at the McKinney-Worthington ford. This was not a public ford, but the water there is shallow and the place had been used at different times as a fording place. The Worthington meadow, which lies along the eastern bank of the Monocacy at this crossing place, afforded a fine field for General Gordon to maneuver his men into position. The meadow there is quite extensive and level and was well protected from the view of the enemy by the higher ground that lay between his forces and those of the enemy posted in the fields of the Thomas farm, and in the cuts of the Georgetown road, beyond.

Having gotten his forces across on this meadow, General Gordon disposed of his several brigades in order to make the principal and decisive attack of the day. General Evans, in command of one brigade, was directed to go by the right flank. General York, in command of two brigades (Hayes's and Stafford's) was ordered to form on the left of Brigadier General Evans, and Terry's brigade was directed to move in support of the left of the Confederate line. These dispositions being made, the whole command was ordered to advance in echelon by brigades from the right. Evans advanced across the fields of the Worthington farm toward the left of the Federal line, York advanced toward the center of the line, while General Terry bore up the east side of the Monocacy River to the left of York's line, his general direction being toward the big wooden bridge on the Georgetown road more than a mile distant. Evans's Brigade was the first to come in contact with the enemy. It crossed two fields and came to a knoll or end of a large hill, known as Brooks's Hill, wooded on the west side but cleared on the east. The Confederate right wing marched up the hill through this woods and came out in the open in full view of Ricketts' left wing, and within a short distance of his line.

The Confederates moved spiritedly, with their usual rebel yell, but were met with a storm of bullets and shell which played havoc with their front line, General Evans himself being severely wounded and falling from his horse. I have heard it stated that as many as fifty Confederates were killed and two hundred wounded on this hillside within fifteen minutes after this engagement began. For a time this advance was checked and the Confederate forces thrown into disorder. About this time, General York's Louisiana brigades, occupying the center of the Confederate line, had passed the Worthington house and on through the same corn field in which McCausland had met such disaster, and had come in contact with the center of the line in Thomas's field. Here again the fighting was severe. York's brigade, in coöperation with Evans's brigade, moved forward, however, with spirit and drove back the Federal first line in confusion on its second. A spirited charge on this second line drove it back toward the Thomas house and lawn and into the cuts of the Georgetown road. Here it made a most determined stand.



At this junction, General Gordon started a courier for additional forces, but before the message could be delivered, General Terry, moving northerly up the east bank of the Monocacy, in support of General York, came in contact with General Ricketts' right in Thomas's hill field near the wooden bridge. Here another most sanguinary engagement took place. The Federal brigades constituting Ricketts' right wing were largely concealed from view over the crest of the hill and in the depressions made by an old road that formerly ran across this field, and by a post and rail fence. The Confederates, as they came over the crest of the hill, were met by a murderous fire from these half-concealed and protected troops. In an incredibly short time great numbers of Confederates fell, killed outright, or mortally or seriously wounded. The Confederate forces outnumbered the Union, and finally the latter fell back, but they were not yet defeated. By command of General Gordon, Terry then changed front to the right and by a combined attack all along the line the Federals were at last dislodged.

General Gordon, as well as General McCausland and the other officers of the Confederate army, were unaware that the seasoned and veteran troops of General Ricketts had arrived at the battle field during the night of the 8th; and having been told by the people of Frederick that the only forces they had to meet at the Monocacy were the inexperienced and unseasoned soldiers under Gen. E. B. Tyler, they were woefully undeceived upon finding how tenaciously the Union forces held on.

During the battle a number of sharpshooters of Ricketts' command occupied the Thomas house, and in the attack by Evans's Brigade upon the Federal left, Col. J. H. Lamar and Lieut. Col. Von Valkenburg, both of the 61st Georgia Regiment of Evans's Brigade, and both meritorious officers, were killed, as was supposed, by these expert riflemen, Colonel Lamar being shot from his horse as he led the charge. Several other regimental commanders of Evans's Brigade were also mortally wounded. In order to dislodge the sharpshooters from the Thomas house, about four-thirty o'clock in the afternoon, a piece of Confederate artillery was planted in the Worthington yard, and shells were thrown across the intervening fields, striking the Thomas house and making great holes in its brick walls, some shells exploding in the upper rooms, thus driving out the Federal marksmen. It was not until then that a final successful advance of Evans's and York's commands was made. It was perhaps after three-thirty o'clock in the afternoon when the real battle began, and it was over by five o'clock. But by all concerned it has always been considered a most sanguinary conflict.

Near the Gambrill mill (a stone structure) a Federal field hospital was set up, and after the battle forty-two dead and wounded lay around the mill and in the yard adjacent thereto. Another Union field hospital was located behind the hill near what is now the George Yaste property, close to where the new concrete highway to Washington runs. Dr. D. F. McKinney had charge of this hospital. A Confederate field hospital was set up near the Worthington house, and many wounded were brought here to be treated and to have their wounds dressed. A number of dead and wounded of both armies, but principally Confederates, lay in and about the Worthington yard, fields, and premises. The same was true of the Thomas yard, lawn, fields, and premises, except that the Union loss was greater there. The Thomas house was very much damaged by the Confederate shell fire. A number of Yankee bullets struck the Worthington house, one entering through a window. In the Worthington cellar during the battle were John T. Worthington and his family, also the

family of Mr. Frank Mantz, who was the B. and O. Railway agent at Frederick Junction, and also several slaves in the Worthington family, who remained faithful to the end.

The severity and bloodiness of the battle is shown in part by the fact that a stream of water which flows through the lawn of the Thomas premises down toward Gambrill's mill, was colored red for a distance of one hundred yards or more by the blood from the soldiers on both sides who fell dying or wounded and bleeding along its banks.

The loss in killed and wounded on both sides was severe. The Confederates lost heavily in officers as well as in men. According to Federal reports, the Federal killed on the field amounted to 123, and the wounded to 603; total, 726. The Confederate killed has been placed as high as 275, and the wounded at 435; total, 710. After the battle the sun was still two or three hours above the western horizon. At that time the dead were being gathered for burial and the wounded were being brought to the field hospitals for treatment. Lieutenant Colonel Hodges, of the 9th Louisiana Regiment, had his upper arm bone shattered by a leaden bullet and suffered great pain. The writer, then a small boy, remembers gathering sheaves out of the wheat field with which to make a pallet in the shade for the wounded men.

The dead perhaps were thickest in the field between the northern end of Brook's Hill and the Thomas house, and in the cornfield where McCausland made his ill-advised attack, also in the Thomas fields near his house, and in the hill field near the bridge where Terry contended with Ricketts' right. There were also dead and wounded on the lands of Mr. Gambrill. The dead and wounded on the line north of the railroad held by Gen. E. B. Tyler were stated to be fifteen and sixty-eight, respectively. The Union army retreated, leaving most of its wounded on the battle field, but after the Confederate wounded were attended to, the Union wounded were also given attention by the surgeons of the Confederate army.

Although the forces of Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace were defeated at the battle of Monocacy, yet the brave and determined resistance which they made to the march of General Early toward Washington no doubt saved the capital city from capture. His advance was delayed by at least twenty-four hours.

Frederick Junction is about forty miles from Washington, and not more than thirty-eight miles, perhaps, from some of the outlying forts. About ten o'clock the day after the battle, July 10, General Early moved his forces along the highway toward Rockville and Washington, but on the 11th, when he arrived in the late afternoon near the outlying fortifications around that city, he discovered that they were well manned by Union soldiers sent up the bay by General Grant from the neighborhood of Hampton Roads and City Point. He states in his report that he deemed it inadvisable to attack the city in the circumstances.

Arriving at Fort Stevens on the 11th of July, General Early says:

"I determined to first make an assault, but before it could be made it became apparent that the enemy had been strongly reinforced, and we knew that the Sixth Corps had arrived from Grant's army, and after consultation with my division commanders, I became satisfied that the assault, even if successful, would be attended with such great sacrifice as would insure the destruction of my whole force before victory could have been made available, and if unsuccessful, it would have necessarily resulted in the loss of the whole force. I, therefore, reluctantly determined to retire."





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

"For, wrapped in silence and in tears,  
And canopied by creep[ing] years,  
Forever freed from fury's fears,  
Our deathless dead ones sleep;  
While o'er their forms the flowerets twine,  
And mockbirds sing their songs divine,  
And soft and still the moonbeams shine  
O'er Southrons whom we weep."

HON. WILLIAM HODGES MANN.

On the 12th of December, 1927, death came suddenly to William Hodges Mann, ex-governor of the State of Virginia, at the age of eighty-four years. He is survived by his wife and one son, with whom he had been practicing law in Petersburg, Va., since leaving the governor's chair in 1914. His last public appearance was on July 30, when, in his gray uniform, he was the principal speaker at the unveiling of the monument to Gen. William Mahone on the Crater battle field.

William H. Mann was a soldier of the Confederacy, serving with Company E—the Petersburg Riflemen—attached to the 12th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade, and he was the last survivor of this company; he was a member of A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., of Petersburg, and always had a prominent part in its affairs. At the battle of Seven Pines, he was so severely injured that he could not again render active service in the ranks, but frequently was sent on dangerous and difficult service in the operations around Petersburg, and this service continued to the end of the war. He was often in the Federal lines, sometimes in the Yankee uniform, and made himself so obnoxious to the enemy that he was to be executed if captured.

After the war, he returned to Nottoway County, studied law, and began to practice in 1867. Three years later he was made first judge of that county, and after twenty-two years of service on the bench he voluntarily retired. In 1899, he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1909 he was elected governor of the State, which he held four years, then retired to private life and resumed the practice of law with his son at Petersburg, in which he was actively engaged to the day of his death.

William Hodges Mann was born in Williamsburg, Va., in 1843, his father dying when he was an infant. His mother remarried, and he grew up at the new home at Brownsburg, in Rockbridge County, but at the age of fourteen he started out to make his own way in life, and while under sixteen he was serving as deputy clerk of Nottoway County, at Petersburg. From there he enlisted in the Confederate army, and to that city he returned after the close of hostilities. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Sallie Fitzgerald; the second marriage was to Miss Etta Donnan, of Petersburg, who survives him with one son.

Judge Mann was known as a forceful speaker, and that

talent was widely used for the benefit of the Democratic party in Virginia in the days of its greatest need, and of late years he often filled the pulpits of Churches in the city and vicinity. He was a leading member and elder of the Presbyterian Church in Petersburg. His Confederate comrades said of him: "As a soldier, a judge, a senator, a neighbor, a friend, and a Christian gentleman, Judge Mann has measured up to the full standard of all that we would require of him."

MARK T. ALEXANDER.

Mark T. Alexander quietly passed away in Norfolk, Va., on October 30, 1927, and was laid to rest by the side of his parents in the cemetery at Scotland Neck, N. C., the day following, attended by a host of sorrowing relatives and friends.

He was the son of Hon. Mark and Sallie P. Alexander, and was born at Park Forest, the old family home, in Mecklenburg County, Va., on January 14, 1842. When the War between the States came on, he readily entered the struggle and fought through the weary stretch from 1861 to 1865, first as a member of Company A, 3rd Virginia Cavalry, then in Wickham's Brigade, Fitz Lee's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. On detached service he was at General Fitz Lee's headquarters, remaining there the last two years of the war.

Moving farther south, he lived in Mississippi, and at Louisville, Ky., where he was a loyal member of Elk's Lodge, No. 8. Eleven years ago he returned to Virginia and made his home with his niece, Mrs. J. Tabb Neblett, of Lunenburg County.

Mr. Alexander was a devout and helpful member of St. John's Episcopal Church, Lunenburg County, and gave himself in unselfish service to others. Having no family of his own, he became a true and generous provider for those less fortunate than he, and passed from the scenes of earth held in their love and deep affection.

Thus passed the last surviving member of a long and honorable line of distinguished Virginians and North Carolinians.

"Father, in thy gracious keeping,  
Leave we now thy servant sleeping."

B. C. TARKINGTON.

Booker Charter Tarkington died at his home in Weatherford, Tex., aged ninety-five years. He was born in Obion County, Tenn., July 31, 1832, and moved to East Texas with his parents in 1847, the family settling at Pittsburg in what is now Camp County. In 1861, he enlisted from there in the army of the Confederacy and served throughout the War between the States. He located in Parker County in July, 1865, and this county had since been his home continuously. He engaged in the mercantile business at Veal Station, one of the earliest settlements in the section, later engaging in cattle raising, but returned to Weatherford in 1879 and settled permanently. He was elected to the office of county commissioner, and was a member of the commissioners court at the time the present courthouse was built. Afterwards, he was elected to the office of county treasurer and served three terms in that capacity.

In 1868 Comrade Tarkington was married to Miss Sarah Crawford, who, with, three sons and two daughters, survives him.

B. C. Tarkington was one of the honored and highly respected citizens of Weatherford and Parker counties. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, of the order of Odd Fellows, and a loyal and devoted member of Tom Green Camp, United Confederate Veterans.

[J. M. Richards, Weatherford, Tex.]



## JAMES SAMUEL CLARKE.

James Samuel Clarke, son of Daniel and Ednah Pepper Clarke, for the last fifteen years of his life a resident of Millersburg, Ky., passed to his reward on October 23, 1926, at the age of eighty-five years. He was born in Fleming County, Ky., April 9, 1841, being the youngest, and, for fourteen years, the last survivor of a family of twelve children.

His father, proprietor for a number of years of one of the few inns scattered along the old wagon road which connected Lexington and Maysville, came to the State with his parents, Benjamin and Sarah Jones Clarke, from Fluvanna County, Va., in 1790. The family is related to George Rogers Clarke, pioneer surveyor and soldier.

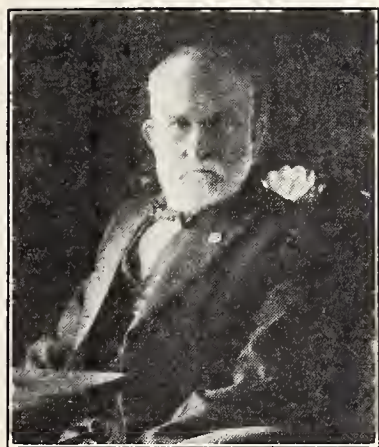
Daniel Clarke, his father, was a veteran of the War of 1812. Joseph Clarke, an idolized elder brother, a veteran of the Mexican War.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, James Samuel, the youngest son, being then in his nineteenth year, was left at home with the aged parents, while a brother, Enoch P. Clarke, went with the boys in gray. His heart, however, was with the Southern army, and in 1862 he volunteered for service as a private in Company F, Second Battalion, Kentucky Mounted Rifles. He was with Bragg when the latter invaded Kentucky; was on the raid under Captain Everett from Abington, Va., to Maysville, Ky.; was in an engagement with the 14th Kentucky Regiment between Olympian Springs and Mount Sterling, Ky., capturing thirty-eight men without the loss of a man; guarded the salt works near Marion, Va.; was captured at Triplett's Bridge, Ky., and spent twenty months in prison on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, and another in Chesapeake Bay.

After the war, he turned his attention to farming and stock raising, being a lover of saddle horses. Residing a number of years near Mayslick, Ky., he later went to Bath County to reside, finally locating in Bourbon County, where he engaged in farming to the close of his life. He kept in touch with the issues of the day and took a vital interest in the affairs of the community, State, and nation. Confined to his bed only five days, never helpless, and with no disease racking his body, he "fell on sleep," simply "worn out" in body, as he was wont to say, bowing his head in submission to his Maker's will.

On November 24, 1870, he was united in marriage to Miss Nancy Elizabeth Clift, of Mayslick, Ky., who preceded him in death four years. He is survived by four sons, four daughters, twelve grandchildren, and one great-grandson, who cherish the memory of his quiet, unassuming, yet exemplary life. Courteous and upright of person, as he was also in character, his was a familiar figure as he walked the streets with buoyant step or rode with figure erect at the age of eighty-five, as in the day when he sat in the cavalryman's saddle.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN has been a visitor to his home almost from its beginning, and it was his request that it come to the family as long as it was published. He was a member of the United Confederate Veterans, and found his greatest pleasure in later years in attending the Confederate reunions.



JAMES S. CLARKE.

He was laid to rest in the family lot in Millersburg Cemetery, the Confederate burial service being conducted by Confederate comrades, who also acted as honorary pallbearers, while a member of the Richard Hawes Chapter, U. D. C., of Paris, Ky., placed a Confederate flag in the casket.

## CAPT. JAMES KENNEDY.

Capt. James Kennedy died at his home in Kansas City, Mo., November 3, 1927, aged ninety-one years.

Services were held November 5 in the Independence Avenue Christian Church, which he had attended forty years. His comrades from Camp Number 80, U. C. V., of which he was a charter member, read the ritual at the close of the impressive services, and he was laid to rest, in his beloved gray uniform, in Forest Hill Cemetery, beneath the shadow of the Confederate monument.

Captain Kennedy was born in Jefferson City, Mo., July 9, 1836, and spent his life in this State, except while in Confederate service. His forbears came to America many years before the Revolution. His grandfather, Cornelius Kennedy, fought with Gen. George Washington, in 1776. At the close of the war, he settled in Maryland near Baltimore.

At the first call of his native State, James Kennedy joined the Confederate forces, enlisting at Brunswick, Mo., May 2, 1861, then going to Camp Jackson, St. Louis. He was body-guard to General Frost, serving under Commander John B. Clark, Capt. William Price, nephew of Gen. Sterling Price. Later he was captain of Searcy's Battalion, Tyler's Brigade. He was promoted to the rank of major before the close of the war.

Captain Kennedy participated in these battles: Springfield, first and second battles of Lexington, Independence, Carthage, Newtonia, Cane Hill, Cross Hollow, Helena, Corinth, Miss.; and on October 23, 24, 1864, was on the Westport battle field as captain with six hundred men. After this battle, he retreated with Price to Red River, Ark., where he surrendered in May, 1865.

He was a bachelor. A brother of eighty-five years and a sister eighty years old, nieces, and nephews survive him.

He was a Christian, a soldier, and a gentleman of the Old South.

[Committee: Mrs. Anna Ragan Noland, State-Secretary, Missouri Division, U. C. V., Miss Elizabeth Blackburn, Chairman Veteran's Committee, Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C.]

## PHILIP ELDRIDGE.

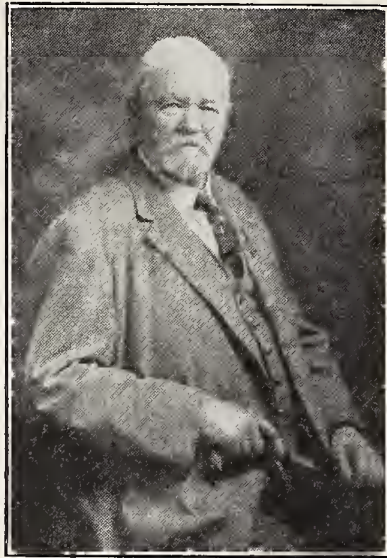
On October 20, 1927, Comrade Philip Eldridge, at the ripe age of ninety-four years, answered the last roll call and crossed over the river to join the comrades with whom he marched and fought in the days that tried men's souls. In Bienville Parish, La., he joined Company K, 8th Louisiana Cavalry, and was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, and all of the other engagements in which his regiment took part. He surrendered and was paroled at Shreveport, La., in May, 1865. In 1867, he moved to Jefferson, Tex., and was in the mercantile business until a few years ago. He was one of the early members of the congregation of Temple Sinai, was a Mason for more than seventy years, and was treasurer of Jefferson Lodge, No. 38, for more than forty years, a good man and true in all of the relations of life. He was one of the original members of Gen. Dick Taylor Camp No. 1265, U. C. V., of Jefferson, Tex., and was esteemed and respected by all of his neighbors.

[Davis Biggs, Adjutant.]



## ABNER YARBROUGH.

Abner Yarbrough was born in Hopkins County, Ky., March 26, 1844, and enlisted, October 5, 1861, in Company A, of the 8th Kentucky Infantry, serving under Capt. I. B. Jones. He went through the war and was wounded three times in battle; was mounted in March 1861, and became an attache of Forrest's Cavalry; was paroled May 16, 1865, and returned home, married, and removed to Paragould, Ark., where he died on November 25, 1927, and was laid to rest in Linwood Cemetery at Paragould. He was a member of the Methodist Church.



ABNER YARBROUGH.

Comrade Yarbrough is survived by his wife, two sons, five grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren, also one brother, Robert Yarbrough, of California.

So far as records show, Abner Yarbrough's death leaves but one survivor of Captain Jones's company, George Wiley, of Hopkins County, Ky.

## SIMON BROWN MCCLURE.

Simon Brown McClure, born in the State of Ohio, some seven miles from Wheeling, Va. (now West Virginia), on July 10, 1843, went with his widowed mother and seven brothers and sisters in 1857 to St. Louis, Mo., by water, and from there into the wilderness of Phelps County by wagon. There he lived until the beginning of the War between the States, when he enlisted in Company D, 10th Missouri Infantry, Parsons's Brigade, under General Price. He took part in all the battles of his regiment, and at Prairie Grove battle he was slightly wounded by a spent ball. He was captured at Helena, Ark., on July 4, 1863, and was for several months a prisoner at Alton, Ill., and afterwards was held for twenty-two months at Fort Delaware. When released from prison in 1865, he was a staggering skeleton, but with others he made his way home, subsisting on the charity of a desolated country. At Memphis, Tenn., he received his discharge from the army, with which he had served to the bitter end.

In 1869, Comrade McClure engaged in railroad building in Arkansas, going from there to the Indian Nation, then to Wyoming Territory, where he was employed by the government in transportation work against the hostile Indians, and during the eight years of this work he endured many hardships. He returned to Missouri in 1879 and located on the farm where he spent the rest of his life. In 1880, he was married to Miss Virginia Sturgeon, of Lake Spring, Mo., and five children were born to them. He became a member of the Methodist Church some twenty years before his death, which occurred on December 25, 1924. He was survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters, also five grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

"Uncle Brown," as he was more familiarly known, was one of the leading citizens of his community, a kind and affectionate husband and father, a faithful Christian, a loyal friend and neighbor.

## JOHN W. HEFLIN.

On the morning of October 14, 1927, at Flemingsburg, Ky., a brave private Confederate soldier, John W. Heflin, answered the roll call of Immortals and joined the innumerable phalanx of the South's honored dead.

He was the son of Lawson Alexander and Ann Eliza Heflin and was born at Brandywine, Carter's Run, Fauquier County, Va. In 1863, when seventeen years old, he enlisted in Company A, of Mosby's Partisan Rangers. He was captured in January, 1864, and immediately placed in irons, hand and foot, and so left for forty-six days at Brandy Station, Va., where he was held in a stockade, with no shelter save the canopy of heaven and exposed to wind, rain, snow, and sleet both day and night without either overcoat or blanket. He was sent from there to the Old Capitol Prison at Washington, D. C., where he remained four months. Escaping the pestilence of smallpox, of which many Confederate prisoners died at that prison, he was removed to Fort Delaware, where he was confined until June 21, 1865.

In 1874, he went to Kentucky and located at Tilton, Fleming County. On April 24, 1877, he was married to Miss Mildred Robinson, of Montgomery County, and of this union were born five children. Surviving him are his wife, two sons, and a daughter, and five grandchildren.

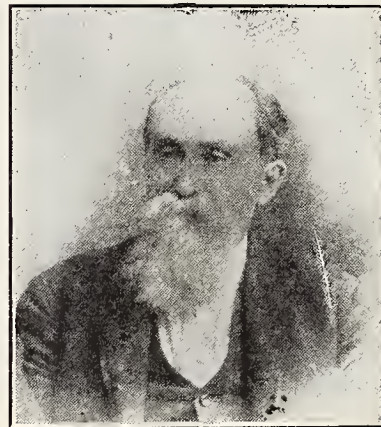
In the winter of 1879 he accepted the position as cashier of the Fleming County Farmers Bank, located at Flemingsburg, to which place he moved his family in March of that year and continued as cashier of the bank until his death.

On Sunday afternoon of October 16, loving friends tenderly bore his body to the silent city of the dead, and he sleeps his last sleep on the hill overlooking the city of his adoption, loved by man and honored by all.

[J. D. Pumphrey.]

## WILLIAM C. GRONER.

William Christopher Groner was born in Knox County, Tenn., February 18, 1845. His parents moved to Missouri when he was a boy, and from there he entered the Confederate army at the age of seventeen, and served with Gen. Joe Shelby until the close of the war. After the war, he settled with his parents in Collin County, Tex. Comrade Groner was in every way a typical Southern gentleman and a useful citizen. He was a well-informed man, though largely self-educated, since those years in which a young man usually acquires his schooling were spent in the Confederate service. He was widely read, and could converse on almost any subject of current or general interest.



W. C. GRONER.

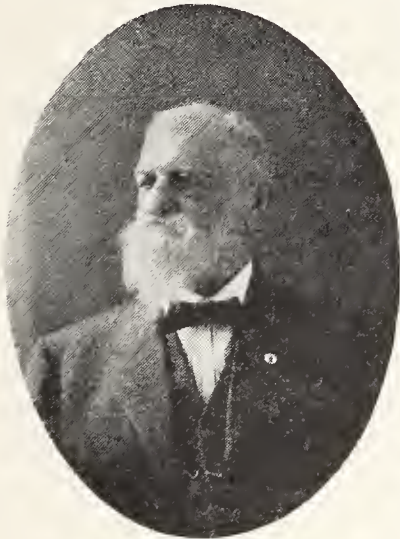
He was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy and in his library were many of the most valuable books treating of the history of the Confederacy and of the war between the sections. He was a patriot tried and true, and never failed in his devotion to the cause to which he gave three of the best years of his youth, and which to him was sacred and holy cause.

On July 2, 1927, he parked his guns of earthly warfare and crossed over the river to rest "in the shade of the trees" with his comrades of other days.



## PERE BRUCE YOUNG.

Pere Bruce Young was born at Lovingston, Nelson County, Va., on May 6, 1842, and died October 23, 1927, in his eighty-sixth year. His parents were Pere Wethered and Sarah Eleanor Perrow Young. From them he inherited many noble traits of character. Deprived of a father's care and guidance when only eight years of age, and his widowed mother being left in reduced circumstances with three small children, his educational advantages were very meager. He attended the old field schools until he was fourteen years of age, when he had to go to work to help support his mother and his two young sisters. He used to say he graduated in the "School of Hard Knocks."



PERE BRUCE YOUNG.

Comrade Young was in government employ at the outbreak of war in 1861, and was exempt from military duty, but, like all youth of that period, he could not be content as a civilian. He joined the 8th Virginia Cavalry, Company B, in the brigade of Gen. William E. Jones, and engaged in some heavy fighting. On June 5, 1864, at the battle of Piedmont, in Augusta County, Va., he was severely wounded just below his left knee. General Jones, who confronted a large army under General Hunter, lost his life in this engagement. Comrade Young was removed from the field to the yard of a home being used as a hospital for the Federal wounded, where he lay on the ground for ten days, when a place on a porch was provided for him. At the request of Rev. Thomas Roberts, a saintly Baptist minister of Nelson County, a good Baptist of Augusta County took the injured youth into his home, and there he lay on his back four months. Then his relatives took him home, but he went on crutches a long time. The wound never healed, and had to be dressed daily for more than sixty-three years, and was primarily the cause of his death.

After the war, Comrade Young studied law under W. C. Carrington (afterwards mayor of Richmond, Va.) and was licensed to practice in 1867. He served his county long and well as justice of the peace, land assessor, supervisor, and member of the House of Delegates. Here he had the unique distinction of having resolutions passed by the General Assembly commending his services and asking his county to return him without opposition. He was the only Confederate veteran in the House, was honored and greatly beloved by his younger colleagues, and was called the "Patriarch of the House." He was lovingly laid to rest in the family burial ground at his home near Shipman, attended by throngs of friends, from every station in life, and many beautiful floral offerings attested the esteem in which he was held. One of his friends in the governor's office said of him: "He was a soldier, a legislator, a gentleman, and a man. He was one who brought down into the present generation that high standard of honor which characterized the men of the Old South." Comrade Young was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He is survived by his wife and two sons.

## DR. J. K. SIMMONS.

The death of Dr. J. K. Simmons at his home, Woodsdale, on Mill Creek near Nace, Va., April 9, 1927, removed one of the most prominent and beloved citizens of Botetourt County. He was eighty-six years old, and his death occurred on the anniversary of the surrender at Appomattox. He was born December 14, 1840, at his late home, which is probably the oldest house in the county and was built by his grandfather, John W. Simmons, in 1812. With the exception of his four years' service in the War between the States and a few years residence in Rockbridge County, when he first began medical practice, Dr. Simmons had spent his entire life in Botetourt County.

At the beginning of the War between the States, he enlisted in Company A, 28th Virginia Volunteer Regiment, and served through the entire four years. He was wounded seven times and was taken prisoner twice, the last time on the 6th of April, three days before the surrender. He was a brave soldier and was devoted always to the Confederacy and the Southland. His interest in the work of the U. D. C. never wavered. His assistance and knowledge in preserving records have been invaluable, and his presence at the meetings was always an inspiration. He was made an honorary member of the Fincastle Chapter. He not only gave his time and services to his State, but he had three sons in the Spanish-American War, one of whom died in service.

Possessed of a remarkable memory, about a year ago Dr. Simmons wrote a history of the organization and service of his company, of which he was first sergeant, giving the complete roster and even recalling all casualties, promotions, battles participated in, and other minute details. His description of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, in which he took part, is intensely thrilling. The wound which he received at Frazier's Farm was one cause of his death. He was the oldest Mason in Botetourt County and probably in the State, having been a member for sixty-four years.

At the age of four he started to Sunday school, and for many years he taught the Bible to the young men of the county. His death is a real loss to Ebenezer Sunday School, of which he was a dearly beloved member. He had a profound knowledge of the Bible and loved to teach it. He was a member of the Fincastle Baptist Church and for many years had been a deacon, clerk, and prominent member. He was ever a friend to man in his ministrations to the sick, not only in easing pain, but with his prayers.

He was educated at Virginia Medical College, Richmond, and gave his entire life to the practice of medicine. His health beginning to fail about four years ago, he gave up his practice, but kept up his interest in public affairs and community welfare.

He was laid away in the family burial grounds at Amsterdam, Va., by the side of his wife. The active pallbearers were six of his nephews.

Members of the two county Chapters, U. D. C., of Fincastle, and that of Buchanan attended in a body. The services were concluded at the grave with Masonic honors.

As the casket, draped with a Confederate flag, was gently lowered into the grave, taps was sounded and these words fell upon the crowd of loving friends as a benediction—

"Fades the light; and afar  
Goeth day, cometh night; and a star  
Leadeth all, speedeth all, to their rest."

Dr. Simmons is survived by one brother, Nathan Simmons, a Confederate veteran, three sons, and a daughter, also four grandchildren.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*  
Chatham, Va.

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MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . *Second Vice President General*  
186 Bethlehem Pike

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MISS MARY L. G. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn. . . . . *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. . . . . *Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. . . . . *Registrar General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. . . . . *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. . . . . *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* It is a blessed privilege to be one of the many thousand of this organization with established descent from the most heroic soldiery the world has known. But to be the chosen leader of these women who, while cherishing the sacred memories of a glorious past, build on these memories great possibilities of the future is an honor without equal.

My heart is filled with appreciation for your confidence, and I pray that your faith may be justified.

May each one of us recall the words, and make our prayer the thought of the dear lady in Detroit, Mich., one of our beneficiaries, who wished the convention in Charleston to know that each day she prayed, "God bless the U. D. C."

A beautiful conclusion to the brilliant convention was the service at St. James, Goose Creek, November 20. The sermon of the Rev. Albert Thomas, of St. Michael's, from the text, "Wherefore seeing we are encompassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses, let us run with patience the race set before us," was most inspiring to one wearing upon her breast for the first time the jewel of her official position.

A drive to Middleton Gardens on the forenoon of Monday, as a guest of the Misses Poppenheim, a luncheon at Villa Margherita, as the guest of the Second Vice President General, Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, and the retiring Registrar General, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, was followed by an afternoon devoted to your service.

In accordance with the provisions of our Constitution, the Committee on Finance was elected by the Executive Committee before leaving Charleston. This Committee consists of Mrs. J. P. Higgins, 5330 Pershing Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., chairman; with Mrs. W. E. Massey, Arkansas, Mrs. Dolph Long, North Carolina, Mrs. John W. Goodwin, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Franklin Canby, Maryland, composing the committee. These ladies of "recognized business ability" will "pass upon all resolutions donating money from the general treasury" and "recommend investment of funds."

Mrs. L. U. Babin, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La., has accepted the position as editor of the U. D. C. Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and it might be well for correspondents in the various Divisions to remember that it will require a somewhat longer period for mail in transit from Louisiana to Tennessee than from Virginia, the home of the recent editor.

Mrs. Amos H. Norris, Civil Service Board, Tampa, Fla., will remain chairman of the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Fund for Needy Confederate Women. The happiest duty of the President General has been, and will be, the signing of the monthly checks for these beneficiaries. Thirty-three of these

were authorized for December, the amount being \$20 each the regular monthly sum of \$15, with an additional \$5 as a Christmas token. A message of cheer and the season's greetings was mailed from this office to each of these ladies in time to reach her Christmas morning.

The Committee on Education will continue to function under the chairmanship of Mrs. R. D. Wright, Newberry, S. C. Mrs. Wright will have to assist her Mrs. B. B. Ross, Alabama; Miss Mary Carlisle, Tex.; Mrs. D. M. Henderson, N. J.; and Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, W. Va.

Two new departments were created by the convention in Charleston, 1927, the Department of Reference, of which Mrs. Roy W. McKinney is chairman, and the Department of Records, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, chairman.

With these departments in operation, the registration of the U. D. C. membership will be greatly clarified, and the duties of the Registrar General, which had become most onerous, will be much decreased.

With the most profound regret, it was found impossible, owing to office duties demanding immediate attention, for the President General to be present at the ceremonies incident to the presentation of the statue of the Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens, at Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., on December 8. In compliance with instructions from the Charleston convention, that the interest of the entire organization, U. D. C., in this historic event be emphasized, Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, Second Vice President General, was requested to represent the organization, her committee being Mrs. Jackson Brandt, Custodian of Flags and Pennants, and Mrs. A. C. Ford, recent U. D. C. Department, CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and Past President of the Virginia Division. These ladies placed the floral offering in your name.

In grateful acknowledgment of your loyalty to me, and with a renewal of my pledge of service, cordially yours,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

## AN APPRECIATION

In closing her two years' administration of this department, your editor wishes to thank those who have so splendidly assisted her in this work, and who, by their courtesy, faithfulness, and promptness have added so much to the efficiency of this department. She trusts that the same consideration and coöperation will be given her successor, Mrs. L. U. Babin, of Louisiana, to whom all communications should be addressed hereafter.

MRS. A. C. FORD.



## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—"Alabama, Alabama, we will aye be true to thee."

Apparently every daughter is back on the job again. From all parts of the State come reports of activity and plans for the coming year.

R. D. Jackson Chapter, Woodlawn, opens her winter's work with a brilliant program. The President's greeting closed with special prayer for Mrs. C. T. Baeye, Honorary Life President, who is critically ill.

Upon adjournment, the official board was hostess at a delightful luncheon given at the Molton Hotel to the veteran's and many visitors present.

William L. Yancy Chapter, Birmingham, held their initial meeting for the season at the home of the President, Mrs. R. G. McCartys, October 12. Miss Foster, retiring Historian, presented the newly elected Historian, Mrs. Robert Erving, a scrapbook of the Chapter's activities during her term of office. New members were welcomed and a long list of names presented for membership. A floral committee was named to send a wreath of laurel at the passing of each Confederate veteran.

Fayette Chapter, on October 1, royally entertained the Confederate veterans, their wives, and widows of veterans in a most enjoyable manner by the presentation of a lovely program fitting the occasion, which was followed by a sumptuous banquet.

General Lamkin, of Jasper, head of Alabama veterans, gave an address, mostly reminiscent, which was interesting and appreciated. Seventeen veterans were present, and a number of the wives and widows.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Ozark, held the first meeting of the year at the home of Mrs. H. L. Holman, Mrs. T. E. Edwards, the new President, presiding. Mrs. Shellie Parker was elected Treasurer and Mrs. W. H. Hunts, Historian. After an interesting program, delicious refreshments were served.

R. E. Rodes Chapter, Tuscaloosa, held the first meeting of the season in the beautiful home of Mrs. Charles Maxwell, Sr. There were greetings from the President after a trip to Hawaiian Islands, where she found no U. D. C. organization, but was a guest of the D. A. R. at a luncheon. Mrs. George Daniel gave a very interesting account of the experiences of Mrs. Elizabeth Avery Meriwether (wife of Colonel Meriwether) while in Tuscaloosa during the War between the States. Certificates were issued to a number of new members. Thirty dollars was reported sent to the flood sufferers.

On Raphael Semmes's birthday two Crosses of Honor were bestowed on Veterans Winslett and Jennings. Two days later, at Chapter meeting, Mr. Winslett was guest of honor, dressed in his Confederate gray to acknowledge the appreciation of the bestowal. A certificate of honor was awarded Mr. Hargrove Vandegraaf for his excellent service in the World War.

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*Arkansas.*—The Arkansas convention proved most encouraging. Reports showed a splendid year's work and a healthy growth in both adult and junior membership, with all appropriations of the year met.

By request of Mrs. Lora Goolsby, chairman of the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation, \$100 from the balance of funds in the treasury was appropriated to finish Arkansas's quota for the year. Another \$100 appropriation was granted the Custodian of Flags, Mrs. P. J. Rice, for needed flags and banners.

Several thousand essays were submitted from the public schools and twenty-six prizes were awarded. The educational work, under the efficient chairman, Mrs. Daniel Horn, showed all scholarships awarded and all available money loaned. A pledge of \$100 for the year was added to our Students' Loan Fund by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Blakemore.

The U. D. C. Chapters of Little Rock have just presented, with impressive ceremonies, to their million dollar high school, a portrait of David Owen Dodd, Arkansas's boy martyr. The picture is the work of a member of Memorial Chapter, Miss Mae Danaher, who has made quite a reputation for herself in the artists' associations of the East.

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*California.*—Los Angeles Daughters are highly gratified by the honorable recognition given our Confederate veterans on Armistice Day. They were invited to attend the ceremonies as special guests of honor of the American Legion. They were present in unusual numbers, and, supported by a throng of Daughters representing our seven U. D. C. Chapters, filled the special section reserved for them in the Coliseum.

Our beloved Commander of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., Gen. S. S. Simmons, fittingly represented his comrades in the review stand for the parade, and later as one of the guests of distinction, being introduced along with the official heads of the various military and veteran organizations, representatives of foreign governments, and Commander of the Western unit of the G. A. R. He was also assigned a place of honor on the staff of Col. Harcourt Hervey, standing second in line of officers for review of "Los Angeles's Own," the 160th Regiment, National Guards.

Through the devoted interest of Lionel West, son of a Georgia veteran and one of the leading young motion picture directors of Hollywood, our Eastern friends will be afforded a screen view of General Simmons and his comrades receiving the greetings of Daughters and Sons of the Confederacy on this occasion.

Mrs. Nita V. Taylor and Mrs. L. C. Lichenstein, two visiting Daughters from Houston, Tex., lent interest to the picture and added to the happiness of the veterans by messages of affection brought directly to them from their Commander in Chief, Gen. J. G. Foster, of Houston.

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*Illinois.*—Illinois Division held a most successful convention on October 12.

The reports of officers, Chapter Presidents, and chairmen of committees showed marked constructive work during the year, intense interest and loyalty, and a general advance in all the activities sponsored by the general organization.

Every pledge made in Richmond last year had been met promptly, and, in some fields, money in excess of that promised had been donated. This was especially true in Confederate Women's Relief, Illinois Division sending to this worthy cause alone \$137.80. This amount included \$55 from the Dixie Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, instead of the \$5 pledged for them, and \$25 from the Division Treasury. This last was the prize money awarded Mrs. Henry A. Oakley, former Recorder of Crosses, for Illinois scoring the largest per cent, based on membership, in the bestowal of World War Service Crosses during 1926, Mrs. Oakley turning this money back into the Division treasury on October 12, when the convention voted it to Confederate Women's Relief, thus forming "a chain-within-a-chain" "to promote some line of special endeavor in the United Daughters of the Confederacy work."

For our book, "Women of the South in War Times,"



another ten volumes have been ordered, although Illinois Division was quoted "as over the top" both at Richmond and at the Hot Springs conventions.

The Confederate organizations in Chicago are happy this year over the War Departments sending to the University of Chicago, as head of its Department of Military Science and Tactics, Maj. T. J. Jackson Christian, the grandson of our greatly beloved Confederate general, Stonewall Jackson. On Tuesday evening, October 11, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, assisted by the Daughters of the Confederacy, gave a brilliant reception in honor of Major and Mrs. Christian; and on the following day, at our annual convention, Mrs. D. J. Carter, the President of the Illinois Division, presented to Major Christian, in the name of Illinois Division, the U. D. C. World War Military Service Cross.

Small battle flags of the Confederacy were presented to Major Christian, to Mrs. Carter as President of the Division, and to three other members of her Board, these flags being the gift of Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Virginia, who sent them, with a beautiful letter of greeting, to Mrs. Carter, for this occasion.

An outstanding feature of the convention was the election of Miss Ida F. Powell as Honorary Life President of Illinois Division, with all the privileges on the Board of an active member; and the election of Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of South Carolina, Past President General, as an Honorary Life Member of Illinois Division. Illinois Division has long admired Miss Poppenheim for her sterling qualities and great constructive work, and loved her for her continued interest and kindness to us, and her understanding and appreciation of the difficulties encountered by U. D. C. Chapters located in the North; while for Miss Powell the Division felt that in no other way could they adequately show their appreciation of her long years of devoted service to Chapter, State, and general organization, and their pride in her having held the office of Registrar General of our United Daughters of the Confederacy.

A full compliment of officers was elected for next year, who assume their duties in December, which marks the beginning of the official year for Illinois Division.

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*Kentucky.*—The State convention of Kentucky Division was held in Louisville, October 18–20, with the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter as general hostess.

The report of Mrs. Lucian G. Maltby, State President, showed that much constructive work had been done; a steady increase in membership, with one hundred and twenty-five certificates signed during the year, and wonderful work done along educational lines. Several new Chapters were organized and two reinstated.

Interesting reports of State officers, standing, and special committees were heard, showing that the State is wide-awake along all lines of endeavor. In the afternoon, Mrs. George L. Danforth, State Chaplain, had charge of most beautiful and impressive memorial services paying tribute to those who had passed on during the year. At that time, a flower was placed in a basket on the platform in memory of each Daughter. A flower was placed for Mrs. Yager, the mother of Miss Jessie Yager, notice of whose death reached the convention only a short time before the services.

All delegates, pages, and visitors were guests of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter at luncheon on Wednesday, and on that evening the Chapter gave a most elaborate reception to all visitors and members of Confederate organizations.

On Thursday morning at seven o'clock, members of the Quill Club met at the Brown Hotel for a breakfast. This

was arranged by Mrs. W. T. Fowler, chairman of the Quill Club. At that time she outlined the work she had in mind and also brought many valuable papers which members of the club had sent her. These will be placed where they may be accessible to those interested in historical work.

At nine o'clock, more than one hundred daughters were taken in busses to the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, where the Thursday sessions were held in the presence of the wearers of the gray. It was a joyful day for them and one that will always be remembered by those present.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. W. T. Fowler, Lexington (member of the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, Frankfort); First Vice President, Mrs. George R. Mastin, Lexington; Second Vice President, Miss Nannie H. Clarke, Millersburg; Third Vice President, Mrs. P. B. Davis, Earlington; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Annie Belle Fogg, Frankfort; Recording Secretary, Miss Frankie Reid, Hickman; Registrar, Mrs. Stanley Johnson; Treasurer, Miss Jessie Yager, Owensboro; Historian, Mrs. Gipp Watkins, Hopkinsville; Auditor, Mrs. John Streit, Elkton; Chaplain, Mrs. George L. Danforth, Louisville; Vice Chaplain, Miss Mary Moore Davis, Covington; Custodian of Crosses, Miss Lila Lear, Nicholasville; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. John H. Clelland, Winchester; Custodian of Records, Mrs. George T. Fuller, Mayfield. Honorary Presidents: Mrs. Sallie Ewing Marshall Hardy, Louisville; Mrs. Russell Mann, Paris; Mrs. Carrie R. Choate, Lawrenceburg; Mrs. F. McFarland Blakemore, Hopkinsville; and Mrs. Ada Desha Rie, Paris.

Following the election, the convention unanimously indorsed Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian General, for the office of President General in 1928.

A most bounteous luncheon was served at the noon hour, when the Daughters were guests of the Home, and each had one of the veterans as her escort. The members of the Confederate Home Chapter assisted in the hospitalities of the day.

On Thursday night, Historical Evening was observed, with Mr. Eugene Atkinson, Commander S. C. V., the speaker of the evening. His subject was: "A Great American, Jefferson Davis, Kentuckian." It was followed by the presentation of the trophies by Mrs. Lucian G. Maltby. A silver loving cup was awarded to the John Heflin Chapter, Flemingsburg, for the Chapter having the greatest gain in membership during the year. This Chapter almost doubled its number, and the cup was presented to the representative of the Chapter, Mrs. Ioline Hawkins. To the Children's Auxiliary showing the greatest increase in membership was awarded a gold bar, which was given to the auxiliary at Nicholasville, and was received for it by Mrs. Harry McCarty, President of the U. D. C. Chapter.

The Cross of Military Service was bestowed upon Maj. Hart Gibson Foster, of Lexington, World War veteran and grandson of Col. Hart Gibson, C. S. A., by Mrs. L. G. Maltby.

Mrs. John H. Clelland, in a most beautiful manner, conferred Past President's badges on all Past Presidents, eight of whom were present.

Mrs. Roy W. McKinney had charge of the installation of the new officers, following which the thirty-first annual convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy closed after one of the most delightful meetings ever held.

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*Louisiana.*—Early in November a successful card party was given by the Louisiana Division at the Federated clubhouse in New Orleans for the purpose of raising funds to further the work of marking the Jefferson Davis Highway through the State.



A very lovely reception was given at the Roosevelt on November 21, by New Orleans Chapter No. 72, in honor of Mrs. L. U. Babin, President of the Louisiana Division; Mrs. Feeney Rice, State Director Jefferson Davis Highway; and Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Registrar General. The honored guests were presented with flowers, as was Mrs. John Kevlin, President elect of the Chapter.

The handsome medal offered by the general order for the State reporting the greatest progress in marking the Jefferson Davis Highway, won by Louisiana, was proudly displayed.

The first meeting of the New Orleans Chapter after the vacation period was honored by the presence of Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of St. Louis, Mo., Registrar General, U. D. C., who made a short address, and also presented certificates of membership to sixteen new members of the Chapter.

In reporting the activities of the State Division at the recent Shreveport convention, it was announced that the Chapter had been honored by the award to its members of four State offices. Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, President, was reelected First Vice President; Mrs. Feeney Rice was reelected Custodian; Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, beloved of Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere, was elected Honorary President; and Mrs. C. M. Daigle, "Mother Daigle" to the Chapter, was appointed Custodian of Flags.

Mrs. John Kevlin, chairman of the Educational Committee, announced that she had secured two new scholarships—at Holy Cross College and the Ursuline Convent.

Mrs. J. J. Ritayik was unanimously indorsed for the office of President of the Louisiana Division, to succeed Mrs. L. U. Babin, of Baton Rouge, whose term expires in May. Mrs. Ritayik has been identified with the work of the organization for twenty-four years.

Shreveport Chapter is devoting its efforts to maintaining the wild beauty of Fort Humbug, a bluff below the city, now a memorial park, where, during the War between the States, some Federal gunboats coming up the river were turned back by the sight of mock soldiers with wooden cannon.

Ruston Chapter is looking forward to the next celebration of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson by sending a request to the school authorities of the parish to have the day observed in all the schools.

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*Maryland.*—More than three hundred delegates and guests from all parts of the State attended the thirtieth annual convention of the Maryland Division, which convened at the Southern Hotel, Baltimore, on October 26-27, 1927, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, President, presiding.

Dr. Henry M. Wharton, Major General Commanding the Maryland Division, U. C. V., in full Confederate regimentals, addressed the Daughters briefly and, by unanimous request, sang the stirring song, "The Bonny Blue Flag."

Hon. William T. Broening, mayor of Baltimore, extended the courtesy of the city to the convention, placing at its disposal the use of a steam launch for a trip down Chesapeake Bay.

Response was made by Mrs. F. P. Canby, of Hagerstown, former President of the Division. Salute to the flags of the United States and the Confederacy was led by Mrs. James W. Westcott. Flags of each Chapter were accepted gracefully for the Division by Mrs. M. Lee Holmes.

State and Chapter officers were called upon for reports. The report of the First Vice President, Mrs. Westcott, dealt with her work as chairman of the U. D. C. Seals, designed by a member of her committee, Miss Sally Washington Maupin. Almost the whole of the original six thousand printed having been disposed of at two cents each, realizing a substantial

sum turned over to the State Director and Miss Ann B. Bruin, Hagerstown, for the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund.

Beside the regular routine business which came before the convention, much time was devoted to planning for the extension of education and philanthropic work.

Upon historical evening a Military Cross of Service was presented to David J. Barton, World War veteran, Artillery Division, A. E. F., son of the late Maj. Randolph Barton, who served on the staff of General Early, C. S. A.

A pageant, "The Service of the Confederate Flag," was presented by Mrs. S. Johnson Poe, assisted by four young men.

The following officers were elected, the four Vice Presidents being reelected: President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart; First Vice President, Mrs. James W. Westcott; Second Vice President, Mrs. Walter Die; Third Vice President, Mrs. Frank J. Parran; Fourth Vice President, Miss Sally Washington Maupin; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. William Stewart; Recording Secretary, Mrs. S. Johnson Poe; Treasurer, Mrs. Adalbert Mears; Registrar, Mrs. Charles N. Boulden; Parliamentarian, Mrs. J. Frank Wilson; Historian, Mrs. Henneberger; Recorder of Crosses of Honor and Service; Miss Martha Clark; Division Editor, Mrs. M. V. Holmes; Advisors: Mrs. Robert L. Burwell, Mrs. William Buchanan, Miss Harriet Young.

On Armistice Day, the Cross of Military Service was bestowed upon Col. John Carmichael by the President, Mrs. Leo Cahill, and the Recorder of Crosses, Miss Anne Bruin. It was a most impressive ceremony. Colonel Carmichael, who served with the 44th Engineers, is the son of John Carmichael, who was in the Cadet Battalion of the Virginia Military Institute at New Market.

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*North Carolina.*—The thirty-first annual convention of the North Carolina Division was held in Asheville, October 11-14.

The opening program on Tuesday evening was featured with the presentation of the three flags—the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy, the North Carolina State flag, and "Old Glory." Cordial greetings from the various local organizations made the Daughters feel heartily welcome to this city in the "Land of the Sky." Mrs. Walter F. Woodard, President of the Division, presided over the sessions with charm, dignity, and tact, making this one of the most harmonious conventions in the history of the organization.

The President's report for her first year of office showed constructive work in every department and testified to the fact that she is zealously upholding the high standard which North Carolina holds in the general organization. Notable in this report was the fact that the past legislature granted every request asked of it by the Daughters of the Confederacy—the securing of increased pensions for veterans and their widows, an appropriation of \$50,000 for a monument at Gettysburg, and State maintenance of the Confederate Cemetery at Raleigh.

The memorial and historical work has been emphasized by commemorating with suitable markers the battle field of Bentonville, the Gen. D. H. Hill School at Charlotte, the site of the launching of the Confederate ram Albemarle, a beautiful fountain to soldiers of all wars in Wilson County, besides many other local markers. The next memorial to be undertaken by the Division will be at Fort Fisher, the Gibraltar of the Confederacy.

Extensive plans for beautifying the Jefferson Davis Highway were reported. Besides the benevolent work being re-



sponded to most zealously, the Division had decided to adopt an endowment plan for educational work, which will insure permanent help to needy descendants of Confederate veterans.

The Asheville Chapter and the Fannie Patton Chapter were joint hostesses to the convention, and had planned many delightful social entertainments for the delegates. The Chapters of the First District also extended hospitality in a buffet luncheon.

The presentation on Historical Evening of a beautiful pageant was greatly enjoyed. Stirring scenes of the War between the States as they were lived in Western North Carolina were reproduced, the whole being the work of talented Asheville Daughters of the Confederacy. One of the most interesting and unusual scenes was in presenting the eight stalwart Stevens sons who returned from the war to their mother alive and unhurt. The early life of North Carolina's war governor, Zebulon B. Vance, was portrayed, as well as his inauguration.

Crosses of Service were bestowed by the President on two gallant World War soldiers—Adj. Gen. John Van B. Metts and Lieut. Thomas A. Jones, Jr. This was a most beautiful and impressive ceremony.

The program on Children's Evening was most enjoyable, and the parts were well taken by the little Daughters.

At the Memorial hour tributes were paid to the memory of two Past Presidents of the Division, Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams and Mrs. W. Scott Parker, who had during the past year gone into the beyond. Memorials were also given to Mrs. Martha Keplar, a Past Vice President of the Division, and to other beloved Daughters.

The following officers were elected for the coming year, many of these being elected for a second term: President, Mrs. Walter Woodard; First Vice President, Mrs. Alfred Williams; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. S. Welborn; Third Vice President, Mrs. William Peck; Recording Secretary, Mrs. S. L. Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. E. Woodard; Treasurer, Mrs. Garland Daniel; Registrar, Mrs. H. L. Riggins; Historian, Mrs. W. E. White; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. H. F. Deaton; Director of C. of C., Mrs. Glenn Long; Chaplain, Mrs. T. E. Sprunt.

\* \* \*

*South Carolina.*—The Abbeville Chapter, through its Secessionville Marker Committee, gave the contract September 14 for constructing the marker, which commemorates the first organized meeting of secession which took place in Abbeville November 22, 1860. It will be a very imposing memorial, consisting of two immense granite columns, one on each side of Secession Street, leading directly to Scession Hill, where the meeting was held. On each column a bronze tablet will tell the significance of the memorial, and a small boulder with a bronze plate will mark the spot on the hill where the speaker's stand was erected on that memorable occasion. The memorial was unveiled November 22, the sixty-seventh anniversary of the meeting, and Abbeville planned a celebration worthy of the occasion.

The residents of the Confederate Home, Columbia, were given a very happy day recently by the members of the William Lester Chapter, of Prosperity. The Chapter members spent the entire day at the home, and took a picnic dinner with them. A musical program of Southern songs was rendered.

\* \* \*

*Pennsylvania.*—The Philadelphia Chapter invited the Chapters of four neighboring States of the Northeastern section—New Jersey, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massa-

chusetts, also the Pittsburgh Chapter, to send representatives to a conference on October 17. The States having single Chapters and not a Division have many common interests and problems. A luncheon was served at the Woman's City Club and a round-table conference held. It was a most enjoyable and helpful occasion. Short speeches were made by our own and visiting Presidents and questions of interest to all presented. After the luncheon, the guests attended the regular monthly Chapter meeting and were entertained by a special musical program. The suggestion that a Regional Conference be held annually met with much enthusiasm, and an attempt to arrange something of that nature will be made by the delegates of these States at the convention in November.

\* \* \*

*Tennessee.*—The Agnes L. Whiteside Chapter, of Shelbyville, gave its annual dinner to the Confederate veterans of Bedford County, October 26, in the dining hall of the Woman's Club, which was attractively decorated for the occasion with flags and flowers. Mrs. James P. McDonald, Jr., President of the Chapter, presided, and the ritual was led by Mrs. Agnes L. Whiteside, for whom the Chapter is named. The program of sweet old songs brought up pathetic memories which were lost in the cheery strains of Dixie. An interesting talk on Sam Davis, Tennessee's boy hero, was given by William Parker.

At the close of the program, the veterans, numbering sixteen, were conducted to a special table, and seated with them were the honor guests, Chapter officers, and members of the press. A splendid chicken dinner, with "all the fixin's," gave them a delightful feast, and after this the veterans lingered to enjoy the old-time music and to swap yarns with comrades.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

**KEY WORD:** "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

**MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Historian General.**

To State and Chapter Historians and members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

It was a matter of much regret to your Historian General that the topic for study last year, "The Confederate Congresses," was not more generally studied. However, this seems to have been due not to lack of interest, but to lack of library facilities. If this is the case, will not every Chapter try to place in the local library books on Confederate history? It has never been possible to "make bricks without straw," and never will be.

The study for this year is one which may be used by every Chapter. The more strictly historical topics are alternated with some of a sort of literary flavor, and it is hoped the combination will be enjoyed.

It is recommended that each Chapter, at least once during the year, purchase and review, and, as far as possible, have the members read, one of the new books which deal with the period of 1861-65. This period continues to attract the historian, and we should know the current thought on the subject.

Let our aim be a wider, deeper, and more definite knowledge of the facts of our Confederate history.

Cordially and faithfully,

CHARLOTTE OSBORNE WOODBURY, *Historian General.*



## TOPICS FOR STUDY, 1928.

1. Contrast conditions in the North and South in 1860—industrial, agricultural, social.
2. Folk tales and superstitions of the negroes.
3. The compromises of the United States Constitution and later compromises.
4. Ballads of your section.
5. Efforts for peace on the part of the Confederacy.
6. Stories of faithful servants.
7. Confederate money; financial policy.
8. Educational institutions in the South, 1860; 1890; 1920.
9. Confederate officers formerly in the United States army.
10. Religion in the army.
11. Confederate officers who had been in United States navy.
12. Our Confederate organizations.

## C. OF C. PROGRAM, 1928.

### JANUARY.

The study for the Children of the Confederacy for 1928 will be "Some Southern Cities." Those selected will be some which are connected vitally with the story of the Confederacy. The whole history of the city is to be included.

All who made a map last year, as suggested, may use it. All who did not make a map will find it very interesting to make one now and place the cities as they are studied. Make the map on Indian head cotton, using a blue pencil for State lines. The cities, rivers, and other features may be put in with different colors. Start a post card collection of the places studied. Any C. of C. member who is willing to exchange postals will please write to this department, and in this way all will have a nice set at the end of the year.

The first city to be studied is Montgomery, Ala. These points are to be looked up and the information put in a notebook:

1. Where is this city located?
2. What is its population?
3. Who founded it?
4. Who named it, and why was this name chosen?
5. What is its connection with the history of the Confederacy?
6. What are its principal industries to-day?
7. What distinguished people either in State or national history were born here? What writers? Musicians or artists?
8. Tell some story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.

## U. D. C. PRIZES FOR 1928.

*The Raines Banner.*—To the division making the largest collection of papers and historical records and doing the best historical work.

*Youree Prize.*—One hundred dollars to be awarded by the Cross of Service Committee on a per cent and per capita basis.

*Jeanne Fox Weinmann Cup.*—To the Division reporting the greatest amount of historical work done in the schools.

*Blount Memorial Cup.*—To the Division bestowing the greatest number of Crosses of Service during the year.

*Alexander Allen Faris Trophy.*—To the Division registering the greatest number of members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five.

*Orren Randolph Smith Medal.*—For the best report of a director of the Jefferson Davis Highway. To be worn by the

director during her term of service, and to be passed on to her successor in her State.

## ESSAYS.

To be written by members of Chapters of United Daughters of the Confederacy.

*Rose Loving Cup.*—Best essay on "A History of Tariff Legislation Affecting the South."

*Mrs. John A. Perdue Loving Cup.*—Best essay on "The Blockade, 1861-65."

*Anne Sevier Loving Cup.*—Best essay on "The Right of Secession."

*Hyde-Campbell Loving Cup.*—Best essay on "The Trans-Atlantic Slave Trade."

*Mildred Lewis Rutherford Loving Cup.*—For the most meritorious criticism by a Daughter of the Confederacy of some history or biography dealing with the Confederate period.

*Anna Robinson Andrews Medal.*—Best essay on "The Negro in American Life."

*Martha Washington House Medal.*—Best essay on "Gen. Leonidas Polk."

*W. O. Hart Medal.*—Most complete list, with brief description, of Confederate monuments.

*Roberts Medal.*—For second best essay submitted in any contest.

*Cary Prize.*—Twenty-five dollars for best essay on "Mosby's Rangers."

## C. OF C. PRIZES.

*Robert H. Ricks Banner.*—To the C. of C. Chapter that sends in the best all-around report.

*The Grace Clare Taylor Loving Cup.*—Given by Mrs. Charles S. Wallace to the general organization to be presented to the C. of C. Chapter registering the most new members during the year.

*Anna Flagg Harvey Loving Cup.*—Given by Mrs. J. P. Higgins in memory of her mother. To the Division which registers the greatest number of new members in the C. of C. annual competition.

*Florence Goalder Faris Medal.*—To the Division director who registers the second highest number in the C. of C. annual competition.

*Mrs. W. S. Coleman Loving Cup.*—To be offered to the Chapter director who places the greatest number of books in school libraries. Books on Confederate history to be used as supplemental reading. Annual competition.

## ESSAYS.

*Mrs. J. Carter Bardin.*—Five dollars in gold to the boy or girl who is a member of the C. of C. and of Confederate lineage for the best essay on "Matthew Fontaine Maury (Huguenot), Pathfinder of the Sea." In memory of her grandmother, Mary Rivers Avery, who died in Johnson County, N. C., February, 1865, twelve miles from the battle ground of the battle of Bentonville, N. C.

*Mrs. Bennett D. Bell.*—Five dollars in gold to the C. of C. member writing the best essay on "Mammy in the Old Plantation Days." In honor of her black mammy, Matilda Cartwright. Preference will be given to paper giving incidents which have never been in print. Contestants will give authority. These papers are to be retained by the Third Vice President General in the expectation of gathering material for a supplementary reader for children of the grade schools.

Material for all historical contests and essays submitted in prize competition must be in hands of Historian General by October 1.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., 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. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
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.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
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.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## NEW YEAR GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The cycle of time again swings round and ushers in another year with its opportunities. Happy am I in again being permitted to send to you, my dear coworkers and friends, New Year's greetings, with the best wishes of my heart that each day may find you enjoying the great blessing of health, that prosperity may attend you, and happiness crown the year. May the golden opportunities of life be met in all that comes your way, and may you find the joy that comes through service to your fellow man and be climaxed in such earnest endeavor for the advancement of our work sacred to the memories of the noble, devoted women whom we represent in carrying on the labors so dear to their hearts and for which they sacrificed so cheerfully to make for us an easier pathway in life's devious ways. May these hallowed memories stay with us and spur us on to yet greater endeavor in our dear memorial work, and may heaven's choicest blessings attend each day.

### PERSONAL MENTION.

The announcement of the appointment of Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith as State President for South Carolina will be gratifying to every acquaintance and friend of this popular and charming Charlestonian. Mrs. Beckwith fills the place made vacant by the death of Miss Heyward and brings to our office a love and devotion to the South and its high ideals, and we are fortunate and happy in having her as a leader in her State.

That Mrs. D. D. Geiger has consented to take up the work so wonderfully carried on by our lamented Mrs. Thomas Hope Harvey as President of the Southern Confederated Memorial Association, of Huntington, W. Va., is a source of gratification to the many friends of both Mrs. Geiger and Mrs. Harvey, as the intimate friendship that existed so long between them leads to the feeling of perfect consciousness that the work could not have been placed in safer or better hands, and our congratulations are extended to both the Association and the new President, with the fervent wish that each may find in the other great pleasure in carrying forward the work that dear Mrs. Harvey held second to none save her service to her Master.

Mrs. J. F. Weinmann, the President of the new Little Rock Memorial Association, is doing fine work and making great and well-laid plans for the convention of the C. S. M. A., which meets in the "City of Roses" with the veterans in

reunion in May, and for which many plans are being worked out for profit and pleasure.

Our dear Chaplain General, Giles B. Cooke, in a recent letter, tells of his disappointment in not being able, because of feebleness, to attend the Charleston convention, but is trying to husband his strength and looking forward with eager anticipation of getting to Little Rock for the reunion and convention.

We are gratified to be able to report that Miss Rutherford is reported as slowly improving, and is able to see the many friends who call. Many telegrams and letters attest the love of the people whom she has served so long and faithfully, and many prayers go up from countless friends for her complete recovery.

### THE U. D. C. CONVENTION IN CHARLESTON.

Passed into the history of life and written on a page of beautiful memories is my visit to Charleston in acceptance of the invitation of the gracious and splendid woman who has led for the past two years the national work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, than whom the U. D. C.'s have never honored a woman more fitted to hold that high office, a type of the gentlewoman of the Old South, always courteous and kindly, yet never sacrificing a principle, she has written her name, as did Abou Ben Adhem, "As one who loves his fellow man," and has written yet deeper in the hearts of her associates the name as of one who loves and serves her Lord and Master. A beautiful life to emulate.

What shall I say of Charleston, of the lure and charm of this city of the Old South, so rich in all that went to the making of the great achievements of American history in both Colonial and Revolutionary days? With an unsurpassed place in the crisis of the War between the States, she sits enthroned the Queen City of the Southland, with her incomparable river front, where the bright waters of twin rivers meet and flow as one in their onward march to join the great Atlantic Ocean; guarded and protected by nature's bounteous provision in historic Forts Sumter and Moultrie; surrounded by gardens in which nature's lavish hand makes adornment like jewels into their rare luxuriance and beauty; and crowning this wondrous setting, the charm of Southern hospitality, as nowhere else can be seen so widely diffused, in its refined, gentle courtesy so typical and so richly the heritage of a nation that rose so pure of purpose and fell to overwhelming numbers, but undefeated.



As an honor guest, invited to bring greetings to the convention from the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, many beautiful courtesies were shown your President General, and one wish was ever present—that every member of the C. S. M. A. could share the many delightful courtesies that made the week of convention activities one of rarely delightful events. From the uplifting services in St. Philip's Church, each day unfolded its program varied and filled to the limit with sessions of deepest interest and wonderful reports of amazing accomplishments along lines educational, constructive, historic, and philanthropic, interspersed with the brightness and joy of a social side when relaxation gave opportunities for meeting old friends and new acquaintances.

Many delightful affairs made the social side most brilliant, and many visits to historic spots instructive and illuminating, none more so than the boat trip to Forts Sumter and Moultrie, which made "a perfect day." The election of Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, a Virginian of Virginia, typical of all that that proud State can boast, a woman of rare poise and dignity, with sweet, gracious cordiality of manner, added to fine executive ability, insures continued success to this grand body of women whose achievements stand out in wonderfully glorious accomplishments.

Faithfully yours,

MARGARET A. WILSON,  
President General, C. S. M. A.

## THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

*Dear Memorial Women:* As the new year, 1928, is ushered in, our thoughts turn to the old year, and we ask ourselves, as Memorial Women, have we done our best, not our bit? Under the leadership of our loved President General, nothing is too great for this band of loyal Southern women to accomplish. Our sainted mothers and grandmothers bequeathed to us a sacred trust. Are we proving faithful, or are we letting the "cares that infest the day" cause us to forget?

Keep alive in the hearts of the children the names of Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson, and Robert E. Lee, he "who were the white flower of a blameless life." January 19 should be a day of rejoicing, a day of thanksgiving, that to the world was given such a character, nature's nobleman, a Christian gentleman, Robert E. Lee.

May I ask you to pledge anew your allegiance to the cause we hold so dear, endeavor to encourage your members to greater activity and more loyal coöperation to "do noble things, not dream them"?

A happy new year and may the Lord bless thee and keep thee.

Sincerely,

MARY FORREST BRADLEY,  
Editor C. S. M. A.

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Mrs. N. E. Ayres has been elected President of Jefferson Davis Memorial Association of Oklahoma City, Okla., succeeding Mrs. James R. Armstrong, who served most efficiently for four years. The work is progressing, every meeting being well attended and new members being added.

The annual Thanksgiving dinner was tendered the veterans, wives, and life mothers in the home of Mrs. Armstrong. They also remember the veterans at Christmas.

\* \* \*

Work on Stone Mountain is progressing rapidly, and the announcement has been made that, with favorable weather conditions, the figures of General Lee and Traveller should be completed by the latter part of January, 1928.

## GOLDENROD AND THE OAK—A FANTASY.

OVERHEARD IN THE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI.

BY ABBOTT C. MARTIN, GRADUATE STUDENT.

*Goldenrod.* I'm glad to hold up my head of gold. I've been listening to the summer so long.

*The Oak.* Yes, I've watched you growing there.

*Goldenrod.* It's good to be alive. But why did Mother Earth make me bloom in the autumn when the joys of the other flowers are done. See how many are dead.

*The Oak.* They're only weeds. A scientist over there (*nodding toward the university*) would tell you that the longer it takes you to grow up, the richer and wiser you are. You, like Landor, dine late.

*Goldenrod.* Who wants to be wealthy and wise if he can't be young?

*The Oak.* Wisdom and Wealth are fitter companions than Youth for death. (*A pause.*)

*Goldenrod.* But, tell me, Old Oak, what am I to do here? Mother Earth tells me I'm quite important. Since the red huntsmen left these hills, a new people have chosen me to be a symbol.

*The Oak.* And your estate has profited; you have become their national flower.

*Goldenrod.* How nice of them! I wonder why they chose me?

*The Oak.* Perhaps because you're very common.

*Goldenrod.* No *jeu de mots*, I hope?

*The Oak (laughing).* You're a well instructed young person.

*Goldenrod.* No; but seriously, about being common?

*The Oak.* You see you grow everywhere. You're so get-at-able; patriotic people can pluck you without difficulty. But to look at it another way, they do concern themselves more with violets, say, than orchids. I've no doubt that they consider the corn more moral than the orchid.

*Goldenrod.* O, but I don't think the orchid is immoral. I'd like to know an orchid.

*The Oak.* Of course you don't think so; but then you're not useful either. You only live and are beautiful. That isn't enough, so some people think.

*Goldenrod (eagerly now).* Tell me, Old Oak, whom can I play with?

*The Oak.* I hardly know. The bees and butterflies are gone.

*Goldenrod.* I don't think they would interest me. When you were young, were there no nymphs or fauns here?

*The Oak.* I fear there were none in the *lares et penates* of the new people. Or if there were, they found their new environment not very congenial. People wouldn't listen to them, so they died.

*Goldenrod (looking about).* This is a quiet place.

*The Oak.* It's a graveyard.

*Goldenrod.* O!

*The Oak.* Full of soldiers of the South, who died sixty years ago in the boys' dormitories there. I was a sappling then.

*Goldenrod.* It seems forgotten. I wonder why.

*The Oak.* Come, you must not fret or be sad, even if you can know no orchids or wood nymphs. You are yourself; that is enough. We are the genii of this place; perhaps my sap is the blood of an oldish man who went to the war already wise, and yours the blood of a lad who was killed before he took his first kiss. I hear the wind coming down from the north, over the vast plain.

*Goldenrod.* I feel very cold. It is good to nestle close to Mother Earth. But I shall bloom again next year. There is something in me which will not let me forget the world.

*The Oak.* And in me.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. .... *Adjutant in Chief*  
JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C. .... *Inspector in Chief*  
ROBERT M. BEATTIE, Memphis, Tenn. .... *Judge Advocate in Chief*  
DR. B. W. LOWRY, Tampa, Fla. .... *Surgeon in Chief*  
W. D. JACKSON, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Quartermaster in Chief*  
MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, Washington, D. C. .... *Historian in Chief*  
Y. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla. .... *Commissary in Chief*  
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LUCIUS L. MOSS, *Finance* ..... Lake Charles, La.  
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COL. W. McDONALD LEE, *Rutherford* ..... Irvington, Va.  
MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, *Manassas Battle Field* ..... Washington, D. C.  
JOHN ASHLEY JONES, *Stone Mountain* ..... Atlanta, Ga.



## DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke, Va. .... Army of Northern Virginia  
JOHN ASHLEY JONES, Atlanta, Ga. .... Army of Tennessee  
EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark., Army of Trans-Mississippi

## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

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DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock. .... Arkansas  
JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill. .... Central Division  
ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C. .... District of Columbia and Maryland  
S. W. FRY, 150 Green Street, Eastern Division, New York, N. Y.  
JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee. .... Florida  
DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah. .... Georgia  
J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington. .... Kentucky  
JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.  
ROBERT E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis. .... Missouri  
ALBERT C. ANDERSON, Ripley. .... Mississippi  
J. D. PAUL, Washington. .... North Carolina  
E. RIDDLE, Oklahoma City. .... Oklahoma  
A. D. MARSHALL, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington  
Pacific Division.  
REID ELKINS, Greenville. .... South Carolina  
JOHN HALLBERG, Chattanooga. .... Tennessee  
E. S. MCCARVER, Orange. .... Texas  
CHARLES T. NORMAN, Richmond. .... Virginia  
DR. ROBERT K. BUFORD, Charleston. .... West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## AN INTERESTING HUMAN DOCUMENT.

The museum committee of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, through its President, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, has just added an interesting and historically valuable document to its increasing trophies of the war between the Confederacy and the Federal governments. This late addition is a diary kept by Warren B. Hutt, a Confederate prisoner of war incarcerated at Point Lookout, Md.

The diary is written on a small pocket notebook in an exceedingly neat hand, well spelled and punctuated. It is a human document through which we see the heart of a lonely Confederate soldier boy, his love, his sufferings, and his hopes. He speaks often of Annie, to whom he gave two rings at once; but his grandson, Aubrey Felton, of Ballston, Va., who is presenting the old volume to the museum committee, tells us that his grandfather did not marry dear Annie. Such are the fortunes of love and war, both here markedly affecting the life of a stalwart young Virginian. And we are the more interested in him because, true to his Confederate principles, he again and again refused to take the oath of allegiance, cold, hungry, sick as he often was, and be permitted to go back to his home, while again and again comrades less strong did take that oath and escape the living death. However, for the historian this contemporary record is a living witness of the treatment given Confederate prisoners by the United States, which had at its command wood, food, and medicine.

July 5, 1863.—We heard that Ewell is in Frederick City. Heaven grant it.

December 24, 1863.—Wrote to Cousin D. W. Marmaduke, Arrow Park, Saline County, Mo. Supper: tea, molasses, and biscuit.

January 1, 1864.—We are yet prisoners of war at Fort Lookout, Md. Clouds and showers. We have to raise our tents on cracker boxes, which greatly adds to our comfort. I wish all my friends a happy New Year, if I cannot.

2d.—It is a beautiful morning; feel very cold. Fresh beef, turnips, and carrot soup for dinner. I have done very little stirring outdoors to-day, as it is very cold.

3d.—Fine breakfast of pork, coffee, and hard-tack. Wil-

liam Parks spent last night with us. We had a very inferior dinner. Did not go out after wood to-day.

4th.—A great many prisoners are taking the oath of allegiance to the Yankee government. We had pork and bean soup for dinner. O, if we could leave here. My tongue is very sore. I am very unwell. By the kindness of James Smith, I had a piece of loaf bread for breakfast.

5th.—Abe's Amnesty Proclamation is posted all over camp for the benefit of those who wish to swallow the pill. My dinner consisted of one can of soup.

6th.—We drew a head of cabbage last night. We have a saw made of a barrel hoop and, instead of cutting wood, we saw it. I slept very cold last night. Ed Claybrook has arrived in Washington.

8th.—It is freezing farther in the bay than it ever did. We have no wood. O, deliver us from such a place!

9th.—I heard from Eddie Claybrook last night. He is at the house of Mr. Bates, K. S. A. General at Washington, who has procured a parole for him. He leaves for the South soon.

11th.—Smith brought me a piece of bread. Washed and put on clothes.

12th.—Smith brought down two blankets. Silas Douglas was shot by the sentry.

14th.—I have a dreadful cough. Bought a stick of molasses candy for five cents.

15th.—We drew parsnips this evening, which is mighty poor stuff; also ate two slapjacks.

16th.—The expedition that went over to the Northern Neck has returned, bringing a few prisoners, Rev. W. W. Walker and Mr. John English Westwood, and a man by the name of Bush, from Lancaster.

17th.—Received a letter from Miss Anna P. Ball, and have replied. We have not a single stick of wood.

18th.—For dinner a small piece of pork, carrots, soup, and hard-tack. Smith brought us down three sticks of wood. Came in a good time.

20th.—The *Baltimore American* gave a mammoth account of the raid into the Northern Neck.



21st.—Read a letter from Miss Bessie Lawson to her cousin, Mr. David S. Lee, of Missouri, of the Western Army.

22d.—Rev. W. W. Walker preached in front of my tent this evening.

23d.—We get very little to eat. O, if I could see those I love so dearly!

25th.—Clark, of my mess, is very sick. One of my sergeants, by name of Cox, of Company E, died at the hospital last night.

26th.—I have bought two pairs of socks, which cost me fifteen cents for one and twenty for the other.

27th.—William H. Franklin, of Westmoreland, died at the hospital. The gunboats were firing last night. It is said blockade runners.

29th.—There was a man killed at one of the mess halls last night. Dreamed of my sweetheart last night. O, if I could see her!

February 1st—Wrote to Miss Annie P. Ball to-day. Clarke is worse.

2d.—Mr. Robinson, of Company F, 40th Regiment, died last night.

3d.—Cold; not a stick of wood. I have the blues, for I want to be with the dear ones at home.

4th.—Seven hundred prisoners arrived this morning from Old Capitol. Webb Smith among the number.

7th.—Am very rich. Received \$5 from Mr. S. G. Miles yesterday.

8th.—William A. Bartlett, Company D, 40th Virginia Infantry, died. The mortality among the prisoners is great. Many of the South's sons are passing from life to death.

9th.—Received a letter from Miss Annie P. Ball, of Monumental City.

11th.—But one small stick of wood, for which we paid \$6 in Confederate money. For supper: corn cakes and molasses.

12th.—The rations we get are not more than half enough.

13th.—Lieutenant Welch, of Company B, 40th Virginia Regiment, died at Johnson's Island a few days since. They found two boats which the prisoners had made to escape in. They (the searchers) then went into wholesale plunder.

16th.—My supper to-night was molasses, pancakes, and molasses.

17th.—We bought two sticks of wood, for which we paid \$6. A small piece of fresh beef and carrot soup.

18th.—Intensely cold last night and no fire. Our day's ration consisted of one small loaf of bread, two ounces of meal, and half pint of carrot soup. Isn't it shameful?

19th.—Very cold, and we have no fire, as the Yankees will not give us any wood.

20th.—We drew wood to-day for a rarity.

21st.—Beast Butler arrived this morning and was saluted with thirteen guns. He has ridden through camp.

22d.—Three of the 47th Virginia swallowed the oath.

23d.—William P. Parks had heard that Thomas English wrote to Annie and sent her a ring.

24th.—For the first time in my life I have seen a regiment of negro troops in full uniform and with arms.

25th.—Negro soldiers were put on post to guard us. Was there ever such a thing in civilized warfare?

27th.—We get so little to eat that it will hardly keep soul and body together. I bought a very good supper of beef, pie, and hot flour bread for \$6.

28th.—A fresh lot of prisoners from North Carolina last night.

March 6th.—Mr. Sanford, of King George County, Va., received a letter from friend Annie. Heard through a Missourian that Uncle M. M. Marmaduke, of Saline County, Mo., is still living.

9th.—The 9th Division left for Dixie. The above division were Louisianians. Had a ring made for Miss Annie Divine Ball.

10th.—The water rises in my house, as we are situated in a low place.

11th.—One negro sentry shot another and killed him dead. O.K.

12th.—Received a letter from friend Annie.

13th.—Put on standing collar and blackened my shoes. For dinner: coffee, pickled beef, and potatoes.

14th.—Received a letter from friend Annie, which I have answered. O, how I would love to hear from loved ones at home, for they certainly ought to know where I am.

15th.—There has been a school established for the benefit of those who wish to be instructed. It is under control of a University of Virginia graduate.

17th.—Received two letters from the South. One from R. D. Murphy, at Camp Lee, the other from Mr. R. L. Harney, of Northampton County, Va. O, it did fill my heart with delight to hear from Virginia.

18th.—Received a letter from ma, which I have read over and over again.

19th.—Received a letter from Annie. I have ordered a ring for my dulce, which I hope to have the pleasure of slipping on her finger ere long.

22d.—A Yankee sergeant by the name of Yong, 2d New Hampshire Volunteers, shot one of our officers last evening. He killed him. The officer shot was Peyton, of Kentucky.

23d.—Wrote to Cousin Annie. High Chesapeake tides flooded streets. Much mud.

April 17th.—Was introduced to Mr. Edgar Mitchell, brother of Rev. Hezekiah Mitchell, who formerly taught school at Warsaw, Richmond County, Va.

18th.—I feel so sad. Am I to live without one ray of hope? Have heard of the capitulation of Fort Pillow by our troops.

20th.—Sent two rings to Cousin Annie, toothpick to J. P. Morris.

May 12th.—We are not allowed to receive any papers.

---

LAST CONFEDERATE IN VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.—Since the days of Appomattox, where the Stars and Bars was folded, many men who followed Lee and Jackson have aided in molding the State laws of Virginia, following the same high standards of justice and loyalty to their country as that set so many years ago by their revered leaders. To-day, Virginia's legislature is without a Confederate veteran in its membership for the first time since the War between the States, for in the month of October, 1927, Pere Bruce Young, in his eighty-fifth year, the last veteran in the Virginia Assembly, joined his comrades on the other side. He had served four terms in the House of Delegates, and twice that body sent a petition to the voters of his county asking for his return.—Mrs. Nancy North, Washington, D. C.

---

Fortune favors wealth and numbers,  
Falls the battle to the strong;  
But the glory never slumbers  
Of the champions of the free,  
While a Kossuth lives eternal  
In a blaze of epic song,  
And we keep the mem'ry vernal  
Of the ragged ranks of Lee.

—From the poem on "Paardeberg," a battle of the South African War, by Lloyd T. Everett.



## SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

FRANCIS LEWIS.

Through his knowledge of Gaelic and Cymraeg, Francis Lewis, New York signer of the Declaration of Independence, was able to save himself from being made a burnt sacrifice by the Indians.

During the French and Indian War, Lewis supplied the British troops with clothing as agent at Oswego. On the surrender of the fort and its garrison of 1,600 men, Lewis was handed over to the Indians as one of thirty captives. He expected to suffer the fate of a captive, but he succeeded in making friends with the warriors who guarded him by means of the dialects he had learned in Wales.

Lewis was born in Llandoff, Wales, in 1713. He studied at Westminster, and began business in London as a clerk in a counting house. Later he came to the New World, where he rapidly became a most successful merchant. He became so prosperous that he retired in 1765 and withdrew to his estate at Whitestone, Long Island. In order to establish his son in business, he formed the firm of Francis Lewis & Son in 1771, but as soon as the young man was well launched, the father withdrew once more and never engaged in it again.

Lewis was not a member of the First Continental Congress, but was one of the Committee of Fifty-One which served as a Committee of Correspondence. He was a member of the Stamp Act Congress in 1765.

The earlier years of the Revolution were fatal to his property. His house was burned and his wife imprisoned in New York, whence Washington, at the order of Congress, procured her release.

He was elected to Congress in 1775 and remained there until 1779, and in that year became a commissioner of the Board of Admiralty.

The signer's son, Morgan Lewis, became governor of the State, being elected over Aaron Burr in 1804.

WILLIAM PACA.

The Eastern Shore of Maryland, that fertile region of gentleman farmers, was the birthplace of William Paca, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Paca lived his school life in Philadelphia, destined to become the center of Colonial activities in Revolutionary times. He was graduated from Philadelphia College in 1759, entered the Middle Temple, London, as a student in 1762, and was admitted to the bar two years later.

From the first the Maryland signer was opposed to every attempt of the British government to tax the colonies without their consent. He opposed the operation of the Stamp Act in 1765 and every similar measure of the mother country.

The young statesman was embarrassed early in his career by the opposition of his constituents to a separation from Great Britain, and it was not until June, 1776, that the Maryland convention withdrew its restrictions upon the votes of delegates in Congress. He was a member of the State legislature from 1771 to 1774, and was a member of the Committee of Correspondence in 1774. He was a delegate to Congress from 1774-1779 and signed the Declaration of Independence.

When the constitution of Maryland was adopted, Paca was made State senator. Other offices which he held were Chief Judge of the Superior Court of Maryland and Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals in Prize and Admiralty cases. He was governor of his State for four years, was a delegate to the State convention which ratified the United States Constitution in 1788, and was United States District Judge

from 1789 to his death in 1799.—*From Series issued by the Publicity Department of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia, 1926.*

## HIGH COMMENDATION.

The following letter has come to Maj. Harry A. Davis in commendation of his late book on the Davis ancestry, a short review of which appeared in the *VETERAN* for December:

"DEPARTMENT OF ARCHIVES AND HISTORY,

"STATE OF MISSISSIPPI, JACKSON, December 2, 1927.

"Maj. Harry A. Davis, Washington, D. C.

"*Dear Major Davis:* I am delighted with 'The Davis Family in Wales and America.' It is the best work devoted to genealogy which I have seen in many years. You have shown amazing industry, perseverance, and care in its preparation, and I congratulate you heartily on your notable achievement. Your book solves a problem for me in my work, the 'Life and Times of Jefferson Davis.' I shall use it as the best authority on the ancestry of Mr. Davis.

"Our great leader is rapidly coming into his own. He will soon be acknowledged as the greatest example of devotion to conscience, principle, and a good cause in the world's history.

"Your book should be on the shelves of every library in the country which collects the best authorities on American biography and genealogy.

"With highest regards and best wishes, cordially yours,

DUNBAR ROWLAND, *State Historian.*"

## REVISED EDITION OF HORTON'S HISTORY.

The editors are to be highly commended for their revival of Horton's "A Youth's History of the Great Civil War." It is one of the most readable accounts of that great conflict. The chapters on the causes of secession and the policies of the Republicans in the North during the war merit special attention. It is to be hoped that this book may gain a wide circulation in the North, so that the youth of that section may have a clear understanding of the causes of the opposition to Lincoln's administration. To those interested in the decline of constitutional liberty and self-determination in the United States, the narrative affords much material for thought. The editors have an excellent note to the dedication of their revised edition. Persons who desire to examine both sides of the causes of the War between the States should not fail to read this compact and brilliant volume.

PHILIP G. AUCHAMPAUGH,

*History Department, State Teachers' College, Duluth, Minn.*

WHO KNOWS OF THIS?—The following letter has come to the *VETERAN* with the picture of a beautiful woman's statue, seemingly standing alone in some obscure countryside. The writer says: "The inclosed photo is of a scene somewhere in the South. Tradition has it that it was the home of a Confederate general, that an engagement took place just around his home, and that his daughter was killed while attending the wounded; and that the general erected this statue at the spot where she fell." While there were some tragic deaths of Confederate women, the *VETERAN* has no knowledge of such an incident as the above and will appreciate any information about it.



Mrs. J. Carter Bardin, Recording Secretary, Texas Division, U. D. C., 429 Center Street, Dallas, Tex., is trying to get the war record of a veteran there established so he can secure a pension. Robert Abner Lee enlisted in Marshall County, Miss., in 1863; at the time he was living in Pontotoc County; he recalls having served in Chalmers's Division, and that he was in the battles of Guntown, Fort Pillow, Harrisburg, Franklin, and Forrest's raid on Memphis, Tenn.; he gives the names of Capt. A. T. Wimberly and Col. Jesse Forrest, and thinks he was with the 18th Mississippi. Anyone who can give any information of the service of this comrade will confer a favor by writing to Mrs. Bardin.

Mrs. Anna J. Wheeler, 1114 North Oklahoma Avenue, Oklahoma City, Okla., is trying to establish the war record of her husband, Walter Wheeler, who is thought to have enlisted from Cape Girardeau, Mo., in 1861, but she cannot give his command, and the affidavits of two former comrades are needed in order to secure a pension. It is hoped that some readers of the VETERAN may recall having served with this comrade.

J. B. Neelly, of Muskogee, Okla., sends order for renewal of subscription, saying: "I trust it will live forever, and then some."

# GOVERNMENT CLERKS

The 68,811 government employees in the District on June 13, 1926, represented little more than half the number on the Federal pay roll on Armistice Day, 1918, when the total was 117,760.

But the June figure is considerably larger than the prewar total. On June 30, 1916, there were 39,442 government employees here.

Men exceeded women by 10,000 in the June total, with 35,805 men and 25,006 women on the pay roll.

The Treasury roster led all with 14,762 employees. Next came the Navy Department, with 5,044; Agricultural Department, 4,792; War Department, 4,575; Veterans' Bureau, 4,567; Commerce, 4,365; Government Printing Office, 4,077; Post Office, 3,918; Interior, 3,598; and Public Buildings and Parks, 2,453.

The Department of Justice had 836 employees and Labor, 647. The General Accounting Office had 1,965 and the Interstate Commerce Commission, 1,346.

Outside the District, the total, since November 11, 1918, has decreased from 800,000 to 499,894.—*National Tribune.*

"I'm a father!" cried young Jones as he burst into the office.

"So's your old man," replied the boss. "Get to work."

# Deafness

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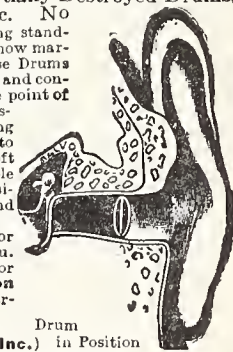
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## WORLD'S OLDEST LEGISLATOR.

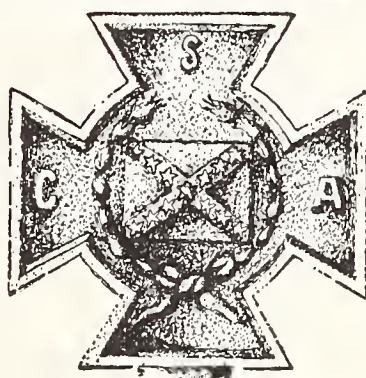
Canada has what she believes to be the oldest legislator in the world. He is on the verge of one hundred years of age. He is Hon. George Casimir Dessaulles, who was born in 1827 in Quebec Province. He was ready for the December sitting of the Senate, walking in unaided.—*Canadian American.*

THE IRISH OF IT.—Two Irishmen were walking down the road on their way to work. One was a little, short fellow, and was having trouble keeping up with his taller companion. "I say, Pat, you walk fast, don't you?" "I walk faster than this when I'm by meself," returned Pat. "Faith, an' I'd hate to be walkin' with ye when ye was by yerself."—*Canadian American.*

The first tin can was inspired by Napoleon Bonaparte, who offered a prize of 12,000 francs to anyone who would invent a way of preserving perishable vegetables for his mariners to eat on their long voyages. In 1809 the money was handed over to Nicolas Appert, an uneducated pickler, who discovered that cooking foods in hermetically sealed containers made is possible to keep them indefinitely.—*Chicago Tri-Park News.*



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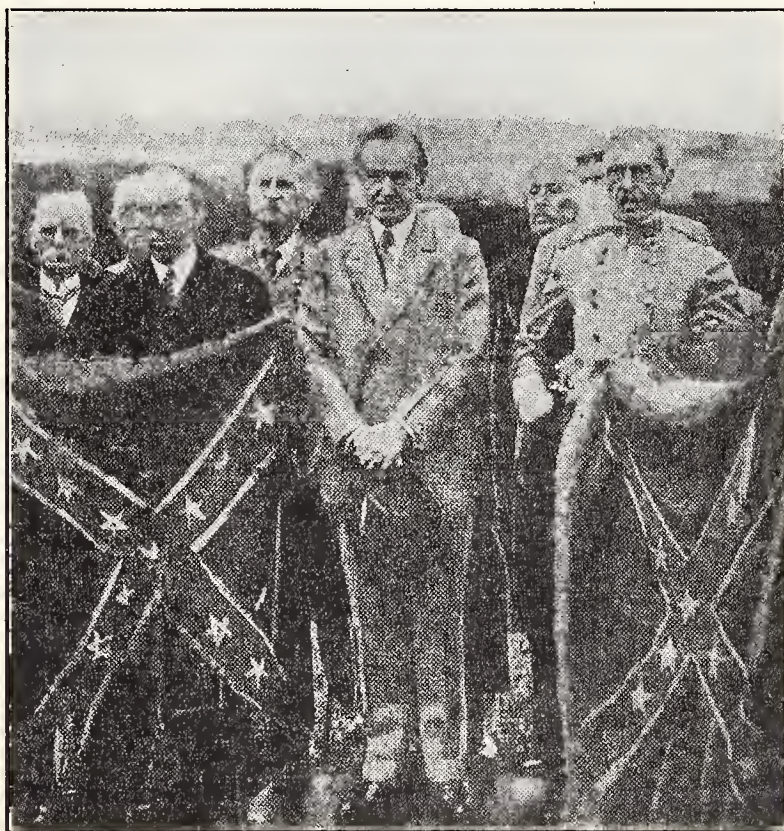
FEBRUARY, 1928

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FEBRUARY, 1928

NO. 2



**FLAGS OF THE SOUTH RETURNED.**

Central figures of a group showing Confederate flags recently returned from the State of Maine to Virginia, North Carolina, and Texas, the formal ceremonies taking place in Washington, D. C. Afterwards the participants called on President Coolidge, who is in the center of group, with Gen. W. B. Freeman, of Virginia, on the right. (See page 50.)

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OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS.

In the following list are many valuable works on Confederate history, and all of them more or less scarce at this time. As time goes on their value increases, as they become more and more difficult to procure, and those who are interested in building up a Confederate library should not let this opportunity pass. As there is but one copy to offer of some, your second and third choice should be given.

Short History of the Confederate States of America. By Jefferson Davis.  
Cloth.....\$5 00

Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two vols..... 8 00

Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfriend..... 4 00

Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. J. D. Richardson. Two vols..... 7 00

Life and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Dr. J. William Jones ..... 4 00

Four Years under Mars' Robert. By Col. Robert Stiles..... 3 50

Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon..... 5 00

Scraps from the Prison Table of Camp Chase and Johnson's Island, with list of prisoners there exchanged September, 1862. A valuable historic record.  
By Joe Barbieri..... 5 00

Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. John N. Craven..... 4 00

Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards, who served with the great Missouri cavalry leader..... 5 00

Service Afloat. By Admiral Raphael Semmes..... 7 50

Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair..... 5 00

With Sword and Scalpel. By Dr. John N. Wyeth..... 5 00

A Southern Girl in 1861. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright..... 4 50

Poems by Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition..... 2 50

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Mrs. B. F. Palmer, of Rockingham, N. C., inquires for any comrades of her father, Martin G. Shores, who served with Company B, 21st North Carolina Regiment. He joined this company on May 12, 1861, and fought all through the war. He was wounded several times, once in the right knee, and a comrade took him on his back for a long distance. Mrs. Palmer would like to hear from anyone who knows anything of this.

C. H. Lee, Jr., president of the Pendleton Bank, Falmouth, Ky., renews his subscription for five years, which extends his time into 1933—and he will be ready to renew from that!

J. A. Burgess, of Cottage Grove, Oregon (North Lane), would like to hear from any survivors of the 3rd and 4th Dismounted Missouri Cavalry who were at Okolona, Miss., in February, 1865.



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AND STATE FLAGS  
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NOTICE

147 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.

E. B. Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., who is collecting Confederate-made weapons for the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., is now collecting C. S. belt plates and buttons, as the Museum has no adequate collection of these relics. Anyone having these items is invited to address him as above, or Mrs. H. J. Berkley, President Baltimore Chapter, U. D. C.

William Epps, Sr., of Kingstree, S. C., would like to know how many of the "Immortal Six Hundred" are still alive, and who they are. He writes: "I belong to that organization, and will be eighty-five years old on the 17th of January. I would like to know how many of us are still answering the roll call on this side. I am sure all of us would like to see the list of survivors in the VETERAN."

Mrs. C. A. Stringer, of Headland, Ala., is anxious to learn where her father, Arthur Macauley Redding, was held in prison for the last nine months of the war. He went into the war from Barbour County, near Louisville, Ala., was captured and imprisoned, but she does not know his command nor where he was confined. She will appreciate any information on this.

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Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



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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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LOUISIANA—Coushatta..... Gen. L. W. Stephens  
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MISSISSIPPI—Durant..... Gen. F. A. Howell  
MISSOURI—Kansas City..... Gen. A. A. Pearson  
NORTH CAROLINA, Ansonville..... Gen. W. A. Smith  
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa..... Gen. J. A. Yeager  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Columbia..... Gen. D. W. McLaurin  
TENNESSEE—Nashville..... Gen. John P. Hickman  
TEXAS—Dallas..... Gen. R. C. Cornwall  
VIRGINIA—.....  
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg..... Gen. Thomas H. Dennis  
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles..... Gen. S. S. Simmons

### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. FELIX H. ROBERTSON, Waco, Tex..... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va..... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## COMMANDER ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT U. V. C.

Gen. Homer Atkinson, commanding Virginia Division, has been appointed to command the Army of Northern Virginia Department, on the death of Commander Edgar D. Taylor.

## GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

BY KATE TRADER BARROW, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The human soul is God's immortal poem, which we find His wisdom has engraved in human forms of varied kind. Courage, honor, love of truth, great characters release— They made of General Robert Lee an epic masterpiece. Sustained by strength of soul to meet the crucial tests in life, His heart retained its sweetness through the blows of bitter strife.

He made the motto, "Duty First," the guide of his career; Ambitious aims were banished, but they left his title clear. In Southern hearts his name by love has been immortalized, And all the world in full accord his worth has recognized. No tributes from the realms of art, however grand they be, Can justly eulogize the force of such a man as he. Embodied Inspiration—proving by the spirit's might, That perfect peace is only found along the "Road of Right." In purpose pure, in poise superb, his deeds adorn his name, And add a special luster to the brilliant "Hall of Fame."

## THE COMMANDER'S MESSAGE.

Dear Comrades: Only three months now until our annual reunion of United Confederate Veterans in Little Rock, Ark. I am hoping to be on hand, and am also anxious that many of the veterans can be there. There are quite a number of things to do before that occasion, one of which is the distribution of certificates for reduced railroad rates. There are so many veterans in remote sections of our country that I will ask the Daughters and Sons of the Confederacy to try to reach all in their localities, so all who may desire can attend the reunion.

I will also mention that I am pleased with some of the Southern States which have taken so much interest in Confederate pensions; Arkansas, Louisiana, and Florida especially; and I am sorry so little is being given in some other Southern States. This pension is not a gift, neither is it charity, but a debt the South owes to its heroes.

With love and best wishes to each of you, and trusting the new year may bring you peace and contentment, I am

Yours fraternally,

J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## MEMORIAL PARK ON MONOCACY BATTLE FIELD.

The interesting article on the battle of Monocacy, Md., by Judge Glenn Worthington, in the January VETERAN, is followed in this number by an article on the same subject by one who took part in the battle, and there are doubtless others among the readers of the VETERAN who will be all the more interested because of their part in that battle. This historic spot is not so very far from the city of Fredericksburg, Md., and many of the leading citizens of Frederick are interested in having the old battle field area made into a memorial park, feeling that a battle of such importance, for it delayed the Confederate advance on Washington, deserves recognition from the government for having saved the city from possible capture, for in thus delaying the Confederates, time was given the Federals to bring other troops into the defenses about Washington. In concluding his report of the battle, Gen. Lew Wallace said: "Orders have been given to collect the bodies of our dead in one burial ground on the battle field, suitable for a monument, upon which I propose to write: 'These men died to save the national capital, and they did save it.'"

Several monuments have been erected on the battle field of the Monocacy by the survivors of some of the Union forces engaged in that battle. Pennsylvania has a monument; New Jersey has a monument; Vermont has one, but since the relocation of the Georgetown road these monuments are no longer accessible, at least, they are very much neglected and some of them almost hidden from view by bushes and briars growing up around them. The national government has never even so much as placed markers on the battle field to indicate where this tremendously important and most sanguinary battle occurred.

## HOW TO GET THE TRUTH KNOWN.

The following letter by Capt. W. W. Carnes to his local paper at Bradenton, Fla., tells of what he has done there to get the truth of Southern history before the people, and it is also a splendid commendation of a book which deserves the appreciation of our people generally. It is hoped that Captain Carnes's example will be followed in many other localities throughout the South and libraries be built up by gifts of these books and others which are accurate in their presentation of Southern history. Captain Carnes wrote to his paper as follows: "The preservation of the truth of history is the main object of the United Confederate Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy. In the generation following the close of the War between the States, it was impossible to get before the people of this country any true statement of facts concerning the causes and conduct of that war, but in the present generation, born since those years of civil strife, intelligent people in all sections of the country are disposed to learn the truth. I wish to contribute a little to that end.

"In 1866, Mr. R. G. Horton, of New York, published in a small volume 'A Youth's History of the Great Civil War,' but the original issue and one or more subsequent editions were destroyed, as far as could be found, by the radical South haters. Two years ago the book was republished, and

among other commendatory notices of it the following is the comment of the head of the history department of a prominent school in Pennsylvania: 'I have read carefully "Horton's Youth's History of the Great Civil War." The material found in this book is exactly to the point. I believe that it should have a place in every library and school in this country. As a teacher of American history in a Northern school, no one realizes more fully than I the need of a book of this nature that speaks the truth, and if read by Northern and Southern students, it will be a great factor in correcting the wrongs which have been done the South by false history.'

"Those who undertook the republication of this book asked for its indorsement by the United Confederate Veterans and, on recommendation of the committee to which it was submitted, the last U. C. V. convention at Tampa gave its unanimous approval 'as to the facts of history shown.'

"I am placing in our library here a copy of this reprinted volume so that it may be read by anyone disposed to get a New York man's record of the war of 1861-65.

"I am also presenting to the library a copy of 'Women of the South in War Time,' in which there is shown what Southern women went through during the Confederate war and closes with an account of their contributions in money and personal service during the World War. This book should be read and prized by every Southern woman."

BEAUVOIR TO BE STATE MUSEUM.—At the next meeting of the Mississippi legislature, a plan for the conversion of Beauvoir into a State museum will be presented by Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Greenwood, whose untiring efforts in past years resulted in the purchase of the old home of Jefferson Davis by the Sons of Confederate Veterans of the State, who later on tendered it to the State as a Home for needy Confederate veterans. When it shall be no longer needed for that purpose, it should be made into a memorial to the South's leader in the sixties, and the plan is to restore the residence and its furnishings to its state in the days of Mr. Davis's occupancy. It will be a shrine for the Southern people, and it will also be a place of interest to many outside of the South, for Jefferson Davis was a great man, and the service he rendered to his country before the War between the States helped to make it a great country.

FATHER RYAN'S MILITARY RECORD.—Some inquiries about Father Ryan's service to the Confederacy have recently come to the VETERAN, and while his loyalty to the South is well known, all that can be found as to his service is that he was a chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia, serving to the end of the war; yet it is also stated by some that he was filling a pastorate in Nashville, Tenn., between September and December, 1862, and that he was placed under arrest in Nashville during that time for seditious utterances. It is hoped that some friends of Father Ryan may see this inquiry and be able to give full information as to his service. A special request comes from Mr. Ramon George Egan, 433 Milwaukee Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich., for such information on the poet priest of the South, and the same will also be appreciated by the VETERAN.

## DEATH OF COMMANDER ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, commanding Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., died at his home in Richmond, Va., on the afternoon of January 27.



## STONEWALL JACKSON.

(Tribute by Mrs. Ida Earle Fowler, President Kentucky Division, U. D. C., at the luncheon given by the Lexington Chapter on January 19.)

On the 19th of January each year, when we are celebrating the birthday of Robert E. Lee, it is customary to add an appreciation of Stonewall Jackson, whose birthday follows on the 21st. Thus we link the name and fame of the Prince of Cavaliers with that of the outstanding Puritan of his time, bringing together the two extremes of English thought and life.

I wish that I might in some little way bring to you the thrill that came to me when in the museum of the Confederate Home at Richmond last year, I heard some of the older ones reminiscing of the past. We were standing before the figure of "Old Sorrel," the famous horse of Jackson, when one lady said: "I saw 'Old Sorrell' led behind the casket of Jackson as they bore him to his burial." A veteran, standing near, said: "I can beat you remembering. I have seen Stonewall many a time riding along the lines and lifting his old cap as the men cheered him." This was perhaps as near as I will ever come to the hero whose name we speak here with reverence to-day.

Great men are not all famous. Neither are famous men all great. But Thomas Jonathan Jackson was a great man, whether measured by the standards of the world at large or by the standards of true manhood; great in both the eyes of men and in the eyes of God.

Let us see, first, what were his qualities and claims to true inner greatness. They were an abiding faith in God, an absolutely upright life, an exquisite tenderness of heart, broad human sympathy, religious zeal, and constant and unflinching personal courage. He was a man of will power and decision, a man of desperate earnestness, of the highest sense of honor. In any sphere of life he would have been an unflinching patriot, an earnest Christian, and a brave and worthy citizen, even if his name had never been mentioned beyond the bounds of his own neighborhood. He was the grandest type of citizen and the noblest type of Christian.

It is as a soldier that the world has judged him, and the splendid qualities that made him a splendid man, standing head and shoulders above the average, made him a model soldier. It would take too long to give even a list of the military men who have praised his military genius. His plans of action were flawless, and they were always perfectly executed, while his attention to every detail, his discipline of his men, his strategy—which has been taught in the schools of Europe as a model—all give him standing as a soldier unsurpassed, though his career ended when its glory was just beginning. A high-school encyclopedia, prepared by Northern university professors, says that "he was without doubt the greatest lieutenant developed in either army," though never tried in command of large forces. Had he been spared, his fame would have been much greater.

It is some measure of a man's personality to know how he impresses the people with whom he comes in contact. Stonewall Jackson left the impress of his noble character on every life he touched. Those who mourned him and did him honor were from every walk of life, from the extremes of the humble scholars in his negro Sunday school to great military geniuses who trusted him and depended upon him. Those on the other side always respected his character and his skill as a soldier.

History records him among the few immortal great ones. But for the service in the War between the States, he would have been unknown, but he would nevertheless have been a great man, wherever his lot had been cast. As it is, his name

is known and honored wherever military genius, manly strength, and Christian character count in the measure of manhood.

How different would have been our nation's span of life  
Without those years of bloody, internecine strife;  
Not only ours, but theirs who led the splendid South  
And valiant North; whose orders ope'd the cannon's mouth!

Grant might have lived and farmed and died obscure out  
West,  
A West Point graduate unfamed, and laid to rest  
Beneath some humble, long-forgotten stone,  
And not in that resplendent tomb by Hudson shown.

Lee might have lived to earn the chief and sole command  
Of a united, happy, prosperous, peaceful land;  
And as a theorist of war, a great tactician,  
Have found what seemed to him life's full fruition.

Have lived his length of days not tired and worn and jaded  
With sad defeat, and crowned with Southern cypress faded.

And O, how different would *his* quiet history read  
Who served Virginia's Valley in her crucial need;  
Who in his two years' interlude of stormy war,  
Saw rise above the South's horizon his destined star.

How little dreamed he in his quiet teaching days  
Of ardors and alarms and death and blame and praise  
That were to harrow deep the Shenandoah's vales  
And link his fame with all the old heroic tales.

And place his name on high beside the great of earth,  
And gild anew the Old Dominion of his birth.

Came there to him in that calm, quiet lecture room  
No vision shadowing Chancellorsville and doom?  
Did Kernstown, Port Republic, Winchester, then seem  
Only delightful towns by a delightful stream?

And in that barren room did there no shadow fall,  
Nor glory shine upon the plain, unpainted wall?  
No golden halo rest where he would later lie,  
With mourning thousands passing sadly by?

Did he see Lee in sorrow bend where he would sleep,  
And Davis turn beside his glorious bier and weep?

But for that brief two years we would not know  
Aught of his genius save that service short in Mexico;  
Time would have left him but a shadow ticketed,  
And not one of the precious few Immortal Dead.

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TEXAS CHAPTER NAMED FOR JOHN PELHAM.—The statement was made in the January number of the VETERAN, page 2, that the U. D. C. Chapter at Birmingham, Ala., was the only one bearing the name of the gallant John Pelham, and this statement is corrected by Mrs. J. Carter Bardin, Recording Secretary Texas Division, U. D. C., who writes that a Chapter at Orange, Tex., organized in July, 1900, bears the name of Maj. John Pelham, and that it "has been continuously active in a great and constructive service to the Confederacy," thus worthily bearing the name.



## MONUMENT TO FAITHFUL SLAVES.

Standing in the yard of the Rockbridge County courthouse, at Lexington, Va., and just across from the old home of Stonewall Jackson, the home from which he went into the War between the States, is an interesting memorial, a tribute to the faithful slaves of that county and State who were loyal to their "white folks" to the end. It seems especially well placed in being so near to the home of one who showed his interest in their welfare by his desire to teach them the way of salvation.

This memorial is a granite block, rough hewn, standing about three and a half feet on its base, and carrying a bronze tablet on which is inscribed:

"A tribute by the white friends of Rockbridge County in grateful remembrance of the faithfulness and loyalty of the old servants of the past,"

"They loved their owners and were trusted and loved by them."

The idea for this memorial tribute was born in the desire of Miss M. E. White, of Lexington, an invalid, to see a public expression of appreciation for the old servants who had been held in fond memory throughout that section. She wrote many letters from her couch to aid in securing subscriptions, in which she was cordially supported by her brother, Mr. Robert White, and many friends, who cooperated in this work until the necessary sum was made up. This evidence of appreciation and affection are the finest tributes to the noble traditions and heroic memories of our fathers and mothers, as well as to the splendid spirit of these slaves who loved them—and were loyal to them.

The following incidents, recorded by Jackson's pastor, Rev. Dr. William S. White, are contributed by Rev. E. W. McCorkle, Assistant Chaplain General, U. C. V.

After Jackson was elected a deacon in the Presbyterian Church at Lexington, he was appointed a collector for the Bible Society. At the end of the list of contributors which he turned in were a number of names written in pencil, and to each name a very small amount was credited. Recognizing very few of these names, the session made inquiry as to who they were, and Jackson's characteristic reply was: "They are the militia; as the Bible Society is not a Presbyterian but a Christian cause, I deemed it best to go beyond the limits of our own Church." They were the names chiefly of *free negroes*.

The Lexington Church had religious work for the slaves, but it did not prosper as the pastor had hoped, but the Sunday school, founded by General Jackson for their benefit, was a decided success. This distinguished man threw himself into the work with all of his characteristic energy and wisdom, and it prospered. He was always punctual to the moment at the opening of the school; he issued monthly reports to the owners of the slaves, delivering these reports in person at the homes of the owners, and conferring with them as to the welfare and conduct of his pupils. Under his management the school became one of the most interesting and useful institutions of the Church, and so deep was the interest felt by Jackson in this missionary work among the negroes that during the war, when at the front or in the midst of active campaigns, he would take time to make inquiry about it and otherwise showed how close it lay to his brave heart.

His sister-in-law, Margaret Junkin Preston, the poet, wrote: "And when the major had become a general, and was sweeping back and forth through his native Virginia at the head of his army, he rarely wrote a letter home without saying something about his well-beloved Sunday school. Success or defeat, anxiety or suffering, glory or grief, nothing made him forget it."

After Jackson's signal victory at Manassas, many were gathered at the post office in Lexington waiting with anxious hearts for news of the great battle. A letter was handed to Dr. White, who said, as he recognized the handwriting: "Now we will hear something of the battle." But when he opened it he found only a contribution from the great soldier for his little negro Sunday school. That was all.

## AN INTERESTING ORDER, C. S. N.

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

The following order of the Confederate Secretary of the Navy will explain why so many valuable ships were run ashore rather than surrendered into the hands of the Federals. This order was to Commander Maffitt, C. S. Navy, repeating telegram of instructions regarding the command of the blockade runner Owl:

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,  
NAVY DEPARTMENT, RICHMOND, September 19, 1864.

"Sir: The following telegram was this day sent to you:

"It is of the first importance that our steamers should not fall into the enemy's hands. Apart from the specific loss sustained by the country in the capture of blockade runners, these vessels, lightly armed, now constitute the fleetest and most efficient part of his blockading force off Wilmington.

"As commanding officer of the Owl, you will please devise and adopt thorough and efficient means for saving all hands and destroying the vessel and cargo whenever these measures may become necessary to prevent capture. Upon our firmness and ability the Department relies for the execution this important trust. In view of this order, no passenger will, as a general rule, be carried. Such exceptions to this rule as the public interests may render necessary, embracing those who may be sent by the government, will receive special permits from this Department."

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. R. MALLORY, *Secretary of the Navy*."

"Commander John N. Maffitt, C. S. Navy."

## THE NEW YEAR PRAYER.

Bless thou this year, O Lord!  
Make rich its days  
With health, and work, and prayer, and praise,  
And helpful ministry.  
To needy folk  
Speak thy soft word  
In cloudy days;  
Nor let us think ourselves forgot  
When common lot  
Of sorrow hems us round.  
Let generous impulse shame the niggard dole  
That dwarfs the soul.  
May no one fail his share of work  
Through selfish thought;  
Each day fulfill thy holy will  
In yielded lives  
And still the tumult of desires  
Debased.  
May faith, and hope, and love  
Increase!  
Bless thou this year, O Lord!

—Exchange.



## HONORARY PRESIDENT, U. D. C.

In the exercises commemorating the anniversary of the birth of Gen. R. E. Lee, the Philadelphia Chapter also paid special tribute to a beloved member whose recent passing into that brighter land has left them in sorrow and grief. Mrs. William Douglas Mason had long been identified with



MRS. WILLIAM DOUGLAS MASON.

the Philadelphia Chapter, had served as its President, and the general organization, U. D. C., had honored itself in honoring her as one of its Honorary Presidents

The following comes from Mrs. H. B. Hickman, President of the Chapter:

"The Philadelphia Chapter is meeting to-day in unison with a great majority of the hundred thousand women who compose the United Daughters of the Confederacy to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee. We rejoice that we may claim allegiance through our ancestors to the leadership of this true and knightly gentleman.

"As the heart of every Southern man and woman lifts in thankfulness at the name of Lee, so we of the Philadelphia Chapter also give thanks and praise for our loyal member, the noble-hearted, lovely woman, our friend, Louise Clark Mason, whom we have 'loved long since and lost awhile,' and in these resolutions express that deep sense of loss which is now with us:

"The tides of life and time are ever flowing on, and just when the old year was ebbing away, the soul of our beloved and loyal member, Louise Clarke Mason, was borne upward to the great beyond.

"Possessing the greatest attributes of character, a loving, tender heart, good judgment, a fine mind, strong personality, and beauty of face and form, hers was a life so well rounded out that all who came in contact with her loved and honored her. 'Her children will rise up and call her blessed.'

"Whereas, the Philadelphia Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy feel that they have met with an irreparable loss in the death of their beloved member and former President, Louise Clarke Mason, who was a charter

member and an officer in the original Chapter in Philadelphia, and has been an influential and untiring worker in the present one; and whereas her memory will always be treasured in our Chapter at large and by our members individually; therefore be it:

"Resolved, That we send a copy of these resolutions expressing our deep sympathy to the bereaved family, also that we place a copy in the minutes of our society."

## ALEXANDER STEPHENS IN STATUARY HALL AT WASHINGTON.

"Erected by the people of Georgia as a tribute of enduring gratitude to a beloved son of the State" stands the statue of Alexander Stephens, Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, in Statuary Hall of the Capitol Building at Washington, D. C. Before a throng of some two thousand people, largely composed of Georgians, interesting exercises were carried out in presenting the statue to the government of the United States. The Georgia delegation included Governor L. G. Hardman and staff, members of the "Old Guard" of Atlanta, cadets from the Georgia Military Academy, Confederate veterans of the State, members of the Georgia Society in Washington, and many other citizens of the State. The memorial was unveiled by little Ida Stephens, a great-grandniece of Mr. Stephens, and Sam Venable Mason, young son of Mr. Frank Mason, of Atlanta, and following the unveiling Garnett W. Quillan, of Atlanta, paid tribute to Alexander Hamilton Stephens in presenting the statue to the State of Georgia on behalf of the donors. Following this, Governor Hardman presented the statue to the government, for which it was accepted by Vice President Dawes, who said, in part:

"Possessed of commanding intellect, and born with instinctive sympathy for the poor, the weak, and the suffering, his recognition of the relation of a constitutional bill of rights to their welfare made him its champion at all times and under all circumstances, notwithstanding that in war self-preservation is the first right of nature and its expedients must then often take the place of constitutions.

"Thus, in the awful stress of civil conflict, when the Constitution itself was involved, his position was often misunderstood, both in the North and in the South. Yet, he always trod the painful path to which his sense of duty pointed the way. The war ended and there gradually came that ultimate calm judgment of the people which is only asserted when time, dulling passion and prejudice, clears the way for reason. Then the voice from the heart and conscience of a people became finally articulate and hailed him as a great leader and friend."

Response was given by Senator George, of Georgia, and the ceremonies concluded with a benediction.

A unique feature of the scene was the background of flags carried by women from patriotic societies—in which were seen the United States and Georgia flags, flags of the Confederacy, and the banners of the different societies, the D. A. R., American Red Cross, Daughters of 1812, and many others.

The statue is the work of Gutzon Borglum, and shows the Southern statesman in a sitting position. It was in this same hall, then the House of Representatives, that the voice of Stephens was often heard during his service of more than a score of years as representative from Georgia.

Preceding the ceremonies at the Capitol, those attending paraded from the White House, where the thousand or more Georgians had been received by the President.



## LEE TO THE REAR.

(An incident in the battle of the Wilderness.)

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May  
Broke through the Wilderness cool and gray,  
While, perched in the tallest tree tops, the birds  
Were carolling Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

Far from the haunts of men remote,  
The brook brawled on with a liquid note;  
And Nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore  
The smile of the spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little as daylight increased,  
And deepened the roseate flush in the east—  
Little by little did morning reveal  
Two long, glittering lines of steel.

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,  
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,  
And the faces are sullen and grim to see  
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,  
Pealed on the silence the opening gun—  
A little white puff of smoke there came,  
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the rebel lines,  
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,  
Before the rebels their ranks can form,  
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes on the salient wave,  
Where many a hero has found a grave,  
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain  
The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain!

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared—  
Yet a deadlier fire on the columns poured—  
Slaughter infernal rode with despair,  
Furies twain, through the murky air.

Not far off in the saddle there sat  
A gray-bearded man in a black slouched hat;  
Not much moved by the fire was he,  
Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful he kept his eye  
On the bold rebel brigades close by—  
Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at ease,  
While the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bulldog bay,  
The Yankee batteries blazed away,  
And with every murderous second that sped  
A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old gray-beard rode to the space  
Where death and his victims stood face to face,  
And silently waved his old slouched hat—  
A world of meaning there was in that!

"Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!"  
This was what he seemed to say;  
And to the light of his glorious eye  
The bold brigades thus made reply—

"We'll go forward, but you must go back"—  
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track:  
"Go to the rear, and we'll send them to h—!"  
And the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee  
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea,  
Bursting the dikes in their overflow,  
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,  
Their banners rent and their columns riven,  
Wherever the tide of battle rolled  
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky  
Streamed o'er a field of ruddier dye,  
And the brook ran on with a purple stain  
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year—  
Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear,  
And the field in a richer green is drest  
Where the dead of a terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the rebel drum,  
The sabers are sheathed, and the cannon are dumb;  
And Fate, with his pitiless hand, has furled  
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world;

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides;  
And down into history grandly rides,  
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,  
The gray-headed man in the black slouched hat.

—John R. Thompson.

## NORTHERN MEN IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

There appeared in the *New York Times* some weeks ago an interesting article with this caption, "Southern Men in the Northern Army." A number of names were given, and the comment was made that some men went from the North to fight for the Southern Confederacy, notably, Gen. Samuel Cooper, Adjutant General of the United States Army, from Hackensack, N. J., and Gen. John C. Pemberton, a lieutenant general, from Philadelphia, Pa. These two notable contributions were but two of that large number of men who, from conviction, though natives of the North, resigned their commissions in the United States Army and fought for what was so aptly termed by James Henly Thornwell, of South Carolina, "the Constitution of the United States outside of the Union," at the same time nobly stating that on the other side men fought for the Union outside of the Constitution.

The morale and personnel of the Southern army is a study in itself and will yield a rich reward for future writers, for this vast field has yet been almost untouched. It was Gen. Joe Hooker, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, who stated (speaking of the Army of Northern Virginia): "That army had by discipline alone acquired a character for steadiness and efficiency unsurpassed, in my judgment, in ancient or modern times. We have not been able to rival it." President Roosevelt says, in his "Life of Thomas H. Benton": "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank as, without any exception, the very greatest



of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth—and this, although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to state as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington.” “The world never saw an army composed of more superb material—intellectually, physically, and morally—in all that constitutes what we call morale in an army, than that of the armies of the Confederate States of America,” says Dr. William Jones.

The idea prevailed in some sections that the War of Secession was opposed by the mass of the people, and that a few hot-headed leaders had succeeded in provoking the conflict and, after writing it into popular favor, forced the Conscript Act and thus unwillingly led men who were ignorant of the issues and unwilling for the war. This, of course, was not true. The raising of the Confederate armies was the most spontaneous outpouring of a patriotic people that the world has ever witnessed, and the proof of that is that the magnificent contributions were made not only by the ruling classes of the South, but from all classes and from every part of the country—North, East, South, and West—and even from across the waters. The heritage of valor on both sides of the conflict is now a national inheritance, and broad-minded Americanism glories in the stamina and stubbornness that fought to a standstill a looseness of construction in constitutional powers that has been settled forever by an appeal to arms.

The greatest democracy possible appeared in the make-up of the Confederate armies, as the following facts will show: The Rockbridge Artillery, in 1861, had as private soldiers seven Master of Arts of the University of Virginia, twenty-eight college graduates, twenty-five theological students, and many others of the most choice young men of the South, including Robert E. Lee, Jr., in the ranks. Arthur Robinson, grandson of William Wert, was killed as a private at the battle of Fredericksburg; Gov. George W. Johnson, provisional governor of Kentucky, was killed while serving as a private in Company E, 1st Kentucky Infantry, at the battle of Shiloh; Maj. Gen. Matthew C. Butler, of South Carolina, was a nephew of Commodore Oliver H. Perry; Col. John Augustine Washington, a great nephew of George Washington and the last of the direct line, I believe, was killed while serving on General Lee's staff in West Virginia; ex-President John Tyler was a member of the Confederate Congress; Gen. Richard Taylor, lieutenant general in the Confederacy, was the only son of President Zachary Taylor; Gen. George Wythe Randolph, grandson of Thomas Jefferson, served both as brigadier general and Secretary of War, C. S. A.; Gen. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, lieutenant general of the Confederate army, had been Vice President of the United States; Gen. Samuel Garland, Confederate general, killed at Sharpsburg, was a nephew of President James Madison; Gen. John B. Floyd had been Secretary of War of the United States; Brig. Gen. Hugh W. Mercer was grandson of Gen. Hugh Mercer, of Revolutionary fame.

It is worthy of note that among the enlisted men who afterwards became notable in the national life of a reunited country was Hilary A. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy under Cleveland, former private in the 4th Alabama Infantry; William L. Wilson, Postmaster General, a former private in the 7th Virginia Cavalry; Charles L. Crisp, Speaker of the House, former private in the 10th Virginia Infantry. When Dr. Elliott, of Harvard, was asked why he had put a rebel soldier in as a professor at that institution, he replied: “We did not select him because he was a rebel soldier, but because Crawford H. Toy is unquestionably the first soldier on the continent in that department.” Other private soldiers who

afterwards became notable were: John L. Wyeth, of Alabama, head of the Poly-Clinic Hospital in New York City, and Basil Gildersleeve, of Virginia, perhaps the greatest Greek scholar of all time, at Johns Hopkins University.

But as for the caption, there were a number of men like Gen. E. Kirby Smith, son of a Connecticut family, but born in the South; Gen. James Deshler, of Tusculum, Ala., son of an experienced civil engineer from Pennsylvania, who moved to Alabama; and others like Maj. Gen. S. L. Ross, who, though born in Iowa, came South as a boy and espoused the Southern cause. But the list to which this article refers, primarily, is to that group of men who resigned their commissions, or who, though reared to manhood in other sections, gave their all to what they believed was a fight for constitutional liberty. To that heroic galaxy belongs the name of Maj. Gen. Martin L. Smith, New York City; Brig. Gen. Albert L. Blanchard, Charleston, Mass.; Brig. Gen. Johnson Kelly Duncan, York, Pa.; Maj. Gen. Franklin Gardner, New York (appointed to West Point from Iowa); Maj. Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, from Ohio; Brig. Gen. Otto French Strahl, Ohio (killed at Franklin); Maj. Gen. Josiah Gorgas, Dauphin County, Pa., who became Chief of Ordnance, C. S. A.; Maj. Gen. Lunsford L. Lomax, Newport, R. I. (with Southern blood, however); Brig. Gen. Clement Hoffman Stevens, Norwich, Conn.; Brig. Gen. Albert Pike, Boston, Mass. (Harvard); Brig. Gen. Daniel H. Reynolds, Knox County, Ohio; Brig. Gen. Daniel M. Frost, New York; Maj. Gen. Mansfield Lovell, Deputy Street Commissioner, New York City, 1858–1861 (born in Washington, D. C.); Brig. Gen. Archibald Gracie, born in New York, appointed to West Point from New Jersey, killed at Petersburg, buried in the family vault in New York City; Brig. Gen. James Hagen, born in Ireland, grew up in Pennsylvania; Brig. Gen. Daniel Ledbetter, Maine; Brig. Gen. James L. Alcorn, Illinois; Maj. Gen. Samuel G. French, New York; Brig. Gen. Walter H. Stevens, Penn Yan, N. Y.; Brig. Gen. Julius Adolphus De Lagnel, New Jersey; Brig. Gen. Edward A. Wylesworth Perry, Richmond, Berkshire County, Mass. (Yale); Brig. Gen. Francis A. Shoup, Laurel, Franklin County, Ind.; Steven Russel Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate Navy, born in Trinidad, West Indies, son of a Connecticut family; Brig. Gen. Daniel Ruggles, Massachusetts.

To these sons of the North may be added those who came across the waters—namely, Maj. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne, of Ireland, served in the British army, killed at Franklin, Tenn., where fifty-five officers above the rank of major, including six generals, were killed; Brig. Gen. William N. Brown, England, editing a paper at Washington at the time of the outbreak of the war; Brig. Gen. Peter McGlashan, Edinburgh, Scotland; Brig. Gen. Collet Leventhrope, Devonshire, England, who had served in the British army; Maj. Gen. Camille Armand Jules Marie Paligquad (Court De Paligquad), of France.

The list might be prolonged indefinitely if we dropped below the rank of general. There were thousands of men in the ranks and grades upward, like Col. R. C. Barteau, of Cuyahoga County, near Cleveland, Ohio, who became colonel of the 2d Tennessee Regiment in Forrest's Cavalry Division; Maj. J. J. Scanlan, from the North, a Yale graduate, was a member of my father's staff (W. A. Johnson).

There is a tragic side to instances like the MacIntosh brothers, of Arkansas, and Crittenden brothers, of Kentucky, where each family furnished two who were generals, one espousing the cause of the South and the other the side of the North.



## COMING HOME AGAIN.

Some interesting occasions have been recorded during the past several months when Confederate flags captured during the War between the States were returned by their captors after being held for over sixty years. Notable among these occasions was that ceremony in Washington D. C., when seven flags captured by a Maine regiment were returned to the States from whose troops they were taken. These flags had been stored in the State House at Augusta, Me., and by special resolution of the late encampment of the G. A. R., the governor of that State was directed to return them. The ceremonies were carried out on the steps of the Capitol at Washington. Governor Brewster, of Maine, with his staff, Commander Pillsbury, of the Maine G. A. R., and his staff, made up a fine looking body of men, bringing the old flags of Virginia, North Carolina, and Texas as representatives of the universal sentiment of the people of the Pine Tree State toward the States of the South, whose representatives were there in the same feeling of amity and good will. The flags of the Virginia troops were received by Gen. W. B. Freeman, of Richmond, former Commander in Chief, U. C. V., who made appreciative response in the following:

"With emotions it would be futile for me to attempt to put into words, I receive gratefully on behalf of the governor and the commonwealth of Virginia these treasured banners of our nation's ancient strife. They will be placed in the capitol of Virginia, the heart of the old Southern Confederacy, and there they will be guarded and cherished both as memorial of the valor of the sons of the Old Dominion and as proof of the nobly fraternal spirit of the great commonwealth of Maine.

"Sir, the spirit in which you have returned these flags comports with the spirit displayed by Maine soldiers during the War between the States.

"Those of us here to-day in Southern gray can attest the bravery and the chivalry of the Maine troops in the great army of the Potomac. One Maine regiment stands next to the head of those that sustained the heaviest losses in action. Two Maine regiments are among the first twenty-two that paid the heaviest toll in blood. I faced the men of the old Pine Tree State in the siege of Petersburg, and I know they were worthy foemen who balked not at any sacrifice for their ideals.

"They were as magnanimous as they were gallant. Never shall I forget that black day when we, the shattered, starving survivors of the Army of the Northern Virginia, marched out on a sodden field near Appomattox Courthouse to lay down the arms we had borne for four years in defense of State Rights. The hopes of our youthful hearts were with the torn flags we carried before us that April day. The surrender of our great chieftain seemed to us the end of days.

"Very silently, as men at the funeral of all they love, we reached into the hollow square drawn up before us. Not a drum beat was there. The last words of command froze on trembling lips. Then, suddenly—I hear it yet—a voice rang out through the silence with a sharp order to the Union troops that stood in stalwart ranks around us. Down the lines the order went and, on the instant, that magnificent Federal command presented arms—presented arms to us, to us who had come to lay down our weapons and to end the strife that had riven America.

"We were not expecting it, for we were prisoners of war, and of all the acts of magnanimity, that stirred us most. Reunion began with that order to present arms—and that order was given by a Maine commander, the courtly Chamberlaine, to a Maine brigade.

"Maine troops magnanimously received flags of the Army of Northern Virginia. Their sons and grandsons, men of the same high traditions and the same noble blood, magnanimously return them.

"These flags are going home to-day, back to the State where they were placed sixty-five years ago in the hands of ardent youth. They are worn flags, some of them, and their colors have faded, but here is the red of our hearts' devotion and here is the blue of our faith, and here is the white of our youthful ideals; and all these colors shine brightly to-day in the flag of a people forever united in stately brotherhood."

Following the brief ceremonies, which were witnessed by several cabinet officers, special representatives of the different States connected with the occasion, prominent members of the G. A. R. and U. C. V. in uniform, the Confederate veterans called upon President Coolidge with their regained silken trophies, and were photographed with the President as the central figure.

\* \* \*

One of the three captured Virginia battle flags is the standard of one of the most famous regiments of the Army of Northern Virginia. It is the banner of the 33rd Virginia Infantry, which belonged to the Stonewall Brigade, the old command of "Stonewall" Jackson, and backbone of the division subsequently given him. This division, in turn, was one of the most valuable units in Jackson's Second Corps, which he commanded from the fall of 1862 until his death from wounds received at Chancellorsville, in May, 1863.

The flag of the 33rd infantry was evidently captured at the Bloody Angle, near Spotsylvania Courthouse, when Edward Johnson's Division was cut off in a salient in the line on May 12, 1864.

This was one of the two occasions in the War between the States when Gen. Robert E. Lee felt it necessary personally to direct the counter-charge, and it was then that Gordon's troops cried, "Lee to the rear!" and prevailed upon him to retire. The 33rd Virginia was in the angle at the time, and was captured before it could organize for defense.

The flag was taken by a Maine officer and carried back to that State. It is in fair condition now, though slightly torn. On it are still plainly visible the names of the engagements in which the regiment had fought, from First Manassas to Gettysburg, and including those of Jackson's famous battles in the Shenandoah Valley campaign of 1862.

Of the two other flags returned to Virginia, one is a cavalry flag taken at Aldie not long before the Gettysburg campaign. The other is an infantry flag taken by Maine troops in the Wilderness on June 10, 1864. Of these flags the *National Tribune* says:

"One of the Virginia flags was taken by the Maine cavalry at Aldie, Va., from the 4th Virginia Cavalry, while the other was taken by the 19th Maine Cavalry at Spotsylvania, Va., from the 33rd Virginia Infantry. One Texas flag returned was taken by the 15th Maine Regiment at Fort Semmes, Tex., from Texas Rangers. This was a garrison flag of orange and white, with stars of these colors set in it. The other flag was taken by Captain Paradry, of the 5th Maine Infantry, in May, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness. One flag from North Carolina was taken from the 54th North Carolina Regiment, at Rappahannock Station, Va., in November, 1863, by the 5th Maine Infantry."

## FLORIDA FLAG RETURNED.

Interesting exercises connected with the return of a Florida flag captured at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., concluded the annual reunion of the Florida Division, U. C. V., on the night



of September 28, 1927. Federal veterans from Ohio—Colonel Alcorn, of Toledo, with two comrades, Eli Burdo and Judge E. D. Potter—are three of the six survivors of the 14th Ohio Infantry which fought at Franklin, and they journeyed to Marianna, Fla., to again place this flag in the hands which had “so fondly grasped it” in the days of war. Torn by shot and shell and stained by the blood of soldiers from both sides, it is still a banner of glory. In presenting it, Colonel Alcorn said:

“Florida need feel no shame in the loss of this battle banner at Franklin. It was taken behind our own entrenchments, and it took a courageous group of fighting men to ever get there.

“You had us licked at Franklin, but, fortunately for us, your command apparently failed to realize at the crucial moment just how completely you had us encompassed.”

Turning to the torn flag, the aged veteran reverently said:

“The flag itself has been bathed in the blood of both the North and the South. Because it was taken within our lines, behind our own breastworks, we have prized its possession highly. To-night, however, our pleasure in returning it to the men whose courage we had cause to admire, and incidentally, were forced to respect, is greater than our pride in its possession.”

## GENERAL LEE IN TEXAS.

BY J. H. FAUBION, COMMANDER CAMP BEDFORD FORREST,  
U. C. V., LEANDER, TEX.

In reading the article in the January VETERAN, by William M. Brown, of Washington and Lee University, on the Lee Museum, I am reminded of the services of General Lee in Texas, previous to the War between the States. While he was in the United States army, he was stationed for a considerable period at Fort Mason (known now as Mason, county site of Mason County, Tex.). At Fort Mason were, beside General Lee, Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston, John B. Hood, Earl Van Dorn, and others who became distinguished Confederate officers, and Generals Thomas, Sherman, and others of the Federal army.

While stationed at Fort Mason, General Lee often visited a little German village a few miles south of Fort Mason, and in going to San Antonio and other points in the southwestern part of Texas, and frequently spent the night at the little hotel in Fredericksburg, kept by a German named Nimitz, who was one of a German colony which had settled at Fredericksburg, now the county site of Gillespie County. Mr. Nimitz was of an educated and refined German family, and took a great liking to General Lee, and he always assigned General Lee to a certain room in his hotel, which, as long as Mr. Nimitz lived, was known as General Lee's room, and it is yet exhibited to visitors, with great pride, as a sacred memorial to his friend, General Lee.

This hotel is still in existence, kept by the same family, and it is still a popular hostelry, and General Lee's room and the bed in which he slept have never been changed or used by others.

Many reminiscences of General Lee's services in Texas could be gathered yet, among the elderly people in Texas, and perhaps some books, papers, articles, connected with General Lee's stay in Texas at Mason, San Antonio and other places.

## STATE MEMORIAL TO SAM DAVIS.

The old home of Sam Davis, Tennessee's boy hero, near Smyrna, Tenn., has been purchased by the State and will be restored as a memorial to the brave Confederate soldier who put his honor above life, while the grounds about the home will be made into a memorial park. This is not the birthplace of Sam Davis, but it is the home from which he went into the Confederate service and to which his body was returned as that of an immortal hero of the Confederacy, and in the garden adjoining the home he rests under the monument placed to his memory by his father and mother, who lie there with him. The purchase of the place by the State as a memorial to the heroic young soldier is the culmination of work begun in September, 1925, when memorial exercises were held at the home and a movement started to secure it as a memorial. Dr. J. S. Lowry, of Smyrna, was an active spirit in this work, and to him is largely due credit for securing the appropriation by the State legislature of \$25,000 for the purchase of the place and its restoration. The property includes the home and some 150 acres of land, laying within two and a half miles of the Dixie Highway, from which a State road leads to the village of Smyrna and to the Davis home. The purchase price of the property was \$15,000, and the balance of the fund will be used for its restoration.

The commission for the State is composed of the governor, the state treasurer, and Commissioner of Agriculture, with the following citizens of Smyrna: Dr. J. S. Lowry, W. H. King, John B. Hager.

## THE SAM DAVIS HOME CHAPTER, U. D. C.

During the Middle Tennessee District Conference, U. D. C., entertained by the Murfreesboro Chapter, twenty women of Smyrna formed the Sam Davis Home Chapter, and this Chapter will coöperate in the work of establishing the Sam Davis memorial, which is planned to be similar to that of the Hermitage near Nashville. At the same time was organized the Stone River Chapter as an auxiliary to the Murfreesboro Chapter, and a great niece of Sam Davis, little Mary Catherine Bell, was chosen as its mascot.

The Tennessee Division, U. D. C., under the leadership of Mrs. Lowndes Turney, President, will coöperate generally in the work connected with this memorial.

One brother of Sam Davis, C. L. Davis, of Smyrna, and a sister, Mrs. Media Matthews, of Houston, Tex., are still living

A FINE WAY TO CELEBRATE.—Capt. John L. Collins, of Coffeeville, Miss., writes that he celebrated his *eighty-ninth* birthday by sending a list of new subscribers to the VETERAN—accompanied by a good-sized check. Though his eyesight is gone, Captain Collins enjoys having the VETERAN read to him, and his good wife does the reading. He does not think of doing without it, and he wants everybody else he can reach to have it too, and though he can't see to read it, he can talk it up just as well as ever, and the success of his talk is shown by the good number of subscriptions he reports. He writes that he hopes the “Daughters may be able to give to the world in a historical way the valorous deeds of the Confederate soldier during those four long years of war” and prays “that the VETERAN may be sustained in its noble work of vindication.”

Mrs. O. Z. Bond, Minerva, La., asks for information on Lieut. Col. Calvin J. Clack, 3rd Tennessee Regiment, John C. Brower's Brigade, as to his family, descendants, place of residence, etc.; thinks he was from Giles County, Tenn.



*A POET OF THE SHENANDOAH.*

BY VIRGINIA LUCAS, CHARLES TOWN, W. VA.

To those who knew him, the life of Daniel Bedinger Lucas was one continual adventure, an obstacle race, wherein he came off conqueror, or conquered, as you look at it. At least, he would never have admitted, never did admit, defeat.

Born in Jefferson, the most beautiful and perhaps the most historic county of Virginia, it was his fortune to see the land of his love overrun by alien soldiery, devastation converting his home, farms, and the rolling hills and sweet valleys of the Shenandoah into that desert "over which a crow must carry his own rations."

The date of his birth, March 16, 1836, was rather an uneventful time in our history. But it was about that time that the Hon. William Lucas, lawyer, planter, statesman, was building, rebuilding, we should perhaps say, Rion Hall. And Rion Hall is an event in itself.

Rion Hall is a house set on a hill, and then hid under a bushel. That is, you can't see the woods at Rion Hall for the trees. The old estate was derived from lands of William Burnett, William Hall, and John Rion, the latter, of French extraction, a Revolutionary soldier, whose title dates back to 1784. William Burnett is the only one of the proprietors who honored the place with his bones. He is buried in the graveyard behind the house, and the date of his death is 1815. His wife was Polly Douglas, and the splendid freestone spring was possibly called Douglas's Spring. Of that one can't be sure. William Hall, Jr., married Elizabeth Lucas, lived at and gave Halltown its name; and his descendants moved "out West." He must be distinguished from the John Hall, of Hall's Rifle Factory at the Ferry, a Connecticut genius, who shares with John Brown the fame of the Harper's Ferry armory. But this is a digression.

All these owners either sold or bequeathed their holdings to one Robert Lucas, who, besides the land he got with his wife, Sarah Rion, found himself also buying up adjacent territory with what has been a family trait, I may say weakness, for generations. The name Lucas goes with love of land. The old Lucases were yeomen, or land-owning gentry, fox-hunting squires, some say; and a more persistent tradition allies them to the Lucases of Colchester, of whom it is recorded in Westminster that "all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous." Robert Lucas, the emigrant, was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1683 and 1685. His grandson, Edward Lucas, supervisor of Fall's Township, moved down to the Valley, took up land, and inscribed his initials in 1732 on a boundary stone, still in evidence. He died in 1764, and of his eighteen children, only two left inheritors of the name. Six sons were either killed or wounded by the Indians in wars on the Western borderland. William was captain of Virginia militia in 1777, and the same year entered as a private, under Nathanael Willis, in the Virginia Line. In 1781, he was captain of the Border Brigade; removing to Chillicothe his son Robert became governor of Ohio, later of Iowa, and has numerous towns, counties, etc., named in his honor. The other Revolutionary officer, Capt. Edward Lucas, was wounded at Laurel Hill; he married Elizabeth Edwards, and his son was the Robert mentioned above. His grandsons, Robert and Edward, served in the War of 1812, and William, the youngest, born in 1800, was he who founded Rion Hall.

Moments there are in life, says a modern novel, which, although with seemingly no reason, "stand fixed in the eternities of memory." So with my early pictures of my grandfather. The old, broad-brimmed panama, or such a thing, is rememberable; the stentorian voice, a thunderous roar, not alarming, nor even funny, but surely masterful. The "my"

called "me"—"Me dogs, me cats, me trees," short voweled. He was not pretentious, was visited by many an old crony not quite so prominent nor half so scholarly. The slaves, even when they had become "free niggers" (I quote from their own vernacular), were faithfully devoted. And a small plantation where live their descendants might well be called after old Mr. William Lucas—"Billy," as the neighbors used to say.

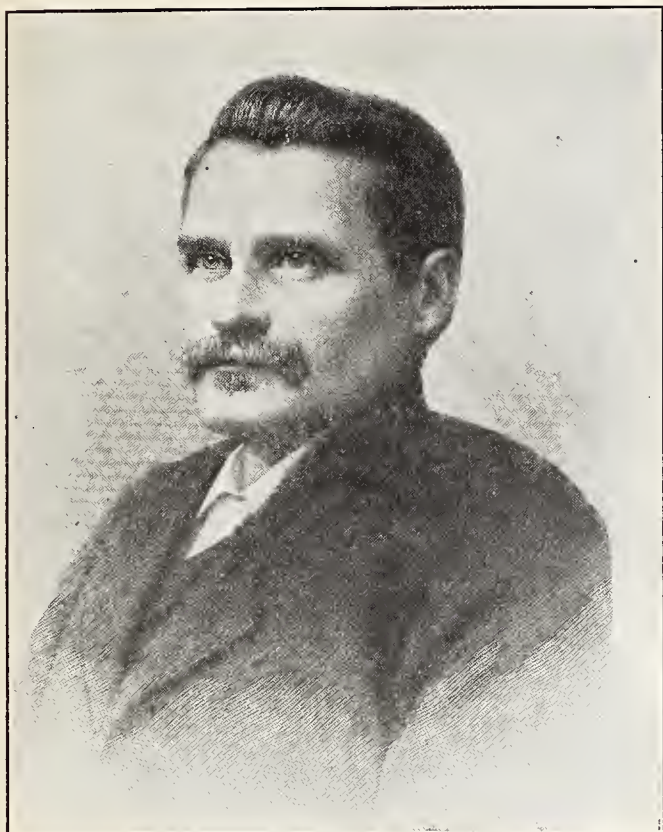
I remember the roses, seeming to shut in the doors, so close they clambered over the house. The wagonloads of fruit, carried off "free gratis," rare, far-brought plums, pears, apricots, the most wonderful apples and peaches, which for flavor and size cast in the shade all our modern, mercantile effects.

The sunsets were a great occasion in my childhood. My mother and I used to walk out to the turnpike, "Beck's Gate," to meet my father, and I would ride home on his horse, sitting in front. One evening I remember in particular. My father's most intimate friend (brother-in-law), Judge J. F. McLaughlin, of Maryland, afterwards New York City, was visiting us at the time. He summoned us, and the whole family walked up the road to see the most splendid appearance of living flame from horizon to zenith that I seem ever to have seen. I say "seem," for there is an unreality about all these thoughts. They are as nebulous as the river ride on my father's arm, my mother riding beside. Both were adepts with horses. My grandfather's stables, while depleted by the war, still possessed some fine specimens. Peacock, the spirited roan; Canada and Cognac, my father's pair; and Charley, who ran away with us and had to be sold; and Nina, my mother's saddle mare, whom the darkies always called "Lina," as a compliment to the mistress. My favorite Cognac, a chestnut bay pony, was a fiery-hearted little beast, whom it pleased me unspeakably to tease; who would bite at me when I made a "moue," and would race me from the near gate to the far gate while I was out to open them for the grandees, the grown-ups, who sat in splendor inside the jagger, basket phaeton, or buggy, whatever it chanced to be—perhaps the spring wagon, which was our first remembered equipage. These were war times, as it were, and no one had a cent. Despoiled as to goods, rifled as to stock, battered and beaten as to fences, woods, barns, all these so necessary adjuncts, but quite unconquered as to heart. Ready to "turn in and lick 'em again," as the veterans used to say. The Yankees, radicals, black republicans, who had it all their own way—and still do. Perhaps you repent, Lincoln, on your pedestal, midway between your Pennsylvania and old Virginia kin? The Lincolns of Reading are the best of Democrats, and have been for generations.



RION HALL IN 1836.





DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS.

Well, to return. My grandfather's thick and shaggy hair, his straight overhanging brows, eyes almost slits, mouth thin-lipped, wide, wrinkles most numerous. But—his trees! How I loved them in my infancy—and now. I cannot write of that hard, bitter old lawyer and political warrior without mention of his trees. I find him showing a pathetic solicitude about the opinion of his constituents, whom I know he never feared. But they turned him down after his second term in Congress (1843) for his law partner, brother-in-law, and friend, not so good a Democrat either, I am sure. Then my grandfather retired to the farm, the beautiful house on the hill, with rolling meadows around it. An old graveyard, a fine grove of cedars, one very ancient oak, an elm, walnut, and a few other reminders of the forest primeval—these to be surrounded by an exotic and stately arboretum which, as it grew, consumed my grandsire's life, his very heart.

The noteworthy incidents in the life of William Lucas were his education in the law, at the feet of Judge H. St. George Tucker, of Winchester; his two terms in the United States Congress (twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh), membership in the Virginia General Assembly of 1838; Constitutional Convention of 1850; and his defeat for the convention of 1860, when he would surely have voted for secession, for he was an ardent advocate of State Rights. Over sixty, he was beyond military age when the war broke out. At that time he had become a great recluse, devoting himself wholly to the pleasures of horticulture and farming. He was to see his whole fortune, built up with strenuous toil, destroyed with the destruction of his country. A safeguard, however, from a former political ally, saved Rion Hall, in its twelve-acre inclosure, with its wealth of magnolias, flowering trees, shrubs, and roses, from demolition by the passing armies. The house was used as headquarters by Sheridan. An old neighbor, a Mrs. Beck (Union and German people, but warm friends and tenants), carried under her hoop skirt the family portraits to her house at the gate, and slept all through the war with them under her feather bed. She described the smashing

of mirrors, and invasion of sick rooms, searching of wardrobes and bureaus (for concealed *soldiery*); stealing of watches, alas! and stepping on the baby's finger, in a very realistic way. The baby was a grandchild, wee daughter of Sally Eleanor Lucas, wife of the Rev. Everett W. Bedinger, who, with her husband and seven children, came in 1864 to Rion Hall and was ill there. A few years later she died of consumption that malady so fatal in those days. In our parlor, the saber cuts on door and mantel still show Sheridan's consulting room. Desecration of the graveyard was prevented by my grandfather's going out and asking if a Colonel Burnett was not one of their officers? "Well," he said, when they replied in the affirmative, "you're violating the graves, then, of your ancestors, for these Burnetts are the ancestors of the Burnetts of Ohio, whence you have come." They desisted. Of course, it was hidden treasure for which they were searching, and, alas, there was none.

My grandfather had among his riding and driving horses a very fine pair of snow-white geldings. One of these was the white horse ridden throughout his campaigns by Ashby. The other was commandeered by the Yankees, and so the brothers doubtless met on the battle field in opposing ranks.

Several times I have come across folks who were quartered at Rion Hall, and they seem to have considered it a paradise on earth. One man, now in Chicago, told a friend that he had been commissioned to see that "old man Lucas did not give aid to the Rebels." That he did, when time and opportunity offered.

My father's mother was Virginia, daughter of Daniel Bedinger, of Shepherdstown, a soldier of the Revolution and, later, paymaster at the Gosport Navy Yard. Virginia was considered very beautiful, if friends and family may be believed. Her portrait is not flattered, but it is not unattractive, though the hair piled high was trying for so broad a forehead, and the artist makes her brunette in lieu of the gold-



VIRGINIA BEDINGER LUCAS

Who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Eglantine."



en hair and blue eyes of her race. She was romantic and gifted, wildly in love with her somewhat austere husband. She died in 1839, at the birth of a fifth child, a daughter, who was buried, "the child in the grave with the mother." Her other children were William, a pleasant and talented young man, who died of consumption, in 1863, in Florida, at the home of his kinsman, Governor Douglas. Next came Sally, of whom we have spoken; then Daniel Bedinger, who (if I do say it) was the flower of the entire family. Brilliant, gentle, witty, shy as a girl and as pure, he grew up a strange combination of the backwoods country youth, poetic and intellectual, and the citizen of the world that all great men seem to be from birth. Lawrence Marye, an old friend and college mate, wrote of him at the time of his death:

"Mr. Lucas was for four years a student of the university, and his fellow students there who still linger remember well the charm of his companionship, his genial disposition, his brilliant mind, and the vivacity of his conversation." And again: "Many gifted sons of the South have, in the past few years, obeyed the inevitable summons, but among them all, no brighter spirit, no nobler soul has paid the last debt of nature than Daniel Bedinger Lucas." Colonel Marye's voice has a ring of truth that makes me feel his tribute more than other and more eloquent ones from elsewhere.

In the "Obstacle Race" where my father so gallantly won out, the first feature was that he had a fall in infancy, from the porch at Bedford (his grandmother's), in Shepherds-town. From this arose the spinal trouble which overshadowed his life and caused untold suffering until, at last, nearing middle age, his health became established on a secure basis. He attributed to out-door life the strength finally acquired, for when he left college, old Dr. Hugh McGuire gave him just four years to live. At three years of age, he lost the mother whom he would have adored. The children were sent by the desolated father to near-by cousins to be reared, three at Cold Spring, the home of Col. Robert Lucas, "Uncle Robert." The fourth, Virginia, "our little sister," as they called her, to Mrs. Davis (*née* Ranson), who was thrice married, becoming Mrs. Bedinger, of Kentucky, and, finally, marrying a Clay. Hence, Virginia spent much of her youth in Kentucky. She was, however, sent to Staunton to the Episcopal Institute, where for intimate friends she had, among others, Gussie and Mary Stuart. The latter, Mrs. Hunter McGuire, of Richmond, still preserves an affectionate and admiring memory of this frail but gifted being, who was, after so brief a life, to die in the sixties of consumption, her end probably hastened by the hardships of the war.

While living at Cold Spring, my father went to the old field school at Uvilla. He had two very devoted young cousins, George (Cedar Lawn) Washington and "Ned Lee," later the distinguished Gen. Edwin Grey Lee, of the Confederacy. These boys used to carry on their shoulders "Danny," or "Bedinger," as he was sometimes called, when they went hunting or on longer jaunts than his delicate strength could endure. A beautiful chivalry and devotion he seemed always to call forth from cousins, sisters, and friends. And the beauty of countenance and loftiness of expression warranted the love which he inspired. I never knew anyone who could resist my father's personality, so full of gayety and charm.

Sent next to be taught by a Mr. Cameron at Col. Braxton Davenport's, I can recall many anecdotes which he used to tell of his life there: how Mrs. Davenport used to stand the little darkies in a row to say their catechism, giving a fillip on the head with her thimble to those who never knew which one

God had made. And the boys would offer a penny to the small pickaninny who could hold his heel longest on the stove.

At the end of those happy days with his friends, Jack Straith, Sam Wright, and Ned Lee, young Lucas went in the lumbering old stagecoach down the other side of the Blue Ridge into Warrenton, to the Warren Green School, taught by a Mr. Richard Smith. Here fate might have had a hand had he had the good fortune to meet a little girl busily engaged at Miss Milligan's, just eight miles from where these Jefferson County boys were ensconced. Lina Tucker Brooke, the unruly, brainy, and altogether delightful daughter of Henry L. Brooke, of Richmond, was there studying Latin and the higher mathematics. The Odes of Horace, however, and the mysteries of Euclid would have been no drawing cards to engage the affections of my father. He failed in "math," and knew little Latin and less Greek, in spite of rooming with the celebrated Crawford H. Toy at the university.

William Lucas, Jr., had also been at the University of Virginia, but I do not think the two brothers were there together. My father's first roommate was John Yates Beall, and their room, I think, was the identical one in which Poe had conceived the "Tales of the Ragged Mountains."

At Judge Brockenbrough's Law School, in Lexington, the final milestones were passed in the acquisition of a learning that, while it was modest, was yet extensive, and gave to my father's writings the perfection that distinguished them. Sitting at the same boarding house table, the demure young poet and T. J. Jackson, the future war god of the South, felt no stirrings of destiny. Yet with its stanza to Stonewall, "The Land Where We Were Dreaming" inspired Mrs. Jackson's admiration more than any poem of the South. So also of Miss Mary Lee and some other notable folks.

In relating my father's association with Rion Hall, where he spent many happy days in his young manhood, and where, from practicing law in Richmond, he returned to witness the trial of John Brown; whither also he came from his ride through the Kanawha with Gen. Henry A. Wise, and again, having nursed through a fatal illness his beloved and only brother; and again, after his Canadian visit, with its sad occasion the trial and death of John Yates Beall—I must say that I think Rion Hall meant more to him in the days of his early married life, and on through the advancing years. Then, no matter what good fortune, emolument, or honor befell him, he ("we," for I was then on the scene) ever returned to the beautiful old home with an enthusiasm and joy which nothing could surpass. Nor could any disappointment or disaster mar the peaceful and blessed serenity



RION HALL AT THE PRESENT TIME.



which emanates from trees and flowers that seek the sky amid the encircling arms of beautiful blue hills.

And in the story of Lucas, the poet, and Rion Hall, the home of poets, horticulturists, and (incidentally) fanciers of cats, the most touching reminiscence must always be connected with the romantic and gifted Virginia Bedinger Lucas, whose *nom de plume* of "Eglantine" made her a familiar favorite of the thoughtful or sentimentally inclined people of her day. Coming, at great sacrifice of the feelings both of her foster mother and herself, to live with her father in 1858, she spent the last seven years of her life amid the trees and flowers of the Valley. And at Rion Hall, in a sixth sense that comes to me from the spirit world, I find an intimate association with this poet-aunt, whom I never knew, but whose devoted attachment to my father seems to lend an extra halo to a very exquisite and ethereal character.

She never comes to me in dreams, as so many, though once I held in my hand a boxful of the tiniest jewels—sapphires, rubies, amber, and emerald and brilliants—all infinitely small and sparkling, and some one said: "This is your Aunt Virginia's treasure chest." That was a dream. Perhaps it meant that these were her beautiful perceptions, loves, joys, the delicate, fragile emotions which she could not transmit, but which she was willing to show to me, her namesake. The intimate and lovely jewels of her soul.

Of the esteem in which she was held by her favorite brother, my father, one can judge from his preface to the "Wreath of Eglantine," where he offered her a tribute as beautiful as any in the language. Written in those days when we did not veil or shut up our feelings, as to-day, in hearts none too celibate. Sentiment was ushered in with a flowery formality and grace, and we received her always kneeling, as in the presence of a queen.

Surely, in the beloved garden, amid her roses, lilies, and hyacinths, something survives. And more surely on the hillside where grow the bloodroot families, squirrel corn, twinleaf, anemone, and columbine, the Virginia spring beauty, wild violets of many hues, trillium, geranium, wild phlox, and wild sweet ferns of her planting; but most, O, most of all, in the bluebells, dancing, fleeing, drooping through the woods, I see and feel her charm, her soft, old-fashioned delicacy of thought, and her tender and youthful and affectionate grace. Dying at the advanced age of twenty-seven, I once thought of her as in a sad-eyed old maidenhood. In later years, seeing what she accomplished in the way of culture and poetic skill, I felt her premature death to have been the cutting off in its tenderness of a very pure and gifted soul.

## IN THE BATTLE OF MONOCACY, MD.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

The article by Judge Worthington in the January VETERAN is a vivid reminder to me of the engagement at Monocacy, Md., in which so many of my comrades lost their lives and in which I came so near to being killed myself—a very important event in the history of our country which caused a delay of one day that saved Washington, D. C., and perhaps Lincoln from falling into the hands of the Confederates under Early. On the Worthington plantation and those adjoining, the battle took place. Although this battle was fought nearly sixty-four years ago, and the great battles I had just passed through were on a much greater scale than this one, it still clings to my memory.

In writing of this, I must go back to the beginning and mention other things leading up to this battle, otherwise the reader might not understand much that he ought to know at

this time when facts have been so distorted and misrepresented as to make them appear as present-day historians would have them understood by a new generation.

The Confederate forces engaged in this campaign under General Early having just passed through the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, etc., were fearfully decimated. Brigades were only regiments, divisions were brigades in numerical strength, but all were veterans of much experience in battle. His numbers have been greatly overestimated, even by his friends.

I cannot say whether General Lee had in mind a demonstration against Washington at the time he detached General Early and his command to meet Hunter at Lynchburg, but something had to be done to stop his triumphal march. Accordingly, to our surprise, we were ordered out of the works at Cold Harbor, where we were facing Grant's army, and went into camps in the rear, where we rested two days of precious time. Long before day we set out for Lynchburg on a forced march to meet that Falstaff and his army before he could enter that city.

Early's force consisted of Gordon's division, about twenty-seven hundred strong, in advance, followed by General Rodes and the artillery. We pushed on over the railroad track, now utterly torn up by Sheridan's Cavalry, until we were met by trains of old ramshackle cars sent to meet us. On these we climbed and were carried to our destination, where we arrived just as the sun was sinking in the west. We detrained immediately and marched through the town. Hunter had already arrived there and had thrown up a long line of earthworks, on which he had mounted cannon to protect himself from a few old men, citizens of the place, and twelve- and fourteen-year old boys, who had taken up arms to defend their homes. These were throwing up breastworks on the edge of the town as we passed out.

Finding the enemy so numerous and strongly posted, General Gordon decided to await the arrival of General Rodes and the artillery before making an attack. These came up during the night and took position on our right at daybreak, skirmishers were thrown out to see what the enemy could do, and all that day a lively exchange of compliments passed between the opposite forces, while the artillery on each side assisted in the exercises of the day.

In the meantime, General Early was perfecting his plans to assault the enemy at daybreak the next morning, but when we approached the works not a gun was fired, and we found our foe had fled during the night.

Now began a foot race for the mountains of West Virginia, in which Hunter abandoned to our small force of cavalry, which kept in close touch with him, much of his artillery, army transport wagons, and other equipment, besides many prisoners who could not keep their places in ranks, but fell into our hands. This march was very hard on the Confederates, who were equally as anxious to capture General Hunter as he was to escape. He had rendered himself so obnoxious to our authorities by his inhumanity that they were very desirous to get him. He was one of those who thought the white people of the South ought to be exterminated by fire and sword. Every morning we rose long before day and started in pursuit and marched until a late hour at night. But when we came in sight of the fires of his encampment, we were too tired to attack and he was out and gone some time during the night. This was the nature of his retreat until he finally escaped through the narrow mountain roads of West Virginia.

While his army occupied Lexington before he went to Lynchburg his soldiers went to the cemetery where Stone-



wall Jackson is buried, and many of them took a small quantity of dirt from the mound and put it in their pocket-books. Others cut a small piece of wood from the flagpole at the head of the grave. Our cavalry who captured the prisoners found these souvenirs in their possession. Hunter burned the Virginia Military Academy at that place. I suppose his soldiers were as brave as any others, but our men had a great contempt for them on account of their commanding officer.

Late at night of the last day of the pursuit, General Early reluctantly returned to the Valley pike, where he rested his army all the next day. If he had orders from General Lee to capture Washington, D. C., and he had pushed on as rapidly as we had come from Richmond, he would have had ample time to march into that place.

Early moved leisurely down the Valley until he came to Martinsburg on the 3rd of July, where we drove off General Sigel, the "Flying Dutchman," and captured a large quantity of army stores. Here again we lost much valuable time in destroying the railroad. On the 6th we waded the Potomac and drove Sigel and his army into their impregnable fortified position on Maryland Heights, overlooking the Potomac and Harper's Ferry, Va. Not wishing to leave this considerable force in his rear without giving them a good reason to keep quiet and be good, General Early deployed Gordon's Brigade around the mountain and began a lively skirmish battle with the enemy. This consumed two days of valuable time, in which the enemy expected us to assault them and showed their apprehension by the free use of artillery ammunition, and at this place we lost some of our best soldiers, killed or wounded by shell fire.

Feeling that he had this idea well fixed in their minds, General Early marched his forces away from this mountain fortress after midnight of July 9th, en route for Washington. In all my experience as a soldier in the Confederate army, I never saw a night so dark. It was impossible to see any object ahead of us. The file of soldiers in front of the column marching two abreast, reached forth their hands and caught a few strands of the colonel's horse's tail to keep themselves in the narrow mountain path, and those in the rear were guided by the footfalls of those immediately in front; but after we reached the open country, we suffered no great inconvenience until daylight. At early dawn we passed by General Rodes's men sleeping sweetly under their blankets in the fields by the roadside, and we felt envious that we had been denied the privilege.

Further on we bivouacked, kindled little fires, and warmed up our coarse rations of bread and boiled beef. After we had eaten and rested perhaps an hour in all, we resumed our march as light hearted and jolly as if we had enjoyed a feast. On this march we felt sure that victory was ours now, since we were no more facing in breastworks the overwhelming numbers of Grant's army, and, with the utmost confidence in our noble John B. Gordon, we were willing to be led anywhere; though young, we were all veterans of many battles and thought we were superior in bravery, dash, and military skill to any force the enemy could bring to oppose us in the open country. Then we had an idea we were on our way to Washington, where we would march in, capture "Old Abe," and put an end to the war.

We were exceedingly anxious to get him and hold him responsible for the outrageous policy of his government in their conduct of the war on the Southern people. There were in our ranks many whose homes were burned and their mothers and little brothers and sisters turned out in the cold to live or die. They knew of other atrocities more shocking. Others

had been in prison and knew what tortures their comrades there were suffering, dying by hundreds every day of disease, starvation, and cold. Knowing these things, all were ready to make any sacrifice to put a stop to them. Animated by these thoughts, we cared little for the hardships we were then undergoing, but marched forward resolved to do our best for our cause and country.

Some time during the morning, we heard the boom of cannon in front toward Frederick, but we paid little attention to it, as that was not unusual when we were on the march. The cavalry was always ahead in touch with the enemy and having minor engagements with their advanced forces. Though it was continuous as we advanced, we thought little or nothing of it, and when we were coming over the higher ridges west of the city, we could see clouds of white smoke of the artillery arising beyond the town.

Before we reached the city, the head of our column turned to the right and took a road that led off in a southerly direction. This we followed some distance and then turned toward the east, crossing a creek before we reached the river. At this creek, or the river, I remember we found General Gordon sitting on his horse, and as some of our comrades showed a desire to make some preparation before stepping into the water, he spoke in a commanding voice and said, "Plunge right in, boys, no time for taking off shoes," and into it we went. The bottom was very sticky mud, and we came out wet and heavy. After we got across the Monocacy, we found a large meadow, and as we advanced some distance we saw that some of our cavalry had been having a hot engagement with the enemy. I saw a cavalryman taking his saddle off of his horse lying dead or wounded. When this man saw us coming, he ran to us with his cavalry equipment, saying: "I'm glad you're come. We'll give them — Yankees hell now. I want to go in with you boys." I did not pay any more attention to him, and do not know whether he did so or not.

Our brave cavalrymen under General McCausland had crossed the river at the ford where we came over and, after dismounting, made an attack in an open field on General Rickett's five thousand veterans in good position behind a fence. Twice they had charged the enemy and were badly cut up before we reached the scene.

After passing out of the meadow near the river, we saw before us at some distance a mountainous ridge. This was covered with timber, and the surface of the ground was covered with rocks, which made our advance over it difficult. Behind this Gordon's Brigade, now commanded by General Clement A. Evans, numbering not more than fourteen hundred, was formed. General Evans, misinformed as to the enemy's position on the other side of the mountain, rode along behind the regiments and told us that the enemy's left wing rested just over the hill. He instructed us to advance quietly until we had passed over the crest and when we had come in sight of the enemy, to bring a yell and fall on them and rout them as we had done so successfully in the Wilderness on the 5th of May, when we had routed General Grant's right wing, capturing two of his generals and doubling up his whole army.

But in this he was mistaken. General Rickett was over there facing toward us with five thousand veteran troops sent from Grant's army, one line in the open wheat field, and another in a sunken road in the rear, behind a high rail fence, and still another on the Georgetown pike protected by high banks. Fourteen hundred ragged Confederates against five thousand Yanks! When the word was given, we moved forward according to instructions and, in spite of the rough



nature of the ground, kept our alignment perfect. When we came in sight of the enemy's forces in the open field, we brought a yell and started for them. They replied with a well-directed volley that seemed to kill or wound every officer in the brigade and very many men in the ranks.

But this did not check our advance a minute. We dashed forward, and the enemy's line, as usual, broke immediately, and we pressed them back across the broken ground full of shocks of wheat on to the second line in the sunken road behind the fence. Here they made a determined resistance for quite a while, but we routed them out of this also. The ground from this place to the Georgetown Pike was much more level and perfectly open. Over this we drove them in a trot until they took refuge behind the banks of this road.

By this time our ranks were pretty thin—hardly a good skirmish line—but ranged along the higher ground we continued for quite a while to exchange shots at the heads of the enemy in the road below us. In the meantime the fighting was hot on the left toward the river and on the right at the Thomas house, where the enemy had a considerable force holding the residence, outhouses, and grove around the premises. The regiments of our brigade, which attacked this part of the enemy's line, were as good as any in the brigade, but they had to come up through the open field to the attack, while the enemy was protected by the buildings. Here again we lost some of our best soldiers until our artillerymen finally, with much effort, succeeded by some means in getting one gun across the river. This they placed in position at the corner of the Worthington residence and opened on the enemy at the Thomas house with such effect that their resistance ceased and gave way along the whole line.

In the center, where this scribe was trying to do his duty, the men on the firing line had melted away until by this time there were but three of us still keeping up the fight. When the last shot was fired by the enemy, they ran away and left us there, but not until we gave them a last parting salutation and the fight was over. Looking around, we were amazed by the sudden close of the engagement. Not a Confed or Yank was to be seen anywhere except three blue-clad fellows lying about a hundred yards away, too badly wounded to stand up. On the left of our line toward the river, where the enemy occupied the sunken road under the hill, our men were badly cut to pieces. They had to advance in the open, while the enemy was well protected and presented nothing to shoot at except their heads. The 61st Georgia, one of our best regiments, but now reduced to only 150 men, a regiment that had never failed to drive the enemy from any position, charged them several times, only to be shot to pieces in every attempt to dislodge them, and perhaps would never have done so, but, fortunately for them, when they had about lost heart, the Louisiana brigades of Hays and Nichols, originally ten thousand strong, but now reduced to only two hundred, seeing their friends slaughtered, boldly waded the river and attacked the enemy on the flank and in the rear. Once more taking heart, they joined in the final attack, which resulted in routing the enemy on that part of the line. The broken remnants of Lew Wallace's army, though double that of the Confederates engaged in this battle, fled, utterly routed, toward Baltimore. At no time during the fight, as far as I could see, did the enemy assume the offensive, but fled from one position of protection to another, closely pursued by the Confederates, until the close of the engagement.

But I must admit I could not see what was going on along the whole line. I could see pretty well from the center to the right at the Thomas house, but my view to the left, where there was much bitter fighting in progress, was obscured.

This battle, as far as Gordon's Georgia Brigade was concerned, was conducted by private soldiers, each man acting independently, as our officers, as I have already intimated, were shot down in the first volley fired by the enemy.

The loss on each side was about seven hundred. That of Gordon's Brigade was about five hundred in killed and wounded. Many of these brave young fellows had on their bodies the marks of many wounds received in previous battles. Peace to their ashes!

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An effort is to be made to make this battle field a memorial park to commemorate this event, which delayed our advance on Washington one day and thereby saved that city and perhaps Lincoln from falling into our hands. What the result on the war would have been had we succeeded, I will not attempt to say, but I know the sentiment which animated every soldier in Early's army. We were all exceedingly anxious to get Lincoln and hold him to account for the inhuman treatment of the Southern people and the outrageous punishment of our helpless prisoners in their hands. We were all exasperated on account of these things.

Gettysburg was on a much larger scale than Monocacy, and there are memorials all over the ground to commemorate the event; but the latter was even more important in consequence as to the result of the war than the former.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I am no hero; but when this battle ended so abruptly, two comrades and I were the only Confederates on the ground. We stood there on a bluff overlooking the Georgetown Pike as the last of our enemies ran away, and we hastened their departure by emptying our Enfields at them as a mark of our respect.

Everything now was quiet. Looking around us, we saw scattered everywhere over the field new U. S. army blankets, linen tent flies, knapsacks, guns, and other equipment cast aside by Rickett's men in flight to escape. After putting out a fire which was slowly burning in the wheat stubble and advancing toward the wounded Yanks already mentioned, and ministering to their needs, I sat down on the bank of the Georgetown Pike and awaited the return of our stragglers. I found that every man in my company, now reduced to only twelve, had been hit except one. We bivouacked that night on the roadside, and early the next morning set out for Washington. In another article, I will write up our march to that city and subsequent events.

Yes, by all means let the government make this place a memorial park. It will not only commemorate the salvation of the national capital, but will show to future generations the daring spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race. How a few of them routed a great army of their enemies, turned aside and waded a great river, attacked another army, bottled it up in a fort on top of a mountain, boldly crossed another stream, climbed a mountain, attacked a veteran army well posted, twice as large as itself, with reinforcements perhaps as numerous, routed them and threatened the national capital itself, and recrossed the Potomac into their own country. These achievements ought to be perpetuated to all time.

"Lest we forget—Lest we forget."

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed  
That sword might victor be!  
And when our triumph was delayed,  
And many a heart grew sore afraid,  
We still hoped on, while gleamed the blade  
Of noble Robert Lee!

—Father Ryan.



## THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, SR., FLORENCE, S. C.

When McClellan, following Johnston's retreat from Yorktown to Richmond, came up the Peninsula between the York and James rivers, he found himself compelled to make a strategical blunder. He could not attack Johnston's army, on the south side of the Chickahominy, or besiege Richmond, without crossing also to the south of that stream, and yet had to protect his base of supplies on the north of it at White House on the Pamunkey branch of the York, and at West Point on the York proper. That is to say, he was compelled to divide his army, letting a river and its swampy banks, which was subject to frequent overflows, lie between the separated wings. When he put two corps across, Johnston struck them a heavy blow at Seven Pines; and when later he put the bulk of his army over, Lee fell on the part left on the north side, in the battle of Gaines's Mill. A base on the James promised even worse things, for it necessitated placing it in an angle between the James and the lower Chickahominy. McClellan was, in fact, held to the north bank by another consideration, an army under McDowell was between Richmond and Washington trying to unite with him, so he held his army on the north side until he found McDowell ordered back. Then, as he had to act, he sent two corps over to the south side, and immediately the river rose to its limit.

Johnston now had his problem—how to crush those two corps without exposing Richmond to attack by McClellan's other three. The position of the two exposed corps and Johnston's skill enabled him to attempt it, but owing to the weakness of the blow which his lieutenant dealt the enemy, the battle failed of its full purpose, and, in fact, the Federals were able to profit by the result more than the Confederates. It was a singular battle, and McClellan, Johnston, Smith, Longstreet, Heintzleman, Keyes, Couch, and Casey suffered a loss of reputation, a perfectly innocent Confederate general, Huger, was immensely censured, and only D. H. Hill, of the Confederates, and Sumner, of the Federals, were accorded laurels fairly won—that is, of the higher generals.

With the books of Johnston, Smith, Longstreet, and Alexander, and the report of Hill before me, I will endeavor to make plain the matters of greatest interest bearing on an understanding of the battle.

If you go out from Richmond a little northeast about four miles, you will come to the Chickahominy, north of which lay the Federal host aggregating 125,000 men. The river flows southeast and is crossed by many bridges. The highest upstream of these to be considered is Meadow Bridge. Twelve and a half miles below, on an air line, is Bottom's Bridge, the lowest down stream to be considered. It is due east of the city on the all-important road, the Williamsburg Road, and is about eleven miles from Richmond. The triangle thus formed (Meadow Bridge however, is about *six miles* north of the initial point of the Williamsburg Road at Richmond) is the strategic field, while the battle field is a much smaller triangle, being a road beginning at Seven Pines, some seven miles from Richmond on the Williamsburg Road, and running northward to New Bridge, distant about five miles; the four-mile remainder of the Williamsburg Road to Bottom's Bridge; and the river from New Bridge to Bottom's Bridge. Now that road from Seven Pines northward to New Bridge passes through Fair Oaks, a station on the York Railroad, goes on to Old Tavern, a junction point with a road to Richmond called the Nine Mile Road, and still further to New Bridge.

The Federals, on May 28, 29, were north of the river beginning at about Meadow Bridge and extending down to Bottom's Bridge, but none below, where the Federals had

several bridges and the railroad bridge, planked over. At New Bridge the Confederate line left the river, turned southward and ran as far as Old Tavern, the junction with Nine Mile Road, leaving some two and a half miles of road toward Seven Pines unguarded. It did not require all of Johnston's army to man this line from Meadow to New Bridge, and, turning there, to Old Tavern. Nor were there any roads to the city (but the railroad) between Old Tavern and Seven Pines. Johnston kept a large division (Smith's) near Meadow Bridge as a reserve, and then he had Longstreet's six brigades near Richmond, D. H. Hill's four brigades, and Huger also arriving there from Norfolk with three brigades. All these troops he could move at will to any point attacked. Having guarded the Nine Mile with troops at Old Tavern, he could watch all approach of the enemy by way of the railroad or Williamsburg Road, and he put D. H. Hill far out on the latter for that purpose.

We may say here that the Federals never attempted any crossings above New Bridge or attacked the line from there to Old Tavern. They crossed and were found by Hill, on the 30th, on the Williamsburg Road, and also during the battle another force passed across the New Bridge to the Old Tavern front of the Confederate line, to the gap between Old Tavern and Seven Pines, seeking to rescue their friends advancing on the Williamsburg Road. The battle was with the Federals on the Williamsburg Road, and a new battle arose with those coming in front of Old Tavern to help the others. The two battles remained all of the first day separated by a gap of three quarters of a mile or more.

Hill, on the 30th, found that McClellan, having previously crossed troops at Bottom's Bridge, was advancing to the city straight up the Williamsburg Road and had reached Seven Pines, where he fortified, and extended a line from that road northwestwardly to Fair Oak station on the railroad. On that night of May 30, Johnston made plans to attack. McClellan had crossed two corps. He halted Heintzleman at Bottom's Bridge and the bridge over the adjacent White Oak swamp, just south, and sent Keyes with another corps toward Richmond as far as Seven Pines. These, as was said, stretched from Seven Pines to Fair Oaks. Johnston would not disturb his line guarding Richmond along the crest of the bluffs, nor that from New Bridge to Old Tavern. He would use his reserves—Smith's five brigades—to extend that line from Old Tavern toward Fair Oaks, as far as necessary, then Hill's four brigades to attack the entrenchments in front with Longstreet (who had six brigades) on Hill's left, and Huger with three on his right. Hill could go straight down the Williamsburg Road, Longstreet get on his left by means of the Nine Mile and a lateral road, and Huger find his place on the right flank by a road called the Charles City Road, also running eastwardly, and before that road passed south of White Oak swamp, turning by a lateral road back toward the Williamsburg Road, Smith could follow Longstreet on Nine Mile as far as Tavern and extend the line there toward Fair Oaks. If needed to help in the attack, he would be able to do so, or if needed to hold back the Federals north of the river from reinforcing their friends, he would be in position. Longstreet's six, Huger's three, and Hill's four brigades meant in early days of the war something like 25,000 to 30,000 men, and Smith might be able to add more. Only some 18,000 Federals were with Keyes, and the work could be done before Heintzleman's 18,000 could be brought up from Bottom Bridge. If Keyes was crushed, then Heintzleman's advance to help could be easily handled.

It is to be noted there were three roads and three divisions, a road for each, while Smith was to follow Longstreet and



halt at Old Tavern and thus not interfere at all, but be on hand for emergencies. It was a most simple plan, but very beautiful in embracing no disturbance of the troops guarding Richmond, but a reinforcement of them by a protection of their flank through extension of their line toward Fair Oaks, while, since Keyes's line was so short that the thirteen brigades attacking it would far overlap, they could swing round it on both flanks and turn it out, pushing it, in rout perhaps, back on Heintzleman at Bottom's Bridge. In the issue we will see that just five brigades and a fraction did the work, so what would have been the result if the flanking troops had been in place? General Johnston's plans of battle were ever equal to the best, and this was surely no exception.

But the very capable but ever opinionated Longstreet was put in charge of all that right wing of thirteen brigades. Johnston himself went to Old Tavern with Smith's five brigades and took charge personally of the fighting there, separated entirely from the attack and the real battle under Longstreet. General Lee has said a brigadier "leads" his troops, a division commander "fights" his troops, a corps commander "commands," and a general of army "directs." Johnston went with Smith's division, fought with them, and was wounded by both ball and shell. He was not the only "general" who did not watch that splendid fighter, Longstreet, closely enough; and Albert Sydney Johnston even lost his life and the victory by fighting instead of directing. Lee himself, on at least two occasions, started to act as a brigadier and lead troops into action. But Johnston was using Smith merely to bring up troops, and went with Whiting (to whom Smith, when appointed to command the left wing, turned over the active command of the division) right into the fight.

The contingencies of Johnston's plan were these: Suppose Hill's four brigades could not, without supports behind, carry the entrenchments, as happened later to Hill himself at Chickamauga? Or, suppose in Smith's battle, the gap should be used by the enemy to flank Smith and reach the Nine Mile Road approach to Richmond. To guard against the former, Longstreet held off his brigades from the flank so as to come in behind Hill, and only one of his six were used in the fight on the left of Hill, as ordered in Johnston's plan; while to guard against the possibility of attack in the direction of the gap, Johnston strongly maintained connection with the troops stationed at Old Tavern. He could not do this and at same time extend all the way to Hill's left. Now, as it happened, water from White Oak swamp proved a very effectual guard on their left flank for the Federals, and, as neither Longstreet nor Johnston filled the place on Hill's left, the well-planned flanking did not take place on either flank, except to a very limited extent. Perhaps it should be said that while what may be called battle-flanking was contemplated, a more extensive strategic flanking or marching flanking could not be contemplated on Hill's left because of the nearness of the river and its lower bridges held by the Federals, allowing them to cut the flankers off at the gap.

Johnston received news of the Federal advance to Seven Pines on the 30th, so Longstreet came over to his headquarters, said he heard all the plans, saw the orders to the others written, and himself received *verbal orders*. Heavy rains had begun at noon and continued through most of the night, raising the river, Gillis Creek, between Nine Mile Road and Williamsburg Road, and White Oak Swamp between Williamsburg Road and Charles City Road. So much so that all the very flat country around was flooded. Johnston says that Longstreet "misunderstood his orders," and adds "which may be my fault, as I told you"—that is, told Smith.

In the ensuing account of this, the main battle, I wish to

lay stress on three things: Hill's splendid fighting, Longstreet's most remarkable blunders, and the unjust and even cruel way in which the entirely innocent Huger was blamed in the report of Longstreet, and even of Johnston, who followed Longstreet's account.

As all had to march miles before the battle could begin, a great point was made in all orders of an early start, and, accordingly, all started on time. Longstreet had six brigades near Richmond, and also took his wagons along, making, of course, a long train. Hill would be first to get in position so as to open the fight, but he was not to do this until Huger should come up behind him, relieve a brigade posted by Hill in his rear with one of his own, and pass on to the right of Hill. At one o'clock, according to Hill's report, Huger had not appeared. Probably it was even later, and Hill had yet to march some distance, deploy his line of battle and drive in the enemy's skirmishers and pickets—all requiring time. There was no heavy fighting till after two at the earliest. But Huger had started early, and even though delayed by much water, would have easily fallen in behind Hill and been right in place. Smith, too, brought his five brigades under Whiting to Johnston's headquarters on the Nine Mile Road and could reach Old Tavern in plenty of time. What, then, was the trouble? Simply this: Longstreet had got it into his head somehow that he was to come in behind Hill on the Williamsburg Road instead of on the left of Hill, and that Smith was to move on the Gaines road along the crest of the bluffs as far as New Bridge, then along the New Bridge, where Magruder's troops stood, till he reached Old Tavern, and then proceed to Hill's left near Fair Oaks. So, Smith found Longstreet's troops not moving down the Nine Mile to Old Tavern, but across the Nine Mile Road to get on the Williamsburg Road behind Hill. Had Smith taken the Gaines road, he would have been exposed to the sight of the enemy across the river and betrayed the movement to attack Keyes at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. Longstreet found Hill on the Williamsburg Road and had to halt strung out and blocking Smith. Then when Hill got by, Longstreet ran into Huger coming to get behind Hill according to orders. Longstreet says in his book that he was first at a certain creek that had to be bridged, so he took the road away from Huger. However, as Hill could not fight till Huger relieved his brigade, guarding a road to Richmond, and took his position, the delay to build a bridge, and cross six brigades over it, and also the wagons and then the halt of all this procession in order to let Huger once more pass on ahead of it, consumed hours of time. At one o'clock, as we saw, Huger was not in sight of Hill. How could Huger help it. Longstreet had, in fact, destroyed Johnston's plan, taken Smith's road away and then Huger's, and had himself produced the delay that he and Johnston were to stress in their reports as working great injury. But yet more: Longstreet and Huger had a talk over seniority of rank, and Longstreet says in his book that when he found that Huger ranked him, he offered Huger the command and Huger declined; and then he proposed that Huger stay with his one brigade and send his other two to the front (presumably under some one else), and while Huger assented, his "manner was eloquent of discontent," so, "the better to harmonize, I proposed to reinforce his column with three of my brigades, to be sent under General Wilcox, to lead or follow his division *as he might order*." Then he continues: "I gave special orders to Wilcox to have care that the head of his column," etc. We have only next to turn to Wilcox's report and letter to Smith to see that this brigadier was given five brigades (two of Huger's and three of Longstreet's) and by *Longstreet's* orders they were kept marching all evening behind the lines, up and down the



Charles City Road, until at last, at nearly sunset, two regiments entered the main battle over on the Williamsburg road and not on the flank at all. Even Huger's last brigade was sent for, and thus Huger, one of the three division generals on the field (Longstreet, Hill, and Huger), was rendered a nullity, while a brigadier was given five brigades, suddenly, in presence of the enemy, in dense woods and on a deeply flooded terrain, only to be kept where the troops were useless—ordered first to follow, then to lead, then to go back, then to return, and, finally, to cross over to where Longstreet himself was—a mile behind the battle. O, it is queer reading, I can assure you! And when you remember that Longstreet was given thirteen brigades to use for the attack, and only put five and two regiments into the fighting, amazement alone expresses the feelings of a reader.

Probably Longstreet had tried to advise Johnston to put some troops behind Hill's, and thought he had succeeded in convincing him. Possibly, also, he had advised that Smith could extend from Old Tavern to Fair Oaks, and do the flanking Johnston had assigned to his (Longstreet's) division. According to his book, he seldom left his superiors without advice, and, as often happens in such cases, imagined he had won his point because they listened and did not emphatically enough reject his view. He shows by his account that he utterly failed to see that Johnston could not afford to let Smith get tangled up in a deadly grapple, while he, with no other troops in reserve, might suffer a tremendous assault on Magruder's, Jones's, or A. P. Hill's rather weak lines that guarded Richmond. Longstreet complains that Smith, in the fighting that fell to his lot from the troops McClellan sent across to help those Longstreet was attacking, did not use artillery; but it is easy to see that Johnston wanted Smith to hold himself free to draw out from a grapple. In fact, Johnston was fighting Smith's division himself, and assigned Smith to a minor rôle. Longstreet, with a very correct tactical idea as to Hill's attack, and the possibilities for Smith, did not apprehend at all Johnston's care for the dangers that could threaten his center and his extreme left.

As to the use of so few troops for his attack, when he had nearly three times as many as he used, it may be remarked that Longstreet was an economical fighter. He seems to a reader to have seldom illustrated Forrest's dictum—"to get there first with the most men." His method was to prepare to hit hard, never mind how long it took to get ready, and to hit tremendously on a narrow front. He seemed content on this occasion with what was done, while Johnston and Lee had hoped to crush and mangle both corps of the enemy. He had accomplished a great feat of arms by superb fighting, but he had enough men to have done much more with far less slaughter—at least, the books of good soldiers say so. That he was successful in storming the field works in two successive lines half a mile apart seems in large measure, due to his lieutenant, D. H. Hill, who proved himself that day a Paladin of great stature in a fight.

Huger needs no vindication at anybody's hands. His own record in two wars and the facts as given by Longstreet himself have been and are amply sufficient. What strikes a reader is that Longstreet tells that Huger did him the honor to decline the advantage presented by their respective commissions as major generals, and that he at once turned round and deprived him of the slightest power to carry out Johnston's orders by taking from him all of his brigades, first putting two under a brigadier, together with three of his own, and afterwards sending the third to Hill. That he offered to send Huger those three to act under his orders—"to lead or follow, as he might order," and when the offer was

accepted, he proceeded to order all five brigades himself clear away from Huger's sight or hearing. That having only two division commanders, he deprived himself of one. That although General Wilcox's experience as a brigadier general was necessarily at this period of the war very limited, he gave him five brigades to handle there and then, and bade him "keep abreast of the line of battle" raging in the worst terrain imaginable—dense thickets, swamps, and ponds. These are indeed railing accusations, but Longstreet writes them himself in cold blood. And, far worse, it was Longstreet who wrote in his report that Huger had caused the delay in the battle. Truly, Longstreet "has it in for" Longstreet, and still, as the old song goes, "with all your faults, we love you still." Yea, verily, the man who made "the first corps" of the Army of Northern Virginia what it was must have been a born soldier.

And so now in this very fight we have evidence of Longstreet's great efficiency as a corps commander. A battle is at hand, his superior out of the range of orders, Huger disposed of also, a free field offered for tactics, and a capital fighter at the head of the division assigned to the frontal attack. He finds that the water from White Oak reaches so near the Federal left that there is really little or no chance for that flank to be attacked, as Johnston planned, so he gives it up, and keeps Wilcox with all those brigades in rear. True, his efforts to draw Wilcox near him caused many orders and long failure, but that is the real meaning of Wilcox's position. He sends Kemper's Brigade to help Hill's right in any flanking possible, puts R. H. Anderson into Hill's frontal line, and stations Pickett on his left flank as a guard against the enemy from direction of New Bridge. Then he makes his frontal attack with all the force that can be gotten out of five brigades, aiding it by little flanking excursions as need and opportunity arise. The enemy has two lines of more or less efficient field works—a redoubt, and pits, some breastworks, and abattis—half a mile apart. Before night he has driven him a mile behind the second line. Not in rout, nor with the loss of many prisoners, but often in confusion and in final complete defeat, with ten guns and several thousand muskets left behind, as well as all their camp equipage. Reinforcements by Kearny's Division avail them not. Some strong and extensive field works in their rear receive and protect them—and night. Not only is it a neat performance, but one typical of Longstreet's methods.

But at one time, he tells us, his forward attack was "in a sack." What does he do? He appeals to Smith, and sends for Wilcox, so as to flank on his left, where Johnston had assigned the position of his, Longstreet's, division. They do not come, and he dispenses with such aid, and fights on to victory. Wilcox gets two regiments into the battle.

One has to read the reports of the brigade commanders in order to see the terrible conditions under which our troops fought—sheets of water from ankle to waist deep, sticky, holding mud at the bottom; thickets and dense woods; impenetrable briars, and all the rest of it. Nothing but enthusiastic courage and confidence in Hill and Longstreet carried them through. One must know that when five brigades whip a corps and a half behind field works in a stand up fight, the whole was a deed of heroism.

On Smith's side, as was said, the fighting was merely preventative, but anything but perfunctory. The Federals employed their artillery, while the Confederates kept theirs almost unused, so that the Federals rather got the best of the fighting. No positions were won or lost. The Federals did not try to go to Richmond, and were unable to reach their friends. Johnston did his part as planned.



As to the battle next day, little need be said. Gustavus W. Smith, succeeding to command, had to plan for a battle the conditions of which he could not possibly know. It was believed that the high stage of water would that night prevent the crossing of the river, but if it did not, then the odds against the Confederates might well be overwhelming. Nor would there be time in the morning for much reconnaissance on account of the fear of the river falling rapidly. Whatever was done had to be done quickly. Smith decided to try a battle, and Lee approved. But what kind of battle and where? As we have seen, A. P. Hill, Jones, and Magruder were tied to stations of defense. Even Smith's division had to defend the Nine Mile Road against a flank attack by way of the gap between it and Fair Oaks. It seemed that only Longstreet, with D. H. Hill's, Huger's, and his own divisions, was available for attack. Smith ordered Longstreet to pivot on Whiting (at or near Fair Oaks) and wheel against the enemy, both antagonists having rested the night before in lines bent at an obtuse angle. Some hot fighting in several places showed the enemy, on account of reinforcements and defences, much too strong for the forces available, so that in as much as one side was afraid and the other glad of it, the fighting paused and died completely down. Smith was on the verge of a stroke of paralysis, which came the day after, and probably was not equal to the situation under such circumstances; but he was an extremely able man in more ways than one, and a Kentuckian who, like Helm and Hanson, Morgan and Breckinridge, loved the South and its great cause with all his heart. He lived to serve her again, and happily closed his military career with a victory at Honey Hill, S. C., in the end of 1864, where, commanding a thousand Georgia militia and two hundred Confederate soldiers, he defeated General Hatch with several thousand men. In the Mexican War, he had served with McClellan as his junior in an engineer company, and won three brevets. His health seems to have been all that kept him from high distinction, and, even as it was, his services were very important. His book "Confederate War Papers" is very *illuminating*.

## SERVICE WITH THE VIRGINIA ARMY.

The following is taken from the reminiscences of the late Capt. Robert William Douthat, so well known in late years, both North and South, for his lecture on the battle of Gettysburg, in which he had an active part. Captain Douthat had also served his Southland well in the service he gave in the schools of different States, service both as instructor and as the directing head, having been president of Quitman College, Ark., and others, and held degrees from several. He was especially proficient in the ancient languages, and his last work was as teacher of Greek and Latin in the West Virginia University at Morgantown. His death occurred at Abilene, Tex., in December, 1925. He was a student at Emory and Henry College, Washington County, Va., in his twentieth year, when the war began, and the war fever broke up the class work, the students returning to their homes. His narrative begins:

"The day after I reached home, I joined a company which was expected to be infantry, and upon organization I was elected junior second lieutenant and received my commission shortly thereafter in the Virginia army. All of the States at that time maintained State troops. We were not brought into the Confederate service, as such, until the reorganization of the army at Yorktown in April, 1862, and in that reorganization I was elected first lieutenant, under Captain Fowlkes. On the night of May 30, 1862, one of the heaviest rains that ever

fell in Virginia fell at Richmond. The wind blew, the tents fell, and many of the boys had to sleep in water if they slept at all. About daylight on the morning of the 31st, we had orders to get ready for a march and long roll was sounded so that every soldier had to hurry from breakfast and make ready for battle. The reason for this rapid movement was an effort on the part of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to capture Key's Corps of the Union army, which had crossed to the north side of the Chickahominy River. The river being up so high that no help could get to Key from the other side determined Johnston to push as rapidly as possible to the capture. General Huger was ordered to strike Key's left flank at daylight of the 31st, and D. H. Hill was ordered to strike Key's right flank as soon as he heard the guns of Huger's army; then the two flanks of Key's army were to be attacked by Huger and Hill, and Longstreet was to strike the center.

"It would have been a complete capture had Johnston's orders been obeyed, but Huger, on our right, said he got lost and couldn't find the enemy, and Hill, of course, couldn't fire a gun until he heard the guns of Huger; so, about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the river had fallen and troops had been brought over from the Union side to the help of Key, Longstreet's Division was ordered into the center and my regiment, in particular, was taken in where there was no shelter, and Key's men in the swamps, behind the bushes, poured the hot lead into our ranks to such an extent that in less than ten minutes one hundred and sixty men, out of less than four hundred, went down to death or wounds, and among these was that beloved Captain Fowlkes. He was killed just a little in front of me, shot in the head; and to my right Sergeant Francis was wounded three times, twice after he fell; Bob Hudgins, on my left, was wounded six times, and, while lying on the ground, with his head behind a cartridge box, the cartridge box was torn all to pieces. The command was given to retreat, but as I did not want to be shot in the back, which I always thought would be proof that I was running from the enemy, I dropped down among the dead and wounded and let the firing go on over my head from both sides. Soon the battle began a little to our left, and all the Union soldiers that had been in our front moved in that direction, leaving the way clear for me to go out. Twenty-six men of my company were killed and wounded there in less than ten minutes. From that time to the close of the war I was in, first, the seven days battles around Richmond, then in the Second Manassas, on the old Manassas battle ground; then in the battle of Sharpsburg, in Maryland; in the battle of Fredericksburg; in the siege at Suffolk for a full week, keeping general picket in Suffolk while we were gathering all the bacon out of North Carolina, preparatory to the Gettysburg campaign. After the siege of Suffolk, we were moved back to the vicinity of Richmond and held there in camp until the time seemed propitious for moving into Pennsylvania.

"It was not long after wading the Potomac River until we got into serious trouble at Gettysburg. My command in the battle of Gettysburg (Pickett's Division) consisted of three brigades. My brigade was on the extreme right, Garnett's Brigade on the extreme left, and Armistead's Brigade in the center. An artillery duel preceding the charge lasted for two full hours. There was no shelter for any of the troops, and shells were pouring their shot into our ranks during all of those two hours. Many were killed and many wounded before the charge began. In the charge, seven-eighths of a mile, we had to go as rapidly as possible, while trying to keep our alignment complete, and when we got anywhere near the enemy's breastworks, Statler's Vermont Brigade attacked our



right flank and captured a large number of the 24th Virginia Regiment, which threw my regiment, the 11th, on the extreme right, so that we—those that were left of us after the charge—had to fight Statler's Brigade in order to keep them from capturing all that were left of us. The last I saw of Pickett's Division, it consisted of five men: One colonel, wounded, standing and waiting a chance to get out; one man with the flag of our regiment, also waiting for a chance to slip out; one man, with myself, firing on the 11th Vermont Regiment; and Capt. John Smith, lying at my feet, badly wounded. I fired as often as I could with my gun until, looking around I saw that everybody was gone but the wounded man at my feet, and he doubtless wondered why I stood there so long, possibly thinking that I was staying to keep him company. I finally ran. I know I ran. I think I could have beaten a Marathon racer that day. When I came out on the hill, Seminary Ridge, and was talking with a wounded Mississippian, General Lee rode up, only a few steps away from where I was standing, and an officer went to him and said: 'General, we are in a bad condition.' General Lee, without any perturbation, said: 'We must gather together our resources and make the best of it.'

"If the enemy had known our condition at that time they could have sent a force between us and Hood's Division and could have captured all of Hood's men, because there was something like a full mile with no troops to hold the ground; but Meade's army was as badly hurt as was ours, and, therefore, not in any condition to follow us; so we got back to the fords at Williamsport, Md.; but the Potomac River was up so high that it was impossible to cross it, and we stayed there on the banks of the river until the night of the 14th of July, eleven days after the battle had been fought. We had, perhaps, forty thousand men left, and the enemy's army had recruited to over ninety thousand men, but they did not dare to make any attack, and we crossed the river on the night of the 14th almost undisturbed, except by a few drunken cavalymen, and went into camp at Martinsburg, Va. (now West Virginia).

"The only special event in 1864 that I remember was the siege of Plymouth, N. C., when we captured the place and the Union forces by the Confederate ram Albemarle running into Plymouth by one of the big forts of the Union army. My company was on picket duty not far from the fort on the night that the ram ran into Plymouth, and we heard the orders at the fort: 'That is one of our vessels; don't fire on it.' The Union troops were deceived and did not know any better until the Confederate ram was right in the center of the Union forces. The next morning, my company seeing the Union flag lowered at the fort and the Union soldiers coming out and stacking arms for surrender, was the first to enter the fort.

"I recall that I had a furlough that year and went back to see my sweetheart. I had some notion of getting married, but my mother said: 'Wait another year, and then I will not object.' When I went back to camp after my furlough ran out, the army was on the move, and we were finally located in the region of Drury's Bluff and kept Ben Butler inside of the Bermuda Hundred, between the two rivers—the James and the Appomattox. Before getting our positions on this Bermuda Hundred line, we had a severe battle, called the "Battle of Drury's Bluff," in driving Butler out of his position between Petersburg and Richmond, and the loss to both armies was heavy. We had two battles, one on the morning of the 16th and the other on the afternoon of the 17th of May, before we got Butler into the triangle from which he could never escape. Grant said Butler was "hermetically sealed."

He couldn't get up either of the rivers because our heavy artillery blocked the way, and we had sufficient force between the two rivers to prevent his making any attack on our lines; but he was shrewd enough to allow his men to trade coffee



ROBERT WILLIAM DOUTHAT,  
Second Lieutenant and Officer of the Day,  
Picture taken at Centerville, Va., about 1861.

for tobacco on the picket lines, and in that way had opportunity to distribute promises that if our men would desert, he would put them where they would have employment at good wages, and so have money enough to start in business after the war was over. Many of our men yielded to the temptation and deserted. Not less than ten men out of my own company deserted while we were on that particular line of battle.

"On March 30, we were taken out of the breastworks near Drury's Bluff and entrained for a small station some miles north of Petersburg, where we were put off in the woods and told to rest until further orders. After sleeping until shortly before daylight, we were started out for a battle with Sheridan's cavalry, and as soon as we came in sight of them they began to run. We followed them for about six miles in their retreat, but Sheridan was simply trying to draw us as far as possible from the railroad so he might capture us. On the morning of the 1st of April, we learned that a corps of infantry had come up to help Sheridan in capturing our forces, and we retreated to what was called Five Forks, about ten miles from Petersburg, and were ordered to throw up breastworks as rapidly as possible, so that Sheridan's cavalry could not make any direct attack. Our boys worked manfully and did throw up first-class breastworks, which Sheridan could not have gotten over if we had been kept in battle line; but, on the afternoon of that day, Warren's Corps of Infantry began to get in behind us and break through between us and Petersburg, and got far into our rear. With Sheridan on one side of us and Warren's infantry on the other, we were indeed 'between the devil and the deep sea'; and when our infantry



discovered that the enemy had ten times their number, we were unable to get them to fight at all—they ran every time the blue coats came in sight.

When I found I was left alone in that angle between Sheridan's cavalry and Warren's infantry, I started to run between the two lines, and at almost every jump I made, the enemy would cry "Halt" and then fire. I thought of surrender, but decided to take my chances, so I ran on until I got where I could see the Confederates giving way in a great line of battle, our cavalry going helter-skelter, pell-mell, hurry-scurry, over the stumps and the logs in an old field. I turned a little to the right to keep out of the crush and found a few men on top of a hill, where some officer told us to put ourselves in single file, muffle our canteens, and follow a guide through the woods, never speaking one to another, because we did not know where the enemy was. We went back to Exeter Mills, a great flouring mill on the Appomattox River, that night, and there we built fires out of the stave timbers used in the making of barrels, warmed ourselves and got a little something to eat, then lay down to sleep. In the morning, about three o'clock, we heard the big guns begin to roar down at Petersburg and we knew, that Grant was making an assault all along our lines. Finally all was silent, and we knew what had surely happened—Richmond and Petersburg had been captured.

"We were then ordered to get ready to move immediately up the Appomattox toward Lynchburg. I went on with the army until we came to Sailor's Creek, near the High Bridge, where we had our last battle. The enemy surrounded us there—cavalry in front of us, infantry behind us and it was not long before Sheridan's cavalry came right down behind us. We were in an open field, and infantry could not undertake to run from cavalry. On the 6th day of April—three days before General Lee surrendered, we were captured and taken back to a place now called Blackston, and kept in camp there one night. Most of the men were under guard and started for City Point the next morning. I, with eighteen others, was on the sick list, and we were left behind, and there I passed my twenty-fifth birthday. On April 14, our nineteen were taken down to Petersburg, and the next day we were taken to City Point and put under a guard of negroes. On the morning of the 16th we were placed on a boat and started for Washington City. On the way down, we met a boat coming from Alexandria, displaying a large placard stating "The President Assassinated." Our boat was held at Alexandria until Monday morning, the 17th, when we were taken into Washington City and placed in the Old Capitol Prison. The whole city was just like a tinder box at that time. Finally we were sent to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, where I was held from May 2 until June 18, when I was released on taking the oath of allegiance.

"It took us ten days to reach home. Roads were cut, and we had to ride on oil cars, coal cars, and in box cars until we reached Baltimore. We had to stay there a day because no arrangements had been made to get us out of the city. So many were coming from prison that they didn't have the means to send us away. I went that night with a friend to the theater, where Byron's Mazeppa was presented, and then back to the wharf and lay down to sleep. In the morning we were taken on boat and started down the Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the Rappahannock River, but the boat was unseaworthy and anchored there until morning—it would not travel after night. We reached City Point on Sunday morning. A few of us decided to go to Richmond, where we found Confederates numerous, sitting around everywhere under the trees, waiting for some chance to get home. We

decided to go over to Petersburg in the afternoon, and the assistant agent put us in a car of oats on the train to Burkville, where Grant's army was then. We slept there as soundly as we ever slept in bed at home, and the next morning a train came loaded down with Confederates on their way home. Three of us got on that train. I sat on the edge of a box car with my legs hanging over the side. The train was unable to move and two cars were cut off to lighten it. It then ran about a mile out of Petersburg and stalled, and then ran back to Petersburg and cut off every car except the one I was on, which happened to be a mail car for Grant's army. We reached Burkville that night and had to walk eight miles around the high bridge to reach Farmville, the bridge having been partially burned. At Farmville we slept on the station platform and on the next day we started for Lynchburg, but could not go all the way because the road was broken again, and we had to walk through the country some eight or ten miles before we could get into Lynchburg. Being a part of the Lynchburg regiment, we were grandly treated when we did get there.

"That night we again slept on the station platform, preparatory to making our last run up the mountain, where old Christiansburg nestled. We found the road cut so that we had to walk up the mountain, fourteen miles. I had been used to walking for four long years, and walking was a very small matter with me—besides, I wanted to get home—I wanted to get home! I got right out in the middle of the road and went just as fast as my legs could carry me up the mountain. I beat the stage for twelve miles—a four-horse stage—and got into Christiansburg before the stage was emptied. My father was there making inquiries about me; but I did not know it. I kept right on in the middle of the street until I got home and began to knock, knock, knock on the doors and windows—nobody seemed to be there. I wondered what in the world had happened—had the Yankees come in there and taken my father and driven my mother and sisters away! At last father called to me from the alley; and he was a happy man that night that I had gotten back unhurt. He explained that my mother, wife, and sisters were at Yellow Sulphur Springs, and that I could go out there the next morning. I lay down to rest with the feeling that the Lord had preserved me from the dangers of war and that I would keep the promise I had made him to be his servant thenceforth, and in my weak way I have tried to keep that promise, which has largely affected my life since then."

## SIGNERS OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

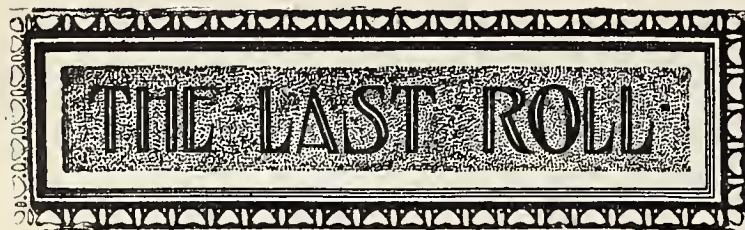
One of the fiery spirits of the Revolution, and one which is synonymous with the "Spirit of '76," was Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts. Needless to say he signed the Declaration of Independence.

The colony of Massachusetts was most affected by trade restrictions, and she was the first to move in protest. The Assembly had a spirited leader in Samuel Adams, who was the author of several protests to king and parliament. He also wrote a circular letter which the Assembly sent to other colonies, suggesting that coöperation was essential in a cause which affected all of the continent.

The famous "Boston Massacre" occurred March 5, 1770. Two soldiers were attacked and beaten by townsmen, and a dangerous spirit was aroused. Another, struck with a stick, discharged his musket without orders, and the mob rushed

(Continued on page 77.)





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

Sleep on awhile, you quiet throng;  
Soon will you hear a rising song,  
Your pulses beat to stir.  
Then comrades faithful, strong, and free  
United once again to be  
A radiant, deathless soldiery.

No trumpet note to sound retreat  
No bitter sense of hard defeat.  
Beyond the borderland.  
A surety of duty done  
At close of day, at rise of sun,  
Awaits your faithful band.

And here no shock of cruel wars  
Can jar upon your deafened ears,  
No victory urge you on.  
No bugle call to wake to fears  
No laughter stir you, and no tears.  
Just rest. Your battles lost—yet won.

COL. W. M. MOORE.

Col. W. M. Moore, born September 30, 1837, in Harrison County, Ky., died at his home in Cynthiana, Ky., on December 25, 1927. His parents moved to Missouri when he was two years old, but in 1882 he returned to his native county in Kentucky. He was married twice—first to Miss Fannie Garnett, and his second wife was Miss Rosa Fry. He leaves three daughters, with whom he made his home in Cynthiana. Comrade Moore enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in 1861 and was in active service more than four years, with the exception of the times he was recovering from wounds. He was elected captain of Company A, 10th Missouri Infantry, and served as such until the death of the colonel and lieutenant colonel, who were both killed in the same battle. Being the senior captain, he was promoted to colonel and served as such until the end. He participated in many battles and skirmishes under Sterling Price and other commanders, and refused a commission as brigadier general because he preferred to remain with his own command.

Colonel Moore was a gallant soldier, an honorable gentleman, a good citizen, and a sincere Christian, a member of the Baptist Church. He was honored and respected by the whole community and loved by his friends and Confederate comrades. He was elected to the offices of sheriff and representative in the Missouri legislature after the war and was representative of his county (Harrison) in the Kentucky legislature in the years 1889 and 1891. He was a trustee of the Kentucky Confederate Home for several years, until he was disabled by a fall. He was a most interesting conversationalist, with a remarkable memory, and was always patient and cheerful under his affliction. He will be greatly missed by his family, friends, and Confederate comrades.

J. C. WILLIAMS.

After a brief illness, J. C. Williams died at the home of his son near Lewisville, Tex., on December 4, 1927, aged eighty-seven years. He was born at Selma, Ala., February 29, 1840, and moved to Mississippi in 1859, locating at Montrose. He enlisted in the Confederate service at Garlandville in 1861, serving with Company I, 20th Mississippi Regiment, Adams's Brigade, Loring's Division, Johnston's Army, and took part in several hard-fought battles; was in the battle of Richmond Hill, after which he was sent to Fort Donelson, where he was captured and sent to Camp Douglas Prison and held there for eight months, being exchanged in September, 1862. He afterwards joined Johnston at Jackson, Miss., and was in the siege of Vicksburg, the battles of New Hope Church, Big Sandy, and at Franklin, Tenn., and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C.

Comrade Williams was known as a faithful friend to all with whom he came in contact, and he will be greatly missed. He was a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and a member of Sul Ross Camp, U. C. V., at Denton, Tex. This comrade will be remembered as the one who walked from Dallas, Tex., to Macon, Ga., in 1912, at the age of seventy-two, the distance being over nine hundred miles.

Surviving him are a son and three daughters, also several grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

[W. M. McCreless, Lewisville, Tex.]

WILLIAM M. NEWMAN.

William M. Newman was born in Washington County, Tex., February 27, 1845, and he answered the call of his Master on the morning of December 14, 1927. Funeral services were held at the First Baptist Church of Santa Anna, Tex.

William M. Newman enlisted in the Confederate army on July 28, 1863, and, serving in Company C, 20th Texas Regiment, was discharged on May 24, 1865, and returned home. He was married to Miss Ida R. Smith in 1884, by William Carey Crane, who, at that time, was president of Baylor University.

He trusted Jesus Christ as his Saviour in early manhood, and to his Lord he was ever faithful.

"Uncle Billy," as he was familiarly known, spent the first forty-five years of his life in the home where he was born, moving to Coleman County, Tex., near Santa Anna, in 1890, where he lived for thirty-seven years.

He possessed some wonderful traits of character and was possessed with splendid talent. He was a patient sufferer for over seven years, and bore all with patience, making his surroundings pleasant to those about him.

Surviving him are five children, twenty-one grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

JAMES FRANCIS POU, SR.

A greatly beloved and honored citizen was lost to Waynesboro and Wayne County, Miss., in the death of Dr. J. F. Pou, Sr., which occurred on the 20th day of October. Dr. Pou was a native of Wayne County, belonging to one of the prominent families of East Mississippi. Two elder brothers having given their lives for the Confederacy, James F. Pou, at the age of seventeen years, enrolled in the 24th Regiment, Mississippi Cavalry, C. S. A., remaining in the service until the close of the War between the States.

After the war, he took a medical course at Tulane University, and, after graduating there, he returned to Wayne County, where he was a successful and esteemed physician for more than forty years. He was laid to rest in the beautiful Hebron Cemetery, lovingly attended by his comrades, family, and friends.



COL. J. W. GORDON, U. C. V.

Col. John Wotton Gordon, Confederate veteran and one of the most prominent men in the fire insurance business in the State of Virginia, died on January 5, at his home, "Huntly," near Richmond. He was eighty years old.

Colonel Gordon had been active in business until last July when his physical condition became impaired and he had been confined to his bed.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Annie Laurie Pender, of Tarboro, N. C., three daughters, and several grandchildren.

Colonel Gordon was born in Hertford, Perquimans County, N. C., on March 25, 1847, the son of George B. and Elizabeth Ann Jones Gordon, and he was the eldest of six children.

He was reared on his father's plantation, Sombresylve, and under his father's tutorship and at a private school he was prepared for college. He was only fourteen years old when the War between the States began, but entreated his parents for permission to join the army. This request refused, he was allowed to attend the Military Academy, at Hillsboro, N. C. Returning to his home in the latter part of 1862, he informed his parents of his intention to volunteer as a soldier. At Raleigh he was offered a lieutenant's commission to drill infirmity recruits. He preferred the cavalry, however, and desired to go to the front, and in January, 1863, he mounted his pet mare and rode off to the war, enlisting as a private in Company C, 2nd North Carolina Cavalry.

On June 9, 1863, in the engagement at Brandy Station, he was disabled by two wounds and taken prisoner. He was confined in the Price-Street hospital, Alexandria, Va., and the Capitol Prison, Washington, for ten weeks, after which he was exchanged.

Soon after reëntering the service, he was made a corporal, and was later promoted to a sergeantcy. Subsequently he was appointed aide-de-camp, with the rank of first lieutenant, on the staff of Gen. W. P. Roberts.

Several times he was detailed to important and dangerous duty. From the day of his enlistment until the close of the war, he did not miss a day's duty, save when he was wounded and a prisoner of war. He participated in numerous important engagements.

At the close of the war—he was then eighteen—he found his father penniless, and set out to support the family. For two years he engaged in farming and later taught school. In 1871 he entered the fire insurance business in Wilmington, N. C. He moved to Richmond in 1879, continuing in the fire insurance business. He had been on the vestry of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and was a member of the Westmoreland Club, the Country Club of Virginia, and Dove Lodge, No. 51, A. F. and A. M.; and he was a Past Commander of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, was on the Board of Visitors of the Confederate Home, a member of its executive committee, and chairman of its application committee.

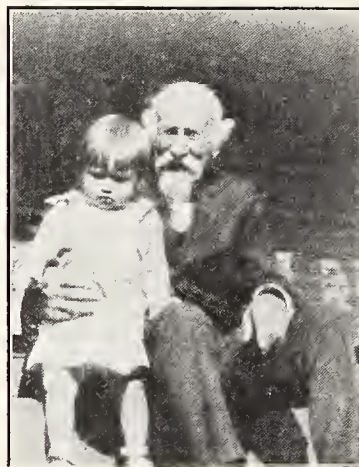
Colonel Gordon was general chairman of the Confederate reunion in Richmond in 1907 and was active in the movement to erect the Stuart monument.

EDWARD T. BRUMBACK

Edward T. Brumback died at his home near Ida, Page County, Va., in the latter part of November 1927, aged eighty-seven years. He served with John S. Mosby's command in the War between the States. He was president of the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Stanley, Va., and a prosperous farmer. His wife and five children survive him.

EZRA BOWERS.

Ezra Bowers, born in Virginia, March 31, 1841, died on December 26, 1927, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. S. A. Fleming, Sutton, W. Va.



MR. BOWERS AND GRANDCHILD.

He was united in marriage to Miss Anna Bumbaugh, of Virginia, in 1866, and their married life lacked but ten days of being sixty years, her death occurring in May, 1927. He was a consistent member of the Christian Church for a period of fifty-five years.

Ezra Bowers enlisted in the Confederate army at the beginning of the war, through which he served to the end under Capt. John Myers, Company C, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade.

He was wounded three times, the scars of which were borne as badges of honor. He attended the reunions regularly and always looked forward to the time in joyful anticipation, and of those of the past he held memories sweet and sacred. After the death of his wife, he made his home with his only daughter, and at Sutton it was his pleasant experience to find himself neighbor to six other aged gentlemen, each having reached more than the allotted time of threescore and ten years. Soon there grew among them an inseparable and immaculate friendship. There was daily social intercourse, a privilege flowered with beauty as the life of man fades in years. At the daughter's home, where the body lay in state, these six old comrades sat around his casket "on guard," for one of their number had received his final roll call. They gave their tributes thus: "He was my friend"; "He was truly a gentleman"; "His was the culture and loyalty of the old school"; "He was a Virginian to the last."

Although suffering intense pain, he never failed to accept the slightest service with his charming, courtly, old-timed Virginia manner. He was indeed one of nature's noblemen—intellectual, generous, courtly.

After a brief service at the home, his body was taken to his loved Virginia to be placed beside that of the sweetheart and companion of his earlier days. Thus the long gray line of march has been shortened by the death of one whose life we held in sincerity of respect and honor.

[Mrs. James E. Cutlip, President Capt. Edwin Camden Chapter, U. D. C., Sutton, W. Va.]

CHIEF SAMUEL D. MAYES.

On December 12, 1927, death claimed one of our best-loved veterans, Chief Samuel Houston Mayes. He was ex-chief of the Cherokees, and lived in Pryor, Okla. His death marked the passing of one of the Cherokees' most colorful figures.

After the War between the States, he became a leader in his tribal councils, and until recent years had been one of the strongest figures in Cherokee affairs. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of sixteen years, and served with Company K, 2nd Cherokee Regiment. He served until the end of the war, and was discharged on Red River, Choctaw Nation, April, 1865. He was born in the Indian Territory, Flint District, Cherokee Nation, May 11, 1845, and was eighty-three years old. His wife, two sons, and one daughter mourn his passing, together with the local Chapter, U. D. C., to which he was very dear.



DR. S. T. HARDISON.

The death of Dr. Samuel T. Hardison on the night of December 31, 1927, at Lewisburg, Tenn., marked the loss of one of the most useful, valuable, and universally beloved citizens who ever lived in Marshall County and brought sorrow to many devoted friends throughout this Middle Tennessee section.

The immense concourse of friends at the funeral services was an eloquent tribute to the community's love for a fallen leader and benefactor.

Out of respect to his memory, the quarterly county court adjourned during the hour of the funeral, the schools were closed, and all business was suspended.

Born February 13, 1841, Dr. Hardison would soon have been eighty-seven years of age, but his long span of temperate living spared him the usual infirmities of old age and he was active until his last illness of seven weeks. Before the outbreak of the war, Dr. Hardison had chosen the medical profession for his life's work and promptly volunteered his services as a surgeon in the Southern army. He served throughout the war with the 24th Tennessee Infantry. Immediately after the war, he finished his medical course at the University of Nashville, returning to Marshall County to begin his practice. In 1867 he was married to Miss Georgia Ann Davidson, of Bedford County, and this happy union lasted until her death in December, 1920. With the exception of a single year, Dr. Hardison lived in the same residence his entire married life, and few homes were more widely known for their hospitality and attendant virtues than the Hardison home in the suburbs of Lewisburg.

In the practice of his profession, Dr. Hardison traveled thousands of miles on horseback and is believed to have performed the first operation for appendicitis in Tennessee. In the absence of modern scientific advantages, the operation was performed under a peach tree at the patient's home. Many other outstanding incidents in his life are worthy of note. At least three generations have benefited by his professional services.

Dr. Hardison was an active leader and infallible counselor in all movements for community uplift. With his own means, he built the first electric light plant and the first ice plant in the town of Lewisburg. He was the first man to sign the guarantee of right of way for the Lewisburg-Northern Railroad. He assisted in organizing and was president of the first bank launched in Lewisburg, was president of the first national bank founded in his town, and was chairman of the board of directors. For more than half a century he was chairman of the county school board, and his advice was sought in practically every community undertaking. A man of unusually high intellectual attainments, he possessed a vast fund of information and was capable of giving sound advice on practically any subject.

Dr. Hardison probably wielded the strongest influence in the work of the Christian Church. He was the soul of honor, a man of strong convictions and moral courage, tolerant, kind, and considerate. He was a Bible student, and in the pulpit a powerful exponent of the gospel; but his life was his master sermon and one that yielded an inspiration to posterity. In every walk of life, his presence and influence will be missed. He was president of the Tennessee Orphan Home, and a staunch contributor of his time and means to the welfare of that institution. He lived modestly and temperately, practiced charity, and otherwise discharged every obligation that he conceived to be the mission of man.

JOHN W. WHITE.

John William White, long a resident of Wood County, W. Va., and a respected citizen of Parkersburg, died at his home there on October 20, 1927, at the age of eighty-five years. He was born at Harris Ferry, Wood County, August 29, 1842, on the farm owned by his maternal great-grandfather, his parents being William and Frances Elizabeth Mitchell White.

When war was declared between the States, young White enlisted under Gen. Albert G. Jenkins, Company E, 8th Virginia Cavalry, and served the duration of the war, twenty months of the time being spent in prison, three months at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, and seventeen months at Rockville, Ill. He was exchanged as a prisoner of war to Richmond, Va., and while there General Lee surrendered. On being mustered out, he returned to this section, then engaged in the lumber business near Catlettsburg, Ky., where he was married, in 1867, to Miss Martha Ann Jackson, a happy union which lasted until her death a year or so ago.

To this union were born two sons and three daughters, who survive him. He is also survived by two sisters, also a number of nephews and nieces.

The New England Baptist Church was organized in this county while Mr. White was a small boy, and meetings were held for eight years at the home of his parents. He became a member when only eight years old and had been affiliated with that faith since then. He was a leading spirit in the Men's Bible class and never missed Sunday school or Church service when able to attend. His religion was a great consolation to him at all times, and his life was one of Christian influence and worthy of the highest respect. He was a loving husband and father and a kind neighbor, and was upright in all his dealings with his fellow man. After funeral services at the family residence, the burial was in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

GABRIEL LONG WILLIAMS.

At the age of ninety-three years, Gabriel Long Williams died at his home in Clarksville, Tenn., on January 3, from shock resulting from a fall and hip fracture a few days before. He was affectionately known as "Uncle Gabe," and his passing occasioned sorrow among a wide acquaintance.

Born October 15, 1834, in Warren County, N. C., Gabriel Williams came as an infant with his parents to Tennessee, by wagon over the mountains, and they settled in Montgomery County, near Noah's Spring; but he went back to North Carolina to finish his education, graduating from the University at Chapel Hill, and he was a member of the Philanthropic Literary Society of that school.

In 1861, young Williams joined the Confederate army and served with Morgan until his capture in 1863, after which he was imprisoned at Camp Douglas, Chicago, until the close of the war. After being paroled, he returned to the South and engaged in the mercantile business at Lafayette, Ky. He was married in 1867 to Miss August G. Morris, of Newstead, Ky., who died in 1918. He located in Clarksville, Tenn., in 1870, and became one of the leading business men of the section. He retired from business in 1901, but had been active in the life of the city and was one of its most widely known citizens. He had been identified with the Forbes Bivouac of Confederate soldiers there since its organization, and was the oldest member of the Madison Avenue Methodist Church. He is survived by a brother, Dr. Allison Williams, of Lafayette, Ky., and numerous nieces and nephews.



## Gov. WILLIAM E. CAMERON.

Col. William E. Cameron, former governor of Virginia, gallant Confederate soldier, upright and honored citizen, now sleeps in Old Blandford Cemetery at Petersburg, Va. He died in January, 1927, at the home of his son, George V. Cameron, in Louisa, Va., at the age of eighty-four years. The funeral services were conducted by the A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., of Petersburg.

Governor Cameron was the chief executive of Virginia from 1882 to 1886, and he had helped to mold Virginia history in the period just after the War between the States. He was born in Petersburg November 29, 1842, the son of Walker Anderson and Elizabeth Walker Cameron, and he was of that old Scottish line which came down from Sir Ewan Lochiel Cameron, celebrated chief of the Clan Cameron of Scotland. Educated in the schools of Petersburg, Horner's Military School in North Carolina, Washington College, St. Louis, he prepared for a cadetship at West Point, to which he was appointed in 1860, but he left there when war came on between the States. He first served as drillmaster for Mississippi troops, but later on returned to Virginia and joined Company A, 12th Virginia Regiment, taking part in the leading engagements of General Lee's Army, and was finally promoted to adjutant general of Weisiger's Virginia Brigade. He made a brilliant war record, and his career since the war had been no less brilliant. He entered journalism soon after the war, and edited papers at Norfolk, Petersburg, Richmond, and became noted for his ability in that line, and for his part in ridding the State of carpetbag dominion he became known as the fighting editor. In 1876 he was elected mayor of Petersburg, and twice reelected, and he took a prominent part thereafter in State politics. He was nominated for governor in 1881, served until 1886, and in 1901 was elected to the State constitutional convention. He served in many prominent interests of the State, political and civil, and always gave a good account of himself.

Governor Cameron was married in 1869 to Miss Louisa C. Egerton, of Petersburg, Va., and is survived by two sons and a daughter. A true gentleman, husband, father, and friend, he gave the best of himself for his beloved State, and he sleeps "in honored rest" in the quietude of Old Blandford.

## ZENAS ALEXANDER.

Zenas Alexander, splendid citizen of Trigg County, Ky., passed away on the night of December 27 at his home near Caledonia, Ky., in his eighty-fifth year.

He was born in Trigg County on the 8th day of May, 1843. He had lived all his life in Trigg County.

At the age of eighteen he volunteered his services as a soldier in the Confederate army, and served with the 8th Kentucky Calvary. Soon after enlisting he contracted pneumonia and was sent to Hopkinsville and cared for in an improvised hospital in a private residence. Within two weeks he returned to his outfit, scarcely able to walk. He was at the fall of Fort Donelson, near Dover, Tenn., under the command of Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner at that time. He was finally wounded seriously and sent to a hospital at Jackson, Miss., where he remained for six months. His wounds were so serious that he was found to be incapacitated for further service, and he was honorably discharged.

Returning to Trigg County after the war, he settled down on the farm and spent the remainder of his life as a farmer and rearing a family.

He ever proved to be one of the county's outstanding citizens. With a high sense of honor, he lived the life he expected of others and was ever ready to stand for the right and

fight for the things he thought right. He was kind and companionable, a dutiful father and husband, a kind and accommodating neighbor, and a man held in highest esteem.

His wife, a daughter of the late Mark Jones, died twenty-five years ago, and he is survived by two sons and a daughter, also by one brother and three sisters.

Funeral services were held at Locust Grove Baptist Church with burial at the Mark Jones graveyard near by.

He was one of the bravest and most gallant of a band of as brave men as the world ever knew, and his passing away leaves but very few of his comrades of the days of war.

## ENSIGN G. W. ALLEN.

At Atlanta, Ga., on December 15, 1927, occurred the death of G. W. Allen, at the age of eighty-nine years. He was born in Georgia on December 2, 1838, and thus lacked but a few days of completing his eighty-ninth year. He is survived by his wife, six sons, and a daughter.

At the outbreak of war between the States, young Allen enlisted in Company I, 1st Regiment, Georgia Volunteers, under Colonel Ramsey, of Columbus, Ga. He was wounded at Greenbrier, W. Va., captured, and sent to Camp Chase at Columbus, Ohio; when exchanged, he was sent to the hospital at Richmond, Va., where he recovered, and then enlisted in the 14th Alabama Regiment, then in Virginia, and served with Company A. He was wounded the second time at Chancellorsville, and, after his recovery, he rejoined the 14th Alabama, but was pronounced unfit for active service and was assigned to the Bureau of Conscription at Salem, Ala., reporting to Captain Lockert, at Girard, Ala.

In reporting his father's death, Mr. F. L. Allen, of Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "At the battle of Greenbrier, W. Va., my father was shot through and through, and the colors of his regiment were wrapped about him when captured. Wherever that flag is now, it is stained with his blood. When captured, he was pronounced mortally wounded and taken to Columbus, Ohio. Here covered from that wound, however, and in a very bad condition was exchanged. The second wound disabled his left arm (I have the bullet which was taken from his shoulder), and it so remained until his death. . . . I do not hesitate to say that my father was of the highest type of manhood—a faithful husband, a devoted father, a loyal friend. He loved the simple life, and his length of days was the result of the life he led. He is camping now on the heavenly shore, awaiting the coming of those he loved to be joined eternally with the blest."

## JAMES L. KIRKPATRICK.

James L. Kirkpatrick, one of the last Confederates of Rockbridge County, Va., died in the month of December, 1927. He served as a trooper in Company C, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and made a record honored by his comrades. He was wounded in the leg at the battle of Monocacy, Md.

Comrade Kirkpatrick had attained the ripe age of ninety years, having been born in the neighborhood in which he died on April 8, 1837. His last years were of great infirmity and for two years he had been blind. He was tenderly cared for by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Pleasants Kirkpatrick, widow of Ralph Kirkpatrick, and in the same spirit by the people of the whole neighborhood in which he lived. He was a communicant of Bethany Lutheran Church, and he was buried in the churchyard there.

James Kirkpatrick was a son of Charles Kirkpatrick. He married Miss Sallie Lindsay, and shortly afterwards moved to Kentucky, where he spent ten years. Two sons and their mother preceded him to the grave.



## MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

The following members of Camp R. G. Pruitt, No. 439, U. C. V., of Ackerman, Miss., died during the past year:

Comrade D. E. Ray died April 2, 1927, aged about eighty-four years. He was a member of Company I, of that famous 15th Mississippi Infantry. He was a true soldier for his country during those days that tried men's souls. After the war he was equally as true a follower of his Lord and Master. He was loved by all who knew him. His place will be hard to fill in his Church (the Methodist) and neighborhood. He was one of the most loyal members of R. G. Pruitt Camp.

Comrade W. A. Moss died May 8, 1927, aged about eighty-nine. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a good man. He was a man of the highest Christian type, honest and upright in his dealings with his fellow man. Truly a good citizen is gone in his passing.

B. H. Blain died September 1, 1927.

D. C. Moss died November 20, 1927.

W. C. Coleman died November 23, 1927. Comrade Coleman was a member of Company G, 20th Mississippi Regiment. He was a good soldier during the war and was true and faithful to his every duty to his home and country after the war.

Peace be to their ashes.

Thus it will be seen that we have lost five veterans during 1927, and it leaves only sixteen or seventeen in the county.

[J. A. Holmes, Adjutant.]

## HENRY O. BRITTON.

Henry Orr Britton, one of the best known men in Williamsburg County, S. C., died at his home in Kingstree, S. C., November 17, 1927, after a long illness. He was born in this county on August 15, 1846, the son of Capt. Thomas Nelson and Rebecca Gordon Britton. At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the Confederate army and served in Company E, 7th South Carolina Battalion, until the close of the war. Following this, he served the county as clerk of court for four terms of four years each, and had since occupied himself with farming, making his home in Kingstree.

During the World War Comrade Britton served on the local exemption board. He was chairman of the Confederate Honor Roll for Williamsburg County and was always present at Memorial Day services to call the roll of the thinning band of Confederate veterans. He served as deacon of the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church for many years and to the end.

Henry Britton married, at an early age, Miss Mary Caroline Ford, of Georgetown. Only one of their three children, a daughter, survives him.

His second wife was Miss Mary Daniel, of Indiantown, who survives him, with three sons and a daughter; also five grandchildren and two sisters are left. Interment was in the Williamsburg Cemetery at Kingstree.

## HORATIO H. SEXTON.

At the age of eighty-four years, Horatio H. Sexton died at the home of his son in Huntington, W. Va., on December 16, after a short illness. He was born and reared in Cabell County, where he had lived until a few years ago.

During the War between the States, Comrade Sexton served with Company E, 8th Virginia Cavalry—Border Rangers. In an engagement at Jonesville, Tenn., on January 3, 1864, he received wounds from which he never fully recovered.

On November 20, 1863, he was married to Miss Mary E.

Nelson, who died some years ago. He is survived by four sons and two daughters. Interment was in the Maupin Cemetery, near Ona, his old home.

## D. S. HOWELL.

On October 8, the spirit of D. S. Howell had passed from the walks of earthly light into the life eternal.

D. S. Howell was born in Tuscaloosa County, Ala., October 11, 1846, and the next year his parents moved to Mississippi, then to Clark County, Ark. The family being strong secessionists, and Daniel being a very patriotic lad, he wanted to join the first company made up in his town, but, being only fifteen years old, his parents objected. Soon afterwards he ran away, without a coat, landing eight miles east of Sherman, Tex., where he fell in with a Dr. J. C. Smith, and volunteered as his substitute in the 2nd Texas Cavalry, Townsend's Brigade. This command was cut to pieces in the battle of Shiloh, after which it was ordered to Velasco, Tex., for picket duty.

In March, 1864, the command was reorganized, and young Howell was assigned to Company A., Ballard's Regiment, Henry McCullough's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A.

He was a brave and courageous soldier, taking part in all engagements of his company until surrendered in 1865. Returning home, he made a good citizen.

In 1867 he married Miss Susan Allen and settled near Wallaceburg, where he lived for thirty years.

In 1897 he located near Brownwood, Tex., from there he went to Trent, in Taylor County, his wife dying in 1901. To this worthy family were born six sons and four daughters. Comrade Howell was converted in early life and joined the Baptist Church, in which he was a deacon for over thirty years. He was warm-hearted, honest, and true, and his good deeds will be long remembered. He was laid to rest in Merkel Cemetery.

## JAMES F. ANTHONY.

James F. Anthony, born near Tullahoma, Tenn., in the year 1846, died at his home in Bellbuckle, Tenn., December 14, 1927, in his eighty-second year. His father, William Horatio Anthony, was a Confederate chaplain during the War between the States, and his three elder brothers served in the Confederate army throughout the war.

As the fourth son, he was left at home to care for his invalid mother, but at the age of seventeen he enlisted and served in Company B, 28th Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, under Capt. Reed Holmes.

After the war, he engaged in farming, married, and reared a family of three sons and three daughters. For a period of several years, he had made his home in Bellbuckle, Tenn. He was a valued and faithful member of Shelbyville Camp, U. C. V., and also a lifelong member of the Methodist Church. The day before he passed away, he said to his daughter: "I don't think anything could be nicer for the old soldier than to lie in my casket with my hands folded above my uniform of gray, for I love and cherish what that old uniform stands for."

With the Cross of Honor pinned upon his breast, and in his uniform and casket of Confederate gray, he was laid to rest in the beautiful country cemetery near where he had lived his entire life. He was a faithful reader of the VETERAN, and always attended the gatherings of comrades, having missed only one reunion (that in Tulsa) since the organization met in Nashville.

[A daughter, Cora Lee Munsey.]



## PETER BROY.

Peter Broy, eighty-six years old, died on the 8th of December at Brand, Va., following a short illness. His passing occasioned much sorrow in the county, where he was well known. He had never married, but lived with his brother, Andrew Broy, all his life, and this brother is now the last of a large family connection. The two brothers farmed and merchandized together.

Comrade Broy went into the Confederate army with the Dixie Artillery, under Capt. John K. Booton, in 1861, and his battery took part in the two hours' cannonading preceding Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. He served his gun until exhausted, and was then relieved by a comrade for a short rest, and they continued the exchange through the ordeal. He was a faithful member of Rosser-Gibbons Camp, U. C. V., at Luray, Va., and his comrades loved and esteemed him.

Peter Broy was born July 9, 1841, and had thus passed into his eighty-seventh year.

[P. M. Kaufman, Luray, Va.]

## A CONFEDERATE VETERAN IN THE NORTH.

There recently died in Minneapolis, Minn., a veteran of the Southern Confederacy who had gone into that Northern country after the war and made a place for himself among the big business interests of that section. A letter has come from Col. Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, former Commander in Chief, G. A. R., full of that spirit of friendliness which makes us all one. Of this one-time enemy, he says:

"Last Saturday I attended the funeral of B. F. Nelson, of Minneapolis, who was a Confederate soldier. He was a very prominent citizen of this city, universally liked and respected, and a warm personal friend of mine. His departure leaves a vacant place in my circle of friends, and I think he was the last of the Confederate soldiers who took up a residence in Minnesota. I send you some newspaper clippings which will indicate how prominent and useful and honored a citizen he was. At the close of his pastor's address, I was called upon to lay a flower upon the breast of my friend and to express the friendly feeling that existed between those who were at one time arrayed against each other in deadly strife. It was a beautiful service throughout. The Church is a very strong and influential one, with an audience room that was filled with the friends of the deceased, and it was a great privilege for me to be permitted to pay tribute to a noble character and to a man of unusual kindness and goodness of heart."

Benjamin Franklin Nelson was born in Greenup County, Ky., on May 4, 1843, the tenth child in a family of eleven. The home was a log house, and the father was a farm hand at fifty cents per day, so there was little chance for schooling for the children, and Benjamin rarely had more than three months of it each year. But he was ambitious, had a good taste in reading, and took his part in community debates, and once carried off the honors.

When the war came on, the family was living at Vanceburg, on the Ohio River. Like many other youths of that section, young Nelson wanted to join the cavalry. He equipped himself with horse and gun, pistols and saber, and served with Forrest and then under Morgan; he was with Morgan in his biggest battle, Chickamauga. He was captured by the Federals and taken to Camp Douglas and held until the end of the war. He then decided to go North, being attracted by what he heard of the timber lands of Minnesota, and he reached the village of St. Anthony, now Minneapolis, in September, 1868, with just one dollar in his pocket. He got work

at rafting logs, and later chopped cordwood, hauled logs with an ox-team, sawed shingles, cut logs out of the ice—anything that would help him on the road to independence. He went into the lumber business and built up a great industry; and later became interested in other businesses connected with that, and at the time of his death he was one of the highest officers in some six or more industries and banks. He was also interested in agriculture and owned two handsome farms in Minnesota, where he raised fine cattle and other live stock.

Comrade Nelson was a 32nd degree Mason and Shriner, and a member of Minneapolis clubs. He died on January 14, at the age of eighty-five, survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter.

## "CORPORAL" JAMES TANNER.

One of the most picturesque figures among Federal veterans was Corporal James Tanner, who became widely known as Commissioner of Pensions under the administration of President Harrison and of late years served as Register of Wills for the District of Columbia. His death on October 2, 1927, takes another friend of the VETERAN on the other side, for he had long been a subscriber and was a personal friend of the late editor. As a young soldier in the battle of Second Manassas, Corporal Tanner was so severely wounded that both legs had to be amputated, and it was months before he recovered; he was then given a place in the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department, and so served to the end. Though his life since the war had been an active one, and he had held many positions of prominence, it was despite continuous suffering from his wounds, of which the *Washington Post* says:

"The life of 'Corporal' Tanner from the moment his legs were shattered at Bull Run until death came to his relief this week, was one long agony of physical pain. He suffered for a period almost as long as the allotted life of man; and instead of becoming a misanthrope or a burden upon others, he performed more than a man's work and gave bountifully from his inexhaustible stock of public spirit and optimism. Every encampment of the Grand Army found him answering the roll call. His contributions to the welfare of his old comrades were innumerable, thanks to his eloquence and generosity.

"For many years Mr. Tanner was a resident of Washington, as Commissioner of Pensions and later as Register of Wills. He conducted his office with a fidelity worthy of a soldier who had suffered a living death for the flag. Changes of administration did not touch him. All Presidents were delighted to honor the Grand Army in honoring him. In the meantime, he rendered public service in many directions, notably in the Red Cross. His warm sympathies made him a friend of the unfortunate, and his courage caused him to fight, whenever necessary, in their behalf."

Those who served in the ranks of either army know what it is to suffer from wounds and sickness under such conditions, and most readily honor one who has triumphed over such handicaps and made of his life a record of accomplishment. Corporal Tanner was Past Commander, G. A. R., and had been invited to the South on different occasions to address gatherings of Confederate soldiers, and he was noted for his broadmindedness in paying tribute to those against whom he had fought in the days of war.

May he rest in peace!



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*  
Chatham, Va.

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga. . . . . *First Vice President General*

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . *Second Vice President General*  
186 Bethlehem Pike

MRS. MADGE D. BURNEY, Waynesboro, Miss. . . . . *Third Vice President General*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. . . . . *Recording Secretary General*

MISS MARY L. G. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn. . . . . *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. . . . . *Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. . . . . *Registrar General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. . . . . *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. . . . . *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* For the many greetings that came from members, Chapters, and Divisions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to make this a merry Christmas and a happy New Year for your President General, I am indeed most grateful, and my wish for you is that your expressed wishes for my happiness may be returned to you a hundredfold and that you will make this the most prosperous year the organization has ever known.

Mention was made in the January VETERAN of the committee appointed to represent the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the presentation of the statue of Alexander H. Stephens, Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., December 8, 1927. The ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling were most impressive, Mrs. Lane, the Second Vice President General, writes that she, as your representative, was accorded every possible courtesy. A wreath of galax leaves, fastened with red rosebuds and tied with the Confederate colors, was placed by her in your name.

This great Georgian, the Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, statesman, distinguished author, orator; a seer, though a practical one; laboring always under the handicap of physical frailty, which seemed to increase his capacity for sympathy and desire to help others to a happiness which was never vouchsafed him. Ever giving of himself as well of his bounty to the sick, the unfortunate, the poor, all those who asked his assistance.

He provided a college education for more than fifty young men and women. How he would have rejoiced in the educational activities of the United Daughters of the Confederacy!

The minutes of the Atlanta convention, 1908, show the entire assets of the general organization to the credit of education as one scholarship in Teachers' College, Columbia University. This was awarded for the first time for the session of 1908-09, the successful applicant being Miss Armida Moses, of South Carolina, now Mrs. Arthur Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va. (our chairman of the University Prize for Confederate Essay). Reports from Divisions read at this convention evidenced the interest of many States in education.

At this time the great memorial projects were either completed or well in hand, and as a consequence the education of descendants of Confederate soldiers began to occupy the minds of the leaders of the organization and to enter into their plans for the future.

In the revision of the constitution made at this convention, we find that one of the six standing committees provided for was that of Education. Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of

Charleston, S. C., was the first chairman. Her successors have been earnest, devoted women, who have consecrated themselves to this work.

To-day the General U. D. C. has: 100 tuition scholarships, value, \$11,000; 11 gift scholarships, value, \$3,300; 24 loan scholarships, value, \$3,000.

In addition to these Divisions have scholarships and loans to the value of \$74,608.

That the organization is building for the future is shown by the endowment funds that have been raised in the past ten years. The total endowment for the General United Daughters of the Confederacy is \$89,916. Endowment funds in the Divisions total \$85,613, making a grand total of \$175,529.

The general Education Committee holds many valuable scholarships that were not used in 1927. Was this due to a lack of publicity? Surely there are many boys and girls of Confederate lineage who would be glad to avail themselves of thus materially decreasing their college expenses if they knew of these scholarships that may be secured with very little effort. The annual education Circular will be ready for distribution March 1. This will contain a list of all scholarships that will be for award 1928-29. Anyone interested may obtain a copy by making request of the chairman of the Committee, Mrs. R. D. Wright, Newberry, S. C.

The Stationery Committee, Mrs. D. Work, chairman, 1101 Main Street, Durant, Okla., with Mrs. D. J. Carter, Illinois, Mrs. R. C. Chesley, Massachusetts, Mrs. Forrest Farley, Texas, Mrs. John D. Taylor, Missouri, are now in a position to fill orders for stationery promptly.

The attention of the Chapters is directed to Article VII Section 2, of the by-laws, reading, in part: "Each Chapter shall, on or before the first day of March, pay into the General Treasury, through the Division Treasurer, the annual per capita fee of twenty cents for every member, together with a typed list of each member for whom the per capita tax is paid."

Please note carefully the last clause in above: "Together with a typed list of each member for whom the per capita tax is paid."

The chairman of the Credential Committee has sent all Division Treasurers, and Chapters in States where there are no Divisions, blanks for their convenience in making these typed lists.

The Division Treasurers are requested to send these blanks to the Chapters in sufficient quantity for their need. It will greatly facilitate the work of the Treasurer General, the Registrar General, the Division Treasurer, and the Credential Committee, as well as decrease the work of the Chapter Treasurer if the by-law is complied with absolutely and the typed list of members sent with the per capita tax.



## IN MEMORIAM.

On the last day of the old year, the sad tidings came that our beloved friend and coworker, Honorary President of the organization, Mrs. W. D. Mason, of Philadelphia, had joined the Choir Invisible in the "land beyond the sky line, where the great roads go down." Belonging to the generation renowned for the gentleness, culture, dignity, and refinement of its ladies, she exemplified in a most beautiful manner and in the highest degree these qualities and lived among us a well-nigh perfect type of the Master's greatest handiwork, a Southern gentlewoman. She will remain with us, for "only the forgotten are dead."

Very cordially,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—At the thirty-fourth general convention, held at Charleston, S. C., in November, Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, of Montgomery, was given national honor by being made Honorary President of this great organization. Mrs. Crenshaw is widely known for her philanthropies and benefactions. She is a leader in the religious and cultured life of Montgomery. She has served her State Division as President, as Treasurer, and in various phases with great efficiency, and is also chairman of the Confederate Home Committee.

Of peculiar interest at the general convention was the presentation by Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, Chairman of the Insignia Committee, of a book, recently published, containing the records of thirty-three Alabama boys of Confederate ancestry who served throughout the world war and who received the Military Cross of Service.

The December meeting of the Sophia Bibb Chapter, at Montgomery, was with Mrs. Lea Virgin Wosters, who gave a résumé of the general convention in Charleston, S. C. Recognition was given the fact that Mrs. Crenshaw was made an Honorary Life President during the Charleston convention. Plans were perfected to present a life-sized painting of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, to the handsome hotel, now under construction in this city, which will bear his name.

An interesting paper on "Emma Sansom" was read by Mrs. Jack Lovett. Mrs. Warren Jones was presented with a silver goblet in appreciation of her work as chairman of the finance committee.

Mrs. T. F. Stephens was appointed publicity chairman.

Oneonta Chapter meets regularly and is doing good work. On "Pension Day" the veterans were entertained at dinner. Programs have been on Jefferson Davis and his cabinet. Kelly Ingram's birthday and Armistice Day were observed at the high school by a large number of children.

The Bibb Grey Chapter, Centerville, met at the home of Mrs. J. E. James, the Chapter President, Mrs. J. P. Kennedy, presiding.

The program on "Alabama Day" was as follows: Mrs. W. W. Lavender read a paper on Alabama under the French flag, Mrs. C. E. Hornsby, Alabama under the British flag, Mrs. Murray Head, Alabama in the Confederacy, and Mrs. Howard Cleveland, Alabama of to-day. Readings on Alabama were given by Mrs. W. L. Pratt and Mrs. R. C. Goodson, and the songs, "Alabama" and "Listen to the Mocking Bird" were sung.

A Christmas gift of money was sent to the veterans in the Home.

At Uniontown, Mrs. J. H. White, Sr., was hostess to the Canebrake Rifle Guards at the November meeting. Mrs. P. P. Yarbrough was appointed chairman of the publicity com-

mittee. The literary study was "The Early History of Alabama," which was interestingly conducted by Mrs. Yarbrough.

John T. Morgan Chapter, of Talladega, held its December meeting at the home of Mrs. Ella Huey. December 14 being Alabama's one hundred and eighth birthday, an interesting program was given—a paper on "Alabama Day," a piano solo, "Ripples of the Alabama," and other beautiful poems and songs were read. A silver offering for local veterans for Christmas was taken. The William Burr Chapter, C. of C., also observed Alabama Day with a splendid program. Talks on the lives of Miss Julia Tutwiler and John T. Morgan, who received part of his education at Talladega, were of much interest.

Tuscaloosa's fifty loyal daughters of R. E. Rodes Chapter gathered for their December meeting at the lovely home of Mrs. E. M. Stringfellow. After the usual business session, the Daughters enjoyed a splendid full report on the general convention by their most beloved delegate, Mrs. Charles N. Maxwell, Sr., who told of the business sessions, the social affairs, and of the pleasure experienced in meeting so many wonderful Southern women.

Mrs. W. E. Latham gave an interesting synopsis of the Alabama convention. "Dixie" was sung by the audience, after which a social hour was enjoyed, while dainty refreshments were served.

[State Editor, Mrs. Annie Forney Daugette, Jacksonville, Ala.]

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*Georgia.*—The annual convention of the Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, met in the historic little city of Covington on October 25-29.

The opening session was presided over by Mrs. Trox Bankston, President of the hostess Chapter, and by Mrs. McKenzie, State President, this being an evening of welcome. Practically every civic and patriotic organization in the city was represented on this program, each adding a cordial word of greeting to the guests. In fact, the entire city of Covington, with its decorations of Confederate flags, its bright sunshine, and its lovely flowers had already voiced a word of welcome to the guests even before the session opened.

The first business session was held on Wednesday morning, when many splendid reports were heard from State officers, State chairmen, and Chapter Presidents. The report of the President was heard with greatest interest, being a résumé of the work done by the Georgia Division during the second and final year of her administration.

The Georgia Division has cause to be proud of the splendid work done by each Chapter as reported through the Chapter Presidents and State chairmen. The work done by the Chapters along historical lines, the marking of Confederate graves, the aid given to needy Confederate veterans, and educational work are to be especially commended. The Georgia Daughters are doing all in their power "to keep alive the sacred flame," and "to right the wrongs of history." The absence of Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian for Life, on account of her illness, and of Miss Lillie Martin, Assistant Historian, owing to the critical illness of her mother, was the source of much regret.

Wednesday evening was given over to the educational work of the Chapters. Among the institutions in which the Georgia Division is especially interested is the Alexander Stephens Memorial School at Crawfordville, the Winnie Davis Memorial at the Georgia Teachers' College at Athens, and the Francis S. Bartow Memorial at Rabun Gap, Nacoochee School.



On Historical Evening, the principal address was made by Dr. S. V. Sanford, Dean of the University of Georgia. A large number of prizes and trophies were presented to the successful contestants at the closing session. Mrs. McKenzie, the retiring President, was presented with a beautiful Past President's pin as a token of love and appreciation of her loyal service during the past two years.

On Thursday the following officers were elected and installed: President, Mrs. Trox Bankston, of Covington; First Vice President, Mrs. H. O. Ball, of Jackson; Second Vice President, Mrs. I. Bashinski, of Dublin; Third Vice President, Mrs. W. H. McKenzie, of Montezuma; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Powell Cotter, of Barnesville; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. E. Everett, of Covington; Registrar, Mrs. Newton Craig, of Augusta; Historian for Life, Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens; Assistant Historian, Mrs. Kirby Smith Anderson, of Madison; Recorder of World War Crosses, Miss Lillian Henderson, of Atlanta; Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Miss Rebecca Black Dupont, of Savannah; Treasurer, Mrs. Julian Lane, of Statesboro; Editor, Mrs. J. J. Harris, of Sandersville; Auditor, Mrs. Charles Tillman, of Quitman.

Many delightful social affairs were given during the convention by the Covington U. D. C., the City of Covington, D. A. R., Woman's Club, W. C. T. U., Kiwanis Club, American Legion, American Legion Auxiliary, United Confederate Veterans, Parent-Teacher Association, and other organizations.

[Mrs. Lena Felker Lewis, State Chairman.]

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*Louisiana.*—Recent activities in Louisiana U. D. C. are The usual annual Christmas dinner at the Confederate Home, "Camp Nicholls," of New Orleans, given by the Division to the Confederate veterans and their wives; a Christmas tree to the Confederate veterans of Baton Rouge by the Children of the Confederacy of both local Chapters; and the unveiling of a marker between Orleans and Jefferson Parishes, a gift from Stonewall Jackson Chapter, New Orleans.

It was a pleasure for many Louisiana Daughters to meet Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of St. Louis, Past Registrar General, while spending the holidays with her husband in this State, and conferring with Mrs. F. C. Kolman, of New Orleans, new Registrar General.

Mrs. L. U. Babin, State President, has asked her Division to concentrate on three lines of endeavor, as follows: More and better work for Confederate veterans, Children of the Confederacy organizations, and educational and historic work.

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*Maryland.*—Baltimore Chapter No. 8 (Mrs. Henry J. Berkley, President), held its annual celebration of the birthdays of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson on January 19, at the War Memorial, his Excellency, Albert Ritchie, governor of Maryland, in attendance. A poem dedicated to General Lee was read by the Fourth Vice President, Miss Sally Washington Maupin (the author).

Our old veterans at Pikesville were well treated by Santa Claus. The E. V. White Chapter, of Frederick, sent five dollars to each. While Baltimore Chapter No. 8 furnished Christmas dinner and gave candy and small packages of tobacco, etc., to each veteran. The Gen. Bradley T. Johnson Chapter (Mrs. James Westcott, President) gave individual packages of tobacco, fruit, and candy.

The Joseph Wheeler Chapter, Mrs. Adelbert Mears, President, remembered the women in the Confederate Home of Baltimore, and members of Baltimore Chapter made them happy by gifts.

The Gen. Bradley T. Johnson Chapter also celebrated the birthdays of Lee and Jackson on January 23, and a Cross of Honor was bestowed.

\* \* \*

*North Carolina Division.*—The North Carolina Division has as its State Editor for the coming year Mrs. John H. Anderson, of Fayetteville.

Christmas at the Homes for Confederate veterans and Confederate women was an unusually joyous one, for every Chapter in the Division gave more generously than ever before, no old veteran or his widow being forgotten. Barrels of apples from the mountains and boxes of sea food from the coast were sent to these Confederate Homes, besides gifts innumerable. In this joyful work of bringing Christmas cheer and happiness to these old folks, the Daughters were assisted by the people all over the State. The visit of Santa Claus and their "trees" are looked forward to with keenest delight by these veterans of the sixties, who have hearts of youth. An appeal is never needed for these battle-scarred heroes. One of these old veterans said: "We are very proud that the State and the U. D. C. like us so much, and we want every one to know that we are remembered generously and that we can ask for nothing."

It was a joy to see these old men and women in their grateful and heart-felt enjoyment of the many thoughtful gifts at Christmas—easy chairs, bed-side rugs, screens, back rests, hospital tables, victrola records, soft cushions, games, books, and magazines. At each home the Children of the Confederacy did their part by singing carols and bringing happiness.

The North Carolina Division has begun 1928 with Mrs. Walter F. Woodard serving her second year as President. She has issued a most comprehensive and attractive "Calendar" to the Chapters, outlining the various activities of the Division to work for this year. For each month, specific calls are emphasized, beginning with a New Year's resolution, "Enrollment of new members."

The Division completed some of its objectives last year. Others have been added this year. Never in the history of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has there been greater need for earnest endeavor on behalf of the causes which this organization espouses. The Division President asks of every member to pledge herself anew to this labor of love and respond to these calls with gratification. The special call for February is made to Chapters for funds to build a memorial chapel at the Confederate Women's Home in Fayetteville, for this is a great need. It is hoped that work on this chapel will be begun during the spring.

The call for March is for the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund, as this Division has pledged \$500 for the year to this splendid work. While responding to many objects of Division work, the North Carolina "Daughters" have never failed to respond with great interest to the cause of the general organization. While the President stresses the care of the survivors of the War between the States as the first and foremost object of the Division, she calls the attention of the Daughters to a benevolence which appeals very strongly to every member—the bed at the Tubercular Sanatorium, where needy descendants of Confederate soldiers are given free treatment. It is a great humanitarian work, and this memorial is recorded in the sanatorium by a bronze tablet, bearing the following inscription: "The North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, maintains a free bed in this institution—The Bessie Beall Reid bed."

Included in the Division President's calendar is a fine list of prizes offered for essays on historical subjects to members



of North Carolina Division and to the Children of the Confederacy, also prizes for Chapters and District reports and for registration, these to be awarded at the next annual convention of the Division.

The minutes of the last annual convention (held in October) came from the press very early, by the middle of January, and the Division feels a pardonable pride in the accomplishments recorded within these three hundred pages.

A meeting of the Executive Board and District Directors of the Division was held on January 11, in Raleigh, when the activities of the organization were discussed and plans were made for the furtherance of the work. These officers were delightfully entertained at luncheon at the Sir Walter Raleigh Hotel by the President, Mrs. Woodard.

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*South Carolina.*—The thirty-first annual convention of the South Carolina Division was held in Rock Hill, November 29–December 1, the three Chapters of the city acting as hostesses, and much warm hospitality was dispensed.

Outstanding features of this convention was the one hundred per cent attendance of officers and ninety per cent attendance of the one hundred and thirty-two Chapters, and the presence of these general officers—Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, Past President General; Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Past President General; and Mrs. R. D. Wright, General Chairman Education. The report of the Division President, Mrs. Thomas J. Mauldin, showed a broad scope of work.

Six new Chapters had been organized during the year, and five hundred new members gained. Ten new Chapters of Children of the Confederacy were organized and 528 new members gained.

The historical work rivals any previous historical report, the adoption of Latané's History by State Board of Education being the culmination of long endeavor.

South Carolina won ten of the general prizes: The Youree prize, \$25, for awarding second largest number of World War Crosses of Military Service; Faris trophy, largest number of new members between ages of eighteen and twenty-five years; Andrews Medal, best essay on Peace Conference; Mary D. Carter prize, \$25, for selling largest number of Horton's Youth's History; Washington House Medal, best essay on Albert Sidney Johnston; Special Prize—"The Pageant of America"—for preparing a report on "Errors and Omissions in Textbooks on American History;" Harvey Loving Cup, for registering largest number of C. of C. members; \$5 for best essay by C. of C. member on Arkansas Soldiers; \$5, for best essay by C. of C. on "Mammy in Old Plantation Days."

Thirteen thousand dollars has passed through the hands of the Treasurer. The South Carolina Division raised \$6,000 to match the \$5,000 appropriated by the legislature in 1927 for placing a memorial statue of Wade Hampton in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C.

The final report of the Woodrow Wilson Memorial scholarship fund showed South Carolina giving \$800, which was \$200 over her quota.

The educational work is gratifying, there being nine general U. D. C. scholarships, ten Division scholarships, seven from the four Districts, and twenty-two awarded by Chapters. Total for all educational purposes, \$8,276.50.

South Carolina Division will contribute, in 1928, \$100 to Mrs. Olivia Pooser, of Orangeburg, the only living Mother of the Confederacy in this State.

Plans were made for placing a handsome tablet in the First Baptist Church, Columbia, to mark the first meeting place of the Secession convention. The next State convention will be in

Columbia, and the unveiling ceremonies will take place at the time.

Two very handsome flags were presented to the Division in memory of Gen. Nathan B. Evans and his wife, who was one of the remarkable girls of the sixties. The old flag of the Edgefield Hussars, which was attached to the Hampton Legion, was also presented.

In Chapter reports, the loving thought and care of the Confederate veteran was the high point. In the recommendation of the State President, Daughters were urged to work for increase in pensions for Confederate veterans.

Miss Marion Salley, of Orangeburg, Past State Historian, was elected President of the Division, an honor well deserved, and for which she is highly qualified. The other officers for 1928 are: First Vice President, Mrs. Fred Culvern, Kershaw; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. B. Workman, Ware Shoals; Director Edisto District, Mrs. W. A. Dukes, Branchville; Director Pee Dee District, Mrs. W. B. Harris, Timmons-ville; Director Ridge District, to be supplied; Director Pied-

(Continued on page 78.)

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

**KEY WORD:** "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

**MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Historian General.**

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

*U. D. C. Topics for February.*

Folk Tales and Superstitions of the Negroes.

*C. of C. Program for February.*

Make a study of the city of Richmond, Va.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.

### RULES GOVERNING PRIZES.

All these cups are held for one year by the winners, who are to have their names engraved, with date of award, and when filled they are to be placed in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

Medals and money prizes are the property of the one winning same.

Contestants will please send postage if return of essay not winning prize is desired.

### RULES.

1. Essays must not contain over 2,000 words. Number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page.

2. 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.

3. Essays must be sent to State Historian, who will forward to Historian General by October 1, 1928.

4. Essays on all subjects given may be submitted, but only two on each subject can be forwarded by State Historians.

5. Prize winning essays to be property of the U. D. C.

6. These same rules apply to essays submitted by C. of C.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*My Dear Coworkers:* In acknowledging the gracious courtesy and cordial greetings extended by our honored and beloved Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Gen. J. C. Foster, the representative of the gallant heroes who sponsored the organization representing the labor and loving service of our mothers, we can but feel especially gratified that the chivalrous spirit of his mother of blessed memory and the loyal devotion to the Southland and all for which she stands, as exemplified in the charming woman who, as his life companion and his inspiration and ideal, have so left their impress as to add new luster to a life which has proved a benefaction, and helped to make the world a better place in which to live. May the new year deal gently, and time unlimited add only blessings to crown the sunset of life for them.

## THE MONUMENT IMMORTAL

As fresh in the hearts of the South to-day as if it were but yesterday, the memory of the valor of the men who wore the gray lifts to heights unmeasured and treasures beyond compare these sacred memories waiting to fittingly memorialize them and to transmit to future generations the story of the glory of the sons of the South. The incomparable memorial being carved upon the face of Stone Mountain will carry, while time shall last, this wondrous story, and millions yet unborn will gaze upon the matchless faces of these idols of Southern hearts and hear the wondrous stories of heroism and find inspiration for high ideals, purity of purpose, and Christian citizenship.

Ere this reaches the press, the figure of the master mind, "The idol of the South," the peerless leader, Robert E. Lee, will stand out in bold relief, soon to have added the figures of Davis and Jackson, completing the central group.

Desiring to aid in every possible way in furthering this movement, space has been given this month to the Gold Star Book of Memory and the Children's Founders Roll. Each member and each Association is urged to have a part in thus lending support to the work and to assist Mrs. Rogers Winter, the very able volunteer worker for the Stone Mountain Memorial. Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest, Decatur Road, Atlanta, Ga., is General Chairman of this fund; please send reports of all contributions to her, and send to the Treasurer General, Mrs. J. T. Hight, Fayetteville, Ark., all funds collected for this purpose.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,  
*President General, C. S. M. A.*

## GREETINGS FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following comes from Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith, President of the C. S. M. Association of South Carolina:

"In the name of the Memorial Associations of South Carolina, I am sending New Year's greetings and all good wishes for a happy and successful season of service in the wonderful work that is being carried on under your devoted leadership.

"We, here, will continue our efforts to keep alive in the hearts of the youth of our State such an appreciation of our Southern heroes, the honoring of whose self-sacrificing devotion to home and country are the objects of our Association's endeavor, that they will deem it a sacred privilege to carry on the work begun by our noble women of the sixties.

"Assuring you of my appreciation of the honor conferred upon me in being made President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association in South Carolina,

I am, with warm personal regards, yours sincerely,  
VIDEAU M. LEGARE BECKWITH.

## STONE MOUNTAIN CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.

"Without sword or flag, and with soundless tread,  
We muster once more our deathless dead  
Out of each lonely grave."

Like the echo of a bugle call to action from the bivouacs of the dead comes the call of the Children's Founders Roll, summoning the people of the South to unite in honoring "the men by Lee and Stonewall led."

Long ago they died. Some sleep now beneath the columned whiteness of cold marble; some, in silent, serried ranks, maintain the comradeships of war; and some lie, lost and lonely, in nameless graves on fields of battle hallowed by the blood of heroes.

Our dead!

Shall the ages efface their name and story, as Time and Death already have blurred the outward semblance of their souls?

Or shall we bring "up from the dust of the dead" the undying glory of the past?

Let us give to the ages the record of a people's valor, a people's pride, a people's sorrow, and a people's love.

Enroll the children of the South now in memory of their Confederate ancestors.



"On the muster roll of glory  
In my country's future story"  
I will consecrate their names.

The Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial, through its Children's Founders Roll and its Golden Book of Memory for the enrollment of living Confederate veterans, offers to the South a great opportunity to inscribe the names of the veterans of the sixties on an imperishable "muster roll of glory."

Will you join in memorializing the South's gray heroes? Will you make it possible for every living soldier of the sixties to own the gold medal which means that his name is written in the South's great Book of Memory?

More than sixty years ago the remnant of Lee's army stood with him at Appomattox. Wearied with the stress of war, heartbroken with realization of the futility of their sacrifices, they watched, with tear-filled eyes, as their leader, stern, sad-eyed, but proudly humble, surrendered all save honor.

Thin, gaunt, and war-scarred, clothed in the tattered garments of a needy cause, they wended their way homeward again. Their battle flags, shell-torn and grimed, were furled at Lee's command; but they brought back with them the banners of their courage, the standards of their honor, unsullied by the stains of war. Wearing the hero-look of those who have faced death for honor's sake, they enlisted anew in the service of the South. Patriots in war, patriots in peace, they salvaged the hopes and the heritage of a people.

These of whom I speak were our own men, our own patriots, our own heroes. Shall we forget what they have done for us? Shall we permit their names to fade away into the oblivion of the years? Or shall we set their names where they will shine forever in the light of Fame?

Time moves on. Only a few of them are left. The hero look upon their faces has yielded to the touch of age. Soon the last gray soldier will have vanished in the mists that rise beyond the confines of eternity. Too late then to let them know how much we loved them. Too late then to give happiness to their old hearts. Too late then to see them thrill once more at the sight of the South's gold token of devotion. Now is the time to let them know that the South has not forgotten them and the cause for which they fought.

Enroll one or more veterans in the Golden Book of Memory. Send in your contribution of five dollars or more now. If every one will aid in this way, every name can be enrolled. Will you help?

MARY CARTER WINTER,  
*Volunteer Secretary for the Enrollment of Living Veterans.*

## STONE MOUNTAIN MEDALS PRESENTED.

Twenty-four Stone Mountain Memorial medals were presented to veterans at the Confederate Home of Louisiana, at New Orleans, recently, by members of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. The medals are of gold and depict in miniature the bas-relief of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, great Confederate leaders now being carved on the mountain near Atlanta.

"Dixie," sung by Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, opened the ceremony after an invocation by Rev. U. D. Mooney, D.D. W. O. Hart served as master of ceremonies, while Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, President of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, presented the medals. Brief addresses felicitating the veterans were made by Gen. W. J. Behan, president of the organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, and that of the Washington Artillery, by J. B. Rosser, Jr., Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and by Capt. George A. Williams, superintendent of the Home, and James

F. Terrell, Jr., Commander of Camp Beauregard No. 130, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

At the conclusion of the several addresses, Miss Hodgson gave a pleasing history of the medal designed for the living veterans, concluding with a verse from a poem dedicated to the veterans, by Virginia Frazer Boyle:

"Pin the emblem of Stone Mountain  
On these men who wore the gray;  
They are the holiest tokens  
In the Southern land to-day."

After the pinning on of the medals over the hearts of the dear old veterans, by Miss Hodgson, the program was concluded with the song, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," and prayer.

## OVER THE ROLLING HILLS.

BY MARY GILCHRIST POWELL, LOWNESBORO, ALA.

Over the rolling hills, fond longing leads me far  
To the plains of snowy cotton, where the happy darkies are;  
I hear their chanting melodies in memory to-night,  
I hear the banjo's strumming, wierd, yet soft and light;  
I see the lights, the home lights, beck'ning, calling me  
To the land where men are really men, and hospitality  
Is the password of all folk, where genuine friendship's fire—  
Over those rolling hills and South to the Land of Heart's Desire!

Over the rolling hills to the land where memories reign  
Of a long-furled flag and hosts in gray, honored, free from stain;  
Of cavaliers and statesmen, high chivalry everywhere,  
Of genial home fires burning, when hate and lust were rare;  
Stately mansions, cottages, and love of native land,  
Where woman ruled with graciousness her family, her band;  
Could bard e'er write of fairer things or choose more glorious themes  
Than those of the land o'er the rolling hills, my Wonderful  
Land of Dreams?

Over the rolling hillsides to the land of beauty bright,  
Where the jessamine burns its censer in the deep wood's  
darkest night;  
Where the waif mocking bird gurgles rapture, nor ceases  
even at dusk;  
Where bloom the magnolia, the Cherokee rose, and the  
witchingly sweet-scented musk;  
Where rivers are silver and meadows are green, and skies  
are ever of blue;  
Where warm winds tune their tender lutes, and the sun shines  
all the day thro'.  
O! a song for the plains of summer snow, loveliest spot on  
earth—  
Aye, I long for the land o'er the rolling hills, *God bless the  
land of my birth!*

[Miss Powell is now a girl of sixteen. The poem was written when she was but fifteen.]

HOLLY FROM CANADA.—A Christmas remembrance came to the VETERAN in a box of holly from British Columbia, sent by a patron and friend, P. Fletcher, of Victoria, with hearty greeting from "an English sympathizer with Confederate ideas," all of which was very cheering to the "Old Confed."



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

### PLANS FOR LITTLE ROCK REUNION.

General Headquarters has made an official call for the 1928 dues of your Camp. The constitution provides that a per capita tax of \$1 shall be paid by each Camp for every active member in good standing and an initiation fee of \$1 on all new members. And that the Camp shall remit its dues on all of its members during the month of January of each year.

The constitution also provides that officers shall be elected either during the months of December or January, to take effect in January. The Adjutant in Chief requests that this be done, and that he be advised promptly of your action.

From all reports, the reunion and convention at Little Rock, Ark., May 8-11, 1928, will go down in history as the most successful one that we have ever had. Thirty-two committees have been named; and each one is functioning splendidly. They have secured a cent a mile rate west of the Mississippi River, and are assured of great reductions in Southeastern territory. Chairman Edmond R. Wiles is enthusiastic about the great preparations; talks of the determination of his people to make it the greatest of all reunions. Six bands have already been secured for music, including the famous Cowboy Band from Abilene, Tex. The Southern Cross Drill will be one of the great features of the reunion ball, following immediately after the Grand March of the veterans.

All comrades who contemplate attending the convention should make application for reservations at once to Mr. W. S. Daniel, War Memorial Building, Little Rock, Ark. Comrade Edmond R. Wiles, Commander Army Trans-Mississippi Department, is General Chairman of the Reunion Committee, and you may rest assured that all of your inquiries will receive prompt attention.

## SPECIAL ORDERS No. 5.

1. The Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans is very anxious that each Division at least double its membership in 1928 over that of 1927, which can be very easily done if the Division Commanders and their officers devote a very small part of their time toward this work. In

order that the Division Commanders who may take sufficient interest in the organization to increase the membership of their divisions as hereinafter set out, the Commander in Chief has authorized the awarding of a solid gold Division Commander's Badge at the Little Rock convention, suitably engraved, to the Division Commanders who increase the membership of their respective Divisions, as follows, by May 10, 1928:

Alabama, from 592 to 1,092; Arkansas, from 345 to 845; Central, from 39 to 200; District of Columbia and Maryland from 113 to 226; Eastern, from 107 to 214; Florida, from 1,702 to 1,702; Georgia, from 617 to 1,117; Kentucky, from 237 to 474; Louisiana, from 152 to 652; Mississippi, from 228 to 500; Missouri, from 77 to 200; North Carolina, from 263 to 526; Oklahoma, from 179 to 500; Pacific, from 0 to 200; South Carolina, from 651 to 1,151; Tennessee, from 166 to 666; Texas, from 282 to 782; Virginia, from 1,188 to 1,500; West Virginia, from 131 to 262.

Your Commander in Chief first thought that he would authorize the awarding of this badge to every Division which would double its membership, but upon going fully into the matter, he saw that this basis would be unfair to a number of the Divisions. Therefore, after taking into careful consideration the memberships in the different Divisions for the past five years, he has set a minimum membership which it is believed that any Division Commander can attain with very little effort.

HOST TO THE REUNION.

By special invitation extended during the last meeting of the legislature, the State of Arkansas invited the thirty-eighth annual reunion to meet within its borders, and, to demonstrate its earnestness in extending the invitation, appropriated the sum of \$30,000, to be used in defraying the expenses of caring for these heroes who wore the gray and their descendants in what is probably the last reunion to be held west of the Mississippi River. All committees necessary for carrying out the plans have been organized and at work since September. "We welcome you to the 'Wonder State' and the 'City of Roses,'" says Edmond R. Wiles, general chairman.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, OF NEW ORLEANS.

My very first recollection of Mr. Davis was a visit he paid to our plantation home in Madison County, Miss., in September, 1853, or 1854. I was eight or nine years of age at the time.

He had come from Vicksburg by train to Jackson, thence by stage to Canton, where my father met him with the carriage. There was no railroad in Madison until 1855. The people of our neighborhood had arranged to give Mr. Davis a reception. I do not know whether it was a home coming from Washington, or whether it was to be an occasion of congratulations on a recent election success. That feature of his visit did not interest me. Every arrangement had been completed for a barbecue and fish fry, to be held at Big Lake, a beautiful body of water on my father's land, three miles distant from the house. The barbecue was given the day following his arrival.

A dozen or more neighbors had assembled at our home and were sitting on the long gallery, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Davis. When he and my father alighted from the carriage, the people all stood up, and my father introduced him to those who had not formerly known him as Colonel Davis, and my mother called him "Colonel." The distinction he had gained as a soldier in Mexico had not been forgotten. He was still the soldier hero of the people. Mr. Davis was very much pleased by the presence of the people on his arrival, due somewhat, I think, to the fact that Madison was a Whig county.

The next time I remember Mr. Davis was at a Fourth of July barbecue in the little town of Fannin, Rankin County, two years later. For some reason, my father was not present.

There were visitors from four counties—Hines, Madison, Scott, and Rankin. I saw Mr. Davis and gave him the message sent by my father, expressing regret for not being there. At first he did not recognize me. He lifted my hat, and asked: "Is this Bud, Hamilton Dinkin's son? Tell your mother and father how sorry I am they are not here." It was clear to me that Mr. Davis was the idol of the people. Every one wanted to be near him, and it was with difficulty he was able to speak, so insistent were the people to have a personal touch with him.

I next saw Mr. Davis the day following the battle of Seven Pines. He and General Lee, who succeeded General Joseph E. Johnston in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, rode along our lines. We could not cheer him because of the close proximity of the Yankee works.

I saw him again on April 11, 1863, in Richmond, where I had gone from Fredericksburg to accept an appointment as first lieutenant of cavalry.

Twenty-four years afterwards, I saw him at his home on the peaceful Mississippi Sound—1887. I was living at Aberdeen, Miss., and was president of the Fair Association. It was decided that a committee should go to Beauvoir and invite Mr. Davis to the fair, that the people might see him once more. The committee consisted of John M. Allen, Judge E. O. Sykes, Colonel Ed Russell, R. L. Hatch, and myself. We had a private car furnished by the Mobile and Ohio Railroad for the trip. The car was placed on a side track in rear of the house, and we passed around to the front, where Mr. Davis was standing on the high gallery to receive us. He was greatly changed since I last saw him, and I felt a reverence for him that I will not forget. He was then eighty years of age. Judge Sykes made the address. Mr. Davis

was quite feeble, and when he arose to reply, he held on to the back of the chancel chair. He began to speak in a conversational voice, but soon he straightened up and all the fire and vigor of the past came back. He made a wonderful speech. He told us how dearly he would enjoy going to the fair to see the people, but his health would not permit it.

We returned to our homes impressed more than before of the grandeur and greatness of our President.

Mr. Davis died at the home of Judge Charles E. Fenner, in New Orleans, in the summer of 1889. His body lay in state in the City Hall, and thousands visited the place to see his face once more, and unnumbered thousand attended the funeral in Metairie Cemetery, where his remains were temporarily placed, in the tomb of the "Association of the Army of Northern Virginia."

The qualities displayed by Mr. Davis during his boyhood were present with him during life. He was a man of unimpeachable integrity, liberal mind, and of the highest moral principles. No man ever had a greater moral integrity than Mr. Davis. He was a man of high purpose, spotless integrity, and exalted patriotism. A man who in the field exhibited dauntless courage and to the cabinet a breadth of view and grasp of conditions which marked him as the deep student of our institutions, and in the South worthy to sit with the noblest; and when defeat and disaster and utter ruin overtook us, he bore with patient and calm demeanor the bitter shafts of calumny and slander—the man who typified what we loved so ardently that his name seems linked in indissoluble union with the rise, the glory, and the defeat of the great Southern cause.

Jefferson Davis was a statesman, a soldier, a man of high character, a cabinet officer, a president. Not put in office by a bullet, but by ballot.

I would not needlessly stir the blood of the American youth, but I would have him read the true story of the War between the States. I would have him study the lives and characters of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee, take and follow them as examples of statesmanship, patriots, and private citizens. I would have them remember that brilliant civilization that adorned the South at the breaking out of the war. I would have them know it all—the whole truth.

## SIGNERS OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

(Continued from page 63.)

forward to take him. All the troops in Boston seized arms to repel a general attack, when the governor appeared and appealed to the infuriated citizens to disperse.

The casualties amounted to five dead and six wounded. The day after the shooting a town meeting was held under the leadership of Samuel Adams and John Hancock. Before their determined protest the governor yielded, and the soldiers were withdrawn from the town. The incident had a marked influence on all of the colonists.

When the time came for the Constitution to be ratified or rejected, all eyes in Massachusetts were turned on John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who had tremendous influence. They were both known to hesitate, and Adams, in particular, was not to be convinced easily. He was devoted to his State and thought her interests were to be sacrificed. In the convention, Hancock was induced to offer a number of proposed amendments supporting the rights of the States. Adams announced that he was satisfied, and ratification was carried by the relatively small majority of nineteen.



## U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 73.)

mont District, Mrs. M. C. Milling, Greenwood; Recording Secretary, Mrs. L. Cottingham, Dillon; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. John M. Kinard, Newberry; Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. L. Parmer, Columbia; Historian, Mrs. D. S. Vandiver, Anderson; Registrar, Mrs. J. Frost Walker, Union; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. H. Summer, Newberry; Director of Publicity, Miss Zena Payne, Johnston; Auditor, Mrs. D. H. Laney, Chesterfield.

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*Tennessee.*—Tennessee has had two District Conferences, November 25, at Knoxville, and December 9, at Murfreesboro. Both were successful. Mrs. Eugene Monday, Third Vice President of the Division, and Chairman for East Tennessee, had a particularly full and interesting program.

The Past President of Tennessee Division, Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, is now serving as Corresponding Secretary General.

An especially handsome and interesting Yearbook has been gotten out by Mrs. A. R. Dodson, of Humboldt, Historian of the Tennessee Division. It is profusely illustrated, and in addition to the historical topics and list of prizes for historical work, there is much information of Tennessee history. The booklet is indeed a credit to the Historical Department of the Tennessee Division.

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*Virginia.*—In honor of its President, "The Jennie Gunn Ball Student Loan Fund" at William and Mary College has been started by Lee Chapter, of Richmond.

Also, on November 19, a memorial boulder, erected on the Jefferson Davis Highway, about eight miles from Richmond, was unveiled by E. G. Tyler and J. R. Tyree, two Confederate veterans, aged eighty-one and ninety-one years respectively, in honor of the heroic ancestors of Lee Chapter members.

The address was made by Judge Frank T. Sullon, son of a Confederate veteran, and the singing of Confederate songs was an attractive feature. The President of the Chapter outlined the work and explained that the names of the ancestors with their records and the names of the contributing descendants were written on parchment and sealed in a copper box imbedded in the boulder.

## A SURPRISE THAT FAILED.

BY S. T. STRATTON, COMPANY I, 10TH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

It was in the spring of the year that General Johnston brought his army from the Peninsula. Our regiment, the 10th Georgia, was camped on the right of the road leading from Richmond to the Chickahominy, which was known, I think, as the New Bridge Road. The right of our regiment was on the road, and the left extended back on the ridge overlooking the bottom, which was a large plantation. At this point the river ran close to the ridge, and on the opposite bank, with only a small strip of timber and elder bushes on our side of the stream. The guard on duty at this bridge was of Louisiana troops, known as Forneaux's Battalion.

Joshua Shropshire and I strolled off to the left of the regiment, and while down the hill near the bottom, he called my attention to several men who had come out of the woods upstream. I thought they were some of our boys out foraging. In a minute or so a dozen or more appeared, and we then saw by their uniforms that they were Federal troops and had guns at carry arms. Shropshire ran as fast as he could to notify Colonel Cummings, and I went just as fast to Corporal

Robertson, of Manly's North Carolina Battery, which was parked in the rear of our regiment, Robertson being our favorite gunner. He was satisfied they were Federal troops, and about this time a Federal officer on horseback appeared at the edge of the woods. Corporal Robertson got a gun in position and was about to fire, when Colonel Cummings ran up and ordered him not to, as it might be some of our men; but as soon as Colonel Cummings was satisfied with the situation, the long roll was sounded and a line of battle formed, and we had quite a skirmish for a while. In some way the enemy got across the stream, which was quite narrow at this point, and were fired at by Corporal Robertson when ascending the hill on the opposite side. The object of their move was to capture the guard at the bridge, and our prompt action saved the surprise.

I have written this in the hope of hearing from some of my old comrades of days gone by. My address is 1505 North Peak Street, Dallas, Tex.

## OCOEE.

(The suggested State Flower for Tennessee is the Passion Flower, so called by the early Spaniards, and by our own pioneers the "May Pop" and "Wild Apricot," but the Cherokee Indians called it "Ocoee," and they prized it as their most abundant and beautiful of all flowers.

"Oco-ee, Oco-ee, Oco-ee,"

The Indian Maiden sang.

"Oco-ee, Oco-ee, Oco-ee,"

The echoing mountains rang:

"Give me thy blooms, Oco-ee,

Give me thy flowers rare,

Thy twilight blue of sunset be  
To bind my mourning hair.

Give me thy gems, Oco-ee,  
Thy turquoise crown unfold,

Beset with bars of yellow stars  
On calyxes of gold.

Oco-ee, one my bridal flower—

(Now widowed, thou shalt be)—

My warrior comes not home again,

He comes not home to me,

Oco-ee."

"Oco-ee, Oco-ee, Oco-ee,

'Twas here he won my love,

Your flowers were my bridal bed,  
Blue as the skies above,

But O, alas! he lies  
Unburied in an unknown land,  
Beneath its unknown skies.

Thy gems are tears, Oco-ee,  
(Ay, yellow tears forlorn!)

Thy blue is turned to ruth and rue,  
Thy turquoise crown is thorn.

Farewell, my land, my life, my love,  
Farewell, O flower of woe,

My warrior comes not home to me  
But I to him will go,

Oco-ee."

—John Trotwood Moore.



**STILL GOING AFTER THEM.**—Comrade W. C. Brown, of Gainesville, Tex., writes that he has passed into his eighty-eighth year, but is all right when he gets into his jitney and goes out for subscribers to the VETERAN. He built up the list at Gainesville and continues to hold it up to "top notch" by his continued efforts every year. May his tribe increase!

W. C. Reeves, of Merkel, Tex., a subscriber to the VETERAN since 1902—and to the end—writes that he served in Company B, 8th Tennessee Regiment. He is now nearing his eighty-fourth milestone. His address is Route No. 1 Box 51.

Maj. Jere C. Dennis, of Dadeville, Commander of the Alabama Division, S. C. V., sends a new subscriber to the VETERAN and writes that he will "make special efforts to follow it with a number of others." If every Son of the Confederacy would do a little missionary work in this way, the VETERAN would prosper. Who will be next?

"Yis, sor, work is scarce; but Oi got a job last Sunday that brought me a quid."

"What, Pat; you broke the Sabbath?"

"Well, sor, it wuz me or the Sabbath. Wan of us had to be broke."—*Melbourne Punch.*

# TO COMRADES OF THE AMERICAN LEGION.

Maj. Gen. David C. Shanks, U. S. Army, retired, is now engaged in writing "The Best Stories of the War," and he is asking that comrades of the American Legion will help him by contributing some of those humorous incidents or appealing stories which they remember and which had their setting in camp, rest house, in the hospitals, on the piers, or aboard transports. He will be grateful, indeed, for all this, and will give credit to all who will permit it.

General Shanks has a recent book to his credit, "As They Passed through the Port," which deals with experiences in the late great war. Address him at Washington, D. C., the Wyoming Apartments.

**KNOCKED OUT!**—A tramp rang a doctor's doorbell and asked the young woman who answered if she would be so kind as to ask the doctor if he had a pair of old trousers he would give away. "I am the doctor," said the young woman, and the tramp fell down the steps.—*Capper's.*

J. H. Faubion, of Leander, Tex., who served with Company C, of the 26th Tennessee Infantry, writes that he is the only wearer of the gray left in that section, so he has to depend altogether

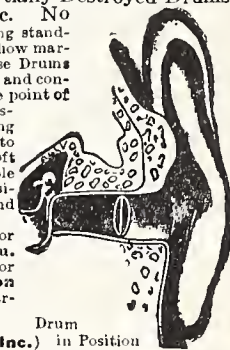
# Deafness

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upon the VETERAN for "Confederate news." He is now eighty-four years old, and the nearest comrade to him, ten miles away, is ninety-two.

Mrs. W. N. Woods, 1923 Fifth Street, Lubbock, Tex., is interested in securing a pension for the widow of Asa Pardee Bracken, a Kentucky soldier under Morgan. He was reared in Ohio County, Ky., near or in Cromwell, by an uncle, Bowles Bracken. Any information on his war service will be appreciated by Mrs. Woods.

He had ordered some chicken soup in the lunchroom and, having tasted, it said to the waitress:

"What is this you have brought me?"

"'Deed, sah, dat's chicken soup," was the reply.

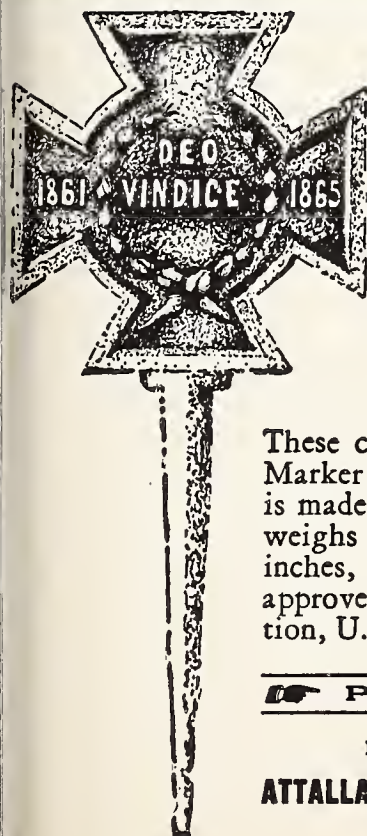
"Well, there is no chicken in it."

"No, sah; dere ain't no dog in dog biscuits, either!"

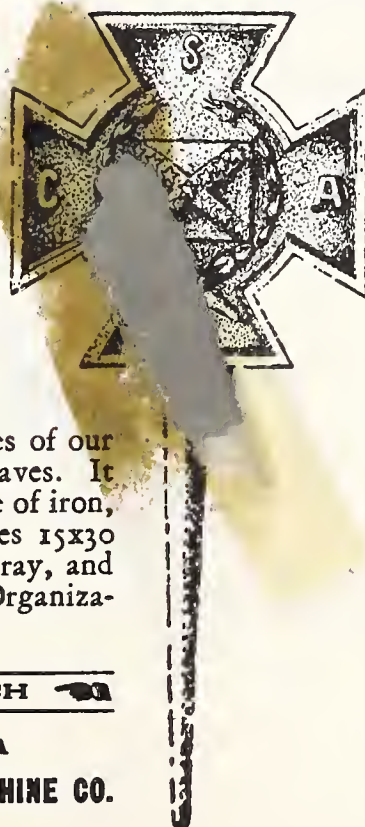
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CHARLES W. KENT } UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA  
JOHN CALVIN METCALF }

Atlanta, Ga., January 23, 1928.

The Confederate Veteran,  
Nashville, Tenn.

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# Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXVI.

MARCH, 1928

NO. 3



TO THE PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS  
(See page 83)

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## OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS.

In the following list are many valuable works on Confederate history, and all of them more or less scarce at this time. As time goes on their value increases, as they become more and more difficult to procure, and those who are interested in building up a Confederate library should not let this opportunity pass. As there is but one copy to offer of some, your second and third choice should be given.

Short History of the Confederate States of America. By Jefferson Davis.

Cloth.....	\$5 00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two vols.....	8 00
Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfriend.....	4 00
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. J. D. Richardson. Two vols.....	7 00
Life and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	4 00
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With Sword and Scalpel. By Dr. John N. Wyeth.....	5 00
Poems by Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition.....	2 50
The War between the States. By Alexander H. Stephens.....	8 00
Four Years in the Saddle. By Harry Gilmor.....	3 50
Reminiscences of Peace and War. By Mrs. Roger Pryor.....	3 50
Confederate Wizards of the Saddle. By Bennett H. Young.....	5 00
Destruction and Reconstruction. By Gen. Richard Taylor.....	4 00
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Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.	

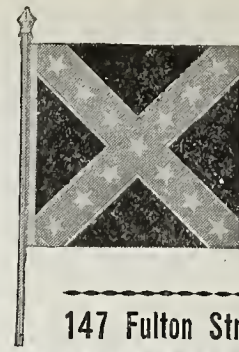
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Mrs. C. Q. Carman, 400 St. Joseph Street, Mobile, Ala., is very anxious to secure the record of her father as a Confederate soldier. Willis Briton Gonia enlisted from either Copiah or Hinds County, Miss., as a private, but she does not know company or regiment; his father was the third settler in Hinds County, near Chapel Hill, Miss. Her uncle, Edmond Rayford Lewis, who, she thinks, was an officer, was killed in

the battle of Corinth, Miss. Anyone knowing anything of the service of either will please communicate with Mrs. Carman.

Mrs. Fred Lawson, of Ennis, Tex., would like to know with what company in Harrison's Regiment, Capers's Brigade, her father, R. H. Earnest, was connected. He was a chaplain of the regiment and brigade.



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NOTICE

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T. E. Etheridge, Adjutant South Georgia Camp, U. C. V., of Waycross, Ga., is interested in securing a pension for the widow of William Wilson, who went into the war from Ware County, Ga. He was a Jew. Any information as to his company and regiment will be appreciated.

W. W. Hulse, of Fayetteville, Ark., is anxious to get in communication with anyone who knew him when in the Confederate army. He enlisted in 1864, in Howard County, Mo., under one Doc Jackman, a brother of Colonel Jackman, who was with General Price on his raid into Missouri; he is trying to secure a pension.

Mrs. Zbitowsky Kielen, 208 East Tenth Street, Dallas, Tex., asks for information on the war service of Frank Zbitowsky, who enlisted from Austin County, Tex., at Wilhelm, or Cat Springs, Tex. His widow is trying to get a pension.

Any survivors of Company H, 10th Virginia Infantry, in 1861-62, or anyone who knew John B. Armentrout, who enlisted from Harrisonburg, Va., on June 4, 1861, in that command, will please write to his widow, Mrs. Alice A. Armentrout, Rural Route No. 2, Box 132, Oklahoma City, Okla. She is trying to secure a pension.

Mrs. Nancy Dodd, Sweet Home, Ark., would like to get in communication with any survivor of the 13th Mississippi Regiment who knew Albert Dodd; he was at home on furlough at the close of the war.

**LIFE and LETTERS of  
MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY**

By J. A. CASKIE

Price, \$3. Edition Limited

THE RICHMOND PRESS, INC.,  
Richmond, Va.



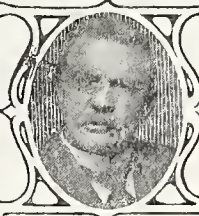
# Confederate Veteran

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.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

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

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VOL. XXXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1928.

No. 3. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn. .... *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*  
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.  
..... *Assistant to the Adjutant General*  
GEN. W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla. .... *Chaplain General*

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REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. .... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## GOING TO THE REUNION?

Be sure to make your reservations in advance. Write to the Housing Committee in care of Edmond R. Wiles, General Chairman, Little Rock, Ark.

## OFFICIAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., January 30, 1928.

### GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

The General Commanding is pained to announce the death of Lieut. Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., which took place at his home in Richmond, Va., on January 27.

General Taylor served as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff under Gen. Julian S. Carr, from November, 1921, to April, 1923. He was a member and Past Commander of R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, U. C. V.

In 1863, General Taylor, then only a boy, enlisted in Company G, with Edward S. Gay, commander, which was composed of boys fourteen to sixteen years old, and on July 23, 1863, this company was mustered into service as Company G, Henley's Battalion, Troops for Local Defense, and took active part against Dahlgren's raid, March 1, 1864. They were highly complimented for bravery on that occasion in official reports.

Since the close of the war, General Taylor has been engaged in the drug business, Richmond, Va., and finally became president of the Powers-Taylor Drug Company.

J. C. FOSTER, *General Commanding.*

HARRY RENE LEE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

## MONUMENT TO MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The frontispiece of this number of the VETERAN gives the design for the monument to Matthew Fontaine Maury now being erected in Richmond, Va. F. W. Sievers, sculptor.

The success of the movement to thus honor the greatest scientist of this or any country was largely due to the patient and persistent effort of Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, President of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., who gave her time and labor for more than ten years to this undertaking. The fund of \$60,000 was all pledged when she reached the age of ninety years, December 3, 1926. Of this fund the State of Virginia contributed \$15,000; the city of Richmond, \$10,000; the United Daughters of the Confederacy gave \$5,000; the balance came from private subscriptions and annual dues of one dollar each, life membership, \$10, sale of pamphlets, etc.

The Association has an unique record in that the only cost attached to raising this fund was postage and printed matter.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### GREAT ANNIVERSARIES.

All over the South, and in many places in other sections of this great country, the hallowed day of January 19 is fittingly observed, and in this year of 1928, the one hundred and twenty-first anniversary of Robert E. Lee has brought out general expressions of appreciation for this knightly soul. Especially gratifying it is that the people of the South more and more appreciate him outside of that adoration for their peerless leader in time of war for his example in the acceptance of conditions following the surrender, in his efforts to encourage his people to work for the restoration of the South as a great part of the Union has become more and more understood and has strengthened his fame. Though his application for amnesty was ignored and he was never restored to citizenship—and whose was the loss?—he tranquilly continued in his “self-imposed task” of “training young men to do their duty in life”—duty to their country, to their beloved South, and to themselves. And his fame has grown with the years, the noblest example of failure triumphant in all history.

Two other noble figures memorialized in the month of January, Stonewall Jackson and Matthew Fontaine Maury, gave their great abilities and genius to the cause of the South; and they shall not be forgotten. Many monuments over this Southern country tell of that military genius recognized as the right arm of the Confederacy; and there is now in course of erection, in Richmond, Va., a great memorial that will forever emblazon the story of the contributions made by the great “Pathfinder of the Seas” to the knowledge of that trackless waste and to the safety and benefit of the whole world, a tribute that should have been paid long since.

It seems strange that two books on the “Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury” should have come out so close together, but we cannot have too much literature of the kind, for no man as great as he has ever been more neglected by the people who have profited most. The United States owes to Maury the greatest debt for his contributions to maritime science, yet it has been left to foreign countries to properly appreciate his genius. He is now coming into his own, and the day will yet come when his own people shall set his name high in the temple of fame, a temple not built with hands.

### SOUTHERN TOADYISM.

There is no desire on the part of the most extreme Southerner to deprive Lincoln of any glory that is rightfully his, but the effort to make the South glorify him should have no recognition by a self-respecting people. Lincoln has enough adulation from the North and East and West, and we have enough to do in seeing that our own great men are not forgotten—and they have been sadly neglected. It is, therefore, rather irritating, to say the least of it, to note the effort, as reported by the daily press, that is made by some Southerners to especially observe the 13th of February and to laud the man who brought war on the South. The action of the Virginia legislature especially seems without excuse. This is what the Associated Press gave out:

“*Richmond, Va., February 13:* In response to a resolution of Representative R. Lindsay Gordon, Louisa County delegate, with the statement that ‘every Southern gentleman

now agrees with Abraham Lincoln on the question of slavery,’ the Virginia general assembly to-day for the first time officially honored the civil war President by adjournment of the lower house out of respect to his memory.”

Those hard-working legislators evidently needed a holiday, and any pretext served; but why should this Virginia legislator speak for “every Southern gentleman.” Lincoln certainly honored (?) Virginia by refusing to allow the State Assembly to meet just after the surrender. This legislator has forgotten his birthright. There must be a lot of people in Virginia who are not “Southern gentlemen,” for there are many in that State who would not agree that slavery was the cause of the war, as this gentleman assumes; even Lincoln would not agree to that. He needs to get better informed on Southern history. This action of the lower House of the Virginia Assembly has occasioned wide comment and indignant protest, and the Louisa delegate may be better informed thereby. The Senate took no action on that day.

And this is reported of one who claims she is proud of her Southern birth:

“*London, February 13:* Viscountess Astor, extolling Abraham Lincoln at a birthday luncheon honoring the American civil war President to-day, discussed Anglo-American relations and assailed the ‘100-per cent citizen’ as a menace to international amity. She regarded Lincoln not as the typical American, but as the embodiment of the *best qualities* of the citizens of all countries.

Why not of the worst qualities, since he approved of the atrocities of his generals in the South, by which they tried to make it a desert waste? For such as this Germany was condemned by the world.

And this from the seat of government—but it needn’t have been inflicted by a Southern representative:

“*Washington, February 13:* The tribute of the land of Dixie to Abraham Lincoln was given in the Senate to-day by Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic party leader: ‘As a representative in this body of what has come to be known as the New South, I bow my head to-day in reverence,’ he said. ‘I cut a wild rose blooming in the garden of Dixie and lay it on the tomb of the great, humble, awkward, immortal Lincoln, whose courage and charity excel that which has been exemplified by the leadership of armed forces *nowhere, at no time*, in the annals of human history.’”

And Washington himself “should laugh.”

### THE REUNION AT LITTLE ROCK.

The General Chairman for the Little Rock reunion, Edmond R. Wiles, reports that preparations for the entertainment of thousands of visitors during the reunion in May are going forward satisfactorily and everything is being done that could be done to anticipate any contingency that may arise in that connection. The application to the government for equipment for the veterans’ encampment has been favorably considered by both houses of Congress, and this means that the equipment will be on hand and in place well in advance of the coming of the veterans, thus insuring their comfort from the first.

Everything else is progressing in the same satisfactory way, and Mr. Wiles urges that all who plan to attend this reunion will report just as soon as possible, so that accommodations may be secured well in advance, and thus avoid confusion and discomfort at the last.

At the Fair Park, six units of the Arkansas National Guard will be quartered and will render every service possible to the veterans.



## GENERAL LEE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Quite a little excitement is occasioned now and then by the reputed "finding" of the original of General Lee's farewell address to his army at Appomattox, Va. The fact that a good many copies were made of that address to send around to the different commanders of the army, and that every now and then a signed copy comes to light is responsible for these finds. Recently the newspapers of the country carried the story of a certain lawyer of Louisville, Ky., who has treasured one of these signed copies through many years under the belief that it took rank as one of America's most valuable documents, "to be preserved along with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States." We can agree that the value of the original is beyond price, and that it should be preserved as one of the most precious of historic documents, but the fact that the original draft is in the possession of the heirs of Col. Charles Marshall, who was General Lee's Chief of Staff, is evidence that these "findings" are but copies, even though they are valuable papers. The following letter from a son of Colonel Marshall explains the situation fully. He says:

"My attention was directed to-day to an article republished from the *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"The article deals with the discovery in the hands of an unnamed attorney in Louisville of the original of General Lee's Farewell Address to his troops, General Orders No. 9, of April 10, 1865.

"As we have in our possession the original General Orders No. 9, in the handwriting of my father and signed in the handwriting of General Lee, I was naturally interested by the article referred to above.

"My father often told the circumstances under which this order was prepared and published, and I will repeat them here for your information. Under the instructions of General Lee he prepared the order and took it to General Lee for his signature. General Lee signed the order, which contains an interlineation which does not appear in any of the copies referred to hereafter.

"According to my recollection of what my father said, the order was then copied and sent to corps commanders, who in turn copied it and sent it to division commanders, who in turn copied it and sent it to brigade commanders, who in turn copied it and sent it to regimental commanders, who copied it and delivered it to captains of companies, by whom it was read to the men in the company streets. A number of these copies were brought to General Lee for his autograph signature, and in an unknown number of cases he attached his signature to the copies. The paper referred to in the edition of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, of January 19, 1928, is the first one of these papers purporting to be in my father's handwriting, although several have turned up which were not in my father's handwriting, although bearing the genuine signature of General Lee.

"I would be interested to know, whether the paper in the possession of the Louisville attorney contains the interlineation referred to above. Naturally none of the copies contains this interlineation.

"For information with respect to the paper in our possession, I refer you to the closing chapter of 'An Aide-de-Camp to General Lee,' being the papers of Col. Charles Marshall, edited and published this year by General Sir Frederick Maurice.

"I am writing this letter with no desire to become involved in a controversy on the subject with which it deals, but you may make such use of the letter as you see fit.

J. MARKHAM MARSHALL."

## GOV. ALEXANDER SPOTSWOOD, OF VIRGINIA

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

The very interesting article in the January VETERAN, by Mrs. William Lyne, on the "Culture of the Old South," does an unintentional injustice to the memory of one of Virginia's best colonial governors in the statement that Lord Spotswood "thanked God in Colonial times that there were no public schools in Virginia."

It was not Governor Spotswood, but Sir William Berkeley, in his report of 1670, in answer to the question, "What course is taken about instructing the people," who, after saying that every man according to his ability instructed his own children, said: "But I thank God that there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has developed them."

Alexander Spotswood, governor of Virginia, 1710-23, was directly opposed in his policy as to education to the spiteful Berkeley. He was very active in the cause of education and especially solicitous for William and Mary College.

It was Governor Spotswood who, in 1716, made the excursion with a party of gallant horsemen up to and over the Blue Ridge Mountains and created the order of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, presenting to each one of his party who could prove that he swore allegiance to his sovereign on the top of the Blue Ridge a small gold horseshoe set with precious stones. An interesting novel has been written founded on this trip.

### WHEN.

When sounds the trumpet,  
And the blest arise,  
I shall want to wear,  
In paradise,  
My old gray jacket,  
That all may see  
I fought for the right  
Under General Lee.

When reveille  
Will be heard no more,  
And tents are struck  
On a greener shore,  
On my breast let  
The Cross of Honor be,  
To prove I've served  
Under R. E. Lee.

When taps is blown,  
And for me "All's well!"  
I want to give just  
One rebel yell,  
That all may hear  
And know and see  
I'm one of the men  
Of Marse Bob Lee.

When furlough ends,  
And at God's command,  
With the ranks in gray  
I take my stand—  
The Confederate flag  
Shall wave o'er me  
While I salute  
Our Chieftain, Lee!

—Sally Washington Maupin, Fourth Vice President, Maryland Division, U. D. C.



MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

*A Biography by Charles L. Lewis.\**

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

It is fitting that a definitive and modern biography of this son of the United States Navy should be issued under the auspices of the Naval Institute. In orderly and philosophical fashion, the life and achievements of the greatest scientist of the New World are here set forth.

Should anyone question the superlative summary thus ascribed to Maury by the reviewer, when such preëminence is not considered by the biographer, let the skeptic suggest any other American who accomplished as much in the sphere of science and in the promotion of human knowledge and welfare. The claim, therefore, should be regarded not as a dictum accepted as final even by its proponent, but as an idea to be thought over for the purpose of dispassionate comparison, followed by confirmation or rejection.

By way of stimulating inquiry, it may be asked if any other American has created, for the benefit of mankind, a new department of science? Maury has been called "the Humboldt of the New World"; and Humboldt himself declared that Maury's development of oceanography entitled him to this rare distinction. Again, what scientist anywhere ever earned a more notable soubriquet than the "Pathfinder of the Seas?" There may be other American scientists entitled to equal or higher rank among the immortals, but the reviewer cannot recall their names.

It would seem enough for one man to have led the way in charting the currents and trade winds throughout the seven seas, so that, for the first time in the history of the world, man could definitely harness them for his purposes; yet Maury did this and more; he set forth the nature and offices of these winds and currents, charted the ocean bottom, and explained the mighty functions of the tiniest animalculæ and of their amazing creations under water. It was he who showed where the ocean cable might be laid—in the picturesque attribution of Cyrus Field, he illuminated the path for the lightning in the depths of the ocean.

Maury's articles in the *Southern Literary Messenger* prepared the way for the founding of the United States Naval Academy; and he, more than anyone else, was responsible for the establishment of meteorological observations which, being practically the same as those of our present Weather Bureau, may be said to have led to the creation of that highly important department of the Federal government.

Finally, in this partial enumeration of his major achievements, it may be added that Maury received more decorations, medals, degrees, honors, and offers from every civilized country in the world than any other American scientist. Possibly the only other person to excel him in the number of decorations bestowed upon him is our own Charles A. Lindbergh, youthful aviator of almost magic skill and the ambassador extraordinary of international good will. However, it is not detracting one iota from all that Colonel Lindbergh so justly merits to say the latter has not essayed to be a master mind in the field of scientific discovery.

While a certain element of officialdom in his own country was doing everything possible to blacken Maury's reputation and obscure his achievements before, during, and after an unhappy sectional conflict, the leading nations of the world seized every opportunity to do honor to this American genius. Their governments and scientific societies offered

him everything he could reasonably wish to pursue his studies on his own terms. Yet Maury, patriot as well as genius, refused the highest emoluments Europe had to offer in order to continue to serve his country.

Lest we be too harsh with respect to Federal officials and the not unnatural, but too-long persistent sectional prejudices accentuated by armed conflict, it should also be recorded, in all fairness, that Maury was handicapped during the War between the States by the prejudices and opposition of the Secretary of the Confederate Navy, who, in greater or less degree, appears to have influenced President Davis. It is interesting to conjecture what Maury might have achieved in the service of the Confederacy but for this distrust. It was Maury who pointed the way to the most successful methods for the defense of the sea coast; so that the overpowering strength of hostile sea power would have been offset by a force, then unknown to naval warfare. However, his plans were not supported, for, by a strange coincidence, the Confederate Secretary had, in the United States Congress, been connected with the opposition that Maury faced before the outbreak of the war. Hence, indignant Southerners are under a certain burden of restraint in censuring the detractions and neglect accorded Maury in the North; but, happily, all good Americans can now forget the differences of the past and begin to vie with each other in according his name its proper prominence in the history of the nation. Those who have refused to give Maury a niche in the "Hall of Fame" would do well to dishonor themselves no longer, lest the American people refuse to allow his name to be used in that connection! The prejudices of past epochs must not govern present judgments. Only in the past few days, the reviewer was informed that the greatest of the British steamboat lines sets aside its best accommodations for members of Maury's family, in grateful remembrance of the fact that his discoveries have saved the commerce of the world more than the worth of all the vessels now upon the seas. And yet, alas! for the judgment of supposedly philosophical scientific societies, when swayed by passion, the National Academy of Sciences had the hardihood to declare in 1864 that the findings of Maury's *Sailing Directions*, world-famous as a guidebook of nautical science, contained "but little that is practically useful"! Can there be found a more amazing illustration of the spirit of pettiness in high places? Nevertheless, while this judgment may excite universal derision to-day, the miasma of its prejudice has probably kept the name of Maury from inclusion among the scores of names emblazoned among the marble colonnades of the Library of Congress.

It is well to close with these words from the volume under review, italics inserted: "For many years repeated attempts have been made to erect an adequate monument to Maury. Immediately after Maury's death, at the suggestion of Rear Admiral Marin H. Jansen, of Holland, some steps were taken toward the building of a lighthouse on the Rocas Banks near the coast of Brazil, as a fitting memorial to the great oceanographer. But the plan did not succeed, as foreign geographic societies wished the movement to originate in America, and this country, when approached on the matter, was found unsympathetic toward the undertaking."

After reading the story of the Brussels conference of 1853, which was called into being by Lieutenant Maury, the reviewer wonders if it would not be correct to say that this was the only conference where all the maritime nations agreed to coöperate in order to carry out a special system of philosophical research. At the suggestion of a mere lieutenant in the American Navy, they came together; and it was this young lieutenant who interpreted their findings and produced re-

\*Published by the United States Naval Institute, with foreword by Commander R. E. Byrd; 264 pages, 19 illustrations. Price, \$6.00.



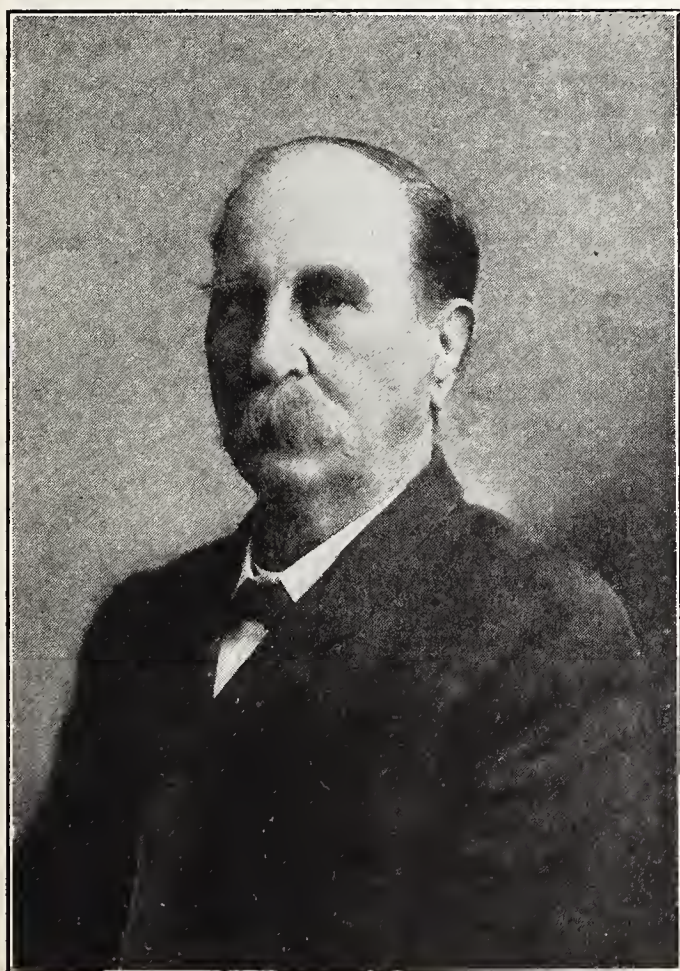
sults that surprised the fondest imaginings of the assembled statesmen, scientists, and leaders in the world trade and commerce. If, in future ages, the League of Nations will have proved the means for preventing war, that, and that alone, would be a greater achievement to the credit of an American philosopher, who also was a son of old Virginia, mother of States as well as of statesmen.

This contribution to American biography should do much further to rend the veil of past prejudice and of present ignorance, to the end that the truth may be revealed and honor accorded to whom honor is due.

## COL. JOHN W. INZER, OF ALABAMA.

A beloved and distinguished son of Alabama passed to his reward with the death of Col. John W. Inzer at his home in Ashville, Ala., on the 2nd of January. He lived to the ripe age of ninety-four years, lacking one week, active almost to the last, and he had given much service to humanity in his long life. He was a member of the State Secession Convention, which met in Montgomery in 1861, the youngest member and the last survivor. He was an outstanding figure, too, in the trying times of reconstruction, and helped to build up the life of his commonwealth upon the ashes of disaster. He served his State at the bar and on the bench, and in its legislative halls aided in its constructive work; he identified himself with the cause of education and in caring for the State's helpless dependents. Though he retired some years ago from active participation in affairs, he kept in touch with the issues of the day and enjoyed the contact with friends and former associates in a mental alertness which was strong to the last.

John Washington Inzer was the name given to the only son of Henry White and Phoebe Reid Inzer, born January 9,



COL. JOHN W. INZER.

1834, on a farm near Lawrenceville, in Gwinnett County, Ga. His parents were originally from South Carolina. One of his three sisters is still living, in her ninety-seventh year, now a resident of Colorado.

John Inzer worked on the farm and in the blacksmith shop while getting his education in the rural schools near Lawrenceville, Ga., and graduated from the Gwinnett Institute in 1852. He then taught school for a year, and removed to Talladega, Ala., in 1854, and began the study of law. He was admitted to the bar there and began his practice of law at Ashville, Ala., in January, 1856, and his law practice there covered a period of over sixty years, he having retired from active practice in 1920. He was holding the office of judge in St. Clair County when, in December, 1860, he was elected to the Alabama Secession Convention at the age of twenty-six, and he was the youngest member of that august body. Though he voted against secession, when the ordinance was passed, he signed it and pledged his life and fortune to the cause, and immediately took steps for entering the service of the Confederacy. His war record began with his enlisting as a private in the 9th Alabama Battalion; he was promoted to first lieutenant of Company L, 18th Alabama Infantry, which was reorganized in 1863 as the 9th Alabama Battalion, and he was made captain of Company G; two weeks later he was promoted to major, and when the 58th Alabama Regiment was completed, with Col. Bush Jones commanding, Major Inzer was made its lieutenant colonel. Later the 32nd and 38th Regiments were consolidated, with the field officers of the 38th in charge.

Colonel Inzer participated in the battles of Shiloh, Hoover's Gap, Beech Grove, McLemore's Cove, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, being with the armies in Tennessee. On November 25, 1863, while preparing for a charge, he was captured at Missionary Ridge and taken to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, and remained there until released in 1865.

Returning to Alabama at the close of the war, he was recuperating at Cooke Springs, his health having become impaired by prison life, when he was notified of his appointment by Governor Parson as Probate Judge of St. Clair County. This was in August, 1865, and feeling that he should be elected by the people, he resigned in October, then in May, 1866, stood for election, receiving a majority greater than the vote for both opponents. He was removed from this office by the military authorities on the ground that he had fought in the Southern army, was disloyal to the Federal government, and he was also disbarred from voting. In 1870 he was elected as a delegate to the first Democratic convention of Alabama after the war, and while many white citizens were disbarred from voting; and up to 1890 he served several terms in the House and Senate of Alabama, representing St. Clair and several other counties. He was in the famous convention of 1875, when Alabama was restored to the citizens of that State. He was appointed judge of the Sixteenth Judicial Circuit at its creation in 1907, by Governor Comer, and the following year was elected to that judgeship without opposition. Four governors of the State honored him with appointments as brigadier general of the 7th Brigade, Alabama Militia.

In August, 1866, Judge Inzer was married to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Pope, of Shelby County, Ala., and they lived at Ashville in a beautiful spirit of companionship which lacked but a few days of being fifty-five years. A son and two daughters completed the happy family circle, and they survive him, with eleven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.



Judge Inzer was a member of the Baptist Church, and superintendent of the Sunday school for twenty years, and had held other important positions in the Church work; a Mason, serving as Worshipful Master and treasurer of his lodge for many years. His death was widely commented upon by the press of his State, by which he was recognized and appreciated as one of the outstanding figures of his generation, honored and beloved wherever known, ever dependable as a loyal patriot, devoted to the advancement of his State and the betterment of its citizenship.

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COMMANDER ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA  
DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

The death of Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., which occurred at his home in Richmond, Va., on the 27th of January, has removed an outstanding figure in the ranks of Confederate veterans, with whom he had so long been prominently identified. General Taylor was one of those young boys who became soldiers of the Confederacy. He was but fifteen years of age when he enlisted in 1863, becoming a member of Company G, of Henley's Battalion, in the local defense troops commanded by Col. John McAnerny, and he had an active part in defending Richmond from Dahlgren's raiders in March, 1864; then served to the surrender at Appomattox.

General Taylor was born at Poplar Grove, the family home in Accomac County, Va., on August 21, 1848, and became a resident of Richmond at the age of eleven. After the war he was connected with the drug company of R. W. Powers, later becoming a partner in the firm, and then president of the company, which is now the Taylor-Powers Company. His connection with the firm was active up to the time of his serious illness, which came upon him last September. At one time he was president of the National Wholesale Druggists Association.

Always devoted to Confederate interests, General Taylor was known for his activity in behalf of his Confederate comrades. He was Past Commander of the R. E. Lee Camp, of Richmond, and for four years had served as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, following his term as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff under Commander in Chief, Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina. He was a member of the Advisory Board of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society of Richmond, under which the Confederate Museum is conducted, and the flag over the Museum hung at half mast until after his funeral. For many years he made the arrangements for veterans at the Confederate Home to attend the general reunions, and in every way possible ministered to their comfort and welfare.

General Taylor was twice married, his first wife being Miss Emma Cottrell, and the second marriage was to a daughter of Col. H. D. Whitcomb, a prominent engineer, who also preceded him in death. He is survived by five nieces and a nephew.

The Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., of which his wife was a member, and with which he had been identified in its good work, passed memorial resolutions expressing "profound sorrow in the loss of a valued and honored friend," and paid him this tribute:

"A loyal and devoted Confederate veteran, General Taylor gave generously of his time, his talents, and his means for the perpetuation of the cause so dear to his heart, and for the welfare and the happiness of the aged and impoverished veterans.



GEN. EDGAR D. TAYLOR.

"Richmond Chapter recalls with especial appreciation General Taylor's kindness and consideration of our veterans in the Confederate Home. His greatest pleasure was in bringing happiness into their lives, and through his efforts and able assistance the management has secured transportation for them to attend the reunions, special cars, and every comfort being provided for them.

"As Adjutant General under Gen. Julian Carr, and as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., he has left an enduring record as a capable and faithful officer.

"With his devoted wife, a beloved member of Richmond Chapter, General Taylor gave long and laborious service in the work of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association.

"In recognition of his generous and sympathetic interest in this and other activities of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Richmond Chapter conferred upon him honorary membership. His record was filled in, and it is filed with other records of the Chapter in the Confederate Museum.

"The members of this Chapter will miss his bright smile and cheerful greeting, and will ever cherish the memory of one whose heart and hand always responded to the call of duty.

"Committees: Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Mrs. Meta Randolph Turpin."

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MEMORIES OF LONG AGO.

BY MRS. LIZZIE REDWOOD GOODE, DALLAS CHAPTER, U. D. C.

It is with much pleasure that I read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, for it brings back memories of the past so sacred to those who had the privilege of living at that time or of



giving a helping and willing hand during that most "cruel war." It is during my lonely moments that I indulge in the pleasure of reading back numbers. It is like meeting old friends of "Auld Lang Syne." On looking over several back issues this morning, I came across one which contained pictures and sketches of the Commanders of U. C. V. Departments that particularly attracted my attention, as one contained data of which I was perfectly familiar.

Some time back Gen. R. A. Miller, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., was relating to me some account of his record during the sixties, and told that he was wounded and sent to the hospital in Richmond, I immediately asked: "Which one?" He replied: "Jackson." This became more interesting, and another question was rapidly fired back: "Which ward?" "O, I was suffering too much pain to know where I was," he replied. I then told him my mother had charge of the first ward of the Jackson Hospital, and Mrs. Hove (whose husband was a near relative of Patrick Henry) was assistant matron, Dr. Conti assistant surgeon. General Miller then said: "I was transferred to the Winder Hospital." "Yes," I said, "not far off, both in the neighborhood of the present beautiful Hollywood Cemetery. Miss Emily Mason (a schoolmate of my mother's in Lexington, Ky.) was in charge of Winder Hospital." General Miller then said: "All I remember of that hospital was a lady who would come and pick the banjo and sing so sweetly about the bug sitting on the potatoe vine, and I would give anything if I could remember her name." "Now," I replied, "I am not only going to correct you, but will give the lady's name. It was not a banjo, but a guitar that she played, and it was Mrs. Rowland (a sister of Miss Emily Mason) who sang so sweetly for you." He slapped his hands on his knees and said: "That's it! That's it."

Mrs. Rowland was the mother of Miss Kate Mason Rowland, who was afterwards a noted writer of Virginia.

Some of my friends have said, "You are too young to have known anything about the war," but it is from personal knowledge that I can correct and aid my comrades in their reminiscences.

In the same number of the VETERAN there was another article that attracted my attention, the picture of Gen. Edgar D. Taylor with his record of service written underneath, as follows: Troops for Local Defense, which was later the 3rd Regiment Troops for Local Defense, commanded by Col. John McAnerny. He had an active part in defending Richmond from Dahlgren's raiders, March 1, 1864."

Well do I remember Dahlgren's raid around Richmond for the purpose, so it was said, of capturing President Davis. It is with pleasure that I give my personal knowledge of these brave volunteers for Local Defense of Richmond.

Richmond, at that time, was almost entirely unprotected. It was upon these volunteers that the citizens of Richmond (I was one of them) had to depend for protection from Dahlgren's raiders and others. The clerical work of the different departments in the cabinet of President Davis was carried on by young men not physically able for military service, convalescents, ladies, and young boys.

In the War Department was the Quartermaster General's office with the following officers: A. R. Lawton, Quartermaster General; Major Alexander, A. A. Q. M.; Major Bailey and Captain Lester. I write especially of this department as I was connected with it as recorder of official correspondence for General Lawton, whose duty it was to furnish transportation and supplies to the troops. It was my duty to record correspondence of General Lawton and Major Alexander, and to direct and stamp these letters and give to Anderson,

our faithful and reliable negro janitor, for mailing in the next square. I mention these facts that my many Confederate friends may see I was in a position to know about those "Troops for Local Defense." In the Quartermaster General's office we had an enthusiastic and patriotic body of coworkers. When Dahlgren with his raiders threatened the safety of Richmond, it was our coworkers from the governmental departments and young boys of the city who volunteered their services to "hold the fort" against these raiders.

Well do I remember the excitement this raid caused in our office and the hurried preparations of our force going from the office. The leave taking was a sad event, especially as there were "cases" with some of the young ladies in the office. To these volunteers on this occasion all honor and credit is due. I feel I would be recreant in my gratitude were I not to give the names of the volunteers going from the Quartermaster General's office. It is with pleasure I pay to them this little tribute. The names are as follows: William H. B. Taylor, Richmond; Willie Peachey, Williamsburg (my father's native home); William Rind and James Rind (two brothers), Washington, D. C.; George Eddy, Willie Sinclair, Portsmouth; Dr. Wickingo, Norfolk; and, I believe, young Bascom Harwood, of Richmond, also joined. Then there was my young cousin, Harry Redwood, of Baltimore, who volunteered as a boy from Richmond. Harry (later called Henry) lived for many, many years in Asheville, N. C., and died there several years ago.

Being perfectly familiar with the circumstances of those "Troops for Local Defense," it was, therefore, a pleasure to see from Gen. Edgar D. Taylor's record that he was also one of those young boys who volunteered for the defense of Richmond from Dahlgren's raiders. I was glad to know that he was in Henley's Battalion, as the Henleys of Virginia are my relatives. General Taylor's record shows his age when he volunteered in Henley's Battalion to be that of a young boy, fifteen years old, under military age. Since the war he had been true to his colors, to his position as commander, and to his comrades.

What a strain of sad, but pleasant memories the record of General Taylor's service has brought back to me from the "long, long ago."

Thanks to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publishing this record, which has given me much pleasure.

## THEY SHALL RETURN.

They shall return when the wars are over,  
When battles are memories dim and far;  
Where guns now stand shall be corn and clover,  
Flowers shall bloom where the blood drops are.

They shall return with laughing faces,  
Limbs that are lithe and hearts new born;  
Yea, we shall see them in old-home places,  
Lovelier yet in the light of morn.

Dream not they die, though their bodies perish;  
Spirits like theirs, so free and brave,  
Go on to conquer and vitally flourish  
Spite the sword and grasping grave.

They shall return when the wars are over,  
When battles are memories dim and far;  
Where guns now stand shall be corn and clover,  
Flowers shall bloom where the blood drops are—  
They shall return!

—J. Lewis Milligan.



# Confederate Veteran.

## THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY.

BY LILITA LEVER YOUNGE.

Swept by a vast tide of people,  
Pulsing to life's strange song,  
Past hamlet and town and steeple,  
The Highway winds along.

And gloriously it beckons  
Adventurer, dreamer, sage,  
To fortune and fame, nor reckons  
The failures of youth or age.

But on, with a trend erratic,  
Past churchyard, hearth side, and mart,  
It sweeps, with a joy ecstatic,  
To throbbing of engine heart.

And what if some step lag weary?  
And what if some heart be sad?  
And what if some soul droop weary?  
The Call of the Road is glad!

O shade of a mighty chieftain,  
With glance of an eagle eye,  
Sublime in defeat and grief—Man  
Of sorrowful destiny—

From whatever star you're bending,  
Secure in a deathless fame,  
Wherever the road goes wending,  
See blazoned your hallowed name!

No longer Grant's batteries thunder;  
No longer the fields glow red;  
Men breathe with a reverent wonder  
The names of our Southland's dead.

Jefferson Davis! Behold a glory  
Undimmed with the flight of years,  
The tenderest, strangest story  
That ever was dewed with tears!

Where trail of the vanished Red Men  
Once traversed the lovely land,  
First blazed by the hands of dead men,  
The U. D. C. markers stand.

And ever the South shall cherish,  
And never the South forget,  
Though hands that have toiled shall perish,  
Her holiest, purest debt!

This poem was read by Mrs. Younge at the U. D. C. reception in the Gold Room of the Roosevelt Hotel, New Orleans, following the announcement that the Louisiana Division had won the prize for the placing of markers along the Jefferson Davis Highway in that State. It is dedicated to Mrs. L. U. Babin, President of the State Division, and to Mrs. Feeney Rice, Director of the Division Highway Committee. Mrs. Younge is the Poet Laureate of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, New Orleans.

## STATUE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS IN VICKSBURG NATIONAL PARK.

"A typical American occasion" it was said to be, the dedication of the Jefferson Davis statue on the battle field of Vicksburg, which is now a part of the Vicksburg National Park. At the conclusion of the interesting exercises, and as the crowd moved away, a single cannon shot was fired and the strains of Dixie came from a nearby hillside. And then, as though awaiting that signal, a wind suddenly whipped up from the distant Mississippi River and the flags on their staffs streamed triumphantly in the breeze, with the great bronze monument of the great Southerner in between.

This tribute to the service of Jefferson Davis came just after the reunion of the Mississippi Division, United Confederate Veterans, October 13, 1927, as the triumphant close of a happy meeting of the veterans of the State. There were several fine speakers on this occasion, which was presided over by Harris Dickson, as master of ceremonies, and who also extolled the administrative ability of Mr. Davis, not only in his service to the Confederacy, but also as Secretary of War of the United States, in which office he gave such notable service. Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham, U. S. A., was there as the representative of the government, and as the son of one who served as a commander in the Confederate army he, too, paid tribute to the South's model leader. Other tributes were given by John Sharp Williams, orator of the day, and Senator Hubert D. Stephens, of Mississippi.

Preceding the unveiling, there was a parade through the streets of Vicksburg, in which Confederate veterans, Legionnaires, and citizens participated, with music by several bands.

In presenting the monument to the national government, Hon. John Sharp Williams, "the sage of Cypress Grove," and former U. S. Senator, paid high tribute to Mr. Davis in an eloquent address, which is here given in part:

"Somebody has said that the sublimest spectacle which can be presented by man to humanity is that of a 'great man greatly falling with a falling State.' Surely it may be said with historic truth that Jefferson Davis presented this picture to his beloved Southland and to the world. Whatever faults of temperament or policy critics may find in him, he indubitably possessed the virtues of sincerity, loyalty to friends, principles, and a cause; courage to endeavor; fortitude to bear defeat and suffering; unvarying truthfulness and self-devotion. If these be the cardinal and foundation virtues for man to possess or to admire in other men during this earthly existence, as I think they are, they were all intact in Mr. Davis.

"The Southern Confederacy had but one President. That 'storm-cradled nation that rose and fell' itself went down in ruin and ashes, and seemingly 'its people's hopes were dead' even before the expiration of the six-year term of office of that 'one chosen one.' There is nothing in the character or bearing of that one for any son of the South, or of the North, to be ashamed of. There are many things in him, as in the history of that short and bloody struggle, on both sides, for all sons of both sections to commemorate as glorious and as worthy of the American people at their best.

"It is harder for the successful majority of a people, once divided into angry and warring parts, to do justice to the political leaders of the defeated minority than it is to praise its military and naval heroes.

"The genius of Stonewall Jackson, the nobility of Robert E. Lee have long since received unstinted praise from former foes, as from all the world. Even Raphael Semmes, after



deep and loud cursing, has had justice done his enterprise and intelligence as a 'sailorman.'

"Justice is beginning to be done by Northern writers to the character, ability, and memory of Jefferson Davis. Gamaliel Bradford, his antagonistic heredity and environment considered, has done it nobly well. Captain Schaff, of the Northern army, in his 'Life and Personality of Jefferson Davis,' pays admiring tribute to him. The first book to come from the North seeking to portray him as he was, entitled 'The Real Jefferson Davis,' was written by Laudon Knight, of Ohio. It pays generous and just tribute to his private character and public record.

"The Southern side of the War between the States is as much a part of the history of our United States as is the Northern side of it.

"It is a mistake of fact to say that the Southern States rebelled against, or even fought against, the United States. The plain, palpable, historical truth is that two groups of the theretofore united, then temporarily disunited, and subsequently reunited States, were at war with one another. The fact that, in order to avoid confusion in battle and otherwise, the minority group had perforce to assume for their new union a new name and a different flag and that the majority group naturally retained the old name, has led to the confusion of ideas and of things.

"Every drop of blood inherited by Jefferson Davis, and by most of the soldiers who fought under him, was of the blood once shed, or offered to be shed, for the independence of the colonies and the establishment of 'the old union.' He had himself been an officer in its regular army and later, during the Mexican war, an officer in its volunteer army. He retained to the day of his death an intense devotion to the memory of 'the old service.' This devotion to the old and voluntary union of all the States he carried over to the new union, or Confederation of his part of those States, the Confederate States of America. He became, by virtue of his office as President of this group, the commander in chief of its armies and officially, therefore, one of its soldiers. Upon this fact and his ante-bellum army services rests the claim to erect here on United States property this monument, a claim generously accorded by the Federal government of these States, against the major part of which he had waged relentless war in behalf of the independence of the minor part of them.

"He waged war relentless until the fabric which he commanded had hopelessly collapsed and he himself had become a prisoner of war. After the first natural ebullition of war passion and hate, he was unconfessedly, but really, treated as a prisoner of war. That is what his release on bail and the final dismissal of the treason charge against him really meant.

"When helpless and shackled, and then only, did he cease the struggle against 'the stars in their courses,' and, like Robert E. Lee, also a prisoner, though on parole, advised his followers to cease unavailing resistance and to reconcile themselves as best they might to the new order of things. Worthily had he borne his part in that brilliant and heroic Southern defense. Most worthily did he bear his part in that overwhelming defeat, worse than defeat, that collapse by exhaustion of all a people's resources, including the decimation of its man power.

"In every act and thought he had borne witness to the eternal truth that 'it is better to have loved and lost than not to have loved at all, better to have fought and lost than not to have fought at all.' He had loved the old union of all the States; he had loved the new union of that part of the States to which his State had adhered; he had performed honest, brave, brilliant, and enduring service for both.

"In retirement, unpardoned and not seeking pardon, he sought to explain 'the why' and 'the what' of it all in order that the motives and deeds and sufferings of those he had led might become a part of the understanding of the world; nor is his 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government' a book of small value, either as history or as literature, or as constitutional law, though naturally written from the viewpoint of a counsel for the defense.

"No 'generous soul,' to use a phrase of Demosthenes, 'will now deny that Jefferson Davis is the outstanding American instance in civil life of 'a great man greatly falling with a falling State.' He was worthy to be associated in his people's hearts with 'the sword of Lee,' with the military genius of Stonewall Jackson and with the enduring fortitude of that Southern soldiery which, 'with tattered uniforms, bare feet, and bright bayonets bore on their muskets' for four years the Southern cause. He was worthy to be associated in history with those other Americans who finally overwhelmed them.

"He was a man faithful unto death. Indeed, so prone was he never to desert a friend, a principle, or a cause that his enemies in the South—and let it be remembered that he had bitter, though not many, enemies there—gave to his faithfulness the name of 'obstinacy.' Even Laudon Knight falls into this error. Courage at its best he had; physical, mental, political, and moral courage; courage of initiative to dare, courage of fortitude to suffer. For him success did not entail recklessness, nor defeat despair.

"He was great as a soldier. Buena Vista early illustrated it, and his military counsels during the war, as General Lee himself testified before Congress, confirmed it. He was a great senator. He was a great war secretary. He was at times a great orator. Witness his farewell address to the United States Senate and the Richmond speech near the close of the war, which 'fired the Southern heart' to renewed effort.

"In private life, in all its relations, he was as nearly blameless as mere man can be. Especially was he so in the difficult relation of master and slave, the most difficult of all relations for the master. In his justness, humaneness, and consideration for his slaves, he was exemplary. He bore that part of 'the white man's burden' as only the noble white man can. The Northern writers, whom I have cited, all bear witness to that, and all here in Mississippi who knew him knew that he was 'a good master.'

"What was in his mind—because it is by what is in a man's mind that you must judge him—what was, then, in his mind, the cause to which he so stubbornly sacrificed his health and for which he would so gladly have given his life? Was it slavery? Then it was indeed a 'lost cause.' But there are in God's providence no lost causes, permanently lost, except unfit causes, just as there are in nature no survivals of the unfit.

"Was secession the cause? It was the allegedly 'constitutional remedy' resorted to to assert the cause.

"Back of all this loomed something else. Behind all the talk about slavery as a condition and about secession as a remedy, there lay in the minds of the Southern men, and even more in the minds of the Southern women of that generation, as anyone may know who will seek their feeling and thought in their private and public utterances, the cause of white racial supremacy.

"That was in their souls the real cause, the thing menaced. That cause it was, which in the slave States was thought mistakenly, as we now know, to be inextricably involved in the maintenance of slavery, unless abolition were accompanied



by the deportation of the negro race, and for that nobody was ready, South or North. Deportation spelled then to Southern minds agricultural ruin; to Northern minds national bankruptcy.

"The cause of white racial supremacy, which was thought to involve, and does involve, white racial life itself is not a 'lost cause.' It is a cause triumphant. It was never as safe as now since the Missouri Compromise discussion, which Thomas Jefferson, himself an emancipationist, said 'broke upon his ears like the alarm of a fire bell in the night.' What war failed to avert, the slow but sure processes of human thought and experience, North and South, under difficulties at times seemingly insuperable, have finally averted; and averted, let us hope, for good and forever.

"The white man's family life, his code of social ethics, his racial ethics, his racial integrity—in a word his civilization—the destruction of which in the slave States was dreaded, as the involved racial result of the abolition of slavery without deportation, are safe. All the dire results which had been seen at our very doors in Haiti, San Domingo, and elsewhere in the West Indies and in Mexico have been avoided by us. They were averted because of the shoulder to shoulder touch, the stern resolution and the discipline which four years of war and hardship had implanted in the old, easy-going, and pleasure-loving Southerners; because of the respect for Southern courage and endurance which the war had taught the Northern people and because of the sympathy for the South in her humiliation and poverty under negro and carpetbag rule, a sympathy which was at last aroused in 'generous souls' of late foes. How narrowly averted these dreaded results were and how dangerously and long the white man's civilization was menaced in the South, few now realize.

"My friends, this man, this Jefferson Davis, was no pygmy among men; he was a giant.

"Long may this bronze endure as a memorial to him and as a monument to the magnanimity of the majority of a great people, reunited and never again to be disunited, and determinedly oblivious of past hatreds and bloody arbitrament of differences!

"This monument by the 'Father of Waters' in the historic 'Siege City' of Vicksburg, on the soil of his beloved adopted State, to 'the greatest Mississippian,' can neither add to nor subtract from his fame; but it can be and will be, a witness of the opinion of true men, that it is not success nor failure which measures the worth of a man; but that brave endeavor, honest purpose persevered in and forgetfulness of self are the essentials which fill the measure of God's demand and give the standard for true men's judgments. May such ever be our rule of final judgment of one another in this 'Republic of Lesser Republics,' consecrated to one flag, one government, one civilization, now and forever!"

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#### OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

The sketches of our military surgeons which have been published in the *VETERAN* from time to time are very interesting and form a very important part of our war history. What some of them accomplished with the limited means and resources at hand deserves the praise, admiration, and gratitude of the whole surviving South.

There are also others who, over military age, remained at home and ministered to those who stayed at home under most trying circumstances, in and out of the enemy's lines in the war zones of our beloved States. One of these, a most noble

patriot, Dr. Ezekiel Starke Tally, of Hanover County, Va., deserves special mention. Dr. Tally was born in the early part of the nineteenth century, near Cold Harbor and Bethesda Church, Hanover County, Va. His father, Parson Tally, was a farmer and local Baptist preacher. What schools the doctor attended is not known by this writer, but, following the custom of the times in Virginia, he must have attended the Medical College of Virginia in Richmond, or a medical college in Philadelphia, Pa. He then practiced some time with Dr. Curtis, of Hanover, under his care and advice. Dr. Curtis was a high-toned, talented gentleman, a brother-in-law of President John Tyler, and his influence on the character, manners, and practice of the young physician tended, in a great measure, toward forming the noble character which he bore throughout his long and strenuous life.

In stature Dr. Tally was about medium height, good looking, and possessed of an excellent constitution. As I first knew him, he was probably fifty-five years of age, or over, and wore his hair, already white, very long. He never traveled otherwise than on horseback, and always trained his horse to a gait to suit himself.

In the section of the country between the Chickahominy Swamp and the Pamunky River, there is a community of small farmers engaged in trucking for the Richmond market, about ten miles distant. In the valley of the Pamunky there were the original land-grant farmers owning large estates and many servants. Dr. Tally spent his life in this community, among these people, his hospitable mansion and farm lying a few miles from Bethesda Church and the Pamunky River.

Under the Virginia State law, before the War between the States, the county court was composed of a bench of magistrates. Dr. Tally was for some years one of these magistrates for the county of Hanover, and he took an active interest in the politics of the county, State, and nation. No man was more faithful in the discharge of his duties than Dr. Tally. He not only attended the courts regularly and held his district warrant tryings, but was ever ready to advise those of his patients who were not blessed with legal knowledge or the means to employ an attorney.

Being a devout Christian, he not only did all in his power to heal their bodily ailments, but was ready to comfort them and point them to Christ, the Saviour of mankind. He never refused to respond to a call, night or day; whether from poor or rich, black or white, their claims on him were the same. When, in 1860, the presidential election occurred, Dr. Tally, with a large practice, in a prosperous community, held a responsible position of trust in the affairs of the county, honored and respected by all who knew him, and loved by many to whom he had been a friend and almost a father. His lot was indeed worthy to be desired by any citizen.

Having voted the Breckenridge Democratic ticket, he entered with zeal into the spirit of the war for Southern independence. Two of his sons were already in the army, and two more were later enrolled.

The territory over which Dr. Tally practiced was the scene of two of the largest campaigns of the war, McClellan's, in 1862, and Grant's, 1864. Over 300,000 men raided and fought over it, and some of the largest battles of the war, including first and second Cold Harbor, and heavy cavalry fights were fought in it, leaving the country almost a desert and the people stripped and destitute. In 1862, his two oldest sons, John Abner and Ezekiel, members of Company I, 15th Virginia Infantry, Sims's Brigade, Kershaw's Division, were both killed at Sharpsburg. A terrible blow to him, but he bore it with Christian fortitude, went to Sharpsburg, brought home their remains, buried them with simple services in the family



burying ground, and continued his practice, healing the sick and comforting those who were bereaved alike with himself. In 1864, by order of General Grant, Dr. Tally was, with other citizens, arrested and marched nearly one hundred miles to Fort Monroe, Va., and imprisoned for several weeks in a stone casemate on the Rip Raps (Fort Wool), an artificial island in Hampton Roads. When released from prison, he returned to his home to find his farm stripped of everything valuable, without a horse to ride, and, although past fifty-five and unaccustomed to walking, he continued his practice, depending on his patrons to send means of transportation if they were fortunate enough to have a broken-down army horse or mule; if not, he, with his saddlebags over his shoulder, took the road afoot.

In the winter of 1864-65, there occurred a most distressing tragedy in the Doctor's family to add to his already heavy burden of bereavement. His son-in-law, Mr. Edward Pollard, a member of the home guards, was killed in a most dastardly manner. Mr. Pollard was seated with his wife and their children in the chamber at night, when an unknown assassin pointed his rifle between the slats of a window blind and fired, the ball passing through Mr. Pollard's body, striking the wall over the baby's crib, and dropping in the crib. The murderer was never captured.

Mrs. Tally died, after a long and distressing illness, confined to her bed most of the time. His youngest son suffered in prison with typhoid fever, and reached home some weeks after the war in very feeble health.

Eastern Virginia was in a lamentable condition at the close of the war. The farms stripped; mills burned; no money to pay the negro laborers who had, many of them, returned to their old homes expecting to be employed by their former masters. Owing to the lack of cultivation and drainage, malaria prevailed to a great extent, and many cases of sickness occurred, requiring the Doctor's attention. As long as he could go, he refused no call and barely collected enough from a big practice to support his family in the simplest manner. Through it all he bore himself with courage, fortitude, and cheerfulness, never losing his self-respect and dignity, and, at the end of a long life, he died, leaving a noble example of sacrifice and service to posterity.

## SOLDIERS' BURYING GROUND AT WELDON, N. C.

BY MRS. IDA WILKINS, PRESIDENT JUNIUS DANIELS CHAPTER,  
U. D. C.

During the War between the States, the town of Weldon, N. C., was a very important point, owing to its situation directly on the line of two important railroads, which here crossed a wooden bridge over the Roanoke River and were the main arteries for the transportation of both troops and provisions from the South to Richmond and the Army of Northern Virginia. Hence, thousands of Confederate soldiers were kept in and around Weldon at all times. At first many of these soldiers, unused to camp life, suffered from diseases of various kinds, and many died. There being no hospitals at the time, the homes of the citizens were opened to them, and they were nursed with loving care during the winter of 1861-62. A small wooden chapel, a Methodist church, the only one in Weldon at the time, was taken and filled up by the government as a hospital. This was afterwards enlarged and equipped as a regular, though only rough and temporary, hospital structure. Mr. W. N. McGee, of the New Orleans Zouaves, was detailed as officer in charge.

After the many engagements around Richmond, a number of those wounded were also brought here for treatment until they could be moved farther from the front. About one hundred and fifty of these men died and were buried on a beautiful elevation on the west side of the town, and has since been known as the "Soldiers' Burying Ground." A list of the names of these men was obtained by Mr. John K. Campbell, a prominent citizen of the town, but in no way were the graves numbered or marked. Unfortunately, Mr. Campbell died in December, 1865, and though this list was found among his papers, it was not preserved. In the years which followed, efforts were made to restore and preserve the graveyard, but these were ineffectual. The land belonged to a woman who would not sell it or permit its improvement. In the course of time, she, too, passed away and the land was sold to uninterested persons. The exact plot of the soldiers' cemetery came into the hands of a highly respected negro, David Smith, who said he had known of these men and learned to love them, and he would give the land to the local Chapter, U. D. C. The gift was gratefully accepted, the plot was properly surveyed, and the three-fourths of an acre of land was deeded to the Junius Daniels Chapter and properly recorded. Then another effort was made to reclaim and beautify the place. The board of county commissioners agreed to clean up the ground, and the whole place was cleared of trees and undergrowth, harrowed over, and left in fairly good condition. As the Chapter has no funds for its upkeep, the place is gradually growing up again and will perhaps never be improved, though with proper care and attention could be made a beautiful place.

This is written with the idea that it may perhaps reach the eyes of some one who remembers a relative or friend who died in the hospital at Weldon, and the Chapter would be much pleased to hear from such an one with the name of the soldier, his company, regiment, etc. On securing such names, it is the purpose of the Chapter to place markers on the lot.

(Without knowing positively that all the trees were cleared from this old burying ground, the VETERAN makes the suggestion that we make a point to always preserve trees in such places; just clear out the underbrush, and perhaps remove some trees if they are too thick; but trees and grass, and perhaps some shrubs here and there, will make any plot beautiful and restful to look upon, and the little grave markers are not really necessary. Just secure a list of those buried there and keep it in a safe place; or perhaps have a large boulder with the names carved thereon. Let's make these places restful with shade; not lying out in the broad sun with rows and rows of markers glaring white. Think of the strength and beauty of trees, the restful color of the green grass, and the enjoyment we can have in blooming shrubs—and all this can be had at much less expense than stone markers.)

PENSIONS.—Of the 41,994 pensioners who died in the fiscal year 1927, 16,958 were civil war soldiers and 20,028 were civil war widows. The net loss of 11,781 reduced the number of pensioners from 501,723, as of June 30, 1926, to 489,942, as of June 30, 1927, when the roll comprised 245,860 soldiers, 236,300 widows, 2,321 minor children, 899 helpless children, 4,211 dependent fathers, mothers, etc., and 328 army nurses, in addition to 17 widows of the War of 1912 and 6 survivors of the War with Mexico.—Winfield Scott, U. S. Commissioner of Pensions, before House Committee on Appropriations, 1928.



## WHERE DIXIE SLEEPS FARTHEST NORTH.

BY HAZEL HANKINSON.

"At her request, she is buried beside her 'boys,' not one of whom she ever knew personally."

Visitors to Madison, Wis., are surprised to find, in a quiet corner of the city's beautiful cemetery, rows and rows of little stone slabs marking the graves of one hundred and thirty-six Confederate soldiers who were laid there to rest during the days of the Civil War. That there should be a Southern Cemetery in a State which lies so far north of the war's battle fields seems a curious fact. But the really puzzling part of it is that there is included within the plot a one hundred and thirty-seventh grave, the grave of a woman.

How these soldier boys came to be buried here, how a woman's grave came to be among them, is one of the stories from among many unwritten tales of loyalty, of love, and of allegiance which the Southern people felt for the cause they were sure was a worthy one in the days from 1861 to 1865.

"It happened in 1862," relates one of the old Wisconsin Guards, "that a goodly number of the boys in gray were stationed on Island No. 10, a point in the Mississippi River near the corner of Tennessee, Missouri, and Kentucky. Early that spring a troop of them were surprised and taken captive by a regiment of Federals, and thence they were sent to Northern camps to be retained for a time as prisoners of war. Some of the 'rebels' were kept at Springfield, Ill., a few remained at Camp Douglas; while a large number were dispatched in boats up the Mississippi to be cared for at Madison.

"And they needed to be cared for," continued the veteran of the 19th Wisconsin, the regiment selected to guard the prisoners at Camp Randall, the site which now borders the campus of the Badger State's great university. "In the defense of Island No. 10, the Southern boys had been exposed to the cold rains of early spring. Often they had stood up to their waists in water resisting our attacks, and they were not physically fit to endure the cold, raw winds of Wisconsin's April weather. Neither did they have clothing warm enough to come into such a climate."

That they received the best treatment possible, the Southerners themselves who survived admit. They were given the same rations as the boys in blue. They were given as comfortable quarters as could be arranged for them. But just as the dread influenza took away so many of our soldiers of the World War, so pneumonia seized these boys from the South, and they died by the tens and by the twenties. In less than two months from the time they arrived, the little plot of ground set aside by the people of Madison for receiving their bodies was filled. And the greater number were members of the 1st Alabama Regiment.

How some of the citizens of Madison, loyal supporters of the North, carried food and medicine and comfort to the suffering young fellows in the hospitals: how one family, some of whom still reside in the city, took one of the boys to their own home and cared for him until he finally succumbed—these are some of the touches of tenderness which show that at heart the North and South were never far separated. But the chief concern in this narrative is the woman who is buried beside her "boys," as she loved to call them, not one of whom she ever knew personally.

For several years after the war was over, "Confederate Rest," as the little Southern graveyard came to be called by the people of the Northern city, was almost forgotten. And

it was not strange, for Wisconsin, like every other State, had her own soldier dead to mourn over and to tend. While the resting places of the strangers were not allowed to be molested, they were neither marked nor given special attention.

One day there came to live at Madison from Baton Rouge, La., a Southern woman, Mrs. Alice Whiting Waterman. A widow she was, without very much of this world's goods. But when she discovered the little cemetery, "Confederate Rest," where lay the boys in gray, she gave all of her spare time to the tending of their graves. With her own hands she heaped the earth into mounds over each of the one hundred and thirty-six. From her own meager funds she paid for wooden slabs which were marked with the names of the boys, and with the dates of their deaths. She became as devoted to her "boys" as though they had been still alive, and by her beautiful character and personality she won the aid of others in her noble work. Three of her most loyal helpers, it is said, were Union men, each of whom had lost an arm in Dixie. Around the little plot of ground Mrs. Waterman planted hedges, "to keep the cold wind off my boys," she said. White flowering bushes are still to be seen there after fifty years or more. She had planted them amid the graves because they would blossom even though she were not there to watch them. Two butternut trees were set out through her efforts so that "the little children will go there to gather nuts and thus make the place more pleasant by their presence."

And so when Mrs. Alice Whiting Waterman died in 1897, having cared for her "boys" for twenty-five years, she, too, was laid down for her last sleep in "Confederate Rest." During all those years she had longed for the establishing of a monument of granite on which should be carved the names of these dead soldiers of the South. But not until after her death was the place marked through the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and then no greater consideration was given to the soldiers themselves than was bestowed upon the little lady of the South, who had mothered them after they were dead.

To-day at "Confederate Rest," the northernmost cemetery of the "boys in gray," stands the longed-for monument of substantial proportions containing all of the names of the soldiers and that of Mrs. Waterman in bold relief. Each grave is marked with a stone slab, and that of Mrs. Waterman is distinguished by one larger than the rest.

The graves of the Southern "mother" and her "boys" are as tenderly cared for as are the graves of the Wisconsin soldiers only a few rods away. Each year on Memorial Day, every grave of the Confederates, as well as every grave of the Union soldiers, receives an offering of the Stars and Stripes and of flowers. Each year, midway between the resting places of the "boys in gray" and the "boys in blue," the salute is fired by silver-haired men in blue and young men in khaki.

And the little woman, who loved her "boys" whom she had never seen did much to find and to foster that spirit of tenderness.

## CONFEDERATE REST.

A good friend in Chicago, Mrs. John C. Abernathy, sent the above article taken from the *Dearborn Independent* (now out of print) with request for its reproduction in the *VETERAN* that we of the South may know how tenderly cared for are those graves of the Southern prisoners at Madison, Wis. And this friend sent some good pictures of the graves so beautifully decorated on last Memorial Day, this having been the tribute of the American Legion Post of that city.





CONFEDERATE REST IN ITS MEMORIAL BLOOM.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy placed a small monument there some years ago, and this is shown in the picture. Each grave had its decoration of flag and flowers.

It was in January, 1898, that the VETERAN first carried the story of this woman's love and devotion to the boys of her sunny South, and there have been other references to this hallowed spot from time to time; but it is well to give the story again and again that those coming on with the passing years may not fail to learn of Mrs. Waterman's care of her "boys," sleeping so far from home and loved ones, and many will enjoy reading the story as told by this sympathetic writer in the *Dearborn Independent*.

## ON TO WASHINGTON.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

(This article is a continuation of my contribution on the Battle of Monocacy in the VETERAN for February.)

On the 10th of July, 1914, just fifty years after the battle of Monocacy, in company with Judge Glenn H. Worthington, who was reared on the ground, I walked over the location to refresh my memory; after which he took me to the city cemetery, where the good people of the community had buried the bodies of my comrades who were killed on that occasion in a long straight row near the grave of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," to rest until the judgment day. At the head of each grave stands a small white marble slab with the name and regiment on each; but on these I noticed some mistakes. Our pioneer corps had hastily buried our dead the next morning where they had fallen, but they later received a more decent burial, as I have said, at the hands of our good friends of the place.

This battle ended suddenly an hour or more before sundown and after I had walked over a part of the ground where my brigade had fought, and had gathered up all the plunder I thought my comrades would want and piled it up in the middle of the Georgetown Pike, I sat down on the bank of the road to rest and to await their return. I then called their attention to the pile of goods and told them to help themselves; but none cared to take any of it except one little fellow, and the next morning, when we set out for Washington, he looked like a foot peddler with his pack on his back.

We stacked our arms and bivouacked there on the north side of the pike, and the next morning at dawn we were in ranks and on the march.

The next day, the 11th of July, when we were still several miles from the city, the enemy in the works around the town opened on us with their big guns. As these shells passed high over our heads, our boys in the ranks laughed at the marksmanship of the "melish" behind the guns. We knew then that our enemies were a set of fellows untrained and badly frightened. When these big shells came over and exploded far in the rear, I suggested to my comrades that the enemy was shelling our wagon trains; but none of them did us or the teams any harm. They made the greatest noise of any guns I heard during the whole war. These shells, in passing through the air, reminded me of the noise made by a railroad train.

We were all in high spirits and felt that we were about to enter the city with little or no opposition, where we would drag "Old Abe" out, hiding somewhere there, and carry him in

triumph off with us as a trophy to show our comrades on the other side of the Potomac.

That evening, I and others of Gordon's Brigade, were put ahead of the infantry as a vanguard to arrest any of our men too eager to be first to enter the city, and, therefore, we were among the first to come in sight of the place.

Out in front of Fort Stephens we halted and formed our line. Skirmishers were thrown out, and the usual preliminaries of battle began. The enemy, behind their earthworks, busy sending far over our heads their big missiles, as large as a nail keg, but doing no damage, when General Gordon ordered up a battery of twenty-pound Parrott field pieces, pretty good guns themselves. These brave gunners unlimbered in front of the brigade out in the open field in full view of the Yanks about four hundred yards away, and replied, knocking up the red dirt around the muzzles of the big fellows in the fort, while the enemy continued to aim at the moon and stars. The report of these, our biggest guns, sounded like firecrackers or popguns in comparison.

The sun was still shining in the bright blue western sky, and we lay there expecting every moment the command to arise and advance. But this order, to our regret, never came, and, after lying there that night and part of the next day, we marched away toward the fords of the Potomac, which we waded without any loss or inconvenience.

General Early's wagon trains, prisoners, and stock captured in the enemy's territory, stretched out a long way, and he managed well to cross a wide and deep stream and return to Virginia without loss. After we got across, we marched leisurely away toward Leesburg, while a battery located on a hill overlooking the river drove back the Yankee cavalry, which had followed us from Washington.

When we reached a large blue spring near that place, we bivouacked and, after we were fully rested, resumed our march to Snicker's Gap, where we crossed over the Blue Ridge into the Shenandoah Valley to camp and rest. But that did not come to us. The forces assembled at Washington to capture Early were sent after him with very little success, as I have already related in previous articles. On this last day's march, we stopped on the roadside to take our usual ten minutes' rest at a barn surrounded by a high plank fence made of one-by-twelve oak boards. Not far off was the residence of the owner of the barn, an old gentleman perhaps sixty-five years old. As soon as he saw us, he came out to where we were, smiling, and said: "Right here, boys, not long ago, I saw one of the smartest tricks of the whole war. One



evening late Mosby and his men, about thirty, came in a gallop, opened the big gate, rode in, unsaddled their horses, closed the gate, and began to prepare to spend the night. They didn't put out any pickets to guard against a surprise, and in a few minutes after their arrival a whole battalion of Yankees that had been riding hard after them that evening came up and surrounded the place, Mosby and his men.

"When I saw what had happened, I clapped my hands together and said: 'They've got old Mosby this time sure.' But not a bit of it. Without taking time to bridle and saddle their horses, they mounted them with only halters on their heads and, with pistols and swords in their hands, they threw open the big gate and rode boldly out among their enemies, and every one escaped."

It was wonderful what this man Mosby accomplished here inside the Yankee lines. His captures kept the Confederate army supplied with much that they needed, and he gave employment to a large body of the enemy that would have been otherwise free to operate against Early in the Valley or Lee at Richmond. He and his men were desperate, knowing as they did that if they fell into the hands of the enemy it meant death.

Our men on this long march from Richmond showed the greatest fortitude and demonstrated what a small body of Anglo-Saxons can accomplish under adverse circumstances and will endure for their country when they think their rights and liberty in danger. Our ranks were decimated by a series of battles, great and small, before we set out on this march of four hundred miles, poorly equipped and ragged; but we boldly met the enemy, superior in numbers, supplied with everything a well-organized government could furnish, defeated them in every instance, and returned to our friends with small loss, except to one division of the army, inflicting a loss in men on the enemy greater than our own and bringing back with us much stock and other supplies needed to feed and to equip our own men.

Yes, let Congress set aside this ground as a national memorial. It will commemorate the valor of our Southern heroes who willingly offered up their lives on the altar of their country, as well as remind future generations of Americans that the delay occasioned by the battle at this place saved the capital city from falling into the hands of the Confederates, who might have taken the President as a prisoner back to Dixieland.

I should be pleased to hear from any Confederate soldier who was with us in this campaign. I do not know of a single man now living who had a part in these stirring events. On this long march many of our men were in rags. Our company, now reduced to a mere squad, was under command of Corp. John W. Thursby, whose pantaloons were worn off up to his knees; but a truer or better soldier never lived.

All those forces sent by Grant to protect Washington were united to those we had defeated on our march to that place and sent to the Valley to capture Early. They were far superior, numerically, to his army, but he easily defeated them in many engagements until September 19, 1864, when Sheridan overwhelmed him at Winchester in a drawn battle, in which he inflicted a loss of six thousand five hundred, while his own loss was fifteen hundred.

## WAR EXPERIENCES.

RELATED BY L. B. STEPHENS, OF CENTER, ALA

I belonged to Company F, 12th Alabama Cavalry, Morgan's Brigade, Martin's Division, Wheeler's Cavalry, and



L. B. STEPHENS.

had been mustered into service at Chickamauga, Ga., about the 1st of October, 1863, when Wheeler was detached from Bragg's command and sent to East Tennessee to keep Burnside's from reinforcing the Federals at Chattanooga. We met the enemy about forty miles south of Knoxville, and engaged them in quick order, driving them back for some distance, then waited for Longstreet to bring up his command, when we went at them hot and heavy. They made a stop at Dandridge, and we had a hand-to-hand fight with

them at Mossy Creek, but we broke their lines and took a good many prisoners, drove them into the fort at Knoxville, where we held them until the 24th of November, 1864, when our cavalry fell back to Tunnel Hill, Ga., and went into winter quarters. I have never seen anything in print about the raid we made through East Tennessee.

I was in the battles at Morrisville, Tenn., and at Moose Creek, and we gave the Yankees a good thrashing at both places; next came the battle at Sevierville, Tenn. We were camped on the west bank of the French Broad River, which was said to be six hundred yards wide at that place. We forded it, and early one morning started for Sevierville, about twenty miles below, and went into camp. About sunrise the next morning we were formed in line of battle in the woods, dismounted, and were moved forward. Within a short distance we were fired upon, when we charged and drove the Federals back to their main line. As we got out into the open, they fired on us with canister, at about one hundred and forty yards distance. I was struck on the left side of my knee and knocked down; with my gun as a crutch, I hopped back into the woods, where I pulled off my boot and poured out the blood; and I was wringing the blood out of my sock when General Martin came along. Seeing I was wounded, he told me to get back to my horse, which had been shot a few days before and was then on three legs. I started to the rear and came into contact with the provost guard, which held me and would not let me go through the lines, so I flanked them and went back to the rear. If I hadn't done that, I would have been taken prisoner, for they broke our lines and captured a lot of men.

Comrade John S. Daniel, of this place, is another one of Wheeler's men. He joined Company H, 19th Alabama Regiment, on the 7th of April, 1862, which was the second



day of the battle of Shiloh. He was seventeen years of age at the time of joining, and was then in all the big battles of Bragg's army up to July 28, 1864, when he was wounded four times. Out of one hundred and fifty members of the company, he is the only one known to be living. If there are others, he would be glad to hear.

## THE EGBERT JONES CAMP, OF HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

The Egbert Jones Camp, U. C. V., of Huntsville, Ala., was most delightfully entertained at the home of Robert A. Moore in that city recently, at the time for the regular monthly meeting. After a bountiful and delicious dinner served by the Daughters of the Confederacy as hostesses, their business meeting was held, and the picture below was made at the time. It shows quite a vigorous looking group of veterans belonging to the Huntsville Camp, which still meets regularly and keeps in touch with the great organization of veterans.

More than twenty guests were present at the dinner, which proved to be a delightful social entertainment as well. At the conclusion of the last course, Mr. Moore addressed the veterans in a good wish for them in this year of 1928, saying: "May the year of 1928 be full of peace, prosperity, health, and happiness for each and every veteran present. May the unpleasant things of the past be forgotten forever, and the pleasant ones remembered; and may to-day be listed among the pleasant ones. May you live to be entertained many more times by the daughters and sons of veterans."

On behalf of the veterans, a feeling response was made by Gen. J. A. Steger, Commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., who lives at Ryland, Ala., and Mr. Moore is captain

and assistant adjutant general on his staff, though he is the son of a Confederate veteran. It would be well for every State Division and Camp U. C. V., to use the "Sons" in this way.

The veterans present on this occasion were: W. T. Bennett, I. D. W. Cobb, William McAnnally, T. B. Connally, J. A. Steger, W. R. Ware, J. J. Grayson, W. C. Myrick, W. H. Beason, and S. E. Sweinhart. The last named was a Union soldier, in an Ohio regiment, but he has lived in Huntsville almost continuously since the war. He was a guest at the dinner, and was then invited to attend the business meeting of the Camp. He said he felt like he ought to be a member, and he was forthwith proposed for membership and unanimously elected an associate contributing member. He is doubtless the only "Union-Confederate" in the world.

Two old ante-bellum negroes are also members of the Camp, Uncle Mat Gray and Uncle Henry Bolling, who stand to the right in the picture. Needless to say that they enjoyed the dinner.

While we live in the hopes of a better day, brother,

A morrow of sunlight and bloom,

Let us honor the brave, whose valor unfailling

Burned on through the midnight of gloom.

By the coursers so swift,

By the sabers they lift

And the scabbards they threw away,

May the light of the dawn

Of our Liberty's morn

Fall bright on the rider in gray.—F. O. Ticknor.



GROUP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND FRIENDS IN HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

First on the left is Robert A. Moore, holding the flag, and sitting just behind him may be seen S. E. Sweinhart, the "Union-Confederate." Commander Steger stands just behind the flag.



## THE AUDRAIN COUNTY FLAG.

In the following, an interesting flag history is given, though the story is hardly complete with its present whereabouts unknown. Perhaps it was one of those trophies which went North with the Federal troops and which have been held as the spoils of war. These flags are coming back South now and then, and it may be that the Audrain County flag, which proudly led the Missouri boys from its first baptism of fire in Missouri to the bloody field of Franklin, Tenn., and then to the sea, may yet come back to those who swore to cherish and protect it in victory or defeat.

Joe Lee Bomar, of Mexico, Mo., Historian for the county, tells that it was after the first aggressive movement by the Federal element in Missouri, in which Gen. Nathaniel Lyon bore such a conspicuous part, that many of the noted men of the State with Confederate sympathies sought refuge in the solitudes of that section near the mouth of White Oak Branch, with its dense forests and thick underbrush, about midway of the Ryan Ridge country, which became a great "Rebel" rendezvous and bivouac camp. All roads of ingress and egress were strongly picketed. Among these prominent men were Gen. Martin E. Green, Gen. Henry Little, Dr. Hardin, Dock Cundiff, the great orator Col. Jeff Jones, Capts. Purcell, Love, McIntyre, McCulloch, Day, Cobb, Bill Anderson, Todd, Perkins, and Capt. James Cawthorn. This is Mr. Bomar's story:

"The Southern women of Audrain said they would present a battle flag of beauty to the first full company of Confederates in Audrain and to the camp. Captain Cawthorn, in company with Dr. Hardin (a brother to the governor), Tom Williams, and M. Y. Duncan, came to receive the flag. The material was purchased and given to one of the John B. Morris girls, who, in turn, delivered it to Ruth Bomar (my mother), near Prairie Church. Margaret Eller, one of Dr. Burt's girls, Fannie Kesler, Caizier Wilson, and Mariah McIntyre made it. My mother designed and cut out the flag, while the others sewed it together.

"It was sixty inches long, and its width was three-fifths of its length, or thirty-six inches wide. A red stripe one foot wide at the top, a white stripe one foot wide under the red one, and another red stripe of same width at the bottom. Stripes, or bars, as they were called, ran lengthwise of the flag. A blue field two feet square in the upper corner, or the flag staff corner, with the coat of arms of Missouri worked out in silk in the different colors in the lower part of the blue field; and at the top of the blue field were eleven silver stars, nine inches in circumference from their five points, representing the eleven sister Southern States. The material was of the best satin obtainable, and the needlework was superb.

"George Bomar and old man George Burhop swiped a ten- or twelve-foot seasoned straight grained rail from a fence, and it was taken to Bryan, in Callaway County, who, with turning lathes, fashioned the staff out of the rail and varnished it. It had a great flat spear head at the tip of the staff, on which was printed 'Missouri' with the county and company, in red letters.

"Ben F. Stanford was carrying on a singing school at Seed Tick. To this, Nick McIntosh, Joe McGee, John Thomas Watts, John M. Sanford, Jim Hall, Dig LeVaugh, William Eller, Alex Bomar, John West, Tom McIntyre, John F. Harrison, Andy Lucky came, and were joined by Colonel Swan, Jim Will Martin, Tom Scott, and Goodman Cowles, bringing the finished flag with them. At the singing school, Isabelle Staniford, Caddy Brooks, Belle Surber, Mary Sanford, Narcis Sanford, and Martha Evans met the boys having the flag, and went with them to the 'Rebel' camp, about

one and one-half miles northwest. Some of these young men were already enlisted, while others were just 'Rebel bushwhackers.' Little Vannie Offutt, a beauty of that day, carried the flag beneath the folds of her riding skirt, and Isabelle Sanford, the best girl elocutionist in that section, made the presentation speech. Captain Cawthorn thanked them, and, in turn, introduced them to Dr. Hardin, a celebrated stump speaker, who made the response. Belle Surber, another beauty, assisted by Miss Offutt and Lieutenant Edmondson, tied the flag to the staff, and then all the girls kissed it.

"A part of Hardin's response was, 'We will cherish, guard it in defeat or victory, and carry it to the sea,' words that were near prophecy.

"The flag got its first baptism in smoke and battle at Drywood and Carthage, where in an all-day running battle the Federals were routed and swept off the field. George Simpson, the flag bearer, was killed while carrying it on to victory. He was a brother-in-law of Capt. D. H. McIntyre.

"For days the flag was carried on the dusty march, in summer heat, drilling on Cowskin Prairie, and proudly waved at Neosho when the ordinance of the State's secession was passed and one hundred guns were fired in salute by order of General Price, celebrating the event. In the storm and smoke of the great battle of Wilson Creek, in the utter defeat and killing of General Lyon, and in routing the running remnants of his command, just three months to the day after he had fired on Camp Jackson at St. Louis. A great Missouri and Confederate victory was Lyon's complete undoing.

"Then on to Lexington, and the besieging and surrender of General Mulligan's Federal army to Price as prisoners of war.

"Then on to Fullbright Springs, Mo., where its brave Captain Cawthorn's time was out, and, in ill health, he soon afterwards departed to the Pacific slope in Oregon, in quest of health.

"A general reorganization of Price's force, and the old flag became the regimental flag of the 2nd Missouri Infantry, Colonel Gates and Lieut. Col. F. M. Cockrell commanding, and which was attached to the 1st Missouri Brigade, C. S. A.

"Then on to the great battle of Elkhorn, a drawn battle, but really a Confederate victory.

"On to DesArc, Ark., where they embarked on flat boats down the White River and up the Mississippi to Memphis, thence on to Corinth, Miss., where General Rosecrans was entrenched with a powerful Federal army. His formidable works were assaulted with fierceness and great determination; but even the Missouri and Texas forces, led by the brave Colonel Rodgers, recoiled from the volcano of steel and fire from Fort Robinette, the main citadel. Seeing the Missourians with their old flag flying amid a deluge of fire, Rodgers yelled to his men, 'See the brave Missourians!' reformed his men under the awful fire and led them on, as the Federal historian says, in a 'Bold and heroic charge of the Missouri and Texas men.' Bareheaded, hat in hand, Rodgers fell on the Federal parapets, his men fighting like demons. Colonel Gates grabbed the old flag and tossed it in the Federal breastworks, while his men, fighting like demons incarnate, with bayonets, clubbed guns, bowie knives, captured Fort Robinette and all its artillery and rescued the flag. Poor Zeke Reagon, an Audrain County boy, was killed in grabbing the flag from a Federal flag bearer, but in so doing, he took not only his flag, but the flag of the Federals, belonging to an Ohio regiment. Price and the Texans held the works against frantic attack and the enfilading fire for six hours, repelling every assault of the Union army, until ammunition was exhausted and no sign of help. When, with



victory in hand and tears in his eyes, Price was bound to abandon the ground, and went off with drums beating and the old colors flying and captured batteries of Captain Richardson hurling grape, canister, and defiance into the faces of the late owners. Colonel Rodgers was given a military funeral by his adversary, Rosecrans, because of his great bravery. An awful battle, heavy losses on both sides.

"Then on went the flag to the Hatchie River, Tupelo Lake, a hard battle, where Gen. Henry M. Little was killed; at Millikins Bend, Port Hudson, Grand Gulf, Champion Hills, Raymond, and Big Black, and weeks and weeks of the incessant fighting; through the awful slaughter of the great siege of Vicksburg, it waved in grandeur over the bloody ramparts."

"By land, with an overwhelming force, Grant was attacking fiercely, aided with a powerful fleet of gunboats. The siege continued for weeks. Mule meat giving out, starvation compelled the surrender of Pemberton's 26,000 starving heroes. The old flag that had been the flag of honor for Generals Green, Little, and Bowen, smoke-begrimed, blood-stained, shot full of holes, in tatters, was torn from its staff and hidden under one of its defender's shirts. I believe it was Ben Brothers."

"At last, an exchange of prisoners was effected. The Missouri and Texas men were the ones the Richmond government asked for, giving up two Federal prisoners for one of these. The exchange was consummated after the Vicksburg surrender, at Demopolis, Ala., and the wreck of the 1st and 2nd Missouri Confederate Brigades was consolidated into one, Francis Marion Cockrell commanding the Missouri brigade. The old Audrain County flag was brought to life again, with a pine sapling for a staff, and became the colors of the second Missouri Brigade."

"Then on to Chickamauga, a tremendous battle and very heavy loss, but a great victory for the Confederates. Then the Lookout Mountain disaster and one hundred days' retreat, and incessant fighting. Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Jonesboro, Atlanta, then the abandoning of Atlanta, on back to Altoona, where the old flag waved to a desperate and useless combat. Then on to Franklin, Tenn., where the Federal army was strongly entrenched. Desperate charges were made by the Confederates, led by such brave men as ever went to battle. General Hood, with desperation, called on General Cockrell to deliver to him the Federal works and the fort in the locust grove in the bend of the Harpeth River. Dressed in line, officers with hats in hand, the bugle blast called the charge across the old field. A regular cyclone of fire smote them; but on and on they went. The cedars rocked and quivered in the fiery blast, and the air was torn with the explosion of shells. Ah! it was where leath stalked abroad, where thousands of souls leaped from their earthy tabernacle and sought refuge in the shades of time, eternal groves. Smoke, fire, steel, cannon, bayonets, gun clubbing, the ground shook; but the smoke-begrimed flag moved on."

"At last a lodgment in the enemy's first line of trenches. The flag bearer, Louis Simpson, a brother of George Simpson, was killed. Others grabbed it up and held it aloft beside its sister flags. Colonel Gates, the only mounted Confederate officer, and that because of a wound at Altoona, leaped his horse over the breastworks, though getting his jaw and both arms broken. But he stuck to his horse and came out alive. One arm was so mangled it was amputated. At night both sides, with only four feet of dirt between them, crawled silently away from each other. The Federals spiked their

guns, left their dead on the field, and moved on toward Nashville."

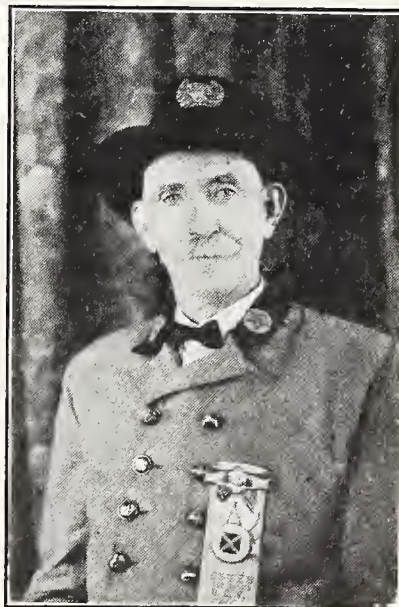
"At Nashville, opposed by a large Federal force, Hood's army was routed and had to abandon the place and much war material, retreating southward by Florence, Ala. The Federal army in vast numbers followed, hanging in the distance on both flanks. Hood resigned and left the army, but Cockrell and his veterans of eighty-seven battles and skirmishes, with flags waving, in company with other equally resolute officers and forces, battled and moved on. Bledsoe and Guibor's Missouri Batteries, supported by the best under the old flag, repelling and thundering defiance in the face of the Federal advance, rendered their exploits immortal in history."

"Hopeless, desperate, outnumbered twenty to one at Fort Blakely, the little band of heroes received honorable terms and surrendered. The old flag was torn again from its staff and secreted, never surrendered. How true the promise at White Oak Branch Rebel Camp, 'We will carry it in defeat or victory to the sea.' The prophesy was fulfilled. Never a flag with a more glorious history. Eighty-seven pitched battles and skirmishes. 'Never ordered,' said Capt. McDowell Anderson, the historian, 'to hold a position or break a line but what they did as gloriously as the seventy of the old guard of Napoleon with its victorious eagle standard.'"

"General Cockrell told me at Hill, Mo., he remembered that grand old flag and others said that all the main engagements it had gone through were stamped on it. He never knew what became of it after it was taken from its staff. Who knows anything of its whereabouts? If in existence, all glory to it and its defenders!"

## W. N. ESTES CAMP, U. C. V.

The Camp at Valley Head, Ala., was named for Col. W. N. Estes, 3rd Confederate Cavalry, who was killed at the



CAPT. G. M. D. LOWRY.

beginning of the battle of Chickamauga. G. M. D. Lowry, who served with the 7th Alabama Cavalry, is now its Commander, and the membership is composed of the following: J. M. White, 21st Georgia Infantry; John G. Jenkins, South Carolina Infantry; George W. Pharr, Georgia Infantry; James Rodgers, 3rd Confederate Cavalry; William Holleman, Cicero Davenport, John V. Beadle, 7th Alabama Cavalry; Kelly Phillips, Dock Phillips, 3rd Confederate Cavalry; Sam C. Lowry, 21st Georgia Infantry; W. U. Jacoway, Alabama Cavalry; Mercer Cunningham, 3rd Confederate Cavalry; J. L. Nail, Georgia Infantry; Thomas Holleman, Alabama Cavalry; J. F. Prescott, Georgia Infantry; H. P. Campbell, 3rd Confederate Cavalry.

On the 3rd of November, 1927, this Camp honored the Daughters of the Confederacy with a barbecue. Over one hundred and fifty people gathered at the home of Commander Lowry, and after partaking of the bountiful barbecue dinner,



they were entertained by some notable speakers, who were Hon. W. W. Haralson and Marvin Baker, Alabama; Col. Frank Cardan and Judge Nathan Bachman, Tennessee; all sons of Confederate veterans.

The occasion was delightful in every way and a very pretty courtesy by the Camp to those who are always interested in the veterans.

### THE FIGHTING AT SPRING HILL, TENN.

BY CAPT. JOHN K. SHELLENBERGER, 64TH OHIO INFANTRY,  
U. S. A.

It may be fairly claimed that General Sherman's famous march to the sea hung on the issue of a minor battle fought at the village of Spring Hill, in Middle Tennessee, on the evening of November 29, 1864, when Sherman and his army were hundreds of miles away in the heart of Georgia. It will be remembered that when Sherman started from Atlanta for Savannah, his old antagonist, General Hood, was at Florence, Ala., refitting his army to the limit of the failing resources of the Confederacy for an aggressive campaign into Tennessee. If Hood's campaign had proved successful, Sherman's march through Georgia would have been derided as a crazy freak, and probably the old charge of insanity would have been revived against him. By how a narrow margin Hood missed a brilliant success, a truthful account of the Spring Hill affair will disclose. Much has been written by interested generals on both sides, and by their partisan friends, to mislead as to the real situation. With no personal friendships, or enmities, to subserve, it is the wish of this paper to tell the truth without any regard to its effect on the reputation of any general, Union or Confederate.

The administration gave a reluctant consent to Sherman's plan on the condition that he would leave with General Thomas, commanding in Tennessee, a force strong enough to defeat Hood. On paper, Thomas had plenty of men, but Sherman had taken his pick of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and transportation, leaving his odds and ends with Thomas, consisting largely of post troops garrisoning towns, bridge guards in blockhouses along the railroads, new regiments recruited by the payment of the big bounties that produced the infamous tribe of bounty jumpers, negro regiments never yet tested in battle, green drafted men assigned to some of the old, depleted regiments in such large numbers as to change their veteran character; dismounted cavalymen, sent back to get horses; and convalescents and furloughed men, belonging to the army with Sherman, who had come up too late to join their commands, organized into temporary companies and regiments.

No other general during the war commanded an army composed of such heterogeneous elements, hastily assembled, as the army with which General Thomas won the victory at Nashville. His troops were dispersed from East Tennessee to Central Missouri, where two divisions of the 16th Corps were marching for St. Louis to take steamboats to join Thomas at Nashville. The only force available for immediate field service consisted of the 4th and the 23rd Corps, two of the weakest corps in Sherman's army, which he had sent back to Thomas. These two corps, temporarily commanded by General Schofield, were thrown well forward toward Florence to delay Hood long enough for Thomas to assemble and organize from his widely scattered resources an army strong enough to give battle to Hood.

Passing over all previous movements, we will take up the situation as it was the morning of November 29, 1864, General Schofield then had well in hand on the north bank of

Duck River, opposite Columbia, Tenn., the divisions of Kimball, Wagner, and Wood, composing the 4th Corps; and of Cox and Ruger, of the 23rd Corps—Ruger's lacking one brigade on detached service. He was confronted across the river by two divisions of Gen. S. D. Lee's Corps, of Hood's army. The preceding evening, Hood himself, with the corps of Cheatham and Stewart, and Johnson's Division, of Lee's Corps, had moved up the river five and one-half miles to Davis's Ford, where he was laying his pontoons preparatory to crossing. His plan was to hold Schofield at the river by feinting with the two divisions under Lee, while he would lead seven divisions past the left flank and plant them astride Schofield's line of retreat at Spring Hill, twelve miles north of Duck River. As Hood greatly outnumbered Schofield, his plan contemplated the destruction of Schofield's army.

During the evening of the 28th, General Wilson, commanding our cavalry, had learned enough of Hood's movement to divine its purpose. In view of its vital importance, to secure a delivery, he sent a message in triplicate, each courier riding by a different road, giving Schofield full details of Hood's movement. From this message the following extracts are taken:

"I have a prisoner who came with General Forrest from Columbia. Forrest himself left Columbia at 4:30 P.M. The whole of Hood's infantry were then expecting to march. They were building three pontoon bridges just above Huey's, where my prisoner crossed; expected to be ready by 10 o'clock tonight. I think it very clear that they are aiming for Franklin, and that you ought to get to Spring Hill by 10 A.M. Another prisoner confirms the above. Get back to Franklin without delay."

General Wilson has stated that his three couriers all got through, the one riding by the most direct road reaching Schofield's headquarters at 3 A.M. of the 29th. From the information wired him at Nashville, General Thomas had also correctly divined Hood's intention. In a message dated at 3:30 A.M. of the 29th (but owing to the neglect of the night operator not transmitted until after the day operator had come on duty at six o'clock), he ordered Schofield to fall back to Franklin, "leaving a sufficient force at Spring Hill to contest the enemy's progress until you are securely posted at Franklin."

I was commanding Company B, 64th Ohio Regiment, Bradley's Brigade, Wagner's Division. The brigade was called under arms that morning by four o'clock, and had orders to keep in readiness to march on a moment's notice. It is assumed that the same orders were given to all the rest of the army, and that this action was taken in consequence of the information brought by Wilson's courier at three o'clock. After deliberating over Wilson's message for five hours, until eight o'clock, Schofield finally issued the orders that disposed of the army as follows; Wagner's Division was sent to Spring Hill to guard the reserve artillery and the wagon train, all ordered there, from any raid by Hood's cavalry. General Stanley, the corps commander, went with Wagner. Cox's Division was posted along the river bank, and was engaged all day in skirmishing with the two divisions under Lee, which kept up a noisy demonstration at forcing a crossing. Ruger's two brigades were posted four miles north of Duck River, where the pike to Spring Hill crosses Rutherford's Creek, to hold that crossing. The divisions of Kimball and Wood were aligned between Cox and Ruger, facing up the river toward Hood's crossing. Manifestly these dispositions were made under the conviction that Hood would turn down the river after crossing to clear the way for Lee to cross. At nine o'clock, Post's Brigade, of Wood's Division,



was sent up the river to reconnoiter. Before eleven o'clock, Post had reached a position on a high ridge where he could see Hood's column marching toward Spring Hill, and repeatedly reported that fact. But Schofield was so deeply infatuated with his self-imposed delusion as to Hood's intention that, disregarding the orders of Thomas, the advice of Wilson, and the reports of Post, he cherished it until after four o'clock when he heard from Stanley that Hood was attacking at Spring Hill.

Wagner's advance, double quickening through Spring Hill at noon and deploying just beyond on a run, arrived barely in time to head off the approach of Hood's cavalry, Wagner arriving by the Columbia Pike, from the southwest, and the cavalry by the Mount Carmel Road, from the east. General Forrest, commanding the Confederate cavalry, had used his superior numbers so skillfully as to push back our cavalry just north of Mount Carmel, five miles east of Spring Hill, before noon. Leaving one brigade to watch our cavalry, Forrest then turned over to Spring Hill with all the rest of his three divisions of cavalry. If Wagner had arrived a few minutes later, he would have found Forrest in full possession at Spring Hill.

When Bradley's Brigade, the rear of Wagner's column, was nearing Spring Hill, a few of the cavalry approached through the fields to the east of the pike to reconnoiter, and the 64th Ohio was sent to drive them back. With the right wing deployed as skirmishers and the left wing following in reserve, the regiment advanced steadily, driving before it the cavalry replying to the long range fire they kept up with their carbines, but always galloping away before we could get within effective range. About a mile east of the pike we crossed the Rally Hill Road. This was the road by which Hood's infantry column arrived. It there runs north, nearly parallel with the pike, to a point about five hundred yards east of Spring Hill, where it turns west to enter the village.

Leaving one of the reserve companies to watch the road, the rest of the regiment pushed on in pursuit of the cavalry until our skirmish line was abreast of the Caldwell House, about eight hundred yards east of the road, where a halt was called. A few minutes later, at 2:30 P.M., the left of our skirmish line, north of the Caldwell House, was attacked by a battle line in front, while the cavalry worked around our left flank. At the time we all supposed that the battle line was composed of troops from Hood's infantry column. In a letter from General Bradley, he stated that it caused great consternation at headquarters in Spring Hill when Major Coulter, of the 64th, came galloping back with the information that the regiment was fighting with infantry. General Stanley then sent word to Schofield that Hood was attacking with infantry at Spring Hill. I never learned the truth until 1905 when in communication with Judge J. P. Young, of Memphis, Tenn. He was present at Spring Hill as a soldier in Forrest's Cavalry, and for many years had been collecting the materials to write a history of the Confederate Army of Tennessee. From him I learned that the battle line was composed of mounted infantry belonging to Forrest's command. They were armed with Enfield rifles and always fought on foot like ordinary infantry, using their horses to travel rapidly from place to place. From him I also got much of my most valuable information about the movements of the Confederate troops at Spring Hill.

The four reserve companies were thrown in on a run at the point of contact, but our line was speedily compelled to fall back by the cavalry turning our left flank, where they cut off and captured three of our skirmishers. One of the three was badly wounded that evening in trying to escape, a bullet

passing through his mouth in a way to knock out about half of his teeth. We found him in a hospital at Spring Hill when passing through in pursuit of Hood's army after the victory at Nashville. In relating his experience, he stated that soon after they were captured they were taken before some general, name unknown to him, who questioned them closely as to what force was holding Spring Hill. The general must have been Forrest, for he was personally directing the attack on the 64th.

They all declared that they knew the 4th Corps was at Spring Hill, and they believed all the rest of the army. Their declaration must have carried greater weight on account of their own faith in what they were telling, for at that time the whole regiment believed that all the rest of the army had followed to Spring Hill close on the heels of Wagner's Division.

Eventually the 64th was driven back across the Rally Hill Road, where it made a last stand in a large woods covering a broad ridge abutting on the road about three-fourths of a mile southeast of Spring Hill. While in these woods occurred a bit of exciting personal experience. A bullet, coming from the right, passed through my overcoat, buttoned up to the chin, in a way to take along the top button of the blouse underneath the coat. That big brass button struck me a stinging blow on the point of the left collar bone. Claspings both hands to the spot, I began feeling with my finger tips for the hole, fully convinced that a bullet had entered there, and had inflicted a serious and possibly a fatal wound. It was not until I had opened the coat to make a closer investigation that I found I was worse scared than hurt. Some of the enemy had secured a position on our right flank and had opened an enfilading fire. It was one of their bullets that had hit me. To get out of this fire the regiment fell back toward the interior of the woods, where it was so close to the main line that it was called in.

It was then about half past three o'clock. By that time the situation of our army had become so critical that nothing short of grossest blundering on the part of the enemy could save it from a great disaster, and there was a fine possibility of destroying it. Wagner's Division had so much property to protect that it was stretched out on a line extending from the railway station, nearly a mile northwest of Spring Hill, where two trains of cars were standing on the track, around by the north, east, and south, to the Columbia Pike on the southwest. Behind this long line the village streets and the adjacent fields were crammed with nearly everything on wheels belonging to our army—ambulances, artillery carriages, and army wagons, to the number of more than eight hundred vehicles.

The nearest support was Ruger's two brigades, eight miles away, and it was about an hour later before Ruger had started for Spring Hill. Opdycke's Brigade was covering the railway station and the Franklin Pike on the north, and Lane's Brigade the Mount Carmel Road on the east. They had a connected line, but so long that much of it consisted of skirmishers only. They had in their front detachments of Forrest's Cavalry, feeling along their line for an opening to get at the trains. Bradley's Brigade occupied an advanced, detached position on the ridge that has been mentioned, to cover the approach by the Rally Hill Road. There was a gap of fully a half mile between Lane's right, in front of Spring Hill, and Bradley's left, out on the ridge. Bradley had in his immediate front the main body of Forrest's three divisions of cavalry, and the three divisions of infantry, composing Cheatham's Corps, and four more divisions of infantry were within easy supporting distance. In brief, ten of the twelve divisions, cavalry included, composing Hood's army,



were in front of Spring Hill, and at four o'clock Cleburne's Division was driving back Bradley's Brigade, while Schofield was still waiting for Hood at Duck River, with four divisions from eight to twelve miles away. If Wagner's Division had been destroyed, an easy possibility for the overwhelming numbers confronting it, while strung out on a line about three miles long, without any breastworks, the rich prize of our ambulance train, six batteries of artillery, and all our wagons, with their loads of supplies, would have fallen into Hood's hands, and the retreat of the four divisions at Duck River would have been squarely cut off while having a short supply of artillery, and no food or ammunition, except what the men were carrying in their haversacks and cartridge boxes. The escape of our army from this deadly peril was largely due to the skill with which General Stanley handled the situation; but manifestly no amount of skill on the part of Stanley could have saved us, where the disadvantages were so great, if the enemy had improved, with a very ordinary degree of vigor and intelligence, the opportunity opened to them by Schofield's delusion as to Hood's intention.

General Hood rode with the advance of his column until after it had crossed Rutherford's Creek, two and one-half miles south of Spring Hill. It was then about three o'clock. There was no bridge and the men had to wade the creek, which caused some delay. A short distance north of the crossing, Hood met Forrest and got his account of the situation as he had developed it in the three hours preceding. He had met with resistance on so long a line that no doubt he greatly overestimated the force holding Spring Hill, and such an estimate would agree with the story told by the captured 64th men. On the other hand, a courier had arrived from Lee with the information that Schofield's main body was still in his front at Duck River. These reports disclosed that a part of Schofield's army was at Spring Hill and a part at Duck River, but they conflicted as to his main body. In the uncertainty thus arising, Hood decided, as his dispositions clearly show, that his first move must be to plant Cheatham's Corps on the Columbia Pike between those two parts. Developments would then determine his next move. Cleburne's Division was the first to cross the creek. Marching up the road until his advance was close to the woods where Forrest's men were fighting with the 64th Ohio, Cleburne then halted and fronted into line facing west toward the pike. If the intention had been to make a direct attack, his line would have formed facing north toward our line in the woods, where its position had been developed by Forrest. The intention unquestionably was for Cleburne, avoiding any encounter with our line in the woods, first to cross over to the pike and then advance toward Spring Hill astride the pike. Cleburne was killed next day, and there was no report from him. But the orders given to Bate's Division, following Cleburne's, plainly indicate what Cleburne's orders must have been. General Bate reported that he received orders to cross to the pike and then sweep down the pike toward Columbia. Conversely, Cleburne's orders must have been to cross over to the pike and then sweep up the pike toward Spring Hill. Hood himself gave the orders to Cleburne and Bate, and then established his headquarters at the Thompson farmhouse, about five hundred yards west of the Rally Hill Road, and nearly two miles south of Spring Hill, where he remained until the following morning. To save time, Cleburne started to march across to the pike as soon as he was ready. Bate was then forming on Cleburne's left, and he followed as soon as his formation was completed. While Cleburne and Bate were moving out, General Cheatham was at

the crossing hurrying over Brown's Division. When Brown got over, he could support either Cleburne or Bate, as developments might dictate. Uncandid statements have been made that Cheatham's divisions were moved around in a disjointed manner and without any plan. There was not only a logical plan, but a successful plan, if it had been carried out, in the orders given to Cheatham's divisions. The other four divisions were halted south of Rutherford's Creek and fronted into line facing west toward the pike. This proves it was then Hood's belief that Schofield's main body was still at Duck River. If it should march up the pike and attack Bate, the four divisions would be on its flank. If it should attempt to reach the fortifications at Murfreesboro by cutting across the country south of Spring Hill, the four divisions would be in a position to intercept it.

General Bradley had four regiments in line in the woods on the ridge with the left near the Rally Hill Road and the right trending away toward the pike. They faced in a southeasterly direction. To cover more ground, there were short gaps between the regiments. The 65th Ohio was the right regiment of the four, and to the right rear of the 65th was a gap extending out about two hundred yards into cleared fields, where the 42nd Illinois was posted, refused as to the 65th, and facing south to cover that flank. To the front, right, and rear of the 42nd, was a wide expanse of rolling fields extending on the right to the pike, about one thousand yards away, where two guns were posted to sweep the fields in front of the 42nd with their fire. To the left of the 42nd, an extension of the woods ran out into the fields and concealed the regiment from Cleburne until he had advanced almost abreast of its position. When the 64th came off the skirmish line, it was sent to the support of the 42nd. The 36th Illinois, Opdycke's only reserve, was hurried across on double quick from the other side of Spring Hill to support the two guns. Around the southeasterly skirt of the village as many guns of the reserve artillery as could be utilized were placed in battery looking toward Bradley's position. The 42nd was posted behind a high rail fence, staked and ridged. To secure additional protection against musket balls, the men removed the stakes and riders and the top rails and placed them in front with one end resting on the ground and the other end on top of the fence. As thus reconstructed, the fence was just high enough for the men, kneeling behind it, to fire over the top. When coming off the skirmish line, I passed through a gap in the center of the line in the woods, to the left of the 15th Missouri. I then saw that the men in the woods had built barricades, using fence rails, rotten logs, old stumps, stones, anything movable they could lay their hands on. Because of the scarcity of the materials, the barricades were poor ones. In his book, "Forty-Six Years in the Army," Schofield makes the false statement that Stanley had "intrenched a good position to meet Hood's column when it should arrive." I know from personal observation that Bradley's Brigade had not done one bit of entrenching when it was attacked by Cleburne's Division, the only infantry attack made by the enemy.

It was shortly before four o'clock when Cleburne started to march across to the pike. His division consisted of four brigades, but one was on detached service, and he had three in line—Lowrey's on his right, then Govan's, then Granbury's. First crossing a field in his front, Lowrey entered the extension of the woods that has been mentioned. On emerging on the other side, his right came in sight, within easy range of the 42nd, and that regiment opened an enfilading fire, Lowrey's line then being almost perpendicular to the line of the 42nd. It was this accident of Lowrey's right passing within



range of the 42nd that led to the failure of Hood's plan, which up to that minute had been a great success. When the 42nd opened fire, the two guns at the pike also opened, their fire crossing that of the 42nd. The 64th then ran forward and, intermingling ranks with the 42nd, poured in their fire. When our fire had thus developed our position out in those wide fields, they could see just what we had.

They pulled down the rims of their hats over their eyes, bent their heads to the storm of missiles pouring upon them, changed direction to their right on double quick in a manner that excited our admiration, and a little later a line came sweeping through the gap between the 42nd and the pike, and swinging in toward our rear. Our line stood firm, holding back the enemy in its front, until the flank movement had progressed so far as to make it a question of legs to escape capture. The regimental commanders then gave the reluctant order to fall back. The contact was then so close that as the men on our right were running past the line closing in on them, they were called on with loud oaths, charging them with a Yankee canine descent, to halt and surrender. When the call was not heeded, some of the men were shot down with the muzzle of the musket almost touching their bodies. By the recession of the two regiments on the flank, the rear of the four regiments in the woods became exposed. They were attacked at the same time by Forrest in front, and by Cleburne on the right and rear, and were speedily dislodged. The attack was pressed with so much vigor that in a few minutes after the 42nd had opened fire, Bradley's entire brigade was in rapid retreat, with Cleburne in close pursuit and pouring in a hot fire. In falling back, we had to cross the valley of a small stream. As we descended into this valley, we uncovered our pursuers to the fire of the battery posted at the village, which opened with shrapnel shells, firing over our heads. General Stanley, who was in the battery, reported that not less than eight guns opened fire. As soon as Cleburne encountered this fire, he hastily drew back out of sight. All pursuit, with its direct and cross fire, having thus ceased, Bradley's men stopped running and walked back to the vicinity of the battery, where a new line was formed without trouble or confusion.

In coming down the slope toward the stream, Major Coulter, whose horse had been killed, was running a few feet in front of me, and I was speculating whether my short legs could keep up with his long ones when he called back over his shoulder, "Rally at this fence," meaning a rail fence we were approaching. I had a poor opinion of the fence as a place to attempt a rally, for we were still exposed to some of the cross fire.

To obey orders, I made for the strongest looking fence corner in my front, and, jumping over and stopping behind it, looked around to see if any concerted effort would be made to reform the line behind the fence. While there I noticed the effect of our artillery fire on the enemy. I saw by the smoke where a number of our shells exploded, and they all looked too high in the air and too far to the rear. I did not see a single man knocked down by them. No doubt the fear of killing some of our own men caused our gunners to aim high, for the valley was so shallow that the shells passed close over our heads. It is probable that the surprise of so many guns opening fire, and the noise made by them and by the exploding shells, had more to do with stopping the enemy than any execution that was done. Their later action showed that they believed Bradley's Brigade to have been an outpost; that our main line was where the guns were posted, and that so much artillery must have a correspondingly strong infantry support.

General Bradley reported a loss of one hundred and ninety-eight men in his brigade. The most of it fell on the three regiments on the exposed flank, the other three regiments withdrawing with light losses because their position had become untenable. He was himself disabled with a wound that broke his arm. Colonel Conrad, of the 15th Missouri, then assumed command of the brigade. By the casualties in the 65th Ohio, the command of that regiment devolved on the adjutant, Brewer Smith, a boy only nineteen years old, and possibly the youngest officer to succeed to the command of a regiment during the war.

(Continued in April number.)

## SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

JOHN WITHERSPOON.

To a member of Congress who said, "We are not yet ripe for a declaration of independence," John Witherspoon, New Jersey signer of the Declaration of Independence, replied: "In my judgment, sir, we are not only ripe, but rotting."

Witherspoon was of Scotch birth, received his education at the University of Edinburgh, and was licensed to preach at the age of twenty-one. When the Young Pretender landed in England, Witherspoon marched at the head of a corps of militia to join him. He was taken prisoner at Falkirk, and remained in Donne Castle until the battle of Culloden.

The fame of his literary tastes and accomplishments, and his reputation for honor, industry, and ability spread abroad, and he was called to the presidency of the College of New Jersey at Princeton. He arrived in America in August, 1768, and was formally installed in his responsible position, which he held until the Revolutionary War called him to the service of his country.

There was no hesitation on the part of John Witherspoon in the declaration of his opinions as to the justice of the Colonies in their stand for freedom. He was elected in June, 1776, as a delegate from New Jersey to the Continental Congress, under instructions to declare for independence should such measure be considered necessary.

The political wisdom with which Dr. Witherspoon enriched the national councils secured the confidence and admiration of his colleagues and elevated him to the first rank among the assembled statesmen of America. His public writings, pamphlets on public questions, his addresses and sermons aroused men to action possibly more than the work of any other man of his time.

For more than two years before his death he was afflicted with blindness, during which he was often led into the pulpit both at home and abroad. He died on November 15, 1794, in the seventy-third year of his age.

WILLIAM FLOYD.

Having his family mansion used as a barracks for cavalry and his live stock as food for the enemy were some of the hardships suffered during the Revolution by William Floyd, one of the New York signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Floyd was a lover of the peace and contentment which comes of companionship with the soil. He was born in Brook Haven, N. Y., and died on a tract of land which he had purchased in its wild state and cleared for habitation. The tenor of the times drew him unwittingly into public life.



He received little education, but his clearness of mind and strength of character carried him far. He lived on his father's estate until he was sent to the First Continental Congress, in 1774. He retained his seat until 1785, with the exception of one year, making no speeches, but doing his share of work of committees. He was the first delegate from New York to sign the Declaration.

When the British made their first descent upon Long Island, Floyd headed a body of militia and drove them off. Later his family had to flee across the Sound, and for seven years he neither saw his property nor derived any benefit from it.

In 1783, he returned to his farm, was made major general of the Long Island Militia, and for the next five years was a member of the New York Senate. He was a member of the first Congress of the United States.

The call of the land was too strong for him to resist, and, in 1784, he purchased a tract of wild land on the headwaters of the Mohawk. This he cleared and took his family to live upon, leaving the region which had done him so much honor, and undertaking a pioneer's life in his old age. He died on this new farm in 1821.—*From series issued by the Publicity Department of the Sesqui-Centennial, Philadelphia, 1926.*

#### IN THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

Workmen on the Crater battle field area, near Petersburg, Va., recently brought to light the remains of a soldier in blue, one of the forces under Grant who gave up his life during that long-drawn-out siege. Who he was will never be known, but he was laid to rest again within the soil whereon his blood had been spilled. At the side of the bones were found a pistol, several cartridge cases, pieces of the blue uniform, and buttons, which identified him as a soldier of one of the Federal brigades which took part in the battle of the Crater. Veterans of both sides attended the ceremonies of reinterment, a grave having been dug within a few feet of the Crater itself. Funeral rites were conducted, and taps was sounded by Graham Meredith, the young bugler of A. P. Hill Camp, after the flag-draped coffin was committed to the earth, and flags were also placed at the head and foot of the grave, with a larger one spread over the fresh mound.

Veterans of A. P. Hill Camp, members of the G. A. R., Sons of Confederate Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, the Ladies' Memorial Association, students of the Southern College, and the History Club of the high school, American Legion, and Kiwanis Club, witnessed the brief and simple rites conducted by A. P. Hill Camp, of which Capt. Carter H. Bishop is Commander. This was on the birthday of Stonewall Jackson, January 21, and the Confederate flag flew at half mast. An interested participant in the services was Capt. Henry H. Comer, of Danvers, Mass., representing Massachusetts G. A. R. and Loyal Legion, who brought a message of good will from Gov. Alvin Fuller, of Massachusetts.

**STUDY OF THE OLD SOUTH.**—Mrs. Elsie D. Hand, who is Librarian for the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Stillwater, Okla., and also a member of the Amanda Overstreet, Chapter, U. D. C., there, writes: "You will be interested to know that we have a course here in our college on the Old South. This is taught by Dr. T. H. Reynolds, a native Tennessean. This is one of the most popular courses given in the history department. It was offered for the first time in September, and the enrollment was more than forty. We are making a special effort to add Southern publications to our history section in the library. We could not do without the VETERAN, and may it have continued prosperity."

#### FLAGS RETURNED TO THE SOUTH.

Interesting reports have come of the return to the South of flags captured during the War between the States and sent to the North, where they were held as trophies until a better feeling induced their return to the people who love them. One of these reports refers to the return of the "Old Dominion Flag," the flag of Virginia, which flew above the capitol on the morning of April 3, 1865, when Federal troops dashed into Richmond, and which was formally returned to the State in November, 1927, and some of the men and women who saw the entry of Federal troops into Richmond, the Confederate capitol, in 1865, were present to witness the ceremony of unfurling again the Old Dominion flag which had floated over the capitol on that occasion, and saw it floating again in its old place. Among them was Mrs. Charles H. Talbot, who made the flag. Frederick Atherton Stevens, of Arlington, Mass., grandson of the first Union soldier to enter Richmond at that time, turned over the flag to Governor Byrd.

The five Confederate flags captured from Confederate troops in 1863, and formally returned to South Carolina by Governor Brewster, of Maine, at the governors' conference in Michigan last summer, were captured by the 9th Maine Volunteers at Morris Island, July 11, 1863, from the 21st South Carolina Volunteers.

#### WITH THE FOURTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY, C. S. A.

BY J. CHURCHILL COOKE, KING WILLIAM COURTHOUSE, VA.

I enjoy every copy of the VETERAN, from cover to cover. It is only through the VETERAN that the truth in regard to the War between the States and the causes of the war will ever be known.

In the article in the February number on the return of Confederate flags to the South, it is stated that "one of these Virginia flags was taken by a Maine cavalry regiment at Aldie, W. Va., from the 4th Virginia Cavalry." I was a member of Company G, Hanover Troop, of that regiment, and was in that fight; and it was a hot one. But we got the better of our enemy and drove them from the field. The sharpshooters of my regiment were then ordered to the front; I was among the number. After things quieted down, some five or six of us were standing together talking, and we could see a Federal battery of three guns on a hill about a mile off, it seemed. We never thought for a moment that they would take a pop at us; but they did, and it was pretty shooting. The first shot went just over our heads; the second just to one side of us; and the third struck the ground so close as to take off the bottom of one man's foot. These three shots followed in such quick succession that we had no time to dodge to shelter.

If there was any flag of my regiment captured on that occasion I never heard of it, and I can't help thinking that this statement was a mistake. Whether it is or not, I am glad the dear flags have been returned.

**A FINE COMMENDATION.**—Renewing subscription for 1928, Mrs. W. Carleton Adams, of Jacksonville, Fla., writes: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is wonderful. Its reminiscent narratives are like wandering through a garden of dreamland. There are now three subscribers in our family, and I send two complimentary subscriptions to friends, realizing how loyal all Southerners should be in advancing its interests. The U. D. C. Chapters alone should extend its circulation mightily."



## UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

In his address as a part of the exercises commemorative of the anniversaries of Generals Lee and Jackson, as arranged by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Chattanooga, Tenn., Dr. John R. Neal brought out a most pertinent fact in connection with our Southern history, that the South has depended upon oratory rather than the written record, hence the difficulty of getting at the real truth of our history, since so little effort has been made to have it properly recorded. Dr. Neal gave a forcible presentation of our situation in the following:

"Since the dawn of history no people have ever performed deeds more worthy to be properly recorded than the people of the South; yet no people have ever displayed greater indifference in the making of these records. As a result of this indifference, the Southern Iliad has yet to find its Homer, and the tragic Anabasis of the South its Herodotus.

"The poverty of Southern history, not in deeds, but in the proper narrative of those deeds, was vividly impressed upon my mind by listening to an address by President Wilson. This address was made more than a quarter of a century ago to a meeting of the American Historical Society and at a time when Mr. Wilson was simply a professor of history at Princeton, and, therefore, long prior to his great public fame as president of Princeton, governor of New Jersey, and President of the United States. Mr. Wilson's auditors were for the most part the professors of history in Northern and Eastern universities, and, therefore, the conspicuous historians of that day.

"Speaking to these Northern historians, Mr. Wilson's words, according to my recollection, were as follows:

"The war is over; the best evidence of that is that we gentlemen of the pen have ceased to write as belligerents and are now striving to write as historians. But in spite of the cessation of verbal hostilities, you Northern historians have assumed a tone of injured innocence and are apparently awaiting and expecting an apology from the Southern people. In this you will be disappointed. A people who would apologize for their history would not be capable of doing deeds worthy of historical record.

"The history of the South, if it is ever properly written, must be written from a sympathetic viewpoint and, therefore, must be written by Southern men.

"Unfortunately, through modesty and possibly other causes, the Southern man has performed great deeds, but hasn't elected to talk about these deeds. However, there is one stock of people scattered throughout the South who are not overly modest; they are the Scotch-Irish. The hope for Southern history written by Southern men rests with the Southern writers of this stock."

"In the South we have trusted to the orator rather than the historian. The orator should never supplant, but should supplement, the work of the historian. The purpose of the orator in turning to the past is entirely different from that of the historian. The orator's purpose is to arouse the emotions; he desires to thrill, to please. He grasps the past through his intuition and imagination.

"Under the spell of the orator we Southern people have almost lost our heroes, Lee and Jackson. They have become almost as impersonal as the Confederate flag.

"The most important reason why Southern history is yet untouched by Southern writers is because the Southern mind seems to have been caught in the meshes of the purely legal and constitutional aspects of the great conflict. The vast majority of the addresses and articles, and even books that

have been written since the war in the South, deal solely with these legal aspects. Most Southern writers, appear obsessed with the idea that the righteousness of the Southern cause depends upon establishing legality of the doctrine of secession.

"The two greatest decisions in the life of Lee that best illustrate the moral grandeur of the man came just at the beginning of his career as a great historical figure and after Appomattox at the close of this great career. This first decision was his resignation as an officer from the United States Army and the offer of his services to the South through the State of Virginia. Just prior to his resignation, Lee had been offered by President Lincoln the place of commander in chief of the United States army. His great renunciation can only be measured by considering what might have been if he had accepted this offer. Unquestionably possessing greater military skill than any of the Federal generals who first held command of the Northern army, Lee, in all probability, as commander of these forces could have brought the war to a much earlier successful termination. As the savior of the Union, he would undoubtedly have been rewarded as was Grant later, by being elected President of the United States. No more dazzling prospects were ever laid before mortal man and rejected. Lee's great renunciation can only be compared with that renunciation that occurred more than 2,000 years ago upon the heights of the temple.

"The last, and in many respects the greatest, decision in Lee's life came after Appomattox and his return to private life—namely, his decision to earn his livelihood and perform his last services to his beloved South as a teacher. The great significance in this decision lies in the fact that it indicates what Robert E. Lee most desired for the sons and daughters and the grandsons and granddaughters of the men who had so faithfully followed his leadership through the stress and storm of the great war.

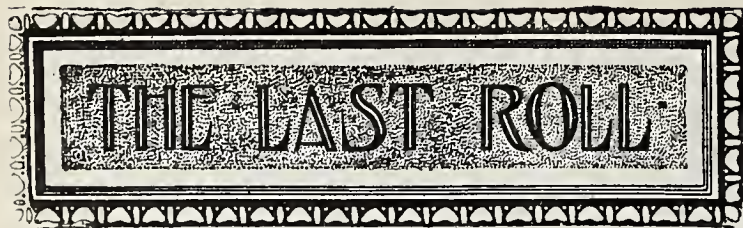
"A new South, not simply along the lines of material wealth, but based first on intellectual and spiritual foundation, which can only come through education, is the new South that would be pleasing to Robert E. Lee.

"The question naturally presents itself: Has the South kept faith with Lee? Has it secured for the descendants of Confederate veterans the character and the extent of educational opportunities which its resources would permit?

"A frank answer to this question would undoubtedly provoke controversy. Lee's birthday should not be a day for controversy. In this connection I will say only two things about which there should be no controversy. The purpose of education is twofold: First, vocational education, which fits one to make a living; and, secondly, cultural education, which makes a life. I am confident Lee would have desired both these educational boons for every son and daughter of the South."

MEXICAN WAR SURVIVORS.—The following is from the *Washington Star*, February 3: "The names of the five survivors of the American forces participating in the War with Mexico were read in the Senate to-day by Senator Sheppard, of Texas, in calling attention that the day was the eightieth anniversary of the signing of the treaty ending that conflict. The survivors are William F. Buckner, of Paris, Mo.; Uriah Gasaway, of Reelsville, Ind.; Samuel Leffler, of St. Paul, Ind.; Richard A. Howard, of Sterling City Tex.; and Owen Thomas Edgar, of Washington." Tennessee's last Mexican veteran, J. M. Bradford, of — passed away in —, 192—, at the age of one hundred and six years.





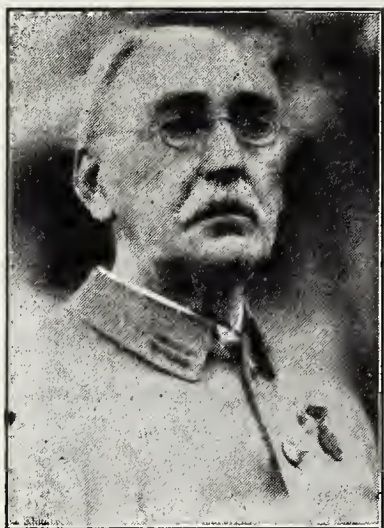
Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

The foeman need not frown,  
They all are powerless now;  
We gather them here and we lay them down,  
And tears and prayers are the only crown  
We bring to wreathe each brow.

ALBERT BRANTLY SAXON.

The death of Albert Brantly Saxon, April 1, 1927, removed one of the oldest and most honorable citizens of Augusta, Ga. Few Augustans were better known or more highly regarded. Known for his high sense of honesty and integrity, he commanded the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Saxon was born in Burke County, Ga., near Waynesboro, on April 4, 1846. He was afforded the advantages of the common schools of Georgia, and was reared in a home of distinctive culture and refinement. Early in 1862, at the age of sixteen, he went to war with the Southern forces, enlisting as a private in Company F, 63rd Georgia Infantry, Smith's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Cheatham's Corps, having previously volunteered and served in the State Militia in 1861. He took part in the campaign from Dalton to Marietta, at which latter place he was attacked with severe illness, which compelled him to enter the hospital at Macon, Ga. Upon his recovery, he rejoined his command and participated in Hood's campaign in Tennessee and North Alabama. He was captured at Nashville and imprisoned at Camp Chase, Ohio, until the close of the war, when he was paroled.



ALBERT BRANTLY SAXON.

He located in Augusta in 1866. On April 19, 1868, he married Miss Susan Carpenter, of Burke County, who, with four daughters, survives him, the two boys having died a few years before their father.

Mr. Saxon was a member of the First Baptist Church, having joined when he first came to Augusta as a boy, being baptized by Dr. William T. Brantly, for whom he was named. He was a member of Webb's Masonic Lodge, and it was at his request that the Masonic service was conducted at his grave. At the conclusion, taps was sounded by the bugler of Camp No. 435, U. C. V., of which he was an enthusiastic and loyal member, having served as Adjutant for many years.

A securely entrenched merchant of acknowledged ability,

he was the senior member of A. B. Saxon & Brother, a wholesale and retail grocery business at the corner of Broad and Monument Streets, Augusta, which was one of the largest enterprises of its kind in the city at the time, and in all their dealings they won name and fame for their courteous, honest, and fair treatment of the public. Their patrons were their friends, and for over a third of a century they maintained an establishment with an enviable reputation.

A. B. Saxon was one of the world's noblemen. He built up in himself a character so strong that desire for personal gain could not break it or sin in its mildest could not mar it. A man with his gentleness of manner, so sincere in devotion to his God, so unselfishly charitable, so scrupulously honest, and highly principled as he was can rightly be called a great man.

A soldier of the Confederacy, serving with distinction, he was no less a soldier in times of peace. He was always at the front in civic affairs, always aiding those who needed help. Aged and worn after eighty-one years of service, he has laid aside the habiliments of mortality; but his work will live long after him and his deeds will endure for ages.

COL. S. BROWN ALLEN, U. C. V.

Col. S. Brown Allen, Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia, U. C. V., died at his home in Staunton, Va., on January 23, at the age of eighty-four years.

From the memorial resolutions passed by Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., of Staunton, the following is taken:

As Commander of Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., and Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia, Colonel Allen consecrated every effort to the noble task of serving the organization of which he was the accepted leader. The fidelity with which he responded to every call of duty or service to this Camp or the individual members was ever typical of the spirit of the Confederacy which he so gallantly represented and justly entitled him to the distinction and gratitude his comrades so freely bestowed.

He was born in Bath County, Va., January 27, 1844, of distinguished parentage, his father, William F. Allen, a Kentuckian, and his mother, Lavinia V. Frazier, a Virginian, of Scotch-Irish descent.

His childhood years were spent in Bath County, but in 1852, the family moved to Texas, where the father died. With four children, the mother returned to Virginia and made her home on the old Frazier farm at Jennings Gap, Augusta County.

Comrade Brown received his early education from the schools of the neighborhood, and at the outbreak of the war was attending the Lock Willow Academy, at Churchville, with Maj. Jed Hotchkiss, as principal. With his brother, William F. Allen, and uncle, James A. Frazier, he promptly joined the Churchville Cavalry, known as Company C, and later a part of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, McCausland's Brigade, serving throughout the war, surrendering at Appomattox Courthouse, April 9, 1865.

Returning to his home in Augusta, Comrade Allen devoted his time and talent to the pursuit of agriculture, zealously promoting every movement for improvement in methods of stock raising and the production of farm products.

Intensely interested in the political problems following in the wake of the war, in 1879, when the readjustment of the State debt became a paramount issue, Colonel Allen canvassed the State in behalf of this issue. In 1881, he was elected by the Virginia Legislature as Auditor of Public Accounts. Later on, he was appointed by President McKinley as United States marshal for the Western District of Vir-



ginia, which he filled until 1910, when President Taft appointed him postmaster at Staunton, which office he successfully conducted for five years.

The last years of his life were consecrated to the promotion of the comfort, pleasure, and happiness of his old comrades, truly a labor of love and devotion. He gave freely of his time, energy, and intelligent service. Forgetful of self, even with waning strength and the burden of years, his first thought was for the veteran who wore the gray. His memory will ever be cherished and kept fresh in the hearts of his comrades who survive.

In October, 1869, he was married to Miss Mary S. Hamilton, who survives him with their four children. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and for many years an elder.

A. B. LEWIS.

On the ground where he received seven years of his education as a schoolboy, in the First Christian Church, burial services were conducted for A. B. Lewis, ninety-two-year-old Washington County pioneer and beloved Confederate veteran who died at his home in Fayetteville, Ark., on January 28.

His death is the first in the family formed by his marriage to Miss Rebecca Hewitt on December 26, 1869. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter, also six grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Comrade Lewis was born in Hempstead County, Ark., April 28, 1835, the son of Joseph and Mary Bartlett Lewis. His father was a grandson of John Lewis, who came to this country from Ireland and settled in North Carolina. Joseph Lewis, his father, settled in Washington County, Ark., in 1836.

A. B. Lewis was educated in the schools of Farmington and the college at Fayetteville. He was one of five brothers to serve in the Confederate army. When the South seceded, he enlisted in Bell's company and was ready to leave, when his father, a Union sympathizer, forbade him to do so. Before a month had passed, however, he went into service with Company D, Monroe's Regiment, Cabell's Brigade, and was engaged in the battle of Oak Hill. He served the entire four years.

Heavily indebted as a result of the war, during which his store was destroyed and practically all of his other property, he was forced to sell his farm lands and still was faced with a \$5,000 debt. To clear this off required ten years, seven of which were spent as a clerk. Shortly after the war he served for two years as county treasurer.

The death of "Uncle Gus," as he was affectionately known, marks the passing of one of the few picturesque survivors of a generation of pioneers. He was a "mine" of information for those seeking stories of former days, and always was willing to talk of the past. On his ninety-second birthday, although his eyesight was failing, he retained all of his other faculties, and his marvelous memory appeared untouched. In appearance, he was a true patriarch, with pure white beard.

WILEY YOUNG WATKINS.

Wiley Young Watkins died at his home in Sullivan township, Laurens County, S. C., on the 25th of January, 1928. He was too young for Confederate army service, and was sent with the State troops to the South Carolina coast, for military service, in which he served until the surrender. He was a member of the Baptist Church, for many years. He delighted in attending all the nearby meetings of the Confederate veterans. He is survived by only three old soldiers of the sixties in our township.

[William D. Sullivan, Sr.]

WILLIAM OSCAR COLEMAN.

Hon. William Oscar Coleman, aged eighty-eight years, died at the home of his son, James B. Coleman, Louisville, Ky., on February 7, 1928. He was a son of William L. Coleman, of Trimble County, Ky., born December 23, 1839. In 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate army, in Company A, 4th Kentucky Cavalry, at first commanded by Col. Henry L. Giltner, Humphrey Marshall's Brigade. Upon the retirement of General Marshall from command, Colonel Giltner was made brigade commander, and thus continued until the close of the war. Soon thereafter the Giltner brigade was assigned to John H. Morgan's Division, and so continued until General Morgan was killed at Greeneville, Tenn. William Oscar Coleman was wounded at Limestone, Tenn., but as soon as sufficiently recovered, he rejoined his command and continued with it to the close.

After the war, he returned to his home in Trimble County, Ky. Some years thereafter he was elected sheriff, and after his two terms had expired, he was elected State senator, which he also held for two terms. It was Senator Coleman who introduced the measure for the building of the Confederate Home near Louisville, which has been of so much benefit.

In 1861, Comrade Coleman married Miss Mary Yoder Buchanan, of Shelbyville, Ky., who died in 1914. He then went to Kansas City, Mo., to live with a daughter, but within the last year he returned to his native county, living with another daughter at Milton, and from there he went to his son's home in Louisville. He is survived by four sons and two daughters, also two sisters and a brother.

After the Confederate Home had been established, Senator Coleman was chosen as its first commandant. It is quite probable that I am now the only living representative of our old Company A, 4th Kentucky Confederate Cavalry. I often think of my departed comrades, and feel that I could call the company roll just as it was when we were in active service. Peace to them. They are resting from hard service.

[George D. Ewing, Pattonsburg, Mo.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON McMAHAN.

George W. McMahan was born November 20, 1842, and died December 8, 1927, eighty-five years of age. When the War between the States broke out, Mr. McMahan was too young to enter the army, but in September, 1862, he went to Knoxville and enlisted in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry. His first battle was at Perryville, Ky., and from there to Murfreesboro and to Chattanooga under General Bragg. He spent the most of his army life under the command of General Wheeler, and never tired of talking of him and of his exploits.

George McMahan was in the battles of Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga, Resaca, Ga., and a number of others, as he was one of those who tried to stop Sherman's "March to the Sea." The spring of 1865 found him in North Carolina, and after the surrender of Generals Lee and Johnston he returned to his home. He was the last of the native sons Confederate soldiers from Sevier County, Tenn. After the war he left the county and lived for a year or so in Alabama, as it was not safe for an ex-Confederate to stay in Sevier County at that time. But he went back home again and married Miss Marion Henderson. To them one daughter was born, who died just as she reached young womanhood. Mr. McMahan was a staunch member of the M. E. Church, South, and always voted the Democratic ticket.

Peace to his ashes!

[Frank Murphy.]



## JUDGE D. GARDINER TYLER.

Judge D. Gardiner Tyler, eldest son of President John Tyler and Julia Gardiner Tyler, his second wife, was born July 12, 1846, and died at his ancestral home, Sherwood Forest, Charles City County, Va., on September 5, 1927. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Norris, two daughters, and two sons, also by a brother, Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, formerly President of William and Mary College, and a sister.

Judge Tyler was State Senator for several terms from his home district, and represented the Second Virginia District in Congress for two terms, and then as Judge of the Fourteenth Judicial Circuit for twenty-four years. During the War between the States, he served for eighteen months in the Rockbridge Artillery, and ever loved the cause of his youth, believing in its right, and only submitting to overwhelming numbers. He was the last member of the Harrison-Harwood Camp, U. C. V., of Charles City.

His graduation from Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, under the guiding hand of that peerless soldier, citizen, and Christian, Gen. R. E. Lee, was one of the proud events of his life, and he never missed an opportunity of describing to interested listeners General Lee as he knew him.

Judge Tyler was the kind husband, father, friend, and neighbor. A communicant of the Episcopal Church, services were held at his home Church, Westover, attended by a large concourse from all walks of life to beautiful Hollywood, in Richmond, where he rests near his illustrious father. He was a man of the greatest loyalty and ideals, and commanded the love and respect of all who came in contact with him. His life was so pure and clean and his duties so well performed that the niche of fame will enroll his name as one of her gifted sons.

Gone, but not forgotten by one who has profited by long years of contact.

[W. L. Witherspoon, Holdcroft, Va.]

## G. H. BOYLES.

In the death of Gabriel H. Boyles, "Uncle Gabe," as he was affectionately called, Parker County, Tex., lost one of her oldest and most beloved pioneers, a man whose staunch integrity and rugged honesty has been a living monument to the grand old days of his youth, when a man was judged by his deeds and intrinsic worth. As he had lived, peacefully and quietly, so he passed away and was laid to rest in the Spring Creek Cemetery, near Weatherford, the funeral services being concluded at the grave. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and four daughters.

Gabriel Boyles was born in North Carolina, February 16, 1839, and had thus nearly completed his eighty-ninth year. His parents moved to Hannibal, Mo., when he was a small boy, and from there went on to Texas, settling on the head of Bear Creek in Parker County in 1856. "Uncle Gabe" had, therefore, been a resident of Parker County for seventy-two years. He was one of those rugged pioneers who conquered the West, and he did his full share in the development of that section of Texas. He had assisted in clearing the timber off the square at Weatherford, and was ever one of the foremost in any effort for the advancement of his home city and the public good. On the 15th of February, 1866, just the day before his twenty-seventh birthday, he was married to Miss Mary Evelyn Davidson, and they journeyed down the pathway of life together for almost sixty-two years, with a love and devotion that made their home a veritable heaven upon earth.

Comrade Boyles served four years in the Confederate army with the 19th Texas Cavalry, Parsons's Brigade, and had long been an honored member of Tom Green Camp, U. C. V., of Weatherford, Tex. He was a charter member of the Pleasant Point Baptist Church, which he helped to organize some forty-eight years ago.

## F. L. MARSHALL.

One of the old-time citizens of Weatherford, Tex., passed with the death of F. L. Marshall at his home there on January 16, at the age of eighty-two years. He was born in the State of Tennessee, February 3, 1846, and as a lad of fifteen years he enlisted in the Confederate army, served out his time, then returned home and after a year reënlisted with Forrest's Cavalry and served to the end.

Comrade Marshall went to Texas in 1879, and to Weatherford, in Parker County, about 1884. Then he removed to South Texas and lived there some twenty years, returning to Weatherford a few months ago. He was an active member of the Methodist Church, and it was a matter of pride to him that during his long life he had organized and conducted many Sunday schools. He was a strong believer in education, and gave his children the benefit of the best instruction available that they might be well prepared for their work in life. In his active years he was engaged in the nursery business and had a large nursery and orchard near Weatherford.

He is survived by his wife, three sons, and three daughters. Interment was in Greenwood Cemetery at Weatherford.

[J. M. Richards.]

## BENJAMIN S. HAMMER.

Benjamin S. Hammer, born November 21, 1845, died at his home near Franklin, W. Va., on January 15, 1928, aged eighty-two years. In his passing the county lost one of her most popular and highly respected citizens.

As a mere boy of about sixteen, Benjamin Hammer volunteered his services to the cause of the South in the War between the States and was brave and courageous in his service to his country, just as he had ever since been to his government and State. He was a member of the famous 62nd Virginia Regiment, Company F, under General Imboden, the renown of which regiment will be recounted as long as history lasts. He was a staunch Democrat and always took a keen interest in his party and the welfare of his county and the State.

He is survived by three sons and one daughter. He had five brothers, and of these only one survives, and three sisters also survive him.

Interment was in beautiful Cedar Hill Cemetery, at Franklin.

## JAMES C. BRIDEWELL.

James Chester Bridewell, born at Port Gibson, Miss., in May, 1845, but for many years a resident of Carroll County, died at the Beauvoir Confederate Home on January 11.

Comrade Bridewell was a Master Mason, and served as secretary of the Lodge at Vaiden, Miss., where he made his home for some years before entering the Confederate Home at Beauvoir. He was married some three years ago to Mrs. Mary Louise Ainsworth, of Hazlehurst. He served in the Confederate army as a member of Company K, 45th Mississippi Cavalry.

Funeral services were conducted at the Beauvoir Chapel, conducted by Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Biloxi, who also read the U. C. V. ritual at the grave, and taps was sounded. Comrade Bridewell was of the Presbyterian faith.

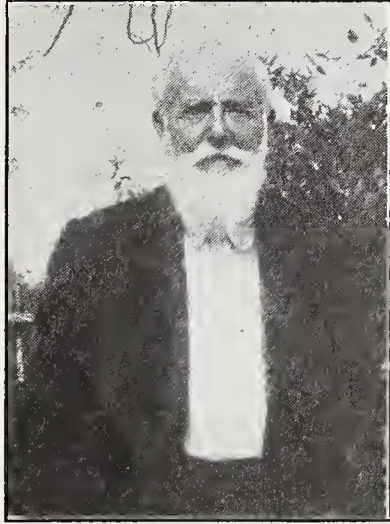
[Sims Hulbert.]



## WILLIAM MATTHIAS WAGNER.

William Matthias Wagner, after a brief illness, peacefully passed away on December 29, 1927, at his home near Kosse, Tex., and was laid to rest in the Liberty Cemetery near Vashti, Tex. He was born on a farm in Hardin County, near Savannah, Tenn., October 16, 1846, the second son and fifth child of Matthias and Mary Blackburn Graham Wagner. He worked on the farm as a boy, with opportunity to attend school only a few weeks or months each year.

He remained at home working and helping to secrete the stock from marauding bands of Federals during the first three years of the war. But as it progressed, he wished to join the army with many other young men of his acquaintance,



W. M. WAGNER.

and the opportunity to do this was presented in the early fall of 1864, when he was about eighteen years old. His older brother Jim, later Dr. James D. Wagner, of Selma, Calif. (see VETERAN for February, 1917, page 84), who had been in the army since the first year of the war, came home to secure another mount, and Will at once began making preparations to go back with him. A short time before this his heart had been deeply stirred with indignation at seeing one of a band of Federal soldiers shove his mother down while she was begging him not to take a work animal which was needed on the place and which the soldier had just taken from the plow—both the soldier and his captain laughing as his mother fell. He needed no more to fix in his heart a firm resolution to join the Confederate army at the first opportunity, “determined to kill as many Yankees as he could.”

They slipped out and reached his brother's command, which he at once joined, Company G, under command of Capt. Jim W. Irven, of the 1st Confederate Cavalry. This had been under Gen. Joe Wheeler up to this time, but was now stationed at Lexington, West Tennessee, under command of General Forrest. They served together for the rest of the war under this indomitable leader, engaging in many hard marches, raids, and battles, and enduring all the attendant hardships during the winter and spring. Once his comrades thought he was killed when a shell hit the wall of a fort just below him and exploded; but he came out of the smoke unhurt. They surrendered to General Canby, at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865.

Young Wagner returned home and to work, both witnessing and enduring the ills of reconstruction and carpetbag rule in his community. But here again he manfully and bravely, with honor and self-restraint, bore his part in the “Invisible Empire,” and in other ways seeking to ameliorate those intolerable conditions under which his community, and the whole South, suffered at that time.

In 1868, he went horseback to Titus County, Tex., where he remained about two years. He returned to Tennessee on horseback, and, January 4, 1871, married Annie Josephine Walker. He engaged in farming until the fall of 1874, when he again went to Texas, this time driving through in a wagon part of the way. His young wife, with her two sons, soon joined him, by rail, at Bonham. They farmed four years in

Hunt, Montague, and Parker counties, enduring the many hardships and privations incident to the life of pioneers. In 1879, they settled on a farm which he bought near Newport in Clay County, where they remained eight years. He then ran a mail hack line for a short time, after which he engaged in the mercantile business in Post Oak, Newport, and Vashti during the period from 1890 to 1905. His hearing having become impaired, he retired and lived at Bowie for over seven years, where he became an active member of John C. Pelham Camp, U. C. V. In January of 1913, he moved to a farm in Limestone County, near Kosse, where he lived till his death.

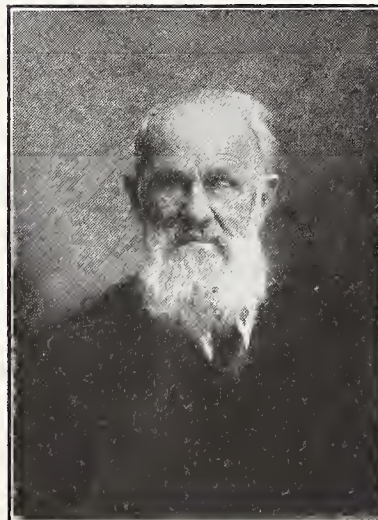
His first wife, a woman of fine Christian ideals and rare mental endowment, was called from his side in 1888. Ten children were born from this union, of whom five are living and present during his last illness. In 1890, he married Mrs. Ellen R. Spikes, who was a devoted Christian and wife, a faithful mother to his children, and who survives him.

He became a Christian in boyhood and joined the Methodist Church, but spent most of his life in the Presbyterian Church as a ruling elder. He was also a Mason, and from his youth up his life was one of singular purity in speech and morals. He always stood firmly for his convictions as to right, truth, and progress in community, Church, and State, yet was kind and considerate to all. The firm discipline which he maintained in his family was always tempered with love, and made effective by a good example and sincere religious instruction.

He was a patriotic and loyal citizen at all times, and ever true to the memories, ideals, and principles of the Southern cause, and loved dearly to be with the old comrades in reunions, which he attended when possible. The most impressive sentiment he was ever heard to express was this: “The two things in my whole life that I remember with greatest satisfaction, apart from my family, are, first, that I became a Christian in my youth; and, second, that it was my privilege to serve as a Confederate soldier.”

## JOHN SAMPSON.

At the age of eighty-nine years, John Sampson died at his home in Kaufman, Tex., on February 1. He was born and reared at Carthage, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, serving as a member of Company G, 2nd Tennessee Cavalry. He took part in many battles during the war, among which were Shiloh, Iuka, and Farmington, Miss. Capt. H. B. Moore commanded his company, which was surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., on May 10, 1865, and he served under General Forrest through the war.



JOHN SAMPSON.

Surviving Comrade Sampson are several sons and daughters living in different parts of Texas. One daughter, Mrs. Tolbert, lives at Kaufman. He was

a splendid citizen, and his life was that of a Christian from youth up, his religious affiliations being with the Baptist Church. He is now with his comrades in the heavenly union.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* On the 19th of January the pages of history were turned back for a season, as we live with the stalwart young West Point cadet celebrating his twenty-first birthday. A century had passed, but we visioned him in the strength of his vigorous manhood—alert, upstanding, handsome as a god; no foretaste of the tragedy of Appomattox dimmed his eyes, no prophetic vision of the sorrows of his people lined his beloved face. Our great commander, Robert E. Lee!

In Alexandria, Va., on the evening of January 19, the President General presented the Cross of Military Service to Gen. B. Frank Cheatham, Quartermaster General, U. S. A., and to Rear Admiral Edward W. Eberle, an elaborate banquet was given by R. E. Lee Camp U. C. V., and the attendant exercises were under the auspices of Mary Custis Lee, 17th Virginia Regiment Chapter, No. 7, the charter Chapter of the Virginia Division.

On the afternoon of the same day, Mrs. Jackson Brandt, Custodian of Flags and Pennants, U. D. C., presented the Cross of Military Service to Admiral Lewis M. Nulton, Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. The ceremonies connected with the occasion were sponsored by the William H. Murray Chapter, of Annapolis, the baby Chapter of the Maryland Division.

These Crosses were awarded by the Charleston convention, November, 1927, and other awards made at this time will be presented as soon as possible.

The convention of 1926 adopted a recommendation whereby all Divisions, Chapters, and individuals presenting names of World War veterans to be considered for decoration by the general organization, must present the names to the Committee on Insignia, which Committee shall pass upon them and present its recommendation to the Executive Committee by April 1 of each year.

Mrs. J. A. Rountree, 3200 Cliff Road, Birmingham, Ala., is chairman of Insignia Committee, and names of those to be considered for decoration at the Houston convention should be sent her at as early a date as convenient.

The last days of January were spent in St. Louis, Mo., as the house guest of Mrs. J. P. Higgins. On January 31 a delightful reception was tendered the President General by the five Chapters in St. Louis, and throughout her stay of three days every possible attention and courtesy were extended by the President of the Division Mrs. Faris, the Chapters in St. Louis, and the individual members.

In the early months of each year, Chapters should arrange for the financing of those enterprises which depend upon their

support. Among these, there is not a greater responsibility than the care of the women of the past generation. At our request the chairman of the Relief Committee presents you with an outline of her work:

## MRS. NORMAN V. RANDOLPH RELIEF FUND FOR NEEDY CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

Again the President General has honored me by asking me to serve as chairman of this committee, and in this capacity I am coming to you at the beginning of the new year to solicit your continued interest and support of this splendid work.

Several years ago, this fund was named in honor of its founder, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph. Last year she left us, but left as a heritage to us this magnificent work, and at the convention in Charleston in November it was made a perpetual memorial to Mrs. Randolph.

From the time I first saw Mrs. Randolph, at the convention in Tampa, 1919, and heard her appeal for "those poor old Confederate women who are in dire want," I have dedicated myself to this work, and you, as an organization, have done the same thing, for year by year our list of pensioners has steadily grown until now it numbers thirty-three. Each year the money is provided to meet these monthly payments through your generosity.

Pledges made in Charleston for this year's work lacked a few hundred dollars of being sufficient to take care of the number then on the roll. More will be added this year, which means that your contributions must amount to more this year than last.

I have been asked many times to suggest a way for Divisions to raise their share for this fund. As Florida has for several years been one of the largest contributors, I am going to tell you how we raised our money in this State. The President makes a total pledge for the Division at the general convention, then she prorates the amount among the different Chapters. For instance, \$2.50 per year for Chapters having a membership of twenty-five or less; \$5 for those having from twenty-five to fifty members; and \$10 per year for the larger Chapters.

Last year the Boston Chapter adopted one of our old pensioners as its special care. The money is sent through the Treasurer General to take care of the monthly payments, so that the general organization gets the credit for it, but Mrs. Orr knows that the Boston Chapter is providing for her. They write to her and send special gifts at Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, and other times, and they put much happiness into her life. This year, the Illinois Division, Miss Powell, Director, is going to adopt another. This personal touch



between the Divisions and the recipients means a great deal to every one concerned and is a very beautiful idea.

Let us keep foremost in our minds this year our duty to these dear old women. We have made this fund a perpetual memorial to Mrs. Randolph. It seems to me I can almost hear her say: "Do this in remembrance of me."

Faithfully yours,  
JULIA HARRISON NORRIS,  
*Chairman Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund.*

Second only to Mrs. Randolph's interest in the care of the women of the sixties was her thought for the Children of the Confederacy. Mrs. Madge Burney, the Third Vice President General, seeks the coöperation and loyal support of every Daughter of the Confederacy, reminding us that these children have in their keeping the future of our beloved organization. The special work, and this is the first time the Children have assumed a definite responsibility, is the Father Ryan Memorial. Mrs. Burney writes: "This should be inspiring to every Children's Chapter, this completion of the memorial to Father Ryan, the brilliant poet and worthy patriot of the South. Study of the prizes should be made and every Chapter urged to enter into competition."

The most beautiful and fitting tribute which it is possible to offer any consecrated man of God is a memorial in the Church of his religious faith; and the careful study of Father Ryan's life, with its beauty and pathos, will insure the interest of every Children's Chapter, as will also the memorizing of his poems, a legacy of eternal beauty.

## IN MEMORIAM.

On January 27, Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, Richmond, Va., Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., "crossed over the river" to rest with his comrades "under the shade of the trees," a grand old warrior, loyal and brave and true. We miss them sorely as the "gray line" grows thinner with each passing month. We sorrow at the parting, yet with them it is the laying aside the weight of advancing years and entering through wide-flung gates into a glorious and never-ending reunion.

Our honored ex-President General, Mrs. A. T. Smythe, of Charleston, S. C., entered into rest eternal on the morning of the 8th of January. To the younger members of this organization Mrs. Smythe was revered and honored because of the distinguished service she had rendered and because she was a member of that generation of Southern gentlewomen "whose like we shall not see again." To those who were honored by her friendship and, in days gone by, were privileged with close association, her strong mentality, logical reasoning, absolute justice, and sincerity of conviction, combined with rare tact and unfailing courtesy, will ever remain an ideal.

A few weeks past, I stood with the members of the Old Dominion Chapter, of Lynchburg, Va., by the grave of Miss Ruth Early, the niece of Gen. Jubal A. Early, in whose memory a scholarship was established through the Hector W. Church legacy. Miss Early was a writer of distinction, and in the early days of the United Daughters of the Confederacy organized many of the Chapters in Virginia, among them my home Chapter, the Rawley Martin.

Cordially yours,  
MAUDE MERCHANT.

## THE VASSAR SCHOLARSHIP.

Mrs. R. D. Wright, chairman of Education, calls the attention of Division chairmen to the fact that the Mary B. Poppenheim Scholarship at Vassar College is for award for the session of 1928-1929, that all applications must be in her hands not later than April 15, since May 1 is the very latest date on which the college will receive an application. Division chairmen are asked to communicate with the Dean of Vassar, Miss Mildred Thompson, for information as to the requirements for admission. For information as to the dates and places in which examinations will be held in the various States, chairmen are asked to write to Mr. Thomas S. Fiske, Secretary College Entrance Examination Board, 431 West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, New York City. Vassar College accepts no student except by examination.

## CROSS OF MILITARY SERVICE.

The book, "Cross of Military Service, Its History and Its Record," Volume 1, edited and compiled for the United Daughters of the Confederacy by Mrs. J. A. Rountree, chairman of World War Insignia Committee, was issued November 15, 1927, and is available for purchase by Chapters and individuals through the chairman at address given below at the cost price of \$1.50 per copy. This edition is limited and is being rapidly disposed of.

The book contains the records of those men who received the Cross of Military Service up to and including the awards of January 19, 1927, there being over 3,300 in number, representing twenty-five States. The World War service and Confederate lineage record is given of each man in accord with the information furnished by the Chapter through which the decoration was presented.

Some errors may have occurred, either typographically or otherwise, as is the case with most books published, and the chairman, therefore, being desirous of having this history as correct as possible, will greatly appreciate having her attention called to any errors that may exist.

If anyone having a correction to offer will submit same to the chairman in writing with certified proof attached thereto, showing that error exists and that the correction offered is authentic, the chairman will appreciate the assistance and will give it her careful consideration, endeavoring to make the correction in so far as she is able to do so.

Please address all such communications to Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Chairman, 3200 Cliff Road, Birmingham, Ala.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—*Anniston*—The William Henry Forney Chapter, under its efficient President, Mrs. George Cryer, has held regular and interesting meetings since fall. The October meeting was "Assembly Day." At the November meeting, Mrs. Beecher Greer gave an account of the tribute that was paid each of the twelve living Past Presidents of the Alabama Division at the convention in Tuscaloosa, bringing out the outstanding accomplishment of each administration. Mrs. John B. Knox spoke of notable women she had known and their work in the early days of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Alabama, and Mrs. Joseph Aderhold then spoke of prominent women in the general organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy, telling of the meeting of the first Memorial Association in Columbus, Ga., in 1886, and the first general division convention held in Nashville in 1894.

*Auburn*—The Admiral Semmes Chapter was delightfully



entertained on December 13, and in honor of the birthday of our State, an Alabama flag formed a conspicuous part of the red and white decorations for the evening. Mrs. J. T. Watt presented the subject of the Children's Founders Roll for Stone Mountain. Mrs. W. P. Champion read a splendid paper on Mrs. Margaret Preston, the gifted writer of the Old South. A brief résumé of the great men and events of Alabama history was given by Mrs. B. B. Ross, followed by a vivid and inspiring account of the recent General U. D. C. convention in Charleston.

*Montgomery*—At the January meeting of Sophia Bibb Chapter much important business was transacted. Mrs. Ira Virgin read a paper on Admiral Raphael Semmes, and the constitution of the Chapter had its annual reading according to the statute.

*Troy*—The December meeting of the Troy Chapter met with Mrs. Key Murphree at her beautiful new home.

During the business session it was voted to send a Christmas donation to the old soldiers at Mountain Creek and also to send the soldiers of Pike County a Christmas sock. Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky gave most interestingly a report of the Charleston convention.

*Tuscaloosa*—The January meeting of R. E. Rodes Chapter gave a program in honor of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Mrs. Marvin Weatherford's talk was on the childhood and boyhood of Lee, and Mrs. Matt Maxwell's subject was "Lee—the Man and the Soldier," and other tributes were paid to this great character. Reports were made that a splendid check and a well-filled Christmas box had been sent to the veterans and their wives at the Mountain Creek Home.

[Mrs. C. W. Dauge, Jacksonville, Ala.]

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*California*.—In celebration of the birthday anniversaries of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Southern California met at luncheon in Los Angeles on Thursday, January 19, with Mrs. Clifford A. Wright as presiding chairman of the occasion.

Mrs. Spencer Rowan Thorpe, Honorary Life President of the California Division, and the State officers were the honor guests. Mrs. Rudolph Frederick Blankenburg, Division President, gave a delightful and forceful talk on "Robert E. Lee as a Leader of Men," while Mrs. F. B. Harrington, State Historian, gave a forceful talk on Stonewall Jackson. A song was sung by Dr. James Lovell, a veteran of eighty-four years, surrounded by five of his comrades in Confederate uniform. General Simmons, Commander of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., in a voice beautifully marked by Southern accent, said grace at the board, at which more than three hundred guests were assembled. Col. Willis Gandy Peace, commanding officer of Fort McArthur, was presented with a Cross of Military Service by Mrs. James Westpheling, in behalf of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of which she is President. This presentation to this gallant soldier and honored guest, whose father and grandfather were officers in the Confederate army, stands out as one of the special features of the celebration to the memory of great men, emphasized as it was by the beautiful talk made in presenting them.

Mrs. R. F. Blankenburg, Division President, with the eighteen California delegates, returned from the convention in Charleston, S. C., with a glowing report of the success of that convention.

[Mrs. Emma Wilcox Whitlock.]

*Georgia*.—Very unusual exercises were held on January 19, in commemoration of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson, at the United States Government Hospital Base, No. 48, near Atlanta, by the members of the Fulton Chapter. The Georgia Division President, U. D. C., Mrs. Trox Bankston, and Georgia Division D. A. R. Regent, Mrs. H. M. Franklin, made addresses. Mrs. Marcus Beck, First Vice President, Service Star Legion, spoke in behalf of her organization. Mrs. L. T. D. Quinby, President Fulton Chapter, U. D. C., presided and introduced the distinguished guests. The Red Cross Hut, where the exercises were held, was beautifully decorated with Confederate and United States flags, and many baskets of red and white carnations.

Many Confederate veterans were the honored guests of the afternoon, the members of the Chapter attending to their comfort.

Hon. Carlton Binns, grandson of a Confederate soldier, and himself a prominent citizen of the city, made a splendid address, and appropriate music was furnished for the occasion.

Five Crosses of Honor were presented to Confederate veterans or their descendants, and eight Crosses of Service to World War soldiers by the Fulton Chapter. Refreshments were served by younger members of the Chapter.

Dr. George L. Johnson, medical officer in charge, welcomed the guests in behalf of the hospital and personnel.

Many reminiscences were told during the afternoon by both soldiers of the sixties and of the World War.

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*Illinois*.—Illinois Division gave a program luncheon on January 18, commemorating the birthdays of Matthew Fontaine Maury, Stonewall Jackson and Gen. Robert E. Lee, with Mrs. Howard A. Hoeing, President of the Division, presiding. The convocation was delivered by Mr. John A. Lee, Commander of the Central Division, S. C. V. The speaker, Rev. Herbert W. Virgin, gave a most interesting talk on the lives of these three great Southerners. Mrs. Francesca Miller read a series of original poems, and Mr. Frederick Kidd, tenor, gave a group of songs of the Sunny South, including several negro spirituals. Among the guests of honor were Mrs. Louis Fowler Hopkins, Regent of Chicago Chapter, D. A. R., and Mrs. Franklin M. Miller, President U. S. Daughters of 1812, and also President Chicago Colony of New England Women.

Officers of the Illinois Division for the ensuing year are: President, Mrs. Howard A. Hoeing; First Vice President, Mrs. John C. Abernathy; Second Vice President, Mrs. Walter M. Smith; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Frank O. Potter; Treasurer, Mrs. William L. Callaway; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Fra Fergus; Historian, Mrs. W. S. Hart; Registrar, Mrs. M. P. Black; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Mary Behan. Directors: Education, Mrs. J. C. Haffler; Organization, Mrs. J. S. Dudley; Finance, Mrs. L. F. Weeks, Mrs. A. O. Simpson, Mrs. C. H. Cook.

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*Kentucky*.—The birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee was observed throughout the State on January 19. All banks and public buildings were closed, schools had interesting programs, and the Daughters of the Confederacy paid all honor to their beloved hero.

The Richard Hawes Chapter, Paris, with the city school coöperating, gave a delightful program, and at the close the Chapter presented to the school a copy of General Lee's order to his troops at Gettysburg.

The Danville Chapter had an anniversary luncheon, with an illuminating address and a group of songs.



The Lexington Chapter, as is their custom, gave a noonday dinner, with veterans of Lexington and surrounding cities as honor guests. Mr. Gordon Sulser, of Maysville, was the speaker of the day. The Chapter was honored by having as its guests Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian General; Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of St. Louis Mo., Registrar General; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Paducah, former President General; Mrs. Andrilje Reeves, of Hickman, Ky., former State President, and Mrs. W. T. Fowler, State President.

The Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, Frankfort, entertained friends, members, and veterans in the afternoon with a delightful tea. National officers, former State officers who were guests at the Lexington Chapter dinner, accompanied by Mrs. W. T. Fowler, of Lexington, and a member of the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, Mrs. Claude E. Miller, and Mrs. George R. Mastin were among the prominent guests.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Louisville, gave a very delightful reception to members and all admirers of General Lee. Southern songs were sung, led by Miss Helen McBride. Mr. J. M. Robertson, assisted by four descendants of Confederate Veterans and members of the American Legion, presented the four Confederate flags and the Bonnie Blue Flag, each bearing one of the flags and giving a short sketch of each one. Dr. R. S. Cottrill, of the University of Louisville, gave a most delightful paper on General Lee, bringing out phases of his life which he considered had done most to add to his fame during his lifetime and strengthened it after his death.

The George D. Prentice School, Louisville, gave a Lee program on Friday the 20th, the school being closed on Thursday. There was a flag raising, and all classes took an active part in the program: Class 6-A told of the life of General Lee; Class 6-B related his services during the War between the States; members of Class 5-A prepared a tribute to his character as a typical American gentleman; Class 5-B told of his qualities as a soldier; and the entire school joined in singing patriotic songs.

The Girls' High School gave a Southern Ball on the evening of the 19th. The ballroom was decorated in Confederate colors and Confederate flags, while the girls were dressed in costumes of the period of the sixties.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Louisville, through one of its members, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian General, has presented to the University of Louisville, the following historical books and magazines: Six volumes of *Journal of Confederate Congress*; 1927 file *Current History*; Register of Kentucky Historical Society, four volumes; copy of *Women of South in War Times*; and *Bulletin of the Sons of the American Revolution*.

[Mrs. Josephine M. Tuner, Louisville.]

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*Louisiana.*—On December 30, 1927, Daughters of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, New Orleans, dedicated a parish marker on the Jefferson Davis Highway, this being the first parish marker yet placed, and the Stonewall Jackson Chapter is proud of having presented this boulder hewn from the granite of Stone Mountain. Mr. W. O. Hart was master of ceremonies, and carried out the program so well arranged by Mrs. Lelita Lever Younge, Poet Laureate of the Chapter.

Following the presentation by Mrs. James F. Ferrell, President, the marker was unveiled by little Miss Mary Agnes Ferrell and Owen Eckhardt. It was draped with an old Confederate flag. Mrs. L. U. Babin, State President, accepted the marker with an interesting address. The exer-

cises were concluded with the singing of the Jefferson Davis Highway chorus, followed by the benediction.

Louisiana Division has sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. Lee R. Harris, of Baton Rouge, chairman of the committee on collection of relics for the Dixie Museum of the Louisiana State University, representing the U. D. C. of the State. Mrs. Harris was eighty-two years old, and, therefore, one of those who shared in the trials of the sixties. She was Historian of the Joanna Waddill Chapter, of Baton Rouge, and was also known for her many literary contributions in essays, reminiscences, and plays for little theaters, and was writing on Louisiana folklore at the time of her death.

Pickett Chapter, No. 1539, of Leesville, La., is presenting the name of Mrs. F. P. Jones, President of the Chapter and long identified with the work of the organization, and who is now Second Vice President of the Louisiana Division, for the office of President of the Louisiana Division to succeed Mrs. L. U. Babin, whose term expires with the convention in May. Mrs. Jones possesses all the qualification of a good leader.

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*Maryland.*—The Gen. Bradley T. Johnson Chapter, Baltimore, celebrated the birthdays of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson on January 19, at the residence of the President, Mrs. James W. Westcott. A Cross of Honor was conferred upon Irving D. Thrasher for his grandfather's record of service in the army of the Confederacy. Miss Sallie Washington Maupin conducted the ceremony of presentation and gave her exquisite little tribute in verse to Robert E. Lee, Mrs. Frank J. Parran gave a most interesting talk on the Children of the Confederacy.

Baltimore Chapter No. 8 held a most impressive meeting at the War Memorial Building on January 19 to celebrate the birthdays of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson presided over by the President, Mrs. Henry J. Berkley. The program was of an unusual character. The Hon. Albert C. Ritchie, governor of Maryland, made a short speech and introduced the speaker of the day, General Summerall, chief of staff of the U. S. Army, who made a fine address, giving the loftiest praise to Lee and Jackson as man, friend, and soldier. Miss Sallie Washington Maupin gave her tribute to General Lee in verse.

Crosses of Honor and Service were awarded to Col. Washington Bowie, Dr. Gordon Payne, Armstrong Thomas, Gervase Storrs, and Gervase Storrs, Jr. The invocation and benediction were pronounced by the Rev. Page Dame, who came from Virginia for this event.

The Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, Mrs. Leo A. Cohill, President, held its annual open meeting on January 19, in commemoration of the two Confederate generals, Lee and Stonewall Jackson. The speakers were Colonel Carmichael and Matthew Page Andrews, historian.

Mrs. William Henneberger, the Historian for the Maryland Division, gave briefly some new lights in Maryland history.

The Service Cross was bestowed on Capt. Richard Catlett, who served in the World War and was wounded.

The first open meeting of the William H. Murray Chapter, of Annapolis, was held on January 19, commemorating the one hundred and twenty-first birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

An interesting feature of the program was the presentation of a Cross of Service to Rear Admiral Louis M. Nulton, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, whose father, Joseph A. Nulton, served gallantly in the Confederate army, 1861-65. The presentation was made by Mrs. Jackson Brandt, one of the General Officers. U. D. C. Mrs. Robert L. Burwell, President of the Chapter, presided. She introduced Mrs. Paul



Iglehart, President of Maryland Division, who organized the Chapter last year.

Prof. William Kavanaugh Doty made a splendid address, reminding the Daughters that it is their responsibility as well as their privilege to keep alive the memory of the great men of the South, so that our boys and girls may be trained to be what we picture as real American citizens.

Admiral Nulton, in acknowledging the decoration, said he was most proud of his Confederate heritage and of his father's record, his devotion and loyalty; that he had given his life to the service to carry on his father's ideals, and had endeavored always to keep faith with the spirit in which that dedication was made.

The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of Frederick, Mrs. H. O. Nico-demus, President, held its annual open meeting and luncheon on January 19 commemorating the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson. The principal speaker was the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Wehler, who urged his listeners to become better acquainted with the two great leaders.

A feature of the meeting was the attendance of the Alexander Young Camp of Confederate Veterans in a body. The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter is raising money in conjunction with the Alexander Young Camp to erect a monument to the Confederate dead of Frederick County, which will be placed in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

[Mrs. Marion Lee Holmes, Division Editor, Maryland.]

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*Massachusetts.*—It is a great triumph for the Boston Chapter that such an admirable notice was given to the celebration of the Lee Anniversary in that far Northern city by the *Boston Evening Transcript*, in the following:

"The annual luncheon of the Boston Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to honor Gen. Robert E. Lee and to commemorate the achievements of Gen. Stonewall Jackson and Matthew Fontaine Maury, was held on Tuesday, January 17, at the Hotel Statler. Mrs. Frederick L. Hoffman, President of the Chapter, bestowed a Cross of Military Service upon Alexander Lee King, a grandson of a Georgia Confederate veteran. Mr. King was unable to be present, and the cross was delivered to his sister, Mrs. P. G. Berry, of the Boston Chapter. The Cross of Military Service is a military decoration bestowed upon men of lineal descent who served honorably in the active service of the United States army, navy, or its allies, during the period of the World War.

"The speakers on Tuesday were Brig. Gen. William P. Jackson, United States Army; Miss Nancy Byrd Turner, Dr. A. W. Littlefield, Miss Ernestine Noa, and Maj. Robert E. Green, who is president of the Southern Club of Boston. Mrs. Robert Daley and Miss Ruth Collins entertained with Southern songs. Mrs. M. A. Swartwout, chairman of entertainment, and Mrs. John H. McClary planned and carried out the program."

Mrs. J. C. Janney, President of the Cambridge Chapter, U. D. C., 20 Larchwood Drive, Cambridge, Mass., writes that the members of the Cambridge Chapter wish to let every member of the organization know that they will be glad to be informed of any relative who is a stranger in Greater Boston, or who is ill in that big city; also, that upon request of any in whom you are interested, they will endeavor to put them in communication with expert advice. This offer is prompted by the knowledge that in that city of students there must be many who often feel alone and bewildered, and the members of this Chapter can perhaps serve them.

[Mrs. O. F. Wiley, Historian Boston Chapter.]

*Missouri.*—The thirtieth annual convention of Missouri Division, was held at Richmond, October 18-20, 1927, with the members of Brown-Rives Chapter as hostesses. The charming hospitality of this truly Southern town was accorded every one who attended, and this convention will always stand out as one of the most enjoyable and profitable ones ever held by the Missouri Division.

The convention was called to order by the President, Mrs. B. C. Hunt, on the morning of October 19, and reports of important committees were given. Missouri Division is justly proud of the splendid report of the Education Chairman, and feels that the \$9,149.89 spent during 1926-27 for education was one of the outstanding achievements of the outgoing administration.

Memorial Hour on Wednesday afternoon brought home to us the fact that those for whom this great organization came into being will not be with us for long, and Missouri Division deeply mourns the passing, in the last year, of sixty-three of its greatly loved veterans.

On Thursday morning the election of officers for the ensuing year was held and the election of Mrs. Charles Breckenridge Faris, of St. Louis, who served so faithfully in the same capacity during 1916-17, gave assurance that, under her experienced guidance, Missouri Division will accomplish much in the next two years. After the election of officers, a special U. D. C. edition of the Richmond paper was published, which is one of the interesting souvenirs of this very enjoyable and profitable convention.

The delightful social functions for the delegates seemed all the more delightful in comparison with the sterner details of the convention.

On Tuesday night the convention opened with a banquet and reception given by the Brown-Rives Chapter, and at which representatives of the various women's organizations bade us welcome to Richmond.

Wednesday afternoon, after a busy day of reports and committee meetings, the delegates were entertained at a tea and reception by the women's organizations of Richmond.

On Thursday afternoon, after adjournment, the members of the Kiwanis Club, of Richmond, motored the delegates to Higginsville Confederate Home, where, as guests of Superintendent and Mrs. F. H. Chambers and the Confederate Home Chapter of Higginsville, we enjoyed meeting and talking with the veterans and the ladies of the Home. Delightful refreshments were served at the superintendent's cottage. This visit proved a fitting close to a truly enjoyable convention.

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*New York Chapter.*—One of the most charming entertainments on the social calendar is the annual reception which Mrs. James Henry Parker gives in honor of the New York Chapter. Mrs. Parker has been President of this Chapter for twenty-nine years and has contributed freely of her time and means for the cause of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

On January 14, Hotel Astor, from 4 to 7 p.m., Mrs. Parker received her guests, numbering several hundred Southern ladies and gentlemen. She stood in front of a bower of palms and flowers with the Chapter's handsome silk flags of the Confederacy and United States on each side.

In the center of the beautiful Rose Parlor, where the reception was held, two large flags of the Union and Confederacy lent color and patriotism to the brilliant scene.

The orchestra played the beloved tunes of the South, which cheered all as they greeted hostess and friends and made them feel that they were back in Dixieland.



*North Carolina.*—Lee-Jackson Day, January 19, was, as usual, observed throughout the whole State under the auspices of the North Carolina Division. Many Chapters observed the day with dinners to the Confederate veterans, besides exercises held in schools of towns and country, and with public meetings, when tributes were paid to Lee and Jackson in eloquent addresses. Many historical articles featuring the day were published through the State press, even the Associated Press giving out tributes to these great leaders. This was accomplished through Division effort.

An outstanding feature of the Lee-Jackson day's observance in Asheville was the presentation of the certificate and medal for patriotic service for the "Living Flag" in memory of Robert E. Lee, this being the only flag in the D. A. R. organization dedicated to General Lee. The flag was originated by Mrs. Joseph B. Tate, regent of the local D. A. R. and a devoted member of the U. D. C. The flag was founded by Robert R. Reynolds, his sister Mrs. Henry Wood, President of the Asheville Chapter U. D. C. taking the staff and Mr. Wood the blue field. Staffship meant the filling of the Stars and Stripes, and after the death of Mrs. Wood on December 22, 1927, these places were filled as a memorial to her. The certificate and the medal for patriotic service were presented to Henry Wood, Jr., and William Wood, sons of Mrs. Wood.

The Charlotte-Daughters had as their speaker for January 19 the Rev. Charles R. Nesbit, D.D., whose speech on General Lee is widely known in the South. Little Thomas Jonathan Jackson Preston (great grandson of "Stonewall"), who is mascot of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter at Charlotte, was present at the veterans' dinner.

Daughters and veterans from North Carolina were present recently in Washington City at the ceremonies attending the return of captured Confederate flags to North Carolina.

[Mrs. John H. Anderson, Fayetteville.]

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*South Carolina.*—The South Carolina Division mourns the passing of its great leader in early days of the U. D. C., Mrs. Augustine C. Smythe, of Charleston, who died on January 8. Thirty-two years ago Mrs. Smythe organized the South Carolina Division and was elected its President, and during her term of office she laid the foundation for the fruitful work of which this Division can boast. She was made its Honorary President in 1905. In 1903, Mrs. Smythe was elected to the high office of President General, U. D. C. She had greatly anticipated the coming to Charleston of the general convention last November, but her feeble health prevented her attending the sessions, though she had the pleasure of again seeing many of the Daughters, who went to see her, and she appreciated their coming.

The John Bratton Chapter, of Winnsboro, has the distinction of having in its membership the Poet Laureate of the South Carolina Division, Miss Kate Flanigan. The prize poem was read at the State convention, and the winner crowned with the laurel wreath.

The Drayton Rutherford Chapter, of Newberry, through Mrs. J. H. Summers, filed one hundred and ten Service Cross records at the recent convention. Mrs. Summer was elected Recorder of Crosses.

The Olivia Pooser Chapter, at Cameron, has been named for the only living Confederate mother in South Carolina, and Mrs. Pooser is a member of the Chapter. The State Division presented her with a purse of \$100.

Miss Bertie Smith, of Greer, reported one of the most active C. of C. Chapters, with seventy-two members, of which she is Director, and creates much enthusiasm.

Lee-Jackson Day was one hundred per cent in observance. All over the State fitting exercises were held, many of the events taking the form of dinners for veterans, their wives and widows and "Girls of the Sixties." The observance of the day in high schools is deserving of special mention.

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*West Virginia.*—The birthdays of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson were observed generally by the Chapters of the West Virginia Division.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Fairmont, held its annual Lee-Jackson dinner with one hundred and twenty-five present. A fine program of music and speeches entertained the guests, and a Cross of Honor was bestowed upon a Confederate veteran.

The William Stanley Haymond Chapter, of Fairmont, gave a Lee-Jackson banquet at the Fairmont Hotel and had the Confederate veterans for their guests. Attorney H. H. Rose was the speaker of the evening and Clarence H. Bloom, a prominent vocalist, gave a group of songs.

The Bluefield Chapter held impressive ceremonies at the home of one of the members, and the anniversaries were fittingly celebrated with music and addresses.

The McNeill Chapter, of Keyser, gave a Lee program at the home of the Chapter President, and a Memorial Service was held for Miss Jennie Kean, a charter member who died in December.

The Randolph Chapter, of Beverly-Elkins, was entertained by two members, and the main feature of the program was an address by Mrs. P. M. Hoover, the State President. A Cross of Honor was bestowed upon a Confederate veteran.

The Berkeley County Chapter, of Martinsburg, bestowed two Crosses of Service, and the Lawson Potts Chapter, of Charles Town, bestowed a Cross of Service and a Cross of Honor.

The McNeill Chapter of Keyser won a second prize of ten dollars for the prettiest decorated car in the Armistice Day parade. The Armistice celebration was under the auspices of the American Legion, so the Chapter returned the prize money to them to be used for the World War Memorial they will erect in the near future.

[Maria Vass Frye, Publicity Chairman, West Virginia Division.]

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## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

**KEY WORD:** "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

**MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General.***

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### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

*U. D. C. Topics for March.*

The Compromises of the United States Constitution and later compromises.

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*C. of C. Program for March.*

Make a study of the city of Charleston, S. C.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., 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. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7900 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.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
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.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*My Dear Coworkers:* The convention call—to meet May 8–11, 1928, at Little Rock, for the reunion and our C. S. M. A. convention—will be in your hands before this reaches you; but there are very important points that I desire to press for your serious consideration. First and foremost, let me urge in the strongest way that each officer and delegate plan to leave home in time to arrive in Little Rock by noon of Tuesday, May 8, to be present at our opening, or Welcome Meeting. When you miss this meeting, you miss the whole inspiration of the convention. Always a distinguished body of speakers, with the heads of U. C. V., U. D. C., and S. C. V., and the official family of your organization, there is a great loss to every one who fails to attend.

*Headquarters.*—Hotel Marion is headquarters for the reunion and the C. S. M. A. convention. The Welcome Meeting will be held in the auditorium of the Hotel Marion, May 8, at 3:36 P.M. Immediately upon your arrival, register with the Credentials Committee, and receive your badges. It is most earnestly desired that every member be in the hotel and at the meeting by 3:36 P.M. on Tuesday.

All other meetings of the C. S. M. A. will be held in the Hotel Marion except for the Memorial Hour on Thursday, May 10, at noon, when we join with the U. C. V. and the S. C. V. in paying tribute in the Memorial Hour to those who have passed on from their sphere of activity during the past year. Please send at once to Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, Corresponding Secretary General, C. S. M. A., College Park, Ga. This is the opportunity to put these dear ones on the Roll of Honor, and you will not fail to see that their names are recorded.

*Railroad Certificates.*—Be sure to secure certificates before purchasing your railroad ticket, as only through this means will you be enabled to secure the reduced railroad fare. If unable to secure certificates through your association, write to Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, Corresponding Secretary General, College Park, Ga., for same.

Hotel reservations should be secured as far in advance as possible to avoid unnecessary trouble. Little Rock has many splendid hotels. Be sure to write in advance.

*Hostess.*—Mrs. J. F. Weinmann, President of the new Ladies' Memorial Association, is leading her forces in a masterful way and has all plans beautifully worked out by which the ladies of Little Rock will give unsurpassed brilliance in every detail planned for your comfort and pleasure and in making

of this convention one of the most notable in its history. Mrs. Weinmann has been honored by the Commander in Chief in her appointment as "Special Hostess for the South," which insures perfect details in every plan for the social side of the reunion. Little Rock, long noted for the charm of its hospitality, has gathered as one at the call of Hon. Edmund R. Wiles, General Chairman of the Executive Committee of the reunion, in joyous service in making of this, possibly the last reunion to be held in the "City of Roses," a most memorable occasion; and with hearts filled with gratitude and appreciation for every courtesy extended by our dear Commander in Chief, Gen. J. C. Foster, by Hon. Edmund R. Wiles and staff, by Mrs. J. C. Weinmann and committees, we send to you field workers the convention call, reminding you of your motto always:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

*The President General's Appointments for the 1928 Convention, C. S. M. A., for the Whole South.*—Mrs. J. F. Weinmann, Honorable Matron of Honor, Little Rock; Mrs. John R. Wassell, Matron of Honor, Little Rock; Mrs. C. S. Woodward, Honorable Chaperon of Honor, Little Rock; Mrs. Bruce Ellis, Chaperon of Honor, Little Rock; Miss Mary Cox Bryan, Clemson, S. C., Maid of Honor for the South; Miss Willie Fort Williams, Atlanta, Sponsor for the South. Special pages to the President General: Miss Margaret Woodward, Tampa, Fla.; Miss Mollie Pemberton, Miss Mary Stewart, Little Rock; Miss Kathryne B. Burns, Huntington, W. Va.

*Hostess.*—The Little Rock Memorial Association, with Mrs. J. F. Weinmann as President and leader, are adding daily to their splendid roster of members and are making plans that have never been excelled for your entertainment and pleasure. Meetings will be held in the auditorium of the Hotel Marion, which is headquarters, and you are asked to report there to the Credentials Committee immediately upon your arrival.

\* \* \*

Reports come from Miss Rutherford that she is improving and that she is cheerful and enjoys hearing from and seeing her friends. Hosts of friends all over the South have united in prayer for her recovery. Serious loss was sustained in the burning of many valuable papers in the fire which dam-



aged the home of Miss Rutherford some weeks ago; records impossible to replace and much data of vast importance pertaining to the history of the South was lost. The valuable library had previously been removed and was saved. This loss cannot be estimated, being the result of years of laborious collection.

\* \* \*

## THE EMBLEM OF STONE MOUNTAIN.

A very strong effort being put forth, which the C. S. M. A. feels is of paramount importance just now, is the presentation to every living veteran of the Gold Star of Memory—the emblem of Stone Mountain, which the accompanying poem by our Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, so beautifully emphasizes. Time is short for this, for the veterans are rapidly passing, and unless they are thus honored now, it will soon be too late. Two Associations in mind—that of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, with Mrs. William A. Wright leading, and the New Orleans Ladies' Memorial Association, with Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson as President—are striving to enroll every living veteran in their cities and counties by the time of the reunion in May. Atlanta has already presented more than fifty of the one hundred and fifty veterans to be remembered, and it is earnestly hoped that every Association will strive to give these tokens one hundred per cent—that not one veteran will fail of remembrance.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General*.

## THE STONE MOUNTAIN EMBLEM.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

(Presented to Living Veterans of the Confederacy.)

With the star of memory pointing  
To the wondrous past, to-day  
Pin the emblem of Stone Mountain  
On these wearers of the gray.

They were the precious "seed corn"  
That the leader prayed to save,  
When the thinning ranks were calling  
Both the cradle and the grave.

They had gazed in childish wonder  
On the troops of sixty-one,  
But their young hands grasped their muskets  
Ere the bloody strife was done.

And they "carried on" in valor,  
Through field and slimy pen;  
For the cause had made them soldiers,  
And the need had made them men.

Look down, O ransomed spirits!  
Lean toward our earthly sod,  
O souls of all our heroes!  
Gathered round the throne of God.

Many roughshod years have fallen  
On the sunny land you knew,  
But the manhood of the Southland  
Still is keeping faith with you!

Pin the emblem of Stone Mountain  
On these men who wore the gray;  
They are the holiest tokens  
In the Southern land to-day.

## MEMORIAL TREES.

On February 11, at the Confederate Home of Alabama, a beautiful ceremony was carried out in the planting of two evergreen trees on the grounds of that Home in memory of two gallant soldiers of the Confederacy. One of these trees was dedicated to the memory of Dr. and Mrs. Carnot Bellinger, the former having founded the first Confederate Home of Alabama, in 1865; the other tree was dedicated to Robert Cicero Norris, who served with Company A, 60th Alabama Regiment, and at the close of the war went, with other comrades, to South America and established a colony of Americans in Brazil.

Comrade Norris was promoted to first lieutenant of his company and was taken prisoner in 1864 at Hatcher's Run, then sent to Fort Delaware, from which prison he was released on June 17, 1865. Feeling that they could no longer live in a country controlled by the radical element at Washington, he and several other comrades voluntarily expatriated themselves. The colony thrived, and the majority of their descendants are still in Brazil, but some of them are now in the United States.

Some months ago the VETERAN received a letter from the widow of Robert Norris, who still makes her home in that country, and she inquired about having a tree planted in memory of her husband at some Confederate Home. As he was an Alabamian and served with Alabama troops it was thought most appropriate to have this placed at the Confederate Home of Alabama, and through Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, commanding Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., and Dr. J. T. Fowler, Commandant of the Home, proper arrangements were made and the ceremonies were largely attended by veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy from Montgomery and Birmingham, the governor, and all of the Confederate Home Board. Mrs. Belle Allen Ross, a granddaughter of Dr. Bellinger, delivered the dedication address for that tree, while General Goodwyn dedicated the tree to Robert Norris. Dr. Fowler, Commandant, gave a sketch of this soldier of the Confederacy. One of the few survivors of the 60th Alabama, Capt. G. W. Kreen, now eighty-six years old, was present. Mrs. R. B. Broyles, President, received the trees for the Alabama Division, U. D. C., and Governor Graves received them for the State in an address eulogizing the Confederate soldier, in which he recalled that the last legislature made more liberal provision for pensions than had been done before.

Following the ceremonies, the veterans and other guests were entertained in the Commandant's home, where delicious refreshments were served.

This is a beautiful way in which to memorialize the service of our Confederate soldiery, and may there be many more plantings of the kind all over the South.

"BORROWED" PROPERTY RETURNED.—*The Chicago Tribune* carried the following notice on February 6: "Charred by sparks from camp fires and bearing holes as evidence of Federal marksmanship, a woolen bedspread taken from the home of the late Gov. Joseph E. Brown, at Canton, Ga., in 1864, by one of General Sherman's lieutenants, has been returned to Atlanta. The spread, taken when the home was burned by Federal troops, was returned to George M. Brown, Sr., son of the former governor, by Maj. E. L. Sivey, of Chicago, whose father 'borrowed' it during the war."



## MEMORIAL TO GEN. LEONARD WOOD.

Gen. Leonard Wood has gone to his eternal rest, but the splendid work he started during the last weeks of his life marches on triumphantly.

Convinced that leprosy is curable, and that only sufficient funds were needed to achieve that cure, General Wood came to America on leave of absence from his post as governor general of the Philippines, prepared to spend the last years of his life in combating this ancient terror. He was familiar with the great work being done by American scientists at Culion, the great leprosarium, under the American flag, in the Philippines. He became convinced that if the research work could be extended and the personnel enlarged, this age-old scourge would go the way of yellow fever, smallpox, and cholera. To achieve this result, and to give to the world a perfected cure for leprosy within a few years, General Wood issued an appeal for \$2,000,000. But his health was broken, and he died before the realization of his dream.

Now, Gen. James G. Harbord, chairman of the National Committee, and a local committee of distinguished citizens, are asking that this fund be completed as a fitting memorial to Leonard Wood. No more appropriate monument could be raised to the memory of this physician, who came to be one of the greatest of governors.

Leprosy is an ancient disaster. Let us stamp it out for all time by helping to complete this great fund.

## WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

It will be of interest to those who made pledges at the Charleston convention to know that these pledges are being promptly met. Nearly every day's mail brings a fulfillment of a pledge.

The generosity displayed on the part of many of the long-ago "Over-the-Top" Divisions is certainly inspiring. Their object in pledging is not only to help meet the obligation of the general organization, but they have not lost sight of the fact that the educational cause and distribution of the books where they will do the most good is the real work in which we are engaged.

Your chairman is most desirous of finishing this year the distribution of Our Book, which is so worthy of the organization which it so ably represents.

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

TRIED AND TRUE RECIPES.—The U. D. C. cookbook of "Tried and True Recipes," sold for the benefit of the educational fund of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., added some \$11,000 to that fund by the sale of its first edition, and the second edition is now adding its quota to that fund. These books make desirable presents for any time of year, and especially would young housekeepers appreciate such a help. Orders are filled by Mrs. Elizabeth B. Bashinsky, the compiler of the work, and who is chairman of the Education Committee for the Alabama Division. Address her at Troy, Ala., with remittance of \$2.25 for a copy of the book.

Miss Lillian M. Brooks, of Springfield, Mo., renews subscription which had been going to her father, who died last July, and says: "This wonderful journal has been very interesting to him and will continue to be for me. You will please continue it to me."

FATHER RYAN'S BIRTHPLACE.—A Washington paper recently carried the statement that the birthplace of Father Ryan was at last definitely known. This disputed point was settled by the discovery of the baptismal certificate, which stated that he was born in Hagerstown, Md., February 5, 1836, the son of Abram Joseph Ryan, who was the son of Matthew Ryan, of Limerick, Ireland. This baptismal record, found in an old safe of St. Mary's Catholic Church at Hagerstown, revealed that the parents of Father Ryan removed from Hagerstown to Norfolk when he was seven years old, thence to St. Louis, where he studied for the priesthood and was ordained. During the War between the States he served as chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia. The VETERAN would be glad to learn of any incidents connected with that service.

The following comes from Mat Burney, of Uvalde, Tex., with his renewal order: "I can't afford to let my subscription lapse, for I enjoy reading the VETERAN more than any other periodical; I get more Southern satisfaction from reading it than from any other source. I am now eighty-four years of age; served throughout the War between the States in Company C, 1st Texas Cavalry, and would like to communicate with any survivors of that company or regiment. A long and successful career to the VETERAN."

W. J. Nelson, of Louisville, Ky., has some good words to say when renewing his subscription, as follows: "I love the VETERAN, for it is full of history, and the information it contains is wonderful. The article on "Kentucky in the War between the States" brought back memories of the long ago. I remember well, a lad of ten years, that my father participated in all of those peace meetings, and I knew many of those great leaders personally."

In renewing his subscription, H. M. Saunders, of Hampton, La., sends an additional order for the Charles Taylor Memorial Library at Hampton, of which he says: "This library is a memorial given by a Daughter living in Hampton to Gen. Charles Taylor, former owner of the *Boston Globe* and a Union officer. I can think of no better place to have the VETERAN on file than in the library."

Samuel Turner, of Barnes, Ark., renews and writes: "I will soon be eighty-six years old, and I want the VETERAN as long as I am able to read it. I was born in the good old State of Tennessee on the 19th of March, 1842."

Mrs. W. B. Baker, of Bryan, Tex., is eighty-seven, and had thought of giving up the VETERAN, but she still loves to read it, and says: "When we think of the hardships we had to endure in those perilous times, we feel that the dear VETERAN must be kept up."

Mrs. J. D. Eckles, of Ocala, Fla., is eighty-six years of age, but writes that she wants the VETERAN as long as she lives—and she wishes the VETERAN a long life.

Mrs. J. M. Tyler, of Fredericksburg, Va., renews for four years and thanks the VETERAN for continuing to come.



Mrs. O. Z. Bond, Minerva, La., asks for information on the descendants of Lieut. Col. Franklin H. Clack, of New Orleans, La., who was dangerously wounded in the battle of Mansfield. Also would like to know where she can get copies of the books written by his wife, Mrs. Marie Louise Clack, entitled "General Lee and Santa Claus" and "Our Refugee Household."

Mrs. Cora Baker Vandevender, 701 Drayton Street, Morgantown, W. Va., would like to have all the information possible on the war record of John Baker. He was born in Ireland, and enlisted in the Southern army at Huntersville, Va., now West Virginia, serving under command of Capt. J. W. Marshall in the cavalry.

**NEGRO VILLAGE.**—Mound Bayou, in Mississippi, is an "all-negro" village, of 1,800 inhabitants, founded forty years ago by Isaiah E. Montgomery, a slave belonging to Jefferson Davis. Mound Bayou has a \$100,000 brick public school, a \$40,000 African Methodist Episcopal church, a \$20,000 Baptist church, a Carnegie library, two private houses of brick, no jail, one policeman, few arrests. All officials—mayor, postmaster, chamber of commerce—are negroes.—*Oxford (N. C.) Ledger.*

Miss Betty Woody, 311 West Oak Street, Weatherford, Tex., would like to have any record or information of John Wesley May, of Rockford, Coosa County, Ala., who served the Confederacy in building gunboats at first, but was later called into active service and was killed in battle in May, 1864.

Muriel had been to the Zoo for the first time and was giving her grandmother a long account of what she had seen. "And which animal did you like best, dear?" asked her grandmother when Muriel had finished. "O, the elephant!" was the reply. "It was wonderful to see him pick up buns with his vacuum cleaner!"

"An' yo' say dat little twin baby am a gal?" inquired Parson Jones of one of his colored flock.

"Yessah."

"An' de other one. Am dat of the contrary sex?"

"Yessah. She am a gal, too."

A man stole a saw, and on his trial he told the judge that he only took it for a joke.

"How far did you carry it?" inquired the judge.

"Two miles," answered the prisoner.

"Ah, that's carrying a joke too far," said the judge; and the prisoner was sentenced to jail for three months.

## Deafness

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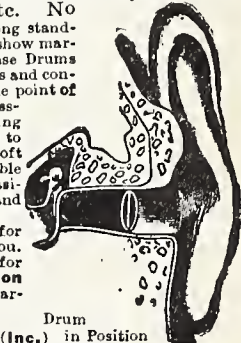


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### PROPER CARE OF HUSBANDS.

"So you let your husband carry a latchkey?"

"O, just to humor him. He likes to show it to his friends to let them see how independent he is—but it don't fit the door!"—*Canadian American.*

"My word, I'm badly overworked."

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, this and that."

"When?"

"Now and then."

"Where?"

"Here or there."

"Well, you must need a holiday."

**HIS TEXT.**—A minister discovered a trouser button in the collection plate one Sunday morning. In the evening, when he entered the pulpit, he announced: "I wish to remind you that there is a collection at the close of the service. The text I have chosen for the evening sermon is: 'Rend your heart and not your garments.'"

## MONEY IN OLD LETTERS

Look in that old trunk up in the garret and send me all the old envelopes up to 1880. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay highest prices.

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We  
Forget"

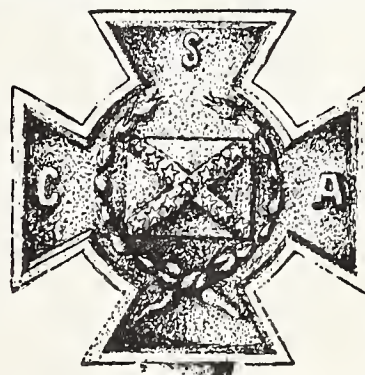
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## Editor Biographical Dept.

LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT  
HISTORIAN

Atlanta, Ga., January 23, 1928.

The Confederate Veteran,  
Nashville, Tenn.

You may publish this letter as giving announcement of the issue of the LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE in a beautiful Sealcraft binding. This full-bound Fabricoid set of 17 Royal volumes is impervious to insects and wears equal to the finest leathers; the color is black; contains all the portrait illustrations and printed on diamond brand paper manufactured especially for us by the celebrated Dill & Collins Company. For a limited time only we will send a set to any friend of the VETERAN by express prepaid for only \$75, and same may be paid \$5 monthly. When the readers of the VETERAN realize the price is less than \$5 per volume for this beautiful full-bound Sealcraft binding, we think those intending to purchase for their own use, or as a gift to a descendant or friend, a club, school, or library, will appreciate this special announcement and avail themselves of the opportunity this special offer affords.

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P. S.--Please let this announcement appear in your February and March issues only.



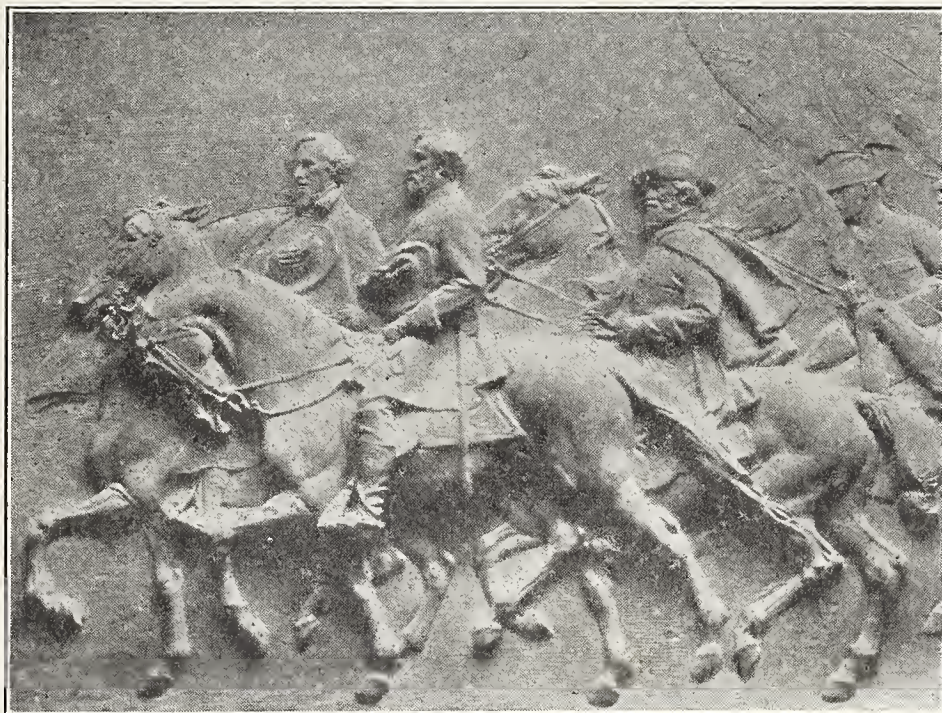
# Confederate Veteran.

Library Univ of Fla  
Dec 28

VOL. XXXVI.

APRIL, 1928

NO. 4



## LEE AT STONE MOUNTAIN

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!

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# Matthew Fontaine Maury

PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS

By CHARLES L. LEWIS, U. S. Naval Academy

Foreword by Commander RICHARD E. BYRD

VIRGINIAN, seaman, astronomer, hydrographic expert, author, traveler, and exile—always a great American. That sums up the bare facts in the life of the man who has been called “the pathfinder of the seas”—Matthew Fontaine Maury. ¶ This new life, the first adequate biography to appear, is based upon full and accurate records and bears the stamp of authenticity. It is an amazing story—the story of America’s greatest achievement in the conquest of the seas—of one of her most versatile and heroic sons—of a *man* who in defeat yet won lasting fame. ¶ A story every American should know.

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A splendid likeness of President Davis is offered in this large half tone engraving as he was just before the opening of the War between the States. He was then in the prime of life, and this picture gives a most pleasing impression. It is the only picture of the Confederacy’s President procurable in size most suitable for presentation to schools, for libraries, and Chapter rooms.

Price, \$1.50, postpaid. Order from the VETERAN.

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James A. Burgess, of Cottage Grove, Oregon, who served with Company A, 41st Regiment, Mississippi Volunteers, would like to get in communication with any surviving comrades who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. He is now eighty-five years old, far away from the Southland for which he fought, and he would like to hear from some of his comrades of war days.

The following copies of the VETERAN are wanted by the Thomas Hackney Braswell Memorial Library, of Rocky Mount, N. C., and anyone having them for sale or donation will kindly correspond with Mrs. Nell G. Battle, Librarian. These copies are for April and November, 1901; June, July, October, 1902; July, 1906; January and March, 1907; December, 1910; August, 1912; July, 1914; June, 1922.

Miss Betty Woody, 311 West Oak Street, Weatherford, Tex., makes inquiry for information on the war service of James Wesley May and his son, Willis Abner May, of Rockford, Coosa County, Ala. At the beginning of the War between the States, the elder May worked at building gunboats, but later on was called into field service and was killed in battle. Willis Abner May was one of the young boys called out in the last year of the war. She wishes to learn their companies, regiments, and officers.

J. R. Booles, of Bernice, La., would like to locate any survivors of Company H, 12th Louisiana Regiment, with which he served. He is the only one of the command now living so far as he knows.



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## SONGS OF THE SOUTH

These four songs, suitable for Memorial Day, or any patriotic occasions, will be sent for one dollar.

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MY OLD SOUTHERN HOME.  
THE DAUGHTER of the CONFEDERACY.  
DORA DEANE.

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C. S. A. Documents, One to a person. These are signed and sealed by Government authority at the time of ISSUE. PRICE, \$1.00. If wanted by registered mail, add fifteen cents. Send your check to-day and get a Rare Souvenir.

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**MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY**

By J. A. CASKIE

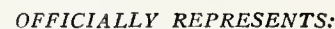
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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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

No. 4. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

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GEN. W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla.....*Chaplain General*

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

GEN. R. A. MILLER, Abilene, Tex.....*Trans-Mississippi*

### DIVISION COMMANDERS.

CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles.....Gen. S. S. Simmons

### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va.....*Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## ROBERT E. LEE IV.

The little boy who will unveil the figure of Gen. R. E. Lee on Stone Mountain, April 9, is a great-grandson of General Lee and son of Dr. George Bolling Lee, of New York City, the two representing the only lineal descendants bearing the name of Lee.

*THE COMMANDER'S MESSAGE.*

*Dear Comrades:* This will be my last message through the VETERAN before the Little Rock reunion. I hope to hear of a large increase of subscriptions to this wonderful magazine, as the June number will contain a full account of the reunion and will be of great interest to the comrades.

The many expressions of love and confidence coming to me this year from all over the country have been an inspiration and stimulated me to do my best and try to be worthy of the great honor my comrades conferred upon me in Tampa. My term of office as Commander in Chief will expire with the reunion in Little Rock. I should like to look into the faces of hundreds of my comrades there and feel that this year's service has brought us closer together, and that we will all continue to do our best for the cause that is so dear and close to our hearts.

With grateful appreciation and love in my heart for each of my comrades, may we all be faithful and meet in that great reunion with our leaders.

Yours to serve,

J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

OFFICIAL REUNION APPOINTMENTS.

*Matron of Honor for the South.*—Mrs. Harry Rene Lee, Nashville, Tenn.

*Honorary Matron of Honor for the South.*—Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President General, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

*Chaperon of Honor for the South.*—Mrs. J. H. Cleland, Lexington, Ky.

*Honorary Chaperon of Honor for the South.*—Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

*Sponsor for the South.*—Miss Anna Jackson Preston, Charlotte, N. C.

*Maids of Honor for the South.*—Miss Lillian Rose, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Miss Lucy Grattan Moore, Charlotte, N. C.

*Poet Laureate.*—Virginia Frazer Boyle, Memphis, Tenn.

*Special Hostess for the South.*—Mrs. John F. Weinmann, Little Rock, Ark.

*Color Bearer United Confederate Veterans.*—Miss Jessica Smith, Washington and North Carolina



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### THE SOUTH AND NORTH: A REUNION SONNET.

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY.

Wherever roams sad story of South's fall—  
Of how she bowed to lot strife could not stay—  
World Patriot Band will hark to glory's call  
And honor men who wore the stainless gray!  
The gracious North, whose envy now has waned—  
Who now esteems the Southland's loyalty  
To Southern weal that honest wealth had gained—  
Will clasp South's hand and laud her chivalry!

Aye! South and North now stand before the world  
Together pledged to lead in civic plan  
A holy aim—hate's tragic banner furled—  
That cannot change! Nor time nor season ban!

May North and South together henceforth stand  
To lead the march of our united land.

### GENERAL LEE AT STONE MOUNTAIN.

On the 9th of April, 1928, sixty-three years after the surrender at Appomattox, the figure of Gen. Robert E. Lee, as carved on the granite side of Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Ga., will be unveiled with imposing ceremonies.

This date was not selected unthoughtedly, nor was it selected with the idea of celebrating a defeat or surrender, and while it will bring up tragic memories of that dark day at Appomattox in 1865, rising above all that is the thought that sixty-three years after the surrender of the incomparable Army of Northern Virginia, and the hopes of the Southern people, its immortal leader has been acclaimed the greatest character in that drama of the sixties, and his carved figure on that mountainside will forever represent the triumph of true greatness over defeat.

The figure of General Lee is the outstanding one in the central group of Lee, Jackson, and Jefferson Davis, designed by Augustus Lukeman, and which is now being carved. The Association announces that the figure of General Lee will be practically complete, while that of his old war horse, Traveller, will be substantially roughed out for the unveiling. This equestrian statue is the most colossal in world history. From the brow of General Lee to the hoofs of the horse, the statue measures some one hundred and thirty feet in height, or as high as the average ten-story building; and from Traveller's forelock to the tip of his tail, it measures about 175 feet, or as long as the average city block.

Handsome invitations to the unveiling have been sent out, and the occasion will be of wide interest. The "Old Guard" of the Gate City Guard, a military company almost one hundred years old, will act as military host and guard of honor. Other ancient military organizations from Louisiana to New Hampshire have also been invited to participate.

The United States will be represented by a special committee composed of five members of the Senate and ten of the House, appointed under a joint resolution.

Governors of all States have been invited with their staffs; the officers of all Confederate organizations and other patriotic associations of the country; and a list of distinguished editors, educators, artists, and others.

The unveiling exercises will be held at two o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, April 9, with Mr. Hollins N. Randolph, President of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, presiding.

The invocation will be given by Bishop H. J. Mikell, of the Episcopal Diocese of Atlanta. Judge Marcus W. Beck, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, will be the principal speaker, and will accept the statue on behalf of the South, while Mayor James J. Walker, of New York City, will accept it on behalf of the North. Maj. Giles B. Cooke, the last survivor of General Lee's staff officers, and Honorary Chaplain General, U. C. V., will deliver the benediction.

Master Robert Edward Lee IV, five years old, a great-grandson of General Lee and son of Dr. George Bolling Lee, of New York City, will give the signal for the unveiling.

### THAT VIRGINIA RESOLUTION.

The editorial in the March VETERAN on "Southern Toadyism" seems to have been generally appreciated, judging by letters coming from different parts of the country, and the action of the Virginia Lower House generally condemned. It is a satisfaction to learn that the Senate took no action whatever. A verbatim copy of the resolution as passed is somewhat different from that given out by the Associated Press, but it shows that the author of the resolution, Mr. R. Lindsay Gordon, of Louisa County, Va., is laboring under the same old misapprehension that Lincoln was a friend to the South. This is what he went out of his way to say of Lincoln:

"Resolved, That when the House of Delegates adjourns to-day that it adjourn in memory and honor of Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President of the United States, whose death was a distinct blow to the South, resulting in a national calamity."

It was a national calamity, but not such as would make us revere the memory of the man who forced war upon the South.

PRESERVING THE VETERAN IN BOUND FORM.—In writing for a set of the index to the VETERAN, T. S. Clay, Adjutant of Camp No. 756, U. C. V., of Savannah, Ga., says: "I appreciate most deeply the value of the magazine and desire to see that the complete work is bound and on file for the future reference of those who are to follow us and who will have to depend largely on such works to correctly inform them of the facts of our fathers' position, and those who were joined with them in the conflict on our country. It would be well to stimulate a movement among the Camps for binding their volumes thus to hand down to posterity information first hand from those who took part in the War between the States, which articles can never be duplicated. Surely many do not appreciate the value of such a historical collection, or these volumes would all be preserved."

### APPOMATTOX.

BY MARY GILCHRIST POWELL.

"The strife is over," spoke the peerless Lee.  
They knew it true those men who fearlessly  
Had fought for honor, right, and liberty

Four bitter years;  
E'en the birds stopped singing in the trees,  
A wind sobbed o'er the flowered leas,  
The hosts in gray sent up mute, stricken pleas,  
Prayers—and tears.



## GENERAL LEE'S FAREWELL.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,  
April 10, 1865.

### GENERAL ORDERS No 9.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result through no distrust of them; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged.

You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend unto you his blessing and protection.

With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

## THE PERPETUATION OF THE VETERAN.

The following suggestions come from Cortez A. Kitchin, Commander of St. Louis Camp, No. 731, U. C. V., and are worthy of careful thought. He says:

"In renewing my subscription to the VETERAN, I cannot refrain from expressing my great concern for the accomplishment by loyal Southern people of three great enterprises that will make sure the perpetuation of the South's heroic and glorious part in the War between the States, and these are:

"The completion of the Stone Mountain Memorial.

"The construction of the Jefferson Davis Highway.

"The establishing of an endowment fund to perpetuate the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, that it may stand forth like a great lighthouse for the generations to come, shedding its true, clear rays of historical light upon our country's history.

"This last-named enterprise is now more urgent and pressing than any other, for its attainment would virtually insure the consummation of the others and materially aid in their accomplishment.

"It is surprising to me that those of our Southern people who have been prospered since the war neglect so great an opportunity to contribute to the perpetuation of the memories and traditions of the South in her heroic struggle for right against might, especially when they realize their length of days is numbered and they are concerned as to how to dispose of their riches for the benefit of those who come after them. It is passing strange that it never seems to occur to them what good they could do for coming generations in perpetuating for them the valorous deeds of their Southern ancestry to inspire emulation to like noble lives. I should blush with shame to think it was due to indifference, and if it is due to thoughtless neglect, oversight, or lack of information, let me suggest the propriety of keeping, as do certain religious publications, as 'standing matter,' in bold type, an appeal to *will* makers to aid by their bequests to provide a foundation fund to continue this journal of Southern history indefinitely.

"Here in St. Louis alone we have had several wealthy Southern men to pass over in the last year or two, who, I am confident, would have liberally remembered patriotic Southern enterprises had they possessed the necessary information for doing so. I should be glad to aid such a movement in any way possible."

## HISTORIC ORDER.

CONTRIBUTED BY SALLY WASHINGTON MAUPIN, FOURTH VICE  
PRESIDENT, MARYLAND DIVISION, U. D. C.

The April copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN seems a fitting one for the publication, for the first time, of General Orders No. 24, issued by the Commander in Chief of the army of the Confederacy sixty-four years ago.

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,  
30th March, 1864.

### "GENERAL ORDERS No. 24.

"In compliance with the recommendation of the Senate and House of Representatives, his Excellency the President of the Confederate States had issued his proclamation calling upon the people to set apart Friday, the 8th of April, as a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer.

"The General Commanding invites the armies to join in the observance of the day. He directs due preparation to be made in all departments to anticipate the wants of the several commands, so that it may be strictly observed. All military duties except such as are absolutely necessary will be suspended. The chaplains are desired to hold divine service in their regiments and brigades. The officers and men are requested to attend.

"Soldiers! Let us humiliate ourselves before the Lord our God, asking through Christ the forgiveness of our sins, beseeching the aid of the God of our forefathers in the defense of our homes and our liberties, thanking him for the past blessings and imploring their continuance upon our cause and our people.

R. E. LEE, *General*."

Official: G. M. SORREL,

*Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General.*

Official:

C. M. DEBUSSY, *Adjutant Attorney General.*

LIEUT. COL. I. LYLE CLARKE,

*Commanding 30th Virginia Battalion, Virginia Volunteer Regiment Sharpshooters.*

## ATTENTION, FORREST'S MEN!

HEADQUARTER'S FORREST'S CAVALRY,  
MEMPHIS, TENN., March 20, 1928.

All members of Forrest's Cavalry are requested and urged to send to me, at their earliest convenience, their full name and present address, when and where they joined the Confederate army, under whom they served, in what company, regiment, and brigade they served, and when and where they were discharged or surrendered. I desire to enroll every living member and have them all with us at the coming reunion at Little Rock, May 8-11, where every preparation is being made by the good people of Little Rock and the State of Arkansas for the comfort and pleasure of the Confederate veterans. Please write me at once. I want the name and address of anyone who served under Forrest at any time.

W. A. COLLIER, *Commander Forrest Cavalry.*

Memphis, Tenn.



## TARES AMONG THE WHEAT.

BY MISS NANNIE DAVIS SMITH, BATON ROUGE, LA.

From time immemorial men have made or marred their fortunes by the matrimonial route. "The land where we were dreaming" attracted needy adventurers, black sheep—*i. e.* Black Republicans, masquerading preferably as lawyers or teachers. Among these adventurers, however, were honorable exceptions, whose descendants are loyal Southerners.

With characteristic hospitality, my kindred welcomed the stranger within their gates. Italian exiles, Hungarian refugees, Swiss emigrants, Germans, etc., received shelter and assistance. If some proved ungrateful, others returned to give thanks. Long after my paternal grandfather had gone to his reward, a German merchant (Gildermeister) bade his son, when touring the States, to look up descendants of Luther L. Smith, to whom he was indebted for friendly aid.

Early one morning (before freedom struck the land), a negro reported to my father that he'd seen three queer looking men in a deserted cabin. They were Hungarians, penniless, one quite ill, all starving. Father supplied their needs and pulled the sick man through an attack of yellow fever, then helped them to help themselves. Their worldly possessions, consisting of guitar, flute, and violin, suggested serenading parties, which, being popular, paid liberally. Everybody rejoiced till one of the minstrels ran off with their joint earnings. The others separated, and a solitary refugee now needed succor. Besides teaching music, Frank could give lessons in drawing, so mother, never weary of well-doing, contributed two pupils, friends followed her example, father loaned a horse, and Frank went it alone successfully.

It's a far cry to 1859. One midsummer night that year, after my elders had retired, I was poring over a book when there came loud knocking on the library door, which did not surprise me, as father, being a physician, often had unseasonable callers. Answering this summons, I saw vague outlines of a man, who, instead of entering, retreated into the shadows, muttering "muddy boots." Drunk or crazy, I thought, and wakened father, to whom the stranger presented a letter from Hon. Richard Broadhead, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, connected with our family by marriage. The letter explained that B. F. Barge was qualified as a college professor for the position he hoped to obtain. Meantime, the professor, of course, remained with us, receiving every attention due a guest. His ways, however, weren't our ways—Benjamin Franklin Barge didn't belong. Accepting the position of tutor in a private family in Natchez, he dropped out of our lives, but we learned that when his missionary activities were discovered, fearing he would be handled without gloves, the disciple of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe took French leave. For this little episode, Mr. Broadhead, a man above reproach, was blameless. He probably never again heard from his untrustworthy fellow citizen. The incident is related as a sample of Northern emissaries who vied with the heathen Chinese "in ways that are devious and tricks that are vain."

"Beast Butler" departed from New Orleans laden with spoils of war. During General Banks's régime was fought "La Bataille Des Monchoir," February 20, 1863. A very dear cousin, while under medical treatment, visited a Quaker family, Southern sympathizers, but on friendly terms with Federal officers, who, calling one evening accompanied by General Banks, suggested a dance. My cousin, an accomplished musician, complying with their request, selected a medley of popular airs, and, writing home about it, said: "I made Banks dance to Dixie!" One wonders whether those Yanks appreciated her joke.

While deploring conditions that made secession inevitable, my father never wavered in allegiance to the Confederacy. Until Port Hudson was beleaguered by land as well as by water, he helped provision the garrison, and throughout the war our defenders made his house their headquarters. When traveling had become difficult, learning that an old friend's son was ill in a hospital, mother went overland in her carriage, took charge of the sick soldier, and nursed him back to health. I also had an attack of malaria, and loathed food, but that Frenchman's appetite never failed; even when shaking with ague, he could and did eat heartily. A lady visitor seated next him at dinner, told me that, after prolonged silence, turning upon her such an earnest gaze that she expected nothing less than a proposal, he murmured: "That is a va-ry fine turkey!"

Giving "aid and comfort to rebels," and the fact that grandmother was Jefferson Davis's sister, Lincolmites treated as criminal offenses. What Yankee vandals didn't appropriate, they destroyed. Negroes, if unwilling to leave homes where they had been reared, were forcibly taken by their liberators. Among these a favorite servant and his little son (both devotedly attached to grandmother) wept bitterly when not even allowed to tell "Ole Mistis" good-by. We never saw or heard of them again. From all accounts, the poor creatures must have suffered great privations. Huddled together at Port Hudson, disease and death were added to their wretchedness. Survivors returned, all more or less ailing, but confident "Marse Joe" could cure them. Old family servants, for whose welfare grandmother was anxious to the last, gave touching proofs of affection. When she died, they kept silent watch all night outside her door, and asked the privilege of bearing her casket to the grave, a service since then rendered by their descendants to members of our family when laid at rest in the little graveyard at Locust Grove.

During the siege of Port Hudson, raiding bands committed brutal outrages. Farmers, obeying pretended orders for arrest, were found dead in adjoining woods, and no investigation vouchsafed. Mother, nearing confinement, had borne up bravely, but broke down under daily alarms. Father, our sole protector, was at home on guard when a drunken officer, coming to arrest him, could show no warrant. He said: "You can shoot me where I stand, I'll not go with you." Mother, helpless on her bed, bade me go to my father. I came upon an unforgettable scene—an unarmed man fearlessly facing a furious one brandishing a revolver. Stepping between them, I exclaimed: "You wear a soldier's uniform; would you disgrace it by killing a woman?" "What do you mean?" he asked. "My mother, desperately ill, hears your threats. If she dies, her blood will be on your head." "Can I see her?" Touched by what he saw, with lowered weapon and uncovered head, he passed through the room, mounted his horse, and rode away. Alas! a deathblow had been struck. One of prematurely born twins was laid in its dead mother's arms. A baby girl lived to comfort us, and the responsibility of guiding younger brothers and sisters devolved upon me. It was impossible to replace our devoted mother, but I gave them my youth.

As no other physician in our neighborhood would answer a call after dark during those troubled times, father was constantly in the saddle, never armed with any weapon more formidable than his penknife. On a very dark night, his horse was suddenly seized by the bridle, and to the demand, "Who's there?" a muffled voice replied, "Beg your pardon, Doctor. I mistook you for somebody else."



President Davis had announced that on the part of the South this war was to be conducted on the highest plane of civilized warfare. President Lincoln at once proclaimed that captured men were not to be regarded as prisoners, but as criminals. In violation of international law, medicines were declared contraband, and countless numbers died from lack of medicine and surgical appliances. Among these tragedies, I recall the death of gallant Dick Boone, admittedly the handsomest man in Louisiana. When his leg was amputated, he requested that they'd fire it out of a cannon as his last shot at the Yankees.

Possibly the following exploit has appeared in print, but it will bear repetition: Wright Lilly (a branch of our Smith tree), his brother-in-law, Judge H. N. Sherborne, and another comrade swam the river to avoid surrendering at Port Hudson.

The only one of my brothers old enough to serve enlisted in the same company with several cousins, whose furloughs, spent at our home, were gala days. Occasionally a crippled soldier brought encouraging telegrams, which we read eagerly. One morning a gray-clad man, looking wistfully over the garden fence, lifted his cap when he saw me, and asked if he could get something to eat. Inviting him indoors, I ordered breakfast for the hungry boy, and presently my maid brought a message from Mr. Burns, who, thanking me, requested permission to take his comrades what remained of a square meal. Where were these comrades, I inquired, and why didn't they come with him? Fearing three would be an imposition, he said, they had remained in the woods. "Go bring your friends," I told him, and I assured him that our soldiers were always welcome. The poor fellows had tramped weary miles, hoping to spend furloughs at their homes across the Mississippi River. Father had had numberless soldiers piloted to and fro, but there was danger of being captured now by Yanks guarding crossings. The two older men decided they'd take a chance, but Tom Burns decided otherwise. He had enlisted in the 1st Artillery from Donaldsonville, communication had been interrupted since his people moved, but he remembered their address. Father advised him to write and await reply; the answer stated that a brother was killed at Vicksburg, his sister had married and was staying with their father. Attempting to rejoin his company meant certain capture, thus Tom Burns had no alternative but watchful waiting. Meantime his scant wardrobe needed replenishing. Roughly constructed looms wove cloth suitable only for outer garments. Blockade runners, however, came our way, so my married sister and I planned a surprise for the boy. It was easy enough to make underwear without his knowledge, but outer garments needed careful measurement, a problem our laundress solved by assuming responsibility for the faded gray jacket while a tailor duplicated it. As a finishing touch, I embroidered his initials on two silk handkerchiefs, and wrote across the parcel, "From the ladies of 'Solitude.'" Tom Burns joined us at breakfast, looking very nice in his new outfit, and, blushing like a girl, thanked "The ladies of 'Solitude.'"

From time to time false rumors were circulated, and not until confirmed beyond any doubt did we believe that General Lee's invincibles had stacked arms. When this heart-breaking news came, my brother, William B. Smith, was at home on leave, so he and Tom Burns surrendered together. The latter accompanied his father to Brazil, where they were cordially received and were prospering when last heard from, but their experience was exceptional. Many I recall, foreseeing tyrannical rule in Dixie, sought foreign shores, whence they eventually returned to their homeland "sadder but wiser men."

The Constitution, denounced by Garrison as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," violated first by Lincoln, tampered with by subsequent administrations, still guaranteed some protection for which patriotic statesmen contended, and not in vain. Carpetbaggers fled before the rising tide; gradually out of chaos order emerged, and saner thinking followed. What is self-determination but State Rights under another name?

"Slow and patient, fair and truthful  
Must the coming teacher be  
To show how the knife was sharpened  
That was ground to prune the tree;  
He will hold the scale of justice,  
He will measure praise and blame,  
And the South will stand the verdict  
And will stand it without shame."

## AN UNSUNG SOUTHERN HERO.

BY CHARLES W. SUPER, ATHENS, OHIO.

In 1876 there was published at Albany, N. Y., a volume entitled "Memoir of Lieutenant Colonel Tench Tilghman, Secretary and Aid to Washington," etc. On the title page of the volume before me some one has written with a pencil: "Oswald Tilghman." This volume has become so rare that it was impossible to find a copy in any second-hand bookstore anywhere in the country. As a frontispiece, there is a fine steel portrait of the subject of the volume, underneath which is his signature, plainly and almost artistically written.

It may be mentioned here that there are few schoolboys in this "land of the free and home of the brave," and certainly very few men who have reached what Dante calls the middle period of life, who have not read Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride." Howbeit, the New England poet does not vouch for the truth of his story and merely reports having heard it from a certain landlord. On the other hand, there is no event connected with or related to the war of the American Revolution that is better authenticated than the ride of the intrepid Southern horseman who is the subject of this brief sketch. And, be it noted, that the poet does not write as a historian, and claims the privilege of telling his story in his own way. Doubtless it is nearer the historical truth than the legend of Barbara Fritchie, which seems to have been constructed out of "very thin air."

When Alexander the Great visited the site of Troy, he felicitated the spirit of Achilles for having such a poet as Homer to sing his praises in a fitting manner. Our editor has written on the first page of his memoir: "Mortifying as may be the confession, the citizen of Maryland is unable to deny that his State, in common with all those which custom calls the South, a term which happily has lost much of its significance, is open to the reproach. He may be unwilling to acknowledge that his State is insensible to gratitude for valuable services, or incapable of appreciating exemplary virtue, yet it is too true that men in almost every department of human affairs have illustrated the history of this commonwealth, or shall illustrate it when history shall have been worthily written, will be found to have been almost entirely forgotten when the generation to which they belonged shall have passed away.

Fortunately this indictment no longer holds good. Tench Tilghman was born on Christmas Day of the year 1746, at Fausley, in the county of Talbot, Md., about two miles from Easton. The family had long been resident of the region. The mother of Tench Tilghman was the daughter of Tench



Francis, who emigrated from Ireland to Talbot County, where she married Tench Tilghman and became the mother of twelve children, who were equally divided between boys and girls. Tench was the oldest, and little is known of his early education; but it is remembered that he attended a private school in Easton, as he lived near the said town. At an early age, he removed to Philadelphia, where he later joined a military company which eventually became a part of Washington's army. By this act he disregarded the wishes of his father, who adhered to the cause of the crown. The father and son do not seem to have been alienated by this "rash act" of the latter.

In a letter of Washington's, still extant, he writes that he is having great difficulty in finding men suitable for his official family. Young Tilghman entered upon his duties in August, 1776, and filled his post until the close of the war. His very brief notes on the siege of Yorktown inform the reader of the successive steps that led to the surrender of the unfortunate British officer and his entire command. His occasional notes during previous years are also important, although his position did not permit much time for independent observations. It is well known, furthermore, that Washington was an inveterate letter writer. Howbeit, Colonel Tilghman's most conspicuous service was carrying the message of the surrender at Yorktown to Philadelphia. The journey seems to have occupied about five days, and the distance was probably about three hundred miles. He made numerous stops along the way to inform the people that hostilities were at an end, although the war did not close officially for nearly two years. Several days after the surrender, a broadside was issued in Philadelphia like this: "ILLUMINATION. Colonel Tilghman, Aid-de-Camp to his Excellency General WASHINGTON, having brought official account of the SURRENDER of Lord Cornwallis and the Garrisons of York and Gloucester, those citizens who chuse to illuminate on the Glorious Occasion will do so this evening at six, and extinguish their fires at nine. Decorum and Harmony are earnestly recommended to every citizen, and a general discountenance to every appearance of riot."

This proclamation was dated October 24, the surrender having taken place on the 19th. Colonel Tilghman died in the following year, but his widow lived to the advanced age of eighty-eight. He left two daughters, one of whom was born after his death. Mrs. Tilghman's last years seem to have been passed in comfortable circumstances.

Cornwallis surrendered about eight thousand men, while the Colonials and the French were about twice as numerous. But almost two years elapsed between the surrender and the declaration of peace. In those days, when there were neither steamships nor telegraphs, news traveled at a very slow pace and the movements of troops was correspondingly slow, as they could not be moved by rail cars, a mode of travel and transportation that was not yet even thought of. There is probably a good deal of matter on this topic contained in the correspondence of Washington which has lately been printed. He is known to have been an indefatigable correspondent, as letters were the only means of communication with congress. There is also doubtless a good deal of interesting matter in the Congressional Library at Washington, although there was no Washington and no Congressional Library in the eighteenth century, and no congress. There was also doubtless a considerable number of documents in the State Library at Richmond, Va., but there seem to be none at Annapolis.

#### AS OTHERS SAW US.

The following interesting article was sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. Rachel Shulenberg, of Hagerstown, Md., to whom it was given by the writer, now of New York City, and who was a newspaper correspondent at the time. Even though a peaceful scene is described, it is a vivid scene of peace in time of war, and glimpses the soon-to-be-activities of war and the sketch be made would doubtless make the scene very real even at this late day.

#### THE WINTER QUARTERS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY IN VIRGINIA.

(From our Special Artist and Correspondent, Frank Vizetelly.)

Two months ago, I rode through the log and canvas city illustrated in the engraving on the preceding page, 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 could 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 pinewood 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 looked so calm and peaceful 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 Virginia soil. As I grasped the hands of my friends at leave taking, they knew that the present lull was but the forerunner of a coming storm; every man among them spoke hopefully and confidently of the future, and here, dispassionately, will 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 thank-



ing all those officers and soldiers whose guest I have been during my sojourn in the Confederacy. From the Rappahannock to the banks of the Yazoo in Mississippi, from the Tennessee to the Atlantic seaboard, every detachment, every Southern command, has received me with unvarying 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. —*The Illustrated London News*, April 2, 1864.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF WAR AS A CHILD, 1861-65.

BY MRS. D. A. PLANT, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

I must first go down the vista of years and take a last fond look at our home—over the rooms and into the closet where my playthings were; then in the garden along the winding paths dividing mother's flower beds, where all the dear old-fashioned flowers bloomed; down the long grape arbor, where all varieties hung in tempting clusters; through the gate and across the street into a green meadow, there to sit on the bank of a clear stream under a big old sycamore tree and watch the minnows play around the pebbles in the water. O, the joy of happy childhood days! How short they were.

How well I remember the first time I heard the word "war." My father and some friends were talking so earnestly that I never forgot that dreadful little word. From then on it was war, war, all the time.

My brother Abe, who had a position in Atlanta with the Rawlings Hardware Company, came home to join Kane's Battery.

When Burnside's army came in to occupy Knoxville, his officers selected the largest homes for their headquarters, the owners getting out entirely or living in the ells of the houses. The soldiers were camped on the western slope of the town.

My father had the cellar of our home arranged so that we could use it in case of emergency—a floor laid and chairs carried down. Mother had all kinds of food prepared to last a while, but the siege started so suddenly we had to run as hard as we could to get inside, and as soon as we were in the cellar, the house above our heads was full of Federal soldiers, shooting from the windows. All the houses facing west were used by the Federal soldiers, as the Confederates were coming that way.

My father always took in the wounded or sick soldiers, Confederate or Federal, and cared for them until they were able to join their commands. One Federal soldier happened to be in our home at this time, and he ran to the cellar with us; but he did not sit in one of the chairs, he climbed up the bank and took refuge behind a chimney until the firing ceased late in the afternoon.

The first thing mother did when we came out of the cellar was to go to the kitchen to get us children something to eat. But the cupboard was as bare as the one Mother Hubbard found.

After gathering up a few things and giving each one a bundle to carry, we left our home, just as the Belgians had to flee from the Germans. Our friend, Mr. S. T. Atkins, had kindly offered to take us into his home in the event of our having to leave ours. It was late when we reached the Atkins home on Gay Street, but the welcome we received made us

forget our trouble for the time being. We shall always remember with the greatest gratitude the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, and the friendship of the entire family. We lived there two years. After evening prayers, Mr. Atkins taught us children many things that I've never forgotten.

As the days went by the soldiers began burning the houses in that part of the town where we had lived, and in three weeks our home went up in flames like the rest.

One morning Dr. William Morrow, brother-in-law of Mr. S. B. Luttrell, came to see my father about our living in his mother's home, as he was compelled to go to Richmond, Va. She was an invalid with only servants to care for her. Of course we went; not much trouble to change. After being there for a short time, Dr. Patton came to Knoxville and opened a drug store on Gay Street. He brought his family to Mrs. Morrow's too. Near the Morrow house was a spring where I often went with my bucket for fresh drinking water. One day as I neared the place a soldier stepped away from a group he was talking to and said to me: "Here, give me your bucket; I'll get your water even if you are a little Rebel!"

After the Pattons came to the Morrow house to live, Mr. Atkins came to see us and said he wanted us to come back home; that it did not seem right for us to be away. Two days after we went back, Mr. Atkins was arrested and put into prison, which was on the corner of what is now Main and Market Streets. One room below was for citizens, one above for Confederate prisoners to be taken to Northern prisons.

Lizzie, the young daughter of Mr. Atkins, and I went to see him while he was kept in this place, and as we passed under the windows the prisoners above would drop little crumpled notes out through the bars. This is what we read: "For God's sake bring us some bones to chew on, for we are starving!" Once a week two armed guards escorted Mr. Atkins home to take dinner with his family. They stood their guns in the hall and sat down to the meal too.

I remember Mr. Will Rogers, father of the late Mrs. Minnie Rogers Boyd, with several other citizens in the prison. Each man sat on a cot in a small, stuffy room, which, however, was much better than the room above, which was for the Confederate prisoners. I do not remember how long the citizens were kept in confinement, but how happy we all were when Mr. Atkins was allowed to return to his home!

I shall never forget hearing the cannon booming when the battle was fought on Fort Saunders. The Confederates were at a great disadvantage. A citizen of Union sentiment had suggested stretching wire through the grass leading up to the fort, which was done, and this was the means of victory to the Federals. A great many were killed, and among the number was General Saunders, Federal, for whom the fort was afterwards named. It is now surrounded by many lovely residences.

My brother was captured at, or near, Cumberland Gap with the most of Kane's Battery, and was taken to Camp Chase prison, where he stayed until the close of the war. He told us after he came home that visitors came to look them over, and one day a dog they brought with them was missing when they left, so they posted up a reward for him. The next day underneath the notice was this: "For want of meat, the dog was eat!"

Several of the largest churches in Knoxville were used for hospitals for the Federal soldiers who had smallpox, and after the close of the war, our First Presbyterian Church was used by the Freedman's Bureau for a negro school. At last it was turned over to our Church committee, and to say that it needed to be cleaned and made over is putting it mildly. When it was all ready, with a new organ, over the pulpit was



this inscription: "Jehovah Jireh." ("The Lord will provide.") A grateful congregation, with their beloved pastor, Rev. James Park, met the first time for several years in their own church to praise God. The government paid our Church for the use of it and for all damages; it gives me pleasure to say this.

When the boys who wore the gray came home from battle fields and prisons, eager to go to work, my brother had a good position with Mr. James Moses, in the hardware business, but other boys were told by a leader of a gang that no Rebel could stay in this town. After daily visits from this leader and his tribe, warning them to leave or be shot, they finally left, walking fifteen miles to get on a train, some going to Nashville and some to Atlanta. Father took his family to Atlanta, but when we arrived there we could not find a vacant house, so we went on to Decatur, where we stayed until a house could be had in Atlanta. As soon as things were so we could come back and it was safe for the boys, we returned home to Knoxville. Mr. Atkins moved to Atlanta to rebuild many of the buildings that had been burned by Sherman's army.

After a while we had a reunion of the Blue and the Gray in Knoxville. The ladies served a great dinner to the veterans in a building on Gay Street, and when the band struck up "Dixie," a sweet old lady, Mrs. Sophia White, stepped on the sidewalk and danced like a young girl. I'm sure all the ladies felt so inclined. The night exercises were held at Staub's Theater, and as the New York Zouaves came marching in dressed in their uniforms, the cheers were deafening. The day of the parade a Union soldier and a "Johnny Reb" walked side by side.

For a great many years, every summer I have visited my daughter in Boston, and I have met such nice, hospitable people there. I go to the meetings of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and really feel like I am still in dear old Dixie. Two years ago I heard a Mr. Straghn, a Confederate veteran, read an address at their meeting. He was in bad health at the close of the war and thinking to regain his health, he went to Martha's Vineyard, near Boston, to live. There he had erected a monument to the Federal dead, and had expressed the wish at the time that he hoped to live to see the Federals erect one to the Confederates. Two years ago he had the pleasure of seeing such a monument unveiled. How happy I am to see the clouds disappearing and the light breaking through.

I am thankful to see the South recovered from the devastation of war, and each year gives evidence of its continual growth and prosperity, with its wealth of coal, iron, zinc, copper, marble, and minerals unknown, deep in the mountains, at our very door; all kinds of manufacturing plants, industrial enterprises, wonderful water powers, grandest climate the year round, and soil that will produce enough for all the country and more.

At a meeting of the U. D. C. in Boston, I had the pleasure also of hearing General Scharf telling of his friendship with Jefferson Davis while they were at West Point together. He said he had never known a more cultured and refined gentleman than Jefferson Davis. He continued his talk in urging all mothers present to raise their boys to walk in the footsteps of this great man.

I also heard another Federal veteran speak that day, who told of being at the capture of President Davis, and he stated emphatically that the stories told and printed in the papers at the time were utterly false, that President Davis was dressed in men's clothes and not as a woman.

Dr. Littlefield told that he had been taught as a boy to sing "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and not until he had heard General Scharf speak was he converted. He read a sonnet that he composed, "A Highway Memorial: He Cometh into His Own," which was also read at the Hot Springs convention, U. D. C., and it was printed on the cover of the VETERAN.

Some years ago Mrs. Schuyler, former President General U. D. C. was in South Carolina and came across a very handsome sword, on which was inscribed "General Nathaniel Wade," so she wrote to the Adjutant General, G. A. R., at Boston, to see if he could locate the owner. General Wade was overjoyed to learn that his sword had been found, and Mrs. Schuyler wrote him to come to Washington to receive it. But at the time of the convention, he was ill, so a friend went and brought it to him. In the fall of that year, I was in Boston and went to the U. D. C. meeting. The delegates to the convention were to give their reports, and they were very interesting. After reading her report, Mrs. Chesley said: "I will finish a little later," and walked to the entrance, returning with an elderly gentleman wearing a sword, whom she introduced as "Gen. Nathaniel Wade." Mrs. Chesley placed a chair for him, but he said, "I am old, but I will not sit down." He made a most interesting talk telling of his capture by the Confederates. He was taken to the headquarters of Stonewall Jackson, where he was treated with the greatest courtesy, had a splendid supper, and was given a bed, where he slept like a gentleman. He certainly eulogized Stonewall Jackson.

General Wade also spoke of his friendship with General Pickett, and he read extracts from a letter he had recently received from Mrs. Pickett. The following winter General Wade passed into the Great Beyond!

#### AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

BY MARY GILCHRIST POWELL.

An old-fashioned garden, basking in the light of witchery:

A balmy, subtle fragrance on the air,  
As of pinks and rue anemone,  
Marigolds in profusion here and there;  
The sprightly flutter of varicolored larkspur,  
The aroma of sweet shrubs lifting high.  
Mignonette rustling in the winds that stir  
Altheas, blooming roseately 'gainst the sky.  
Lilacs, cape jasmine, breathing rare intoxication,  
Bridal wreath in airy laces, pure and white;  
Gleam of poppies in crimson conflagration  
Syringas clust'ring snowily; honeysuckle, bright.

An old-fashioned garden, basking in the light of memory:

Grandmother with silv'ry hair, plucking her gay posies,  
Black mammy wand'ring down the paths with prattling baby,  
Little sister following, like a rose among the roses.  
Tea at sunset; with the four-o'clocks  
Beckoning coquettishly to the graceful Southern girls—  
Ante-bellum belles with dainty, slim feet tripping,  
Dark eyes glowing; South breezes kiss their curls.  
Dusk—in the garden with a Southern dove calling—  
Cool dew tempts forth the spice of sweet marjoram and  
thyme.

(Imagination fails. 'Tis the dusk of o'er fifty years a-falling.  
The garden, now, is dim with the dust of time.)



## MARCHING WITH SHERMAN.

FROM THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF MAJ. HENRY HITCHCOCK,  
OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S STAFF.

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

As affording an analytical study of human "reactions," this volume is unusually valuable; if viewed as a contribution to American history, however, it is far more notable for its misconceptions than for its accuracy in the relation of specific happenings. It presents a classic example of the astoundingly mistaken deductions that may be made by an honest individual who becomes the victim of political propaganda and mass impressions.

At the close of Sherman's campaign, Major Hitchcock writes to his wife:

"You know that I try to judge truly and fairly of all things, for I think a mistaken opinion is a misfortune; and error, no matter how 'honest,' can only breed mischief."

On the same day, the diarist concludes:

"I am very far from entertaining a blind or indiscriminate hatred of 'rebels' as individuals, even while I most heartily indorse our good friend Dr. Post's solemn denunciation of the rebellion as 'the greatest crime since the crucifixion of our Lord.' So it is. To this awful and enormous crime there have been many who were unwilling, reluctant, enforced accessories. All such I would forgive, though I would not lightly entrust them with the privileges which they have once failed to defend. . . . I can never lose sight of the great damning fact that they made war with a government whose only fault, as they themselves declared [*sic*], was its gentleness."

In order to understand this man and his viewpoint, it is necessary to know something of his personality, experience, and environment. First, he was sincerely convinced that the secession of the Southern States was the outstanding crime of the century. Had it not brought upon the country all the horrors he saw and deplored? Why, then, should its advocates not be branded as conspirators and murderers? Furthermore, he was convinced that the South had had absolutely no cause for complaint.

Major Hitchcock's ignorance of American history seems inexcusable; yet it may be said in his defense that neither the sectional narratives of his day nor his own people had informed him of the frequent threats of "treason" (secession) in the North. Major Hitchcock might well have praised Andrew Jackson for threatening South Carolina with the sword; but the chances are a thousand to one that he never had been told that this same Jackson had, when the republic was waging desperate war with a foreign foe, suggested the invasion of New England with a view to compelling the people of that section to support the Stars and Stripes, or at least to stop giving active aid and comfort to an alien enemy. The Major did not know that New England leaders strongly advocated, in 1815, and on sundry other occasions, the very "crime" which he so warmly condemned in 1861.

Again, Major Hitchcock had spent the first three years of war at home, not only amid war's alarms, but in the midst of perhaps the wildest orgy of falsehoods about the opposition ever known. In his diary, the Major frequently ridicules the Northern press reports of battles which never happened; on the same day, he derides the Southern press accounts (which, too, were erroneous); and then accepts, time and again without question, the printed or narrated stories of Southern brutality invented by imaginative negroes or by officers and men who sought to gloss over outrages they themselves were committing or permitting! With childlike credulity, he accepts

*in toto* stories of the "butchery" of Federal prisoners, and of the scalping (*Harper's Weekly* liberally illustrated the barbarous custom) and mutilation of the dead and wounded. Furthermore, he presents naïve evidence that his commander encouraged this newcomer in the camp to believe all these things. The diarist records, near Atlanta, November 16, 1864: "Had a quite warm discussion with Dayton (Captain and A. D. C.) this morning en route, I advocating our self-restraint, 'laws of war' etc., he contending we should do whatever and as bad as the rebs, even to *scalping*." He adds that the attitude of Captain Dayton is "typical."

Major Hitchcock's solemn notations as to the testimony of negro "contrabands" would be altogether comical but for the serious way in which the volume has been accepted. By way of random illustration, he jots down: "Dey don't t'ink nothing 'bout here of tying up a feller and givin' him two hundred or three hundred with the strap," and so on *ad infinitum*. Again, he records meeting a "tall, fine-looking, remarkably intelligent negro," who averred that his race "never had got the credit they deserved about the battle of New Orleans; that it was a negro who suggested to General Jackson the idea of a breastwork of cotton bales! Gen. S. [Sherman] said to him that J. D. [Jefferson Davis] was talking about arming the negroes. 'Yes, sir, we knows dat.' 'Well, what'll you all do? Will you fight against us?' 'No, *sir!* De day dey gives us arms, *dat day de war ends!*'"

One of the last protests against ruthless plundering this genuinely kind-hearted staff officer made was under date of November 25, 1864: "H. H. [Hitchcock] and Ewing got to talk about proposed burning of this house—quite a good one, two-story frame, with several outhouses, cabins, etc. Good blacksmith shop with very good set carpenter's tools. Ewing was for burning house. H. H. opposed it without evidence that owner had burned or helped burn bridge. If he did, all right, but no reasonable certainty of it yet. General [Sherman] was sitting near, unobserved by H. H., but, as usual, for nothing escapes him, heard and noticed conversation. Presently he broke in: "In war, everything is right which prevents anything. If bridges are burned, I have a right to burn all houses near it."

Under such tutelage, by the time Major Hitchcock had reached the seacoast, he was prepared for anything. Hence, at this time, he evinces no sense of shock over his first acquaintance with the beginnings of carpetbagger spoliation. At Ficklin's Plantation, near Pocotaligo, S. C., he makes this approving comment on the cruelest of all confiscations, since it was done not in the name of war, but of law: "The General came up to Beaufort on the 23rd, Monday, and stayed one day, quartering at General Saxton's. The latter owns the house he lives in, a fine, large, double house on Bay Street, fronting the sea, with a handsome yard, evergreens, etc., in front. He bought it at one of the United States tax sales, and I was told gave \$1,000 for it. These tax sales—for United States direct taxes—are simply a means of confiscation in fee simple, and, as that thing ought and is to be done, are a very good way to do it."

A little later, however, the "lack of discipline" in Sherman's army is set forth in the light of introspection. On January 31, 1865, when he was acting as mess officer or commissary for Sherman's immediate staff, he writes: "Hope I may not have as bad luck as Captain Steele, of Blair's staff, at Beaufort. He was sent to New York from Savannah and returned with 'stores,' etc., bought in New York, amounting to over \$800 worth; had them unloaded on dock and a guard placed over them for the night. Next morning the whole lot were gone save a barrel or two of very little value!"



Rather a hard joke on Blair and staff! Nothing recovered, of course. One learns to expect to have things stolen in the army and to keep at least one eye open accordingly."

Against these disclosures, it is a pleasure to record items setting forth the sterling integrity of the Major himself, when so many officers were competing hotly with rank and file of the mercenary or alien element in the plundering of defenseless women and children. Under date of November 23, we find this entry: "Ewing gave H. H. one package tobacco 'acquired at State House.' H. H. took it, supposing it public stores for legislature. Mr. Wright says taken last evening from his store. H. H. returned it to him; others laugh at this. I have not taken nor received, nor shall I, one cent's worth from anybody, other than my share of the subsistence gathered for the mess. Can't help that." On December 10, the Major wrote: "At least, I am glad to remember that I have not only not abused nor insulted a single person, but have repeatedly stopped the depredations of soldiers, and that except the provisions of which I have had my share at the mess table—and which we have good right to take—I have not 'acquired' the value of a pin nor destroyed any private property."

The reviewer has set forth Major Hitchcock's ideas of the "unpardonable sin of secession"; in fact, he wrote under date of April 7: "The leaders of the rebellion are the greatest criminals, I think, in all modern history, and I know no greater in ancient times; nor could any punishment well exceed their just deserts." To this great personal detestation he adds another equal to it, his peculiar and positively venomous animosity for "Southern chivalry." Whenever the expression occurs in his writings, he loses control of his temper, his judgment, and all sense of proportion. War propaganda had so poisoned his mind that he gravely declares: "'Chivalry' has become a by-word of contempt for boasting, whining, and poltroonery." Again, "Of all mean humbugs, 'South Carolina's chivalry' is the meanest." Finally, no worse things could ever have been said of any infamous character in history than what the diarist recorded about Col. Alfred M. Rhett, the first notable "specimen" of "chivalry" captured and questioned in Sherman's presence. He averred his solemn conviction that this "entire class must be *blotted out*."

Here, then, is a worthy type of conservative Northern citizen, a college graduate, and a man of enviable reputation in his own city and State, St. Louis, Mo. And yet, incredible as it may seem, we find him, under the influence of the sectional misrepresentation of his day, advocating sentiments which are associated with the Reign of Terror in radical Paris or the red régime of the Bolsheviks! His judgments are rendered none the less amazing by the fact that those he so condemned were his fellow countrymen and the representatives of the class who, for one hundred years, had not only been guiding the destinies of the young republic, but who were chiefly instrumental in expanding its boundaries from the Appalachians to the Pacific Coast.

One would suppose it would be quite unnecessary to comment upon the utter unreliability of Major Hitchcock's observations. Unhappily, however, such is not the case; the writer had the good fortune to save an excellent historian, even of the younger school, from quoting what he considered was Major Hitchcock's conclusive testimony as to Sherman's innocence in regard to the destruction of Columbia. The historian had assumed that because he was quoting from the then unpublished and privately written family letter of an eyewitness, a man whose subsequent life showed his excellent character, that his statements on the burning of Columbia

must offer trustworthy evidence as to that tragedy. Sherman, for propaganda purposes, blamed Wade Hampton. Long before Columbia was reached Major Hitchcock significantly let slip this statement by Sherman: "There are the men [Federal soldiers] who do this. . . . I say *Jeff Davis burnt them*"—viz., public and private buildings.

No wonder, as previously stated, this volume should be regarded as a classic example of the power of sectional or political propaganda. On that account, it deserves extended notice. Nevertheless—alas for the persistence of sectional ignorance and misunderstanding!—we find Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, the editor of the diary and a member of the staff of so distinguished a periodical as the *Atlantic Monthly*, promulgating the opinion, in a formal introduction, that "the historical interest and value of Henry Hitchcock's narrative will be found unquestionably great." This, he says, is especially to be found in the immediate first-hand reports of Sherman's conversations with Major Hitchcock, with Southern whites and negroes encountered on the marches; the palpably honest account of the burning of Columbia, written as soon as possible after its occurrence, and "confirming in vital particulars the conclusions of so careful a historian as Mr. Rhodes," etc.

The Major's denial of Sherman's responsibility for this burning is, no doubt, honest. Editor Howe takes it seriously and offers a contemporary sketch—from the same magazine which presented the scalping episodes—as "confirmation." Nevertheless, the fact remains that Major Hitchcock could not have known whereof he wrote. All that is necessary to disprove this assertion is, circumstantially, to review previous examples of the diarist's credulity; and then, for direct evidence, review the depositions of the people who witnessed the conflagration, some of whom, at least, were from other lands. It may be added that Mr. Chapman J. Milling has recently prepared a convincing and conservatively written thesis on this subject. This exposition is sufficiently documented to end the debate for all time.

Over and above the pleasing evidence as to Major Hitchcock's scrupulous honesty and his exalted courage in standing by his resolves under the fire of ridicule from his fellow officers, there should also be noted an agreeable absence of ranting or Pharisaical cant about any "moral crusade" waged against slavery, even after the entire world had come to believe that battle had been joined on that question! While Major Hitchcock utterly failed to grasp the basic, economic, political, and sectional differences which led to the armed clash, he did not set up this false standard. Like the majority of the best leaders of either party or section, he was an emancipationist; but he doubtless felt a positive aversion for the extreme or fanatical abolitionists like that of Abraham Lincoln when, in 1852, in the name of Henry Clay, he denounced them as execrable agitators. It will probably take another fifty years or more for the public, and many historians, to learn that an incidental outcome of the war of secession was not the principal cause of the conflict, just as it took nearly a century and a half for the historians to realize that the cause of the previous fratricidal strife was not based so much on the special complaint of "taxation without representation" as upon the fundamental principle of the preservation of local self-government, which the Southern leaders felt was involved in the issue of 1861, much as the New Englanders had felt on numerous occasions from 1793 to 1850. Even to-day, it may be said that not one person in a thousand knows that for every threat of secession in the South, one may find four



in the North. Again, one may recall the history of one case of successful nullification in the Southern States, while pointing to several such instances above the Mason and Dixon Line. As long as written history ignores the latter, so long will even intelligent people dwell in ignorance of the truth!

## COL. CHARLES FREDERICK FISHER.

BY DR. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

Among the forgotten heroes of the War between the States, a conspicuous illustration is Col. Charles Frederick Fisher, of the 6th North Carolina Regiment. In no printed book or even pamphlet have I found any account of his life and career, any record of his gallant charge and fateful death on the field of First Manassas. A detailed study of the records of that battle, in a mass of personal correspondence and the testimony of officers, both Federal and Confederate, is found in a memorial address by my father.

This address was delivered in Charlotte more than twenty-five years ago and published at the time in the *Charlotte Observer*. That evidence, supplemented by additional data collected by the writer, makes it abundantly clear that the capture of the massed batteries of Ricketts and Griffin in the first battle of Manassas was a turning point in the conflict on that field. This sudden and spectacular success in silencing the double battery, which was doing deadly and devastating execution in the ranks of the Confederate troops, came at a moment when large numbers of the Confederates were retreating and retreating from the front. This brilliant feat, for which Colonel Fisher paid with his own life and that of other officers and privates, turned the tide of battle and marked for the Federals the beginning of a defeat which ended in humiliating rout.

Charles Frederick Fisher, the only son of the distinguished political leader, the Hon. Charles Fisher, and his wife, Christine Beard, was born in Salisbury, N. C., on December 26, 1816. After attending classical schools in Salisbury, he entered Yale University in 1835, but ill health prevented him from completing his course. His name is in a memorial list of the sons of Yale who fought with distinction in the Confederate service. For some years he assisted his father in the management of extensive agricultural holdings, chiefly in Mississippi. In this work in a frontier country, the life in the open air restored his health; and he displayed in this position an executive ability which was to be manifested in later years in the building and management of the Western North Carolina Railroad. His father was for years the leader of the Democratic party in Western North Carolina; and the party battles waged in that region were sharp and vigorous. For some years, following in his father's footsteps, he led the Democrats chiefly by his brilliant editorship of the *Western Carolinian*. In 1854, he was elected to the State Senate from Rowan and served in that body during the session of 1854-55.

In January, 1849, the North Carolina Railroad bill was passed by the legislature. This was the State's first big railroad bill, and its passage was dramatic, the speaker of the senate, Calvin Graves, casting the deciding vote in favor of the passage of the bill. By June, 1850, the entire million dollars for the stock of the North Carolina Railroad Company had been subscribed and five per cent of it paid in. At the first annual meeting, held in Salisbury on July 11, 1850, the stockholders met for the first annual meeting, and John M. Morehead, who had been the leading spirit in the advocacy of building the railroad, was elected its first president. In the important work on transportation in North Carolina, by

Prof. Cecil K. Brown, of Davidson College, recently published by the University of North Carolina Press, the history of the company is given in detail. It is well to note that the company was regarded as a political appanage; and from 1850 until the outbreak of the War between the States, the control was held by the Democrats. Morehead, a Whig, acted as president from its organization until 1855, when he resigned. As his successor, the directors chose as president the prominent Democrat, Charles Frederick Fisher, who served for the next five years. By 1859, no dividends having been paid, Governor Worth, a Whig, precipitated an investigation of the affairs of the company. The late Dr. Weeks states that Fisher discharged his duties as president of the North Carolina Railroad with "preëminent skill and ability, displaying extraordinary energy, and bestowing an almost unprecedented degree of time and labor upon the work, putting his private business in a secondary place altogether." The investigation was the outcome of strong partisan politics, and was deeply resented by Fisher, who vehemently answered the charges and attacked the motives of those who precipitated the inquiry, headed by Governor Worth. Fisher completely refuted the charges of mismanagement; and when the election again came up in July, 1859 he was reëlected president of the road by an almost unanimous vote, many of the largest Whig stockholders voting for him. His vindication was complete; and his continuance as president until the outbreak of the War between the States was the clearest possible recognition of the value and efficiency of his service to the State.

No one was more energetic and forward looking than Fisher, once it was foreseen that war was inevitable, in preparing for the conflict. Beginning in April, 1861, he raised the first North Carolina regiment, although it bore the name of the Sixth. The expense of the entire equipment for the regiment was defrayed out of his private purse, which had no parallel in North Carolina; and the regiment bore the beautiful flag made and embroidered by Colonel Fisher's sister, Christine. This regiment, composed in large measure of men who had worked with him or under him for years, followed him with a measure of devotion equal to that which Lee inspired. They not only had unbounded confidence in Fisher, they admired him deeply and loved him devotedly. "His affection for and pride in them," says the late John S. Henderson, "was equal to their's for him. A few days before his death he said of the officers: 'Where human flesh dare venture they will go.' Of the men, he said: 'There is not a man in the regiment who, after four and twenty hours of fasting and labor, will not go into battle as if just from sleep and refreshment.' . . . The after career of the regiment proved how well he knew it. It covered itself with glory at Gettysburg and was among the last to surrender at Appomattox."

Singularly enough, Colonel Fisher's friend and fellow townsman, Gov. John W. Ellis, died on the very day that Fisher reported his regiment ready to go to the front. After acting as escort at the Governor's funeral, the regiment went from Raleigh to Richmond, where it was reviewed by President Davis and General Lee. It was assigned to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army of the Shenandoah; and soon, as a part of General Lee's brigade, marched with the army of the Shenandoah to reënforce General Beauregard at Manassas. On the way to the battle field, Fisher found the road torn up by a derailed train; and immediately volunteered to repair the wreck, as many of his men were engineers who had served under him as railroad president. The repairs were quickly effected, and, as a reward, the 6th Regiment was the first to leave the scene for the battle field. Had this regiment reached the field an hour later, and had Kirby Smith's been delayed



another hour, it is in the highest degree likely, that Manassas would have been a defeat for the Confederates.

At the time of Fisher's arrival on the battle field, the fight was going against the Confederates. They were sorely pressed, the enemy having gotten farther to the front of the left flank. The large double battery of Ricketts and Griffin, massed into one, had taken a commanding position on General Johnston's left; and the situation was critical. The murderous fire from this battery was incessant, with a range of a mile to the rear of the Confederate front. The Confederate center was in danger of giving way; and so keenly aware was General Johnston of the gravity of the situation that he anxiously exclaimed, in a loud, earnest voice: "If I just had three regiments! Just three regiments!" General Clingman, who narrates the incident, suddenly exclaimed: "Here they are, General!" It was a dramatic moment. The nearest regiment, a quarter of a mile away, was the 6th North Carolina, headed by Fisher. The three regiments deployed to the left, the 6th moving by flank. The men moved through the woods and, suddenly emerging, found themselves only eighty yards from the formidable battery which Beauregard had ordered Fisher to silence. Fisher's men opened a destructive fire upon the enemy's line, and especially upon the artilleryists. This fire wrought havoc in the enemy; and the Confederates, seeing their advantage, prepared to charge. Fisher divested himself of coat, watch, and sword, seized a musket, and headed the charge, closely followed by Capt. Isaac E. Avery. Most of the regiment charged straight up the hill, but Colonel Fisher led some men obliquely to the left, having observed a considerable force of the enemy in that direction some two hundred yards beyond the battery. This was the 2nd Wisconsin, uniformed in gray cloth almost identical in color with that of the Confederates, which had taken up a position on the brow of the hill. They poured a steady fire into the advancing Confederates, but were thrown into confusion, and broke and fled under the impact of Fisher's charge. He was running at the head of his men, brandishing his musket and shouting encouraging commands, when a bullet penetrated his forehead. He fell some sixty yards beyond the dreaded narrow battery to its left. The remainder of the force had captured the battery, killed the gunners, wounded Colonel Ricketts, who was taken prisoner, and left Lieutenant Ramsay dead upon the field.

It is evident that the capture and silencing of the deadly massed battery turned the tide of the battle and changed probable defeat into overwhelming victory. The captured battery, although later relinquished, never fired another shot that day. Gen. Thomas L. Clingman, in speaking of the opportunity seized by Fisher, when his men suddenly emerged from the woods in close proximity to the enemy battery, unequivocally states: "The opportunity thus afforded was rightly used, and most fortunately for the success of our army. Neither then or at any time since have I doubted that this moment saved the day to the Confederacy. If the gallant and noble Fisher by this dash lost his life, who did more during that long and arduous struggle?" General Longstreet, in his book, "From Manassas to Appomattox," is equally conclusive: "Ricketts's Battery, and subsequently the battery under Griffin, pressed their fight with renewed vigor. The batteries, particularly active and aggressive, poured incessant fire upon the Confederate ranks, who had no artillery to engage them except Imboden's, far off to the rear, and Latham's howitzers. The efforts of the Federal infantry were cleverly met and resisted, but the havoc of those splendid batteries was too severe, particularly Griffin's, which had an oblique fire upon the Confederates. It was the fire of this

battery that first disturbed our ranks on their left, and the increasing pounding of that and Ricketts's eventually unsettled the line. McDowell gave especial care to preparing his batteries for removal against the Confederate left. He massed Griffin's and Ricketts's batteries, and made their practice grand. So well executed was it that the Confederate army was again in peril. A brave charge on the part of Beauregard (the charge of Fisher, above described, and of Avery) captured the greater part of the batteries and turned some of the guns upon the brave men who had handled them so well. Before the loss of his artillery, he (McDowell) was the Sampson of the field: now he was not only shorn of his power, but some of this mighty strength was transferred to his adversary, leaving him in a desperate plight and exposed to blows increasing in strength and effectiveness."

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER IN VERSE.

Thou to the mercy seat our souls doth gather  
To do our duty unto thee—*Our Father*,  
To whom all praise, all honor should be given;  
For thou art the great God—*who art in heaven*.  
Thou by thy wisdom rul'st the world's wide fame  
Forever, therefore—*hallowed be thy name*.  
Let nevermore delay divide us from  
Thy glorious grace, but let —*thy kingdom come*;  
Let thy commandments opposed be by none,  
But thy good pleasure and—*thy will be done*.  
And let our promptness to obey be even  
The very same—*on earth as 'tis in heaven*.  
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray,  
Thou would'st be pleased to —*Give us this day*  
The food of life wherewith our souls are fed,  
Sufficient raiment, and—*our daily bread*.  
With every needful thing do thou relieve us,  
And of thy mercy, pity—and *forgive us*  
All our misdeeds, for him whom thou did'st please  
To make an offering for —*our trespasses*;  
And for as much, O Lord, as we believe  
That thou will pardon us—as *we forgive*  
Let that love teach wherewith thou dost acquaint us  
To pardon all—*those who trespass against us*;  
And though sometimes thou find'st we have forgot  
This love for thee, yet help and—*lead us not*  
Through soul or body's want to desperation,  
Nor let earth's gain drive us—*into temptation*:  
Let not the soul of any true believer  
Fall in the time of trial—but *deliver*,  
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil,  
And both in life and death keep—*us from evil*.  
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of thee, from whom  
This may be had—*for thine is the kingdom*,  
This world is of thy work; its wondrous story  
To thee belongs—the *power and the glory*,  
And all thy wondrous works have ended never,  
But will remain forever and—*forever*.  
Thus we poor creatures would confess again,  
And thus would say eternally—*amen*.

This beautiful version of the Lord's prayer has appeared in print at different times and its authorship has been variously attributed. One statement is that the original copy, printed on heavy satin, had been picked up at Corinth, Miss., on May 30, 1862, the day the Confederate forces evacuated the town, and that it bore the date of July 4, 1823. Whatever its origin, it is a most unique composition and worthy of preservation.



## ILIAM IN FLAMES.

BY CHAPMAN J. MILLING, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The task of treating impartially one of the most dramatic events of the great sectional conflict is one of manifest difficulty.

The author has, however, attempted to narrate the principal occurrences which took place during an episode which he considers is treated inadequately in the majority of textual histories.

He begs no one to agree with him in his conclusions. He only hopes that he who doubts will delve.

A striking example, both of perversion and omission, is to be found in that oft-mooted question—the burning of Columbia. The general impression gained from school and college histories is that about the time Sherman's army occupied the city it somehow caught fire. Some writers assert, with Sherman, that the Confederates burned Columbia. Some admit that it may possibly have been due to the act of a few drunken privates in the conquering army, temporarily loose from Sherman's excellent discipline, a sort of "boys will be boys" attitude. But the majority of history books, when they come to that disagreeable event, employ the simple but ancient device of evasion. They blandly state that, during Sherman's occupation of Columbia, about two-thirds to three-fourths of the city was unfortunately burned, and the student is expected to draw his own conclusions. Most of them leave the impression that General Sherman was very sorry it happened, which undoubtedly was the case—some time afterwards. Not a word is ever said of the plundering and the destruction of private property. It might lead to the undesirable impression that American soldiers have been known to be, in some instances, a trifle rough. The modern student knows better. He knows that the men on both sides of the great sectional contest were the souls of honor and gallantry. That is the impression which, it is felt, must be maintained in order for him to develop into a good citizen. And it is maintained; no doubt about that. Standardized textbooks, standardized professors, carefully formulated mental pabulum, and at last a splendidly standardized citizen, emerging into the open; a hope in his standardized breast that he will some day stand at the helm of a new civilization, standardized through his efforts!

But what of Columbia and its burning? So long has the truth of this disastrous event been either neglected, or palpably tampered with, that countless numbers of Southerners, many of them hailing from South Carolina, actually accept the story handed them as honest history. It is partly to such individuals as these that these pages are addressed.

The winter of 1864-65 marked the death struggle of a nation born in exultation, but destined to perish tragically in its infancy. Lee was engaged in the last hopeless, but glorious, battles to avert a fate already foreseen. But the death pangs of the Confederacy on the Virginia front were marked by that brilliant gallantry which will to the end of time be associated with the Army of Northern Virginia. There, at least, the sunset of the unhappy republic was glorified, for a brief season, by a polychromatic afterglow.

Not so to the southward. Relentlessly across Georgia and the Carolinas moved a conquering horde. Resisted for a time by the pitifully inadequate forces which were able to oppose it after Johnston's removal, the great army of William Tecumseh Sherman cut its sixty-mile swath "from Atlanta to the sea." That which it encountered it destroyed. From Savannah the commander of this mighty army wrote to his superiors: "We have consumed the corn and fodder in the

region of country thirty miles on each side of a line from Atlanta to Savannah, as also the sweet potatoes, cattle, hogs, sheep, and poultry, and have carried away more than ten thousand horses and mules, as well as a countless number of their slaves. I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at \$100,000,000, at least \$20,000,000 of which has inured to our advantage and the remainder is simple waste and destruction." Truly, he had made good his statement to Thomas that he proposed to "demonstrate the vulnerability of the South and to make its inhabitants feel that war and individual ruin are synonymous terms."

Turning northward from Savannah, the army continued its progress into South Carolina and admitted as its purpose the flaying of that already stricken commonwealth. For South Carolina was regarded as the cradle of secession, and as such was blamed for all the hardships which the Union soldier had suffered. Up through the country it came; and when it had passed, gaunt chimneys against the skyline marked the places where the dwellings of a people had stood—"Sherman's sentinels." Granaries were destroyed, horses and cattle were driven off or killed, and smokehouses were rifled of their contents. The sun would rise on a smiling plantation and would set on a ruined desert. Out from their holdings poured the people, emptying hut and manor. Feeling certain that Charleston was the destination of the invaders, the fleeing low countrymen poured with their treasures into Columbia.

Every train arriving in the capital carried a multitude of refugees. Into the city moved the banks with their wealth of plate, but poverty of specie. Stores of provisions, too, found their way to Columbia, for the steadily increasing populace anticipated a long sojourn.

But with all their busy preparations the people of South Carolina have erred. Their calculations are at fault; for the crafty Sherman marches elsewhere than to Charleston. The salt prepared for sowing upon the sight of that proud metropolis is to be dedicated to other purposes.<sup>1</sup>

"By four P.M., February 12," says Sherman in his report, "the whole corps was in Orangeburg and began the work of destruction upon the railroad. Blair was ordered to destroy railroad effectively up to Lewisville, and to push the enemy across the Congaree and force him to burn the bridges, which he did on the 14th; and, without wasting time or labor on Branchville or Charleston, which I knew the enemy could no longer hold, I turned all the columns straight on Columbia."<sup>2</sup>

The march proceeded. Repeated assaults of Wheeler's cavalry served only to irritate the approaching host. The attempt of a levee patrol to dam with shovels the angry

<sup>1</sup>General Halleck's suggestion to General Sherman ("War of the Rebellion," Series I, Volume XLIV), that "should you capture Charleston I hope that by some accident the place may be destroyed, and should a little salt be sown upon its site, it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession," was met with ready approval. "I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and don't think salt will be necessary," says General Sherman in reply. "When I move the Fifteenth Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will naturally bring them into Charleston first; and if you have studied the history of that corps you will have remarked that they generally do up their work pretty well."

The army, as we shall see, changed its course, and did not enter Charleston; but selected, instead, Columbia. The efficient Fifteenth Corps mentioned in Sherman's letter to Halleck was the principal unit trusted with its occupation.

<sup>2</sup>"War of the Rebellion," Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Series I, Volume XLVII. Sherman neglects to mention in the above report that he burned Orangeburg while there.



Mississippi would have been equally effectual. Like a bed of molten lava gradually engulfing the forest at the foot of Vesuvius, it moved. The people saw it, and read their fate in the flight of its victims. Columbia, the beautiful, was to be included in the itinerary of Sherman.

Early on the morning of February 16, Sherman's force reached a hill overlooking the Congaree. His grim artillery frowned upon the newly built capitol, pouring shells into the helpless town. Several of these struck the State House, but rebounded impotently from its stout walls of granite. A small Confederate picket destroyed the bridge across the Congaree, but the Federal army, turning its course up the river, made ready to occupy the town on the 17th. The next morning saw the completion of a pontoon bridge, hastily thrown across the stream by the engineers; and soon the long blue line wound up the river road.

The advance was met by Mayor Goodwin and three of his aldermen, who formally surrendered the city. They were received by Colonel Stone, 25th Iowa Infantry, who assured that private property would be protected and an honorable occupation accorded their city.

"The Confederate forces having evacuated Columbia," read Mayor Goodwin's note to General Sherman, "I deem it my duty as mayor and representative of the city to ask for its citizens the treatment accorded by the usages of civilized warfare. I, therefore, respectfully request that you give a sufficient guard, in advance of the army, to maintain order in the city and protect the persons and property of its citizens.

"Very respectfully, T. J. GOODWIN, Mayor."

Colonel Stone climbed into the carriage with the mayor and aldermen and promised to present their note to General Sherman.

As the advance guard entered the city, the last of the cavalry of Wade Hampton retired eastward since he saw the uselessness of sacrificing his eight hundred men in a hopeless attempt to save Columbia.

The Federal army made its entrance with perfect discipline—bands playing, drums beating, flags flying. But as soon as the advance column was dismissed, it broke up into small parties, which scoured the city for plunder. Stores were entered, and the merchandise was either appropriated to the soldiers' wants, distributed to the negroes, or wantonly destroyed.

A fire occurring at the South Carolina Railroad depot seems to have been the first one observed. This did not take place from any deliberate application of the torch, but was brought about by the greed of a small band of marauders who, it would appear, were loitering about the depot in the early morning, before the entrance of the Federal army. In their haste to get at the stores of valuables prepared for shipment, they were careless with a lighted torch, and thereby caused the explosion of several kegs of powder. It is estimated that more than thirty of their number were killed. This fire, however, either burned itself out or was extinguished by one of the volunteer fire companies, it being generally conceded that it was under control all the while it lasted.

Universal reference is made to a number of bales of cotton which were piled on Richardson (now Main) Street, near the State House. Of the fact that some of these were burning during the day, there is no doubt whatever; but this slender thread was afterwards grasped by Sherman and his admirers as a logical explanation of the general conflagration of the night. Their claim that this cotton was fired by the retreating

Confederates and was the cause of the general destruction, not only remains unsubstantiated, but has been completely refuted by overwhelming evidence to the contrary. Both General Hampton and General Butler testified that orders had been given that the cotton be placed where "it might be burned if necessary," but the final order had been given that it *should not be burned*. Furthermore, General Butler deposed that his force was the last Confederate command to leave the city, that he did not leave it until after General Sherman's army had entered it, and that at the time of his departure not one bale of cotton had been fired or was burning. It is probable, as some who saw it suggested, that the cotton caught from sparks falling by accident from the pipes and cigars of Federal soldiers who, during the morning, reclined on the cotton. It is not our purpose to prove that the cotton was deliberately set on fire by the soldiers; enough charges of a more serious nature are to be laid at their door. There is, however, ample testimony to the effect that when local companies sought to extinguish it, the playful invaders punctured their hose with bayonets, cut it with sabers, and destroyed a portion of the truck. Nevertheless, the Independent Fire Company, by attaching a hose directly to a hydrant, succeeded in putting out the fire by one P.M.<sup>3</sup>

Early in the afternoon, columns of smoke were observed to the east of the city, marking the destruction of private residences, including that of General Hampton himself. No mention of these fires is to be found in Sherman's report. The fact that Hampton's beloved "Milwood" and other fine old country places were outside the city limits, and that no burning cotton was on the premises, may have had something to do with absence of detail.

Upon the application of some of the citizens, guards were detailed to protect private houses within the town. In many instances these guards acted with signal gallantry; but it is a significant fact that in few cases was a house occupied by these guards preserved from destruction, except by the express command of General Sherman himself. The guard might defend the person and chattels of his charge; but when the city burned the guarded house burned with it.<sup>4</sup>

It would be interesting to speculate upon the motive of General Sherman in supplying guards to every one who applied for their services; and could we feel conscientious in ascribing it to a sense of military propriety, we would cheerfully do so. However, the fact above alluded to—*i. e.*, that the guards were universally ineffective when the time came for the city to be burned, prevents this charitable conclusion. It is a natural supposition that the general pursued this course for two reasons. First, to restrain his soldiers until the proper time, thus allowing everything to be in readiness for concerted action. Secondly, to reassure the citizens, so that they might be taken unawares. There may possibly have been the additional motive of establishing an alibi as to the responsibility, should later and calmer years see investigation proceedings instituted.

Whatever the motive, there were guards aplenty. And the statement of more than a score of reputable citizens

<sup>3</sup>The *Daily Record*, Columbia, S. C., July 22, 1911. Hampton, Wade. Letter in *Baltimore Enquirer*, June 24, 1873. Butler, Gen. M. C. Affidavit of August 20, 1866.

<sup>4</sup>Conrad says: "To some families . . . a guard was given for the protection of the houses. But only *pro forma*, and in every case without effect, because either sufficient authority was not given to these guards, or because they did not obey; the most of the houses so guarded suffered the common fate." ("Lights and Shadows in American Life During the War of Secession." Pleasants's Translation.)



shows that where present they, in most instances, protected the property under their charge—until the fire began. Striking exceptions to this faithfulness are, however, available, the case of Mrs. Agnes Law serving a specific example. Mrs. Law, on the 6th day of June, 1886, appeared before a magistrate—D. P. Miller—and made a sworn statement, extract of which is quoted:

"When the city began to burn I wished to move my furniture out. They (the guards) objected; said my home was in no danger, it was fireproof. I insisted on moving out, but one replied: 'If I were as safe till the end of the war as this house is from fire, I would be satisfied.' Not long afterwards these guards themselves took candles from the mantelpiece and went upstairs, and at the same time other soldiers crowded into the house. My sister followed them upstairs, but came down very soon to say: 'They are setting the curtains on fire.' Soon the whole house was in a blaze."

Another fact which strikes the investigator is the ample warning from friendly Union soldiers which preceded the burning of Columbia. In general, such warning came from men who had been befriended before the war or while in prison by Columbians. These men, feeling the noble impulse of gratitude, wished to mitigate, in some small measure, the horrors which were to come. A few examples will suffice to illustrate.

A Mrs. Boozer, whose husband, Dr. Boozer, had at one time been in charge of a Confederate prison, had, at that time, shown kindness to several captive Federal officers. She had, it seems, supplied them with little delicacies and in other ways lightened the burden of their imprisonment. They were later exchanged and became a part of Sherman's command. When the Federal army occupied Columbia these officers sought the residence of Mrs. Boozer and informed her that the city would be burned.<sup>5</sup>

The testimony of two men may well be presented at this point as further proof of the premeditated nature of the crime. The one is that of Mr. William H. Orchard, and was given before the "Committee to Collect Testimony in Relation to the Destruction of Columbia, S. C." (See Report of the Committee.)

Mr. Orchard stated that about 7 P.M. he was visited by a number of men, to whose pillaging he submitted with such composure that their leader was impressed and called him aside, telling him that if he had anything he wished to save, to take care of it at once. He further informed Mr. Orchard that "before morning this damned town will be in ashes, every house in it. If you don't believe me, you will be the sufferer. Watch, and you will see three rockets go up soon."

Mr. Stanley's testimony before the "Mixed Commission on British and American Claims, Washington, D. C., 1873, is the second example of specific mention of signals. It is a graphic story of the manner in which confirmation followed warning.

Question: "Were you in Columbia on the night of the burning?"

Answer: "Yes, sir."

Question: "By what means was the city burned?"

Answer: "By General Sherman's army of United States troops. I saw a man with the uniform of a United States soldier enter the store of Mr. Robert Bryce. . . . With a firebrand about four feet in length, wrapped on one end with canvas, put fire to the store of Mr. Bryce under the roof. . . . A United States soldier told me himself that he set

fire to Colonel Clarkson's house. The United States soldiers were all over the city. They appeared to have selected the northwest corner of every square on Main Street, in the city, and fire broke simultaneously from different portions of the city. The wind blew strong from the northwest at the time. Houses standing in detached grounds of from three to forty acres were burned at the same time. There were no soldiers in the city at the time except the United States soldiers under General Sherman. . . . A United States officer, who was a perfect gentleman, who was sick at my store, told me that the city would be burned that night, which was the night of the 17th of February, 1865, and also explained to me the signals which would be used. I then sent for the mayor of the city and informed him of the fact. While standing, General Sherman, with a portion of his staff, was passing, and the mayor stopped them and told him that he heard the town would be burned that night. General Sherman replied: 'Mr. Mayor, you can go home and make yourself perfectly easy; your city and citizens are just as safe as if there were not a Federal soldier within a thousand miles. They shall be protected if it takes an entire corps of my army. I will avail myself of some time when the wind is not so high to destroy the Confederate property.' He then rode on. On that night, notwithstanding, I looked out for the signals of which I had been informed by the sick officer, and saw them. Immediately after the signals the fire commenced at the northwest corner of every square on Main Street."

Another warning from a friendly source is recorded of the Ursuline nuns. During the afternoon of the 17th, a Federal officer, Major Fitzgibbon by name, visited the convent and asked to speak to the Mother Superior. Introducing himself as a Catholic who was interested in their welfare, he urged her to obtain a guard for herself and charges. The Mother Superior, however, believing General Sherman's promise that private property would be protected, did not take his warning seriously. He then appeared agitated, and, in a tone of pleading, sincerely declared: "I cannot say that your convent is going to be burned, but we can't answer for what may happen. For I tell you, my sister, Columbia is a doomed city."

It appears that, convinced by his earnestness, and possibly by the further developments of the day, the Mother Superior did finally apply for a guard, which was readily promised her. A memorandum was sent by General Sherman to the convent stating that he had detailed ninety-six men for the duty from the 25th Iowa Regiment. It is further recorded that only seven of the ninety-six guardsmen were ever on hand, and that these were the first to begin the looting!<sup>6</sup>

But not all the intimation that the city was to be consumed came from kindly inclined Federal soldiers. Threats, many of a most insulting nature, outnumbered the friendly pre-

<sup>5</sup> Swindell, Miss Anna Tillman. "The Burning of Columbia." The temptation to continue indefinitely this list of warnings from "friendly enemies" is great; however, to do so would weary the reader and break the continuity of the narrative. Objection will doubtless be raised as to why so few of the names of the Federal officers who issued the warnings are given. The answer is obvious—to warn the inhabitants of Columbia of her impending fate was to risk both rank and liberty . . . possibly life itself. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that in the majority of cases the name of the informant was purposely withheld. Nor, in the excitement of the rapidly unfolding drama, would the citizen think to ask. A few names are, nevertheless, recorded, though some of these may have been assumed for the occasion. Mrs. Cheves, in Savannah, was advised by a Colonel Poe and a Major Dayton not to go to Columbia, as the Union army expected to pass through South Carolina with the torch as well as with the sword. Mrs. Mary S. Whilden received timely advice from Capt. James G. Crosier, 21st Illinois. Mrs. Francis T. Caughman, of Lexington, was told by no less a man than General Kilpatrick, when speaking of Columbia: "Sherman will lay it in ashes for them."

<sup>6</sup> Gibbes, Col. James G., "Who Burned Columbia?"



monitions; and it is by no means an exaggeration to state that when the city finally burst into flames, over half the population were expecting it to happen.

The nature of the signals, so often mentioned in personal accounts, is a matter not subject to dispute. They consisted of rockets, which went up from the region of the State House, according to the direction noted by most observers. They were seen by hundreds of people. The only point upon which all evidence does not agree is the hour in which the rockets were seen. Some individuals claim that they appeared as early as 7 P.M.; others placed their occurrence as late as nine. This discrepancy may easily be accounted for by the excitement of the occasion and the well-known failure of most persons to pay attention to the particular time of any specific happening. When questioned later, the witnesses naturally speculated as to the hour, and it would have been a too-remarkable coincidence had they all made the same guess. It is, however, a fact worthy of note that there was universal agreement that the rockets preceded the fires by but a few minutes; and that after the rockets were seen, fires broke out simultaneously in a score or more of widely separated quarters of the city.<sup>7</sup>

The people's committee reached the conclusion that the rockets appeared approximately at 8 P.M., or very soon thereafter; and their findings should perhaps be accepted as the most authentic, in view of the fact that they collected a greater amount of testimony than could possibly have been obtained by any one individual. Furthermore, this testimony was collected but a short time after the event.

Gen. O. O. Howard later declared that the rockets were merely for the purpose of showing the rest of the army the location of General Logan's headquarters and were sent up by the signal corps. The latter portion of his statement may be accepted at its face value. For reasons which will later become apparent, the first portion is not so acceptable.

Having established the fact that Columbians were not unprepared for the fate awaiting their city, let us now follow the activities of the Union soldiery in the interval of time at their disposal between their arrival and the appearance of the signal rockets.

Never in the history of warfare was an army more completely given to plunder. Venerable Priam, moaning over the sack of his beloved Ilium, saw ravages less barbarous, destruction less wanton, than was the fate of the Palmetto capital. What could be appropriated to personal use was promptly seized; the rest was utterly demolished. Silver and jewelry were the most coveted articles of plunder. Most of the latter was carried away, but the former, being so heavy and bulky, could not be as easily disposed of. A great amount was preserved whole by the looters, but probably a still greater quantity was melted down and poured into holes in the ground. These holes were made with bayonets or similar implements, the resulting cast being in the form of a rough bar about eighteen inches in length, and perhaps as heavy as a commercial stick of solder. Many of these silver casts were lost by the Federal soldiers, and afterwards recovered. Family plate having undergone such a metamorphosis was naturally a distressing sight to look upon, but, when found, was hailed as a bonanza by the impoverished inhabitants. Family portraits and works of art came in for their share of attention.

Some of the more appreciative invaders were seen to cut portraits out of their frames, roll them up, and carry them off as souvenirs.

The famous collection of Dr. Robert W. Gibbes was a total loss. Despite the dignified entreaties of that scholarly gentleman, his old masters were hacked relentlessly with bayonets; his fossils broken; and his cabinets reduced to kindling wood. After thus demolishing his exhibit, the wreckage was burned before his eyes.

Mrs. Mary S. Whilden, of Charleston, S. C., possessed a valued walking cane, in former years the property of a gallant soldier brother who had made the supreme sacrifice on the bloody field of Secessionville. She had brought it among other treasures to Columbia, sharing the prevalent belief that the city was safe. As she left the house, her cane, stuck in her girdle, was seized by a passing Federal soldier. But the plucky lady wrenched it from his hand, and, raising it over his head, she exclaimed: "That cane belonged to a dead Confederate soldier who would never have harmed or insulted a woman, and if you will have it, I will break it over your head and you can take it in two pieces!"

"Woman," said the soldier, "you can keep your stick."

(Continued in May number)

#### OUR SOUTHERN PRIVATE.

BY MRS. H. G. CURTIS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

[Dedicated to Francis Orlando Curtis, Chaplain South Carolina Division, U. C. V.]

He wore no medals of gold on his breast  
As he fought for his country's wrong;  
No pages are filled with his deeds to the front,  
His name is not mentioned in song.  
He sleeps 'neath the sod for which he fought,  
Undisturbed by the battle's din,  
And we give to our heroes a laurel wreath—  
But we shed our tears for him.

"Aye! Glorious things of them are spoken,"  
While he in the thick of the fight,  
Forgot honor and glory 'midst anguish and pain,  
His country's wrong only in sight.  
He wore no stripes on his sleeves of gray,  
His name in no hist'ry appears,  
Yet we raise to our heroes a marble shaft—  
While we water his grave with our tears.

And the years roll on and our thoughts are lost  
In the ceaseless whirlpool of life;  
But we, 'midst the changes of modern years,  
Forget not that scene of strife.  
And the power of nations comes in like the tide  
And goes out 'neath a hero's sway,  
But to those laborers of power we bow our heads,  
While we wipe the tears away.

Sleep on in your realm of Southern gray,  
That color enshrined in our minds!  
Sleep on while we guard thy lowly mounds  
Through the harrowed ages of time.  
Sleep on! 'neath the land you washed with your blood,  
Through a vista of fast-flitting years,  
Till that reckoning day when God above  
Shall wash your souls with his tears.

<sup>7</sup>Reference having already been made to testimony including specific allusions to the rockets, it is unnecessary to advance further citations at this point. The reader is referred, if interested, to the Committee's Report and to other source material.



## THE FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. W. R. BARNETT, JR., KNOXVILLE, TENN.

One of the most fascinating subjects, as well as one of the most complicated, is the study of the history of the flags of the Confederacy. It has been said that perhaps no other people since the world began ever fought under such a variety of banners as did the Confederate soldiers. At the beginning of the war, with patriotism at fever height, with the States seceding, with companies being organized all over the Southland, with the burning, intense desire in each community and State to fling aloft a banner which should symbolize the enthusiasm filling each heart, it is not surprising that a great variety of flags, emblazoned with the figures and mottoes emblematic of the sentiments of the South, came into use. Some of these were made overnight, in the "wee sma' hours"; into others went days and weeks of careful stitching. Some were made of bunting, but many, many were fashioned from bridal robes and other silk gowns that fair and nimble fingers gave and made so gladly and yet so sadly. Hundreds of these flags are preserved in the departments of the national government in Washington, Annapolis, West Point, and in Southern museums; and a large number are in private hands throughout the South. Sacred and beautiful emblems, they speak to us with mute eloquence of the heart-stirring scenes of the past.

Shortly after the organization of the Confederate government, advertisements appeared in newspapers asking for flag designs to be submitted in order that a standard design might be selected for the Confederate States of America. One writer says: "Samples came in from all parts of the country, through the mails, on horseback, and on foot, and were of every conceivable shape and variety. From the number of designs submitted each company might have fought under a different flag. "At last the committee, with William Porcher Miles as chairman, agreed on a selection, and on March 4, 1861, the Confederate Congress formally adopted the first flag of the Confederacy, the one known in history, song, and story as the "Stars and Bars." The honor of designing the beautiful emblem has had two claimants, Maj. Orren Randolph Smith, of North Carolina, and Mr. Nicola Marschall, of Louisville, Ky., a young Prussian artist. However, an article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in 1923, telling of the erection of a beautiful drinking fountain in Louisburg, N. C., by the North Carolina Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy as a memorial to the first Confederate flag, the "Stars and Bars," and to Major Smith, its designer, seems to establish the veracity of his claim. No flag has been the object of more loving devotion than the first Confederate flag, and this emblem is the one adopted by Daughters of the Confederacy as their official one.

A flag must not only be beautiful, but it must have other qualities of a practical nature as well. At the first battle of Manassas, in July, 1861, it was found that at a distance the Confederate Stars and Bars so closely resembled the Federal Stars and Stripes that, after the battle each side thought the other had carried its emblem. The commanding officers saw that some solution must be found, and that shortly, if confusion were to be avoided on the field of battle. As a possible solution, General Beauregard ordered that at the next engagement his men wear a small red badge on the left shoulder, but at the battle of Bull Run, it was seen that a number of the Federal troops wore the same insignia. After several conferences between Generals Beauregard and Joseph E. Johnston, there was evolved the *Confederate Battle Flag*, of which it is said: "It was conceived on the field of battle, lived

on the field of battle, and was proudly borne on the field of battle from Manassas to Appomattox." Apart from its beauty, it had other distinguishing qualities. Its size and shape made it easy of carriage and prevented its being torn by soldiers' bayonets. (The battle flags were square, infantry 4x4, artillery 3x3, cavalry 2½x2½.) It was easily seen at a great distance. To quote General Beauregard: "Through the trees it fluttered in the sunlight like a red-bird." The flag was first called the "Battle Flag of the Army of the Potomac." It was eventually adopted by all troops except Cleburne's Division. To-day it is the official flag of the United Confederate Veterans.

Following the adoption of the Southern Cross as a battle flag, the need of a new national standard to take the place of the Stars and Bars was discussed from time to time in the Confederate Congress and by Southern publications, but two years elapsed before the change was effected. In April, 1863, while the matter was under discussion in Congress, the editor of the *Savannah News* suggested a white flag with the battle flag as its union. His article was reprinted in the Richmond newspapers, and this suggestion coinciding so nearly with the design under consideration for adoption was accepted, and the second Confederate flag was formally adopted May 1, 1863. Many favorable comments were heard as the new flag was flung to the breeze from ship and fort. It was called the "Stainless Banner." It was also called the "Jackson Flag," because the one sent to President Davis to be unfurled over the Capitol served a holier, tenderer purpose, that of enfolding the body of that brave soldier of the Confederacy, Stonewall Jackson, who had just died. It is said that the superstitious viewed this use of the newly selected flag with dismay and regarded it as ominous.

"The Stainless Banner" was the only flag to sail every sea and circumnavigate the globe. At the peak of the Shenandoah it proudly floated and was hauled down in Liverpool six months after the war ended.

Although this flag was greatly beloved, objections to it were voiced. Due to the great preponderance of white in the design, when hanging dead against the staff, it looked like a flag of truce; also, at a distance it greatly resembled the white English ensign; and, again, the large proportion of white in it made it very impractical for army and navy use. All these reasons led in time to the adoption of the third Confederate flag, which was an exact reproduction of the first save a broad red bar extended the width of the flag. This third flag was adopted on March 4, 1865. Thus, in all, there were four flags of the Confederacy—three authorized by Congress, the fourth, the battle flag, born out of the exigencies of the struggle.

Here endeth the mere historical account of "the flags of the Confederacy," but circled around each there is a halo of glorious service, undimmed and imperishable. In golden memory's timeless vaults they will live forever and forever. Love and loyalty have so enshrined them that many touching incidents have come down to us, and we love to tell them over and over.

From the Samoan Islands comes the story of the native who, on a feast day, displayed on his boat a silk Confederate flag. Upon being pressed as to how he had come by it, he reluctantly told of a white man, greatly beloved by the natives, who had spent his last years in their midst. His most cherished possession was a beautiful flag, and when he came to die, he said: "See that flag. It was the flag of my nation, a great people. It went down in defeat, but rather than surrender it, I left country, home, kinsmen, and friends and came here with it. Take it; it is yours, but never let a



white man touch it." This ex-Confederate soldier proved to be Henry Clay Renfrew, of Kentucky, who lived in voluntary exile thirty-three years rather than surrender the beloved flag.

There are many interesting stories connected with the return of battle flags to the States, regiments, and companies from which they were captured. I shall tell only one and that one because it has such a deep interest for us. When, in 1900, Gov. Joseph F. Johnson, of Alabama, and many other distinguished Southern men were in New Hampshire at the ceremony of placing tablets on the warships Kearsage and Alabama, to commemorate the battle between the two warships of the sixties, Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, presented to the governor of Alabama two flags, with these words: "Governor Johnson, I hold in my hand two pieces of bunting, worn and faded, torn and stained by storm and battle, but once they were borne at the head of regiments of brave men; once two thousand stalwart youths followed wherever their bright folds gleamed. We do not know the names of the regiments from which they came, we do not know the names of the men who bore them. All we know is that they waved in front of Battery No. 5 at Petersburg, all during that hot and terrible siege, and were captured by the men of the 13th New Hampshire." Does it not thrill us to know that after the flags were brought South by Governor Johnson, and inquiries instituted, it was discovered that one of the flags had belonged to the gallant 63d Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, with Col. Frank Moses, of Knoxville, as ensign? The flag was brought to Knoxville and presented to the Fred Ault Camp, U. C. V. This camp, as you know, bears the name of a heroic young soldier of the regiment, and of our city, who was killed at the time the flag was captured and whose body was never recovered.

From Montgomery, Ala., comes the story with which I close. It is related by Mrs. Watt in the history of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery. It happened just a few weeks after the surrender, and Montgomery was still a United States garrison, with camps of Yankee soldiers seen in every part of the city. Mrs. Watt, then just a child, was full of youthful ardor for Memorial Day for the graves of the Confederate dead. Her home was surrounded with great, fragrant masses of spring flowers, that seemed to be blooming with unusual beauty and splendor. From the glowing whole, she selected a profusion of red, red roses, creamy white roses, starlike spirea, the blue of violets. With these she fashioned a Confederate flag, with bars of red and white roses, field of blue violets, and stars of white spirea. It was, with its staff of green, a perfect representation in spring's sweet flowers of our furled banner. Without a thought of imprudence or disloyalty, she placed it on the grassy mound, a thing of beauty. But up dashed Yankee soldiers with threatening looks—and soon her little flag was whisked away by older friends of the family, who counselled caution, fearing an accusation of treason.

O, how changed to-day, when on any and all occasions the beloved banners of the Confederacy may show their gleaming, hallowed folds, and only veneration, love, and respect come from friend and foe alike.

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"The bugle's wild and warlike blast  
 Shall muster them no more;  
 An army now might thunder past  
 And they not heed its roar.  
 The Stars and Cross 'neath which they fought  
 On many a bloody day,  
 From their green graves shall rouse them not,  
 For they have passed away."

### THE FIGHTING AT SPRING HILL, TENN.

BY CAPT. JOHN K. SHELLENBERGER, SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO INFANTRY, U. S. A.

(Continued from March number.)

A regiment of the 23rd Corps, the provost guard at Schofield's headquarters, which came to Spring Hill with the headquarters train and was posted in support of the battery at the village, has persistently claimed that the salvation of our army was due to the heroic stand it made after all of Wagner's men had run away. In a historical sketch of the regiment in "Ohio in the War," occurs this statement: "At Spring Hill, the regiment had another opportunity to show its pluck. A division that had been sent forward in charge of the trains was drawn up to resist any attack the rebels might make, while the regiment, being with the headquarters train, was ordered to support a battery so placed as to sweep an open field in front of the troops. The enemy, emerging from the woods, marched steadily up to the National lines, when the entire division broke and ran."

That is pretty strong language in view of the battle record of Wagner's Division. Of the four brigades among all the brigades serving in all the Western armies given prominent mention by Colonel Fox in his book on "Regimental Losses," as famous fighting brigades, two, Opdycke's and Bradley's, belonged to Wagner's Division, to say nothing of the fact that the brigades of Opdycke and Lane were on the other side of Spring Hill, out of sight of Cleburne's attack. But it is seriously so stated: "The entire division broke and ran, leaving the regiment and the battery to resist the attack. Fixing bayonets, the men awaited the onset. As soon as the enemy came within range, they poured a well-directed fire into their ranks, which, being seconded by the battery, caused them to waver. Portions of the retreating division having rallied, the rebels were compelled to betake themselves to the woods."

In a paper on this campaign prepared by Capt. Levi T. Schofield, and read at the October, 1884, meeting of the Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion, he related how the officers of his regiment tried to stop the flying troops, and taunted their officers with the bad example they were setting their men; how the regiment opened a rapid, withering fire from a little parapet of cartridges which the officers, breaking open boxes of ammunition, had built in front of the men, and how this fire proved so destructive at that close range that it stopped Cheatham's men, who then fell back and commenced building breastworks. In calling them Cheatham's men, did the captain mean to insinuate that Cheatham's whole corps was charging on the regiment? He uses the words, "withering," "destructive," and "that close range," in a way to raise the inference that the contact was very close. The actual distance was shrapnel shell range, for the battery stopped Cleburne with those missiles before he had crossed the little stream, more than one thousand yards away. Instead of a cool regiment of exceptional staying qualities delivering a destructive fire at close range, as pictured by the captain, the truth discloses an excited regiment, if it ever opened fire at all, wasting ammunition at too long range to do any damage.

That this was the truth is proved by the significant fact, not deemed worthy of mention in either of the accounts quoted, that the regiment did not lose a single man, killed or wounded—not one—and it was not protected by breastworks. None are mentioned in any of the official reports, and the chief clerk in the office of the Adjutant General of Ohio is my authority that none are mentioned on the rolls of the regiment.



Many years after his paper was read, Captain Scofield issued it in a small bound volume, profusely illustrated with pictures and portraits, and containing a map of Spring Hill claiming to be drawn to scale. It lays down roads and streams that are not there, and in defiance of the official reports it locates Wagner's Division in a double line of battle immediately south of Spring Hill, in front of the position occupied by his regiment. Manifestly this was done to uphold his claim that his regiment had repulsed the attack of the enemy after all of Wagner's men had run away. To him attaches the double infamy of deliberately inventing malicious false statements concerning the conduct of the troops that actually sustained the hard brunt of the campaign, and of forging a map to uphold his claims. He describes the regiment as what was left of it after the way it had been cut up in the Atlanta campaign, with the same artful vagueness used in the matter of the range, seeking to raise the inference that the battle losses of the regiment had been extraordinary. Again, to be specific, in its three-years term of service the regiment lost two officers and thirty-seven men, killed, or died of wounds; less than one-third the average loss of the six regiments composing Bradley's Brigade, and it stands one hundred and ninth among the infantry regiments of its State in the number of its battle losses—at the bottom of the list of three-year regiments, except six that spent most of their time in garrison duty. It would appear that the 103rd Ohio had become pretty well imbued with the spirit characteristic of the headquarters with which it was associated, to claim credit in an inverse ratio to services rendered.

When Cleburne changed direction, his left swung in so close to the pike that the guns and the 36th Illinois were driven away, and Cleburne could then have extended his left across the pike without meeting with any further resistance. Lowrey and Govan made the change in line of battle, while Granbury faced to the right and followed their movement in column of fours. Afterwards, Granbury about faced and, moving back a short distance in column, then fronted into line and advanced to a farm fence paralleling the pike at a distance of from eighty to one hundred yards, as variously stated by different men of the brigade. His line there halted and laid down behind the fence. Cleburne and Granbury were both killed the next day, at Franklin, and it is not known why Granbury did not go on and take possession of the pike. The brigades of Lowrey and Govan had become so badly mixed up in the pursuit of Bradley and in the recoil from the fire of the battery, that their line had to be reformed. When this was accomplished, Cleburne was about to resume his attack toward Spring Hill when he was stopped by an order from Cheatham, who had brought up Brown's Division on Cleburne's right and had sent an order to Bate to close up and connect with Cleburne's left. This proves that developments, probably the fire of so many guns opening on Cleburne, had convinced Cheatham that the force holding Spring Hill was so strong as to demand the attention of his entire corps. His intention was for Brown to lead in an attack, Cleburne to follow Brown, and Bate, when he came up, to follow Cleburne. But when Brown got into position on the ridge from which Bradley had been driven, where he could see into Spring Hill, he reported to Cheatham that he was outflanked on his right and that it would lead to inevitable disaster for him to attack. The 97th Ohio, of Lane's Brigade, was to the left of the battery in front of Spring Hill, with the left of the 97th extending toward the Mount Carmel Road. The 100th Illinois was on the other side of the road, in advance of the 97th Ohio, and they were connected by a part of

the 40th Indiana, deployed as skirmishers. That was the force that paralyzed the action of Brown's veteran division. Cheatham then ordered Brown to refuse his right brigade, to protect his flank, and to attack with the rest of his division. Brown, still hesitating, Cheatham then concluded that the force holding Spring Hill was too strong for his corps alone to attack, for he reported to Hood that the line in his front was too long for him, and that Stewart's Corps must first come up and form on his right. But before Stewart could get up night had come.

It is noticeable that Brown's only excuse for not attacking was that he was outflanked on his right, for the claim has been made that Hood arrived in front of Spring Hill too late in the day to accomplish anything. Schofield himself has claimed that his action was based on a cool calculation, made from his intimate knowledge of Hood's character, gained while they were classmates at West Point. He knew that Hood was deficient in mathematics as a cadet and could make no accurate calculation as to the time required to overcome difficulties; that marching by a muddy country road, he would arrive in front of Spring Hill tired, sleepy, and so much later than he had calculated, that he would defer any action until next day. Between "shortly after daylight," when he had started from Duck River, and 3 o'clock, when he had crossed Rutherford's Creek, Hood had ridden about ten miles, too short a distance to tire him out, and too early in the day to become sleepy. He then sent forward Cheatham's Corps with plenty of time before night came for this corps to have made a secure lodgment on the pike or to have run over Wagner's Division, the way it was strung out, if Cleburne's attack had been promptly followed up with anything like the vigor with which he had jumped on Bradley's Brigade. Hood's arrival in front of Spring Hill that afternoon was clearly a contingency unlooked for by Schofield, for it caught our army in a situation to leave no reasonable hope of escape without dire disaster, and Schofield himself, as will appear, was thoroughly frightened by the situation. That his after claim for the saving merit of his cool calculation was fully accepted by the administration is proved by the big promotion he was given, when, in fact, his bad miscalculation was responsible for getting the army into a trap, escape from which was due to the almost incredible blunders made by the enemy. Of the miracle of that escape much remains to be told.

When Wagner was coming to Spring Hill, the 26th Ohio was detached from the column to guard a country road entering the pike more than a mile southwest of the village. Captain Kelly, of the 26th, informed me that the regiment was driven back that evening by a battle line so long as to extend beyond both flanks. That was Bate's Division. After driving back the 26th, there was nothing to prevent Bate from sweeping down the pike toward Columbia. If he had obeyed that order, he would have met Ruger's Division when it was coming to Spring Hill, and then the cat would have been out of the bag. Bate declined to obey Cheatham's first recall order, because it conflicted with the order direct from Hood, under which he was acting, and Cheatham's order had to be repeated. I tried, without success, to get an explanation from Bate. Evidently he did not want to have his action investigated. It is my belief, putting this and that together, that Cheatham's first recall order reached Bate just as he was driving back the 26th Ohio, and he halted where he then was, about two hundred yards east of the pike, to await an explanation. Whatever the cause, he wasted about two hours of precious time in doing nothing, for he not only disobeyed the order to sweep down the pike, but he made no lodgment on the pike except with some skirmishers. Captain



Kelly informed me that he saw the skirmishers come up to the pike fence.

About half past six o'clock, after dark, Ruger's Division came along. First, leaving orders for the other divisions to follow that night, about half past four o'clock, Schofield started with Ruger's Division to reënforce Stanley. Ruger had a skirmish in driving Bate's skirmishers off the pike, but as his main body was still east of the pike, where he had encountered the 26th Ohio, instead of astride the pike, where, by Hood's orders, it should have been, Ruger had no further difficulty in passing Bate. Granbury's Brigade was still lying behind the fence close to the pike and, after passing Bate, Ruger had to run the gauntlet of Granbury's line. Granbury had been notified that Bate was to come up from the left, and, hearing Ruger marching along the pike in the darkness, he mistook him for Bate. Thus, Schofield, with Ruger, rode along directly under the muzzles of the muskets of Granbury's line in blissful ignorance of the danger he was passing. Captain English, Granbury's adjutant, advanced toward the pike to investigate and was captured by the flankers covering the march of Ruger's column. Elias Bartlett, of the 36th Illinois, was on picket on the pike at the bridge across the little stream a half mile south of Spring Hill. He informed me that when Schofield came up to his post, he began eagerly to question him, saying that he had feared everything at Spring Hill had been captured; that while they were talking, a Confederate, near enough to hear the sound of their voices, fired on them, and Schofield then rode on.

In this connection occurs another of the many false statements made by Schofield in his book. He there states that he arrived at Spring Hill "about dark." If that were true, then shortly before dark, with Ruger's Division, he must have passed Bate's Division and Granbury's Brigade, facing the pike within easy musketry range. If it had been light enough to see, they would have opened fire on Ruger's Division, and that would have made a big difference in the outcome. Stanley's report explicitly states that Schofield arrived at 7 o'clock. As the days were then almost the shortest of the year, it was more than an hour after dark when he arrived.

Soon after Ruger had passed, Cheatham's second recall order reached Bate. He then moved up through the fields on his right, Granbury fell back from the fence, and Cleburne and Bate connected and adjusted a new line with Bate's left brigade refused to face the pike. All the rest of their line ran across the country away from the pike. Bate had utterly failed to grasp the significance of Ruger's march, claiming that his flank was in danger. His representations to that effect were so urgent that Johnson's Division was brought up and posted on Bate's left, Johnson's line and the line of Bate's refused brigade paralleling the pike at a distance of not more than one hundred and fifty yards. Many contradictory statements have been made relative to the distance of this part of the Confederate line from the pike. The owner of the land pointed out to me a little plantation graveyard as being just inside the Confederate line that night. He said that the position of their line was marked the next morning after they had gone by the rail barricades they had built, and by the remains of their bivouac fires. He very positively asserted that no part of their line facing the pike was distant more than one hundred and fifty yards from the pike. All the intervening space was cleared land. When the divisions of Cox, Wood, and Kimball came up from Duck River later in the night they marched along unmolested within that easy range of the Confederate line, and could see plainly the men around the bivouac fires. A staff officer was

stationed on the pike, beyond Johnson's left, where the fires first came into view, to caution the troops, as they came up, to march by the fires as quietly as possible. Captain Bestow, of General Wood's staff, has related that when the officer told Wood the long line of fires he could see paralleling the pike so closely on their right was the bivouac fires of the enemy, the veteran Wood was so astounded that he exclaimed: "In God's name, no!" When they came abreast of the fires, one of the orderlies, believing it impossible they could be the enemy, started to ride over to one of the fires to light his pipe. He had gone only a short distance when he was fired on and came galloping back. A colonel of Johnson's Division has stated that he held his regiment in line, momentarily expecting an order to open fire, until his men, one after another overcome by fatigue, had all dropped to the ground to go to sleep. Some of Johnson's men, on their own responsibility, went out on the pike, between the passage of the different divisions, to capture stragglers to get the contents of their haversacks. They were the men who made it unsafe, as reported by General Stanley, for a staff officer or an orderly to ride along the pike when a column of troops was not passing. General Hood had gone to bed when he was told that troops were marching along the pike. Without getting out of bed, he directed Colonel Mason, his chief of staff, to send an order to Cheatham to advance on the pike and attack. But Mason admitted the next day, as stated by Governor Harris, of Tennessee, who was serving as a volunteer aid on Hood's staff, that he never sent the order.

There is a bit of Stanley's report that gives a clear glimpse of the situation as Schofield and Stanley believed it to be after they had met that night:

"General Schofield arrived from Columbia at 7 o'clock in the evening with Ruger's Division. He found the enemy on the pike (Bate's skirmishers), and had quite a skirmish in driving them off. My pickets had reported seeing columns of the enemy passing to the eastward of our position, as if to get possession of the hills at Thompson's Station, and the anxious question arose whether we could force our way through to Franklin. It was determined to attempt this, and General Schofield pushed on with Ruger's division to ascertain the condition of affairs."

Another vivid glimpse is afforded by the statement of O. J. Hack, a conductor on the railway, who was also interested in a store at Columbia. He came down the road that day as a passenger on the last train southbound, having in charge some goods for the store. The last train northbound was met at the Spring Hill station, and from the trainmen it was learned that the army was retreating. The two trains stood at the station that afternoon. About 7 o'clock, being anxious to save his goods, Hack went over to Spring Hill in quest of a guard to run the trains back to Franklin. On inquiring for headquarters, he was directed to a brick house where, in a large room, he found Schofield and Stanley. Schofield, recently arrived from Duck River, had just been getting Stanley's account of the situation. Hack said that Schofield was in a state of great agitation, "walking the floor and wringing his hands." When Hack had told what he wanted, Schofield replied that the enemy had possession of the road north of Spring Hill and the trains could not move. The report of Stanley and the statement of Hack concur in showing it was Schofield's belief, at that time, that the enemy had possession of the Franklin Pike; that the army was caught in a trap; that the only way out was the desperate expedient of forcing a passage with a night attack, and, failing in that, he must fight a battle next day under so many disadvantages that ruinous defeat, with the possible loss of the army, was



staring him in the face. It would be interesting to know what Schofield then thought of his intimate knowledge of Hood's character, and of his cool calculation based thereon, for which he afterwards so unblushingly claimed so much credit.

The two trains stood at the station until daylight began to dawn the next morning, when a detail of men came and commenced building fires to burn the cars. The detail was driven away by the advance of the enemy, and the fires were extinguished before much damage was done. The two trains thus captured afforded the transportation alluded to in a letter to Richmond, written by General Hood while in front of Nashville, wherein he stated that he had captured enough transportation to make use of the railroad in bringing up supplies. But Schofield ignored the loss of the two trains. In his official report, he explicitly stated that, with the exception of a few wagons and of a few cattle that were stamped, he had arrived at Franklin without any loss.

From the location of his headquarters, General Hood could see nothing of what was going on at Spring Hill, and for information had to rely on the reports made by his subordinates who were in contact with our troops. The character of those reports is unmistakably indicated by the second move that Hood made. His first move, as has been shown, was based on the correct theory that a part of Schofield's army was at Spring Hill, and a part at Duck River. It contemplated thrusting in Cheatham's Corps between those two parts. His second move, made after the fighting was all over, and after he had received the reports of that fighting, was based on the theory that all of Schofield's army had reached Spring Hill, for, abandoning all purpose of cutting off any part south of Spring Hill, it contemplated seizing the pike north of Spring Hill and cutting off the retreat to Franklin. Between sunset and dark, as stated by General Stewart, he received orders to cross Rutherford's Creek with his corps, to pass to the right of Cheatham's Corps, and to extend his right across the Franklin Pike. After about five hours of lazy effort, Stewart finally went into bivouac with his right a mile away from the Franklin Pike. His excuses for his failure were the fatigue of his men and the darkness of the night.

To execute Hood's orders involved a march of about four miles—three miles by the Rally Hill Road to the point where it turns west, thence across the country to the Franklin Pike. That no great difficulties were involved in the march is proved by the fact that Johnson's Division made a similar march in two hours, after night, to get into position on Bate's left.

The night was as dark, the men were as tired, the distance was as great, and the way was as difficult for Johnson as for Stewart. Moreover, Stewart had the advantage of crossing Rutherford's Creek, the greatest obstacle en route for either of them, by daylight. When Stanley's pickets reported columns of the enemy moving to the eastward, what they saw must have been the march of Stewart's Corps. It was not possible for any of our pickets to see anything of this march until it had come out from the cover of the ridge from which Bradley's Brigade had been driven. This proves that Stewart had crossed Rutherford's Creek and already had marched more than half the distance to the Franklin Pike while it was still light enough for the pickets to see. When the advance had reached the turn in the road, where it was necessary to begin the march across the country, for some unexplained reason, the column was halted, and remained halted until it finally went into bivouac where it was then standing, along the Rally Hill Road. While it was halted, Stewart wasted precious time in going back to Forrest's headquarters, which he states was near by, but actually was fully two miles to the rear. Anyone who will read Stewart's own statement, printed

in the official reports, with the aid of a map of the battle field, can reach no other conclusion than that Stewart made a very lukewarm effort to accomplish Hood's orders; that it was an easy possibility for him, if that unnecessary halt had not been made, to have planted his corps astride the Franklin Pike before seven o'clock. Then, when Schofield started north with Ruger's Division, at nine o'clock, he would have found the way effectually barred.

When Schofield "pushed on with Ruger's Division to ascertain the condition of affairs," on his arrival at Thompson's Station, three miles north of Spring Hill, he found camp fires still burning, but the brigade of cavalry that had been in position there withdrew without offering any resistance. After posting Ruger there to hold the crossroads, Schofield returned to Spring Hill, where he arrived at midnight, at the same time as the advance of Cox's Division. With this division he then hurried through to Franklin, picking up Ruger as he passed along, and thus saddling Stanley with all the risk of saving the artillery and the trains. If they had been lost, Stanley would have been the scapegoat, but with the same skill with which that afternoon he had bluffed off ten-twelfths of Hood's army with a single division, Stanley that night saved the artillery and the trains. At three o'clock in the morning, when only a part of the trains had pulled out, the long column on the pike was brought to a standstill by an attack some place in front. The situation was so critical that General Wood, who was then with Stanley, believing that it would be impossible to save both troops and trains, advised that the trains be abandoned. But Stanley persevered until the attack was beaten off and the column again in motion. The two trains of cars had to be abandoned on account of a bridge that had been destroyed north of the station, and nearly forty wagons were destroyed by the attacks made by Forrest on the wagon train between Thompson's Station and Franklin. Everything else was saved.

Stanley, by the way, was one of the many good soldiers who were overslaughed by the big promotion given Schofield. Stanley outranked Schofield as a captain in the regular army, and as a major general of volunteers. By assignment of the President, secured by his extraordinary ability in the arts of diplomacy instead of by fighting ability, Schofield was a department commander, while Stanley was a corps commander. It thus happened that Stanley was serving under his junior in rank. At the time of his assignment as a department commander, in February, 1864, Schofield had never commanded troops in battle. His only previous battle experience had been as an officer on the staff of General Lyon in the battle of Wilson's Creek, August 10, 1861.

(Continued in May.)

FROM FIRST TO LAST.—J. L. Sherrard, of Crozet, Va., writes, in renewing subscription: "I am now in my eighty-five year. I went into the war in May, 1861, as second lieutenant in Company I, 4th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, a company of students in Washington College, Lexington, Va. (now Washington and Lee University). Out of forty-two men, there were seven killed and five wounded at First Manassas; what was left of the company surrendered at Appomattox. I left the company the second year, and was afterwards in the 11th Virginia Cavalry under Ashby, and later under General Rosser. My last service was in McNeill's raid into Cumberland, Md., when Generals Crook and Kelly were taken out of their beds and carried off. On the return, I was captured and taken back, and sent to Camp Chase prison, from which I was discharged June 12, 1865,





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

### TAPS.

BY ALBERT SPEIDEN, MANASSAS, VA.

"Bring my saber and the old gray suit  
And lay them by my bed,  
I must be ready when the bugle calls,"  
The old Confederate said.

"I see the boys are marching  
Along the dusty road;  
Saddle my horse, the old gray one,  
And my old carbine load."

"Hear the charge! let me go!"  
As he raised up from his bed,  
"Ah, I was wrong, 'twas not a charge,  
But it was taps instead."

Yes, 'twas taps the old man heard,  
And his eyelids closed on all;  
With a smile upon his lips,  
He responded to the call.

CAPT. CALVIN E. MYERS.

The last of the original volunteers in the Mexican War who gave Tennessee its name of "The Volunteer State" passed with the death of Capt. Calvin E. Myers at his home in Livingston, Tenn., on January 12, at the age of ninety-eight years. The venerable captain, who helped to avenge the Alamo with the forces of the United States and later fought as valiantly with the army of the Confederacy, was, at the time of his death, the only Tennessean drawing both a Federal and a State pension for military service. Age and its infirmities he had withstood remarkably until a stroke of paralysis started the collapse and he shortly expired. He died in the house where he had lived for a half century.

Captain Myers was born at Blount, Jackson County, Tenn., on the Cumberland River, later removing to Overton County, near Livingston, in 1859. Ten years before this he had married Miss Elizabeth Young, of Jackson County, and thirteen children blessed their union, of whom three sons and four daughters survive him.

His war experiences were a favorite topic of conversation for Captain Myers, but he was well abreast of present-day occurrences by reading the newspapers. In the Mexican War he served under General Scott from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, and fought en route at Molino del Rey and St. Augustine. He was eighteen years old when he returned home on August 7, 1848. When the War between the States came on, Captain Myers raised the first company in Overton County, which was known as the Overton Guards, and of which only one member, Mike Speck, Sr., is now alive. He was in twelve battles, and surrendered with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina.

Returning home to find everything gone, Captain Myers went to work in the oil fields to support his family, and later went into the contracting business. He was a Democrat, and had voted in every Presidential election since he was twenty-one.

It was estimated that fifteen hundred people from Overton, Clay, Jackson, Putnam, and Cumberland counties attended the funeral, filling the home and covering the lawn while the services were being conducted inside. At the conclusion, members of the American Legion bore the body to the adjacent cemetery, where the services were concluded by the Masons.

MAJ. T. H. BOMAR.

Maj. Thomas Hayne Bomar, of Pecos, Tex., one of the revered heroes of the Confederate army, died on March 11, 1927, after a long period of suffering. He had passed his eighty-fourth year and had already given his possessions to the poor and needy. The burial was at El Paso, Tex.

Major Bomar was born at Macon, Ga., on November 4, 1842, and was educated in the Georgia Military Academy at Marietta. He was from one of the most distinguished families of Georgia; his father, D. Benjamin F. Bomar, founder of the first Masonic Lodge of Atlanta, Paymaster in the army of Northern Virginia in 1861, ranking as captain; was assigned to the 28th (Ga.) Regiment, and later was made Paymaster at Atlanta, and then at Columbus, Ga.

With the declaration of war in 1861, Thomas Bomar enlisted, and received the captaincy of a battery of light artillery, then only nineteen years of age. At the siege of Charleston, he had charge of a battery on Sullivan's Island, and commanded what was at that time the heaviest siege gun in the world. In May, 1864, he was transferred to the infantry service in the Army of Northern Virginia, under command of Gen. John B. Gordon. His most extended service in Virginia was in the Shenandoah Valley, where he received his commission as major of the 38th Georgia Infantry. He was captured at the battle of Cedar Creek, where, in command of the rear guard on the extreme left of General Gordon's line, he held the enemy in check until the greater part of the command had passed safely across the Stone Bridge. Major Bomar was imprisoned at Fort Delaware. He and sixteen others refused to take the oath of allegiance and were not given their freedom until August, 1865.

Returning to Georgia, Major Bomar was with the surveyors of the Atlantic and Charlotte Air Line Railway, and a little later entered seriously into the engineering profession. For several years he was civil engineer in North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, chiefly with the railroad companies, which did extensive work in his country. One of his big jobs was on the intricate and costly work through the Blue Ridge Mountains, around Round Knob, and also the noted Cumberland Gap tunnel. Later, he did many tunnel jobs in New Mexico, for the El Paso and Southwestern Railway, this last being his thirteenth tunnel.

The unselfishness and philanthropic spirit of this man were especially worthy of note. Shortly after the war, he interested Hon. Peter Cooper, of New York, in a joint project for the education of the poorer girls of the South, by which many a deserving Southern girl received a liberal education free of all cost, and his name, in conjunction with Mr. Cooper, is still revered and respected in many of the Southern States. Trustworthy and courageous, he was known as one of the bravest and most dependable officers in the Confederate army, and his later life was a great gift to his fellow man.



## JUDGE W. S. HAYMOND.

Judge William Stanley Haymond, distinguished jurist, lawyer of brilliant attainments, greatly beloved resident of Fairmont, W. Va., and member of an early prominent family, passed into the Great Beyond at his home, Shady-side, on the 3rd of March.

Judge Haymond was one of the eleven children of the late Judge Alpheus F. Haymond, a noted jurist and statesman of his time, and Maria Hoggess Haymond, and was born at Fairmont on August 26, 1852. He was a lineal descendant of John Haymond, who came to America from England in 1734 and settled in Maryland, and whose son, Maj. William Haymond, was, as a lad of fifteen years, in the command of General Braddock in the unsuccessful effort against Fort Duquesne.

In November, 1862, a few months after he was ten years old, William Haymond became a messenger boy, or courier, with Imboden's Brigade of Virginia troops, and was at the battle of Gettysburg. Thereafter he was with his command on its raids into Maryland and Pennsylvania, his loyal service to the Confederacy covering a period of eighteen months. In the spring of 1864 he returned to his home. In later years he often related many interesting experiences of his service as a courier in the Confederate army and of the messages he carried to General Lee at Gettysburg.

In April, 1881, he was admitted to the bar in Fairmont, and continued in successful practice until his appointment, in 1890, as judge of the intermediate court of Marion County, the first judge to preside over this newly created court. In 1894, he resumed his private practice and controlled a large and important law business. In 1913, he was elected judge of the circuit court, and continued in this office until January, 1921. Later on, he and his son formed a law partnership, and followed the profession of their ancestors together. He was known as a brilliant orator, and was often called upon to preside at important functions in his city and elsewhere.

Judge Haymond married Miss Agnes B. Cruise, of Tunnelton, W. Va., and soon afterwards made their permanent home in Fairmont. His wife survives him with their nine children.

He was a member of the West Virginia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and had served as its president and on the board of managers. He was also a life member of the Fairmont Lodge of Elks. His greatest happiness was in the home circle, and hospitality was the watchword of that home. Shadyside was known as a social center for young and old.

The William Stanley Haymond Chapter, U. D. C., was named in his honor, as was the William Haymond Chapter, D. A. R., named for his ancestor, Maj. William Haymond.

## JOSEPH BROWN.

Joseph Brown, founder and active president of the Los Angeles Paper Manufacturing Company, and pioneer business man of the city, was fatally injured in an automobile accident in crossing the street on the 18th of February. He was ninety years of age, but still actively engaged in business.

Joseph Brown was born in Cecil County, Md., December 11, 1837, and in 1862 enlisted in Woodruff's Battery and fought throughout the War between the States under the Confederate flag. After the war he settled in Arkansas and engaged in the lumber business. The family removed to Los Angeles in December, 1899, and for many years he had taken a prominent place in the business life of the city.

Comrade Brown was twice married, and is survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters, also a stepdaughter.

## KINCEN LEE HARALSON.

Kinchen Lee Haralson, last surviving member of the famous 44th Regiment, raised by Col. James Kent, of Selma, Ala., died there on January 25, after an illness of many months. He was the son of Col. William Browning and Susan Gordon Haralson, and was born in Lowndes County, Ala., on January 15, 1843. The family removed to Selma in 1859.

While a student at the University of Alabama, which he entered in 1861, K. L. Haralson was sent to Talladega to drill Confederate troops. He returned later to Selma and joined the 44th Regiment, leaving with that famous organization for Virginia in June, 1862. He took part in many famous engagements, among these being Malvern Hill, the second battle of Manassa, Fredericksburg, Sharpsburg, and Suffolk.

He was with Lee at Gettysburg, and was wounded in the second day's fighting. After a furlough in Selma, he returned to the front and was with Lee's army at the surrender at Appomattox.

Comrade Haralson married Miss Margaret Gilcrest, whose death occurred six years ago. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. A. Y. Dowell, of Hyattsville, Md., also a sister and two brothers. He was laid to rest in Live Oak Cemetery, at Selma.

## COMRADES OF ALABAMA

The following members of Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., of Mobile, Ala., have died since July, 1926: Spencer Adams, Company G, 6th Alabama Cavalry; T. V. Alvarez, Company C, 2nd Alabama Artillery; R. W. Atkinson, Company G, 21st Alabama Infantry; F. H. Hanley, Company B, 21st Alabama Infantry; F. C. Stone; W. B. Sykes, Company G, 8th Mississippi; Norman Durant, Company I, Wirt Adams's Cavalry; Samuel B. Brown, Green County Grays, 11th Alabama; J. H. Simmons, Company L, 21st Mississippi; T. W. Brunson, Company B, 13th Alabama, and Company A, 61st Alabama; Henry Brown, Company E, 2nd Battalion, Alabama State Artillery; R. J. Doak; R. A. Savage, Company A, 1st Battalion Alabama Cadets.

[T. E. Spotswood, Adjutant.]

## W. E. THOMAS.

On the morning of February 9, W. E. Thomas, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of Sharon, Tenn., answered a sudden call and put on immortality.

Though in his eighty-second year, he was still deeply interested in the affairs of his country and was awake to everything pertaining to the memory of his beloved Southland.

He volunteered his services for the Confederacy on April 27, 1863, and was enrolled as a private in Company F, 14th Tennessee Cavalry, serving under Gen. Bedford Forrest until the surrender. He participated in many skirmishes and battles and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., April 27, 1865.

Comrade Thomas was married to Miss Ruth Thomas, of Leaksville, N. C., in 1874, and shortly thereafter removed to Weakley County and became one of the pioneer citizens of Sharon. He was very active in the commercial interests of the town until his health failed him five years ago.

His wife died in 1876, and in 1893 he was married to Mrs. Mary Caldwell, of Hickman, Ky., who was a devoted companion to the end. Two daughters also survive him, and four grandchildren, also one brother, Walter Thomas, of Sharon.

Comrade Thomas professed faith in Christ and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of which he was a consistent member until death. After funeral services at the church, he was laid to rest in the Tansil Cemetery near Sharon.



## COL. ROBERT S. HUDGINS, U. C. V.

Col. Robert S. Hudgins, late on the staff of General Freeman, U. C. V., died at the home of his son, Robert S. Hudgins, Jr., in Richmond, on February 28. He was born in Elizabeth City County, May 28, 1842, and at nineteen years of age he entered the service of his country as a member of the Old Dominion Dragoons. In the first year of the war the company was with General Magruder on the Virginia Peninsula and fought its first battle at Big Bethel. It was later, with other Virginia companies, formed into Company B, 3rd Virginia Cavalry, Wickham's Brigade, Fitzhugh Lee's Division, and continued with the cavalry corps until the close of the war at Appomattox.

Robert S. Hudgins served continuously from Bethel to Appomattox, and was commended for bravery several times—once, when he rescued the regimental colors from the enemy in battle, and again when he, with a small picket detail, at a ford on Hazel River, held a regiment of the enemy in check until their ammunition was exhausted. His death leaves only two survivors of his company, Capt. Jesse S. Jones, now ninety-two years old, but still quite active, and Private Keith Sinclair.

Comrade Hudgins was a charter member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 485, U. C. V., and attended the reunions regularly. He was at Tampa, Fla., last year.

Robert S. Hudgins returned to his home in Elizabeth City County after the war, where he engaged in farming at Chesterville, the old home of Chancellor George Wythe, until a few years before he died, when the family removed to Hampton and lived in the town until the death of Mrs. Hudgins. For the last few years, he made his home in Richmond with his son, Robert S. Hudgins, Jr. He is also survived by a stepson, Francis F. Causey, of Miami, Fla. He was a man of the highest integrity and widely popular with the citizens of this community.

## EBENEZER C. ALEXANDER.

When taps sounded the night of March 1, for Ebenezer C. Alexander, at his home near Godwin, Tenn., the second of four brothers who distinguished themselves for valorous service during the War between the States ended a life of usefulness and service. A younger brother, Andrew Jackson Alexander, died a few months ago at his home in Columbia. The two surviving brothers are George Washington Alexander, of Trenton, Tenn., and Thomas Benton Alexander, of Thompson Station.

Ebenezer Alexander, ninety-one years of age, and affectionately known as "Uncle Eben," was remarkable for physical and mental alertness at his great age. Although nearing the century milestone, and having endured innumerable hardships during his experience, he could usually be found in a jubilant frame of mind and could "dance a jig" with more vigor than men many years his junior. He was a staunch Democrat, a man of strong convictions. He was the oldest of four brothers who had promptly enlisted in the Maury Artillery at the beginning of the war and served continuously throughout the conflict. At the battle of Fort Donelson, he sustained wounds that confined him to a hospital for several months, but was able to return to his comrades and remain until the end of the struggle. Fearless, courageous, and vigorous, his record as a soldier was an inspiration to his comrades. After receiving his honorable discharge, he returned to his home at Godwin and dedicated his energy to the reconstruction campaign, remaining there until his death. He was an interesting figure at the annual

reunion of the four brothers at the home of A. J. Alexander in Columbia, and although oldest of the four, he was one of most active and alert.

In addition to his two brothers, Comrade Alexander is survived by one son, a daughter, six grandchildren, and eight great grandchildren.

## JOHN HENRY MAYS.

John H. Mays, affectionately known as "Uncle John," died at his home in Maysville, Okla., on October 11, 1926, after an invalidism of more than four years.

He was born in Tennessee on the 29th of January, 1845, and moved to Arkansas at an early age. As a boy in his teens, John Mays ran away from home to enlist in the cause of the Confederacy, and became a member of Company D, 12th Arkansas Regiment, and served under Price, Marmaduke and others, leaders of the Trans-Mississippi.

Throughout his life he had been devoted to the cause for which he fought, and was ever actively interested in his comrades of those days of war. His greatest pleasure seemed to be in meeting the "old boys," and talking of or rehearsing the days of the past when they marched under Lee and Jackson. He also enjoyed attending the reunions, and was always delighted when the VETERAN came, and would read it from "cover to cover." He was a member of the Chickasaw Brigade, Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., Jack Hale, commander, and was appointed major and provost marshal of that brigade in September, 1920, but never was able to attend to the duties of this office.

Comrade Mays went to this part of Oklahoma in 1872, and was engaged in the cattle business and farming for a number of years. He was also postmaster for years at "Beef Creek" store, of which he was owner. After statehood and the incoming of the railroad the postoffice was changed to Maysville, as an honor to his family. He was married when nearly fifty-three years of age, to Miss Mary Ella Burnley at Erin Springs, Ind. Ter. He was converted when a boy, but was never affiliated with any Church. Those who knew him best think of him as one who looked up, not down; who looked forward, not backward and who was ever ready to lend a hand. As in war, so through all of his afflictions. He was ever brave and loyal to the truth. He was a loving and devoted husband and friend.

## WILLIAM B. MINOR.

William Boling Minor, Confederate veteran and a retired lieutenant of the Baltimore Police Department, a highly respected citizen of Cecil County, died at his home at Leslie, Md., on February 20, in his eighty-third year.

William Minor was only fifteen years old when the War between the States broke out. He was enthusiastic about the cause of the South and joined the Confederate army as soon as possible, serving with the 57th Virginia regiment. With Pickett's Division, he saw action in several of the big engagements and took part in the famous charge at Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded in the hand. At the evacuation of Gettysburg, he was taken prisoner, and it was while en route to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, with other prisoners, that peace was declared. Following his release, he remained in Baltimore, joined the police department, and served for twenty-five years, retiring with a grade of lieutenant, in which capacity he had served for fifteen years. After resigning from force in 1899, he removed to Leslie, where he had lived a retired life. His wife, who was Miss Anna S. Benjamin, survives him.



## FRANCIS TEMPLE STUART.

Francis Temple Stuart was born in Wilkinson County, Miss., February 26, 1840, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. C. Simmons, in Franklinton, La., on the 29th of January, 1928, having passed into his eighty-eighth year.

He entered the preparatory department of Centenary College at Jackson, La., in 1855, and was there at the opening of the War between the States. He graduated in a class of eight in 1861, and was the last member of his class to survive.

Young Stuart laid aside the cap and gown to wear the Confederate gray, joining Company E in a regiment of Mississippi infantry, and for four long years he fought for his beloved South. On June 3, 1863, he was wounded at Cold Harbor, Va. After a short leave of absence, he returned to the front and there remained until he laid down his arms at Appomattox.

He was married to Miss Mary Eliza McElwee on November 22, 1866, from which union were born six sons and six daughters five of whom survive him. He was a man of sterling worth with a clear, accurate intellect, of great poise and integrity of character.

Comrade Stuart was a member of the Methodist Church all his life. He read the Bible through every year, and also was a daily student of the Scriptures. Like Abraham he set up an altar in his home and gave his boyhood, his youth, his young manhood and his old age to his Master. He served as a steward in the Methodist Church for some fifty years. A good father, a loving husband, "one of God's noblemen."

His wife, to whom he was married for sixty-one years, passed away five days before him, and her name was the last on his lips.

The Stars and Bars covered his casket, the beloved flag of his youth and age.

## O. RICE

From report of the Memorial Committee of Tom Green Camp, No. 72, U. C. V., of Abilene, Tex., the following is taken:

"Aged and worn after nearly ninety years of service, Comrade O. Rice has laid aside the habiliments of mortality and passed into life immortal. His death occurred at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. S. Pierson, in Abilene, Tex., on February 15, and his body was taken back to the old home at The Point, in Rains County, and laid beside the beloved wife in dreamless rest.

"He was born in Tennessee on September 15, 1838, and the family removed to St. Clair County, Mo., before the War between the States. He enlisted in the State Militia under Sterling Price early in 1861, and in December the troops were discharged and reënlisted in the regular Confederate service. Comrade Rice was assigned to the Commissary Department, and there served to the close of the war. He had been highly educated, and after the war he made school teaching his profession. He went to Keytesville, Mo., then to Bentonville, Ark., and about 1874, he located at Donelson, in Hunt County, Tex., where he taught school. After that he located at The Point, in Rains County, and made that his home to the death of his wife some years ago.

"Comrade Rice was an honored and respected citizen wherever known, a sincere and devoted Christian, a member of the Methodist Church from childhood. He was also a member of the Tom Green Camp, No. 72, U. C. V., of Abilene. Patient and cheerful under his afflictions, he will be missed by a wide circle of friends and comrades. His work in behalf of educating the youth of the South will have its impress on the years to come.

[R. A. Miller, Commander; J. J. Robertson, Adjutant.]

## COMRADES OF HENRY COUNTY, TENN.

Two comrades of this county have passed away since the last report:

James Lamb, Company K, 46th Tennessee Regiment, died near State Line, on the 21st of January. He was born November 25, 1837, and thus had passed the ninetieth milestone. He was a splendid soldier and citizen. His wife survives him with their four sons and two daughters.

Albert Mansfield Townsend, a devoted member of our Camp and a lifelong resident of Tennessee, died at the age of eighty-six years. He was born March 10, 1841, in Humphreys County, and moved to Henry County when quite young, and had spent the greater part of his life there. He joined the 14th Tennessee Regiment under Gen. George W. Gordon, was captured at the battle of Fort Donelson, held as a prisoner for seven months, and exchanged at Vicksburg. After that he was in all the engagements of his command, and most faithful to duty as a soldier always. He had been a devoted member of the Primitive Baptist Church since his young manhood. He is survived by three sons, all of Henry County.

[P. P. Pullen, Paris, Tenn.]

## C. C. BOYD.

Comrade C. C. Boyd, one of the leading citizens of Water Valley, Miss., passed away at his home there on January 21. He enlisted in Company G, 11th Mississippi Regiment, at Camp Jones, near the battle field of First Manassas, on August 9, 1861. He was severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, near Richmond, on May 31, 1862, and was absent on account of wounds until the second day of the battle of Gettysburg, when he was wounded and captured. He was exchanged in time to participate in the battles of Bethesda Church, Weldon Railroad (two days), and Dobbs Ferry, October 1, 1864, where he was severely wounded in the left arm, causing permanent disability, and was never with the company any more.

He was a gallant soldier, a true and loving husband and father, a loyal member of the Methodist Church. I knew Comrade Boyd well, being in the same company during the War between the States, and can truly say that a good man, Christian citizen, and gallant soldier has passed into the great beyond. To his family he leaves the legacy of a good name and noble character.

[J. F. Dooley, Ben Duval Camp, Fort Smith, Ark.]

## JAMES TICKELL DOWNS, SR.

After a short illness, James Tickell Downs, Sr., died at his home in Dallas, Tex., on March 5, 1928.

He was born in Wilkinson County, Miss., October 9, 1841, and enlisted in Company D, 21st Mississippi Regiment, in 1861. He was wounded first at the battle of Chancellorsville, and again at the battle of the Wilderness, losing his right leg and being taken prisoner. He was sent to a hospital in Washington, D. C., for eleven months, and then transferred to Point Lookout, and later to Elmira, N. Y., where he remained until the close of the war.

Returning to his native State after the war, he taught school awhile and then entered the University of Mississippi, where he graduated in 1869. In 1870, he removed to Dallas, Tex., where he spent the remainder of his life. He was engaged in the practice of law until recent years, and at one time was a representative in the Texas legislature from Dallas, and later served as county treasurer.

Comrade Downs is survived by his wife, one son, and two grandsons.



## COL. WILLIAM D. MALONE.

The earthly life of Col. William D. Malone, more than ninety-six years, closed on January 29, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Honshell Johnson, at Catlettsburg, Ky. For many years he had been a leading figure in the business life of Carter County, Ky., and was ever one of its best-loved citizens.



WILLIAM D. MALONE

William D. Malone was born in Kanawha County, Va. (now West Virginia), September 18, 1841, son of J. B. and Caroline Ward Malone, both of the finest pioneer families of Old Virginia. In 1870, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Ault, also a native of Kanawha County, and of their children four daughters survive him. The family removed to Ashland, Ky., in the early seventies and he later located at Grayson and was in business there with his father. Some twelve years ago, he and his wife removed to Catlettsburg to be with their children.

Enlisting for the Confederacy at eighteen years of age, at Charleston, Va., young Malone served as a member of the Kanawha Riflemen, and later enlisted with the 22nd Virginia Infantry. He also served with distinction with the Signal Corps, and at the close of war he was acting aide to Gen. John C. Breckinridge. He was heralded for his bravery in action and had refused promotions from the ranks.

Colonel Malone was finely educated, possessed a brilliant mind, and was a delightful conversationalist. He was cultured, courteous, gallant, and gentle, and it was rare good fortune to know him. He was a consecrated Christian, a member of the Methodist Church, South, at Grayson, which he had been instrumental in building, devoted to its interests and a regular attendant on its services. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and an honorary member of Huntington Chapter U. D. C., and the John Milton Elliott Chapter of Catlettsburg, whose meetings he attended often.

Colonel Malone was a devoted husband and father, a man of the highest ideals, and he lived a useful and noble life. After the funeral services, his body was taken back to Grayson and laid beside the beloved wife in the cemetery there.

## ALABAMA COMRADES.

The following members of Camp Garrott, No. 277, U. C. V., of Marion, Ala., have died during the past year:

R. Q. Pryor, aged 84, Company D, 4th Alabama Infantry; J. T. M. Bailey, aged 82, Company K, 37th Georgia Infantry; William Edwards, aged 81, Company D, 62nd Alabama Infantry; James Morris, aged 84, Company K, 8th Alabama Infantry; Joe Hungerford, aged 84, Company C, 5th Texas Cavalry; J. A. Jones, aged 85, Company C, 5th Mississippi Infantry; A. J. Suther, aged 81, Company D, 62nd Alabama Infantry; Thomas Howell, aged 86; Company D, 43 Alabama Infantry; A. J. Evins, aged 81, Company D, 7th Alabama Cavalry.

[J. O. Bailey, *Adjutant.*]

## JOHN W. NOYES.

John W. Noyes, ninety-one-year-old veteran of the Confederacy, died at his home in New Orleans, La., after six months of failing health. He had been treasurer for many years of the Louisiana Division of the Association of the Army of Tennessee, and treasurer of the Confederate Home of Louisiana. During the War between the States he served as a member of Fenner's battery.

Comrade Noyes went to New Orleans from New England when sailing vessels were the only means of making the trip. Two sisters survive him. The following lines were written "in affectionate memory of J. William Noyes (Uncle Will), who passed away February 15, 1928:

Slowly, slowly, sun is sinking,  
Ere the darkness comes in place:  
Slowly tired heart is beating,  
Faint and wearied with the race.  
As it struggles, and it falters,  
Earthly lights are growing dim,  
But lights of heaven glowing brighter,  
Promise rest and peace with Him.  
And a voice that spoke so gently,  
Wafted down from heavenly dome  
Bid the brave but tired spirit  
Leave that worn-out earthly home.  
So, as morning sun rays, gleaming,  
Lighted up the eastern sky,  
He, our gallant, worthy soldier,  
Joined the ranks of those on high.  
For the call that came so softly  
That no other mortal heard,  
Found that spirit pure and humble,  
Ready—waiting for the word.  
His poor body, frail and weakened,  
We have laid beneath the sod  
His loved memory we keep with us,  
And his soul has gone to God.

## MADISON LANIER.

The following is taken from an address on the life of Madison Lanier made by Adjutant H. C. Fallon at a meeting of Tom Green Camp, U. C. V., of Weatherford, Tex., on February 6:

Comrade Madison Lanier, who, on December 11, 1927, answered to the last roll call, was born in the State of Georgia, November 10, 1839. His youthful days and young manhood were spent on the farm, and he had received only the limited education as the common schools afforded at that time. When the War between the States came on, he enlisted as a private in Company B, 39th Georgia Infantry, and his service was in the Western Army. Though this service was in a measure limited to activities within his own State, he was of that class and temper as a soldier which became the mainstay of the army. He took his place in battle line with his comrades and remained with them in victory or defeat, on the march or in camp, enduring with patience and fortitude the ills and sufferings of soldier life.

As a citizen, Comrade Lanier was without reproach; as a neighbor, the golden rule was his guide. He was a devout member of the Missionary Baptist Church, faithful, consistent, and tolerant in his views; as husband and father, he was true and devoted, kind and considerate; as a member of Tom Green Camp, U. C. V., he was truly loyal, taking a quiet interest in all of its affairs, and his presence is sadly missed.



JAMES ORVAL HALL.

James O. Hall was born January 25, 1846, in Catoosa County, Ga., near Ringgold, but in 1855 his parents removed to Walker County. He joined the Confederate army August 23, 1862, and was captured on the 29th of June, 1863, and taken to Rock Island, Ill., where he was held until July 21, 1864. He served with Company E, 3rd Confederate Cavalry, of Wheeler's command.

Returning home to Pond Springs, Ga., in July, 1865, he went to Texas in August and remained for twelve months. He then went back to Georgia, and in September, 1868, was married to Miss Mary E. Davis, whose plantation home was known at that time as Davis Crossroads, but which is now Kinsington, Ga. On the 20th of September the young couple left for the Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory, which is now Oklahoma, and where they finished out their earthly journey. To them were born two sons and two daughters, the daughters only surviving them.

Comrade Hall was taken into the Presbyterian Church in Georgia as a little child. He was nearly sixteen when he joined the Confederate army, but he joined the Methodist Church, South, a year or so before his death, that being the Church of his wife and daughter, Miss Jane Patton Hall, whose home is at Vinita, Okla. He had been a cattle man, farmer, and banker, for many years, having been a stockholder and director in the bank at Vinita and several others over the State. He had large holdings near Baird, Tex., known as the J. H. Ranch. He was the last survivor of the Masonic Lodge at this Vnita. His death occurred on — and there was wide sorrow over the passing of one who was known for his interest in the human family, for his kindly disposition, and other traits which endeared him to a large circle of friends.

JAMES R. BRASELTON.

Death came suddenly to James R. Braselton in the late afternoon of February 1, at Weatherford, Tex. He had worked for many years as county surveyor, and it was amid the surroundings of his daily labors that he passed away. Genial and friendly, he had made friends among all ages and all classes, and the passing of "Uncle Jim" was widely regretted.

James R. Braselton was born in Georgia, December 22, 1847. Though below the military age, when war came on in 1861, he joined the 12th Georgia Cavalry and gave good service as a soldier, during which he was severely wounded in the head, which permanently injured his hearing. The cause of the Confederacy was ever dear to him.

Comrade Braselton went to Texas, and to Parker County, in 1870, and that had since been his home. He was twice married, first to Miss Laura Hackett, in Jackson County, Ga., and to them a daughter and two sons were born. His second wife was Mrs. Rogers, of Pendergrass, Ga., and a daughter was born of this union, with whom he had made his home for some time. His wife and a son preceded him in death. He is also survived by three brothers and two sisters.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.—Mrs. Mary C. Stribling, of Elkins, W. Va., writes: "We lost our oldest veteran on February 28, Dr. James Whann McSherry, on whom we bestowed the Stone Mountain gold medal—'Living Veteran Medal'—December 17, 1927, his ninety-fourth birthday. We miss him, our beloved physician, 'Dr. Jim.'"

T. P. FITZ.

At the age of eighty-six years, T. P. Fitz died at his home in Des Arc, Mo., on January 6 and his beloved companion of many years followed him just five days later. They were both highly respected citizens of Iron County, Mo., and were very happy together in their late years, often reviewing together the days of the sixties.

Comrade Fitz went to Missouri from Richmond, Va., in 1867, with fourteen other ex-Confederates who had served under Lee and Jackson. He had served with Company I, Pickett's Division, and was in the famous charge at Gettysburg. He was a member of the Baptist Church at Des Arc for thirty years, and served as deacon for twenty years.

Under the flag which he had loved and served so faithfully, and wearing on his breast the Cross of Honor bestowed by the Daughters of the Confederacy, he was laid to rest. Three sons and six daughters survive him.

## "HEART STILL IN DIXIE."

Comrade Stephens, of Center, Ala., has been hearing widely from his article in the VETERAN for March, and also receiving visits from some who read it. Incidentally, he has been interesting these visitors in the VETERAN, and has sent in several subscriptions. The following is a letter he received from Mrs. Mary McDonald Wilson, of Newark, Dela., who thought he might have served with her father. She writes:

"In reading your article on war experiences in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I was reminded of my father's talks to me of his war experiences as a Confederate soldier. My memory is not clear as to just what battles he was in, but as he was with Company K, 1st Confederate Cavalry Regiment, Wheeler's Cavalry command, Army of Tennessee, and I just wondered if you and he had ever been together in the fights you wrote of. I know he was in those engagements around Chattanooga and Knoxville. He was sergeant of his company, and was often sent on scout duties by his captain. Your experiences reminded me of my father's, and the names of the fights he took part in were familiar to me. His company was in North Carolina at the time of the surrender. His name was George Lafayette McDonald, of McDonald's Gap, Tenn. (I think he was often called Fayette McDonald, or 'Fate' as they pronounced it). He had two brothers in the service, W. Press McDonald and Houston McDonald, who was killed in some of those engagements. My father has been dead twenty-two years. I am a U. D. C. member, and take a great interest in everything concerning the South and our Southern cause. I have often wished to know of his old comrades who knew him. I remember he had a negro servant named Dan, who went with him until he was captured. I enjoyed reading your article so much. I am living north of the Mason and Dixon Line, have been for twelve years, but my heart is still in Dixie."

NOT INCLINED TO CELEBRATE.—Responding to a telegram from *Collier's Weekly* as to what preparations had been made at the capital of Mississippi to celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, the *Jackson News* sent this: "None whatever. Neither have we arranged to celebrate the burning of Jackson, the fall of Vicksburg, or the surrender at Appomattox. Please advise us what plans are being made in New York City for the next celebration of the anniversary of Jefferson Davis."—Sent by Capt. James Dinkins, New Orleans.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*  
Chatham, Va.

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MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . *Second Vice President General*  
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MISS MARY L. G. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn. . . . . *Corresponding Secretary General*

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Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. . . . . *Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. . . . . *Registrar General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. . . . . *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. . . . . *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Our Past President General, Mrs. Lawton, once compared the organization U. D. C. with its numerous Chapters, to a mighty tree and its many branches. There could be no more appropriate comparison; as a small plant is carefully tended, our association in the early days was nurtured and watched, and sometimes, we fear, watered with the tears of those women to whom we owe our existence.

As the years have passed, the "tree" has grown strong and vigorous, with wide-spreading branches reaching to thirty-eight States of the Union, and with one exceedingly long branch touching with its tip the fair land of France.

Fruit is borne in abundance, in goodly deeds of benevolence, caring for the widow as well as educating the fatherless, and in many other accomplishments of the organization in the thirty-four years of its growth. If this were all, far-reaching, varied, and praiseworthy as are the results of the activities in benevolence and education—if this were all, this association would be nothing more than an educational foundation or a benevolent organization.

But that which gives life and strength and vitality to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, that which permeates every Chapter, which is as the sap to the tree, is the eternal righteousness of the principles upon which the organization is founded, those principles which actuated the colonists at Jamestown, as they praised God on that May morning in 1607, that inspired Thomas Jefferson as he wrote the Declaration of Independence, the principles for which our Fathers fought and which we claim to be self-evident.

Whatever demands made upon the Chapters, whatever business it becomes necessary to consider in Chapter meetings, we earnestly beg that the historical program may never be omitted; in addition to the program printed in the VETERAN the Historian General has furnished each Chapter President with a copy of the program for this year.

Among the many publications of the year, "The Pageant of America" will probably occupy a prominent place. At our request, Dr. Matthew Page Andrews, who continues his interest in the historical department of the organization, writes as follows: "The Pageant of America is a most ambitious, successful, and comprehensive effort to incorporate in a set of fifteen volumes a veritable picture gallery of American achievement, not merely in the political or governmental field, but in every line of endeavor—social, sectional, State, Federal, biographical, artistic, documentary, industrial, and all others. Adequate and illuminating narrative and descriptive matter accompanies each picture to make a connected story from

the visit of the vikings to the present day. Eight volumes have appeared, and the remainder are in process of preparation. The finished volumes were put on exhibition at the Charleston convention, and, as far as known, they enlisted the admiration of all who saw them. Each volume is prepared under the direction of historians whose presentation is in turn, under the review of others, including member of the advisory council. Yale University Press has been working steadily in preparing "The Pageant of America" for over seven and a half years, and will complete the work this year. The capital cost of preparing the work will be about \$350,000, exclusive of manufacturing.

To-day, when every village, however small, has its moving picture theater, when it is recognized that more vivid and lasting impressions are made through pictures than the written word, the Yale Photo Films come as a great benefit to our organization and a peculiar blessing to those localities in which Chapters of Children of the Confederacy exist or are being organized. As planned, these films are to be thirty-three in number and cover the period from the discovery of America to Appomattox. Fifteen of the films have been released; the remaining eighteen are filed with scenarios already finished or else in process of creation. Among the first group is the photo-drama, "Lee and the Confederacy," which Dr. Andrews was asked to prepare and which will be projected on the screen with the final eighteen.

The fifteen completed films listed at the close of this letter may be procured from the business office of the Yale University Press, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City, at a reasonable cost per film. Literature describing each of the films may be obtained from the address here given.

It is particularly important to remember that these films are primarily historical and educational rather than commercial. They are intended to take less than one hour each and are well adapted to historical courses in universities, colleges, and schools. Several of them, notably Vincennes and Dixie, have been shown by U. D. C. Chapters in various ways, sometimes in the form of a free entertainment, often with a view to raising funds for a worthy cause. The only criticism that has found its way into my hands that was not favorable has been that one film was too short for an evening's program; two might be used for one occasion, or the program might be appropriately lengthened by the introduction of Southern melodies. This also presents an opportunity for interesting the older members of the Children's Chapter and teaching them the period songs of the South; but let the words be *accurate*, and not a modernized version.

Probably there are others as good, but we have seen no more complete and accurate collection of Southern songs than



that contained in "Echoes from Dixie," compiled by Mrs. Griff Edwards, leader of the Confederate Choir, and edited by Dr. Matthew Page Andrews.

At the Charleston convention, Mrs. Robinson, chairman of "Women of the South in War Times," reported 1,695 copies of the book remaining on the shelves, with twenty-two divisions having purchased their quota, or exceeding it, and sixteen divisions with pledges unfulfilled. The Houston convention, in November, will be the tenth held since the compilation of this book was authorized, Louisville, Ky., May, 1919. Let us make this occasion a *real* anniversary by enabling the chairman to report the enterprise completed.

The delay in disposing of the volumes, the insistence necessary to procure their disposal minimizes the historical value of the book. It may be that we have never realized its value. Much of the contents has been familiar to us since childhood; the incidents are the stories which our mothers told us in infancy, and while we appreciate it from the standpoint of sentiment, to us it is not the important historical production it is to those less familiar with the incidents related. A letter recently received by Mrs. Robinson from an English school-teacher expresses "appreciation and pleasure" from its reading. She states that she found the book "absorbingly interesting," that the "material from which it is compiled is wonderful, and that it is put together so admirably that it doesn't seem like patchwork, which it so easily might have become." We wish that a copy of the book might be placed in every library and school in the North, and that it might be made accessible to those abroad. With a concerted effort on the part of individuals and Chapters in divisions that have not completed their quota and the purchase of one copy by each Chapter in divisions whose quota is complete, the convention of 1928 would mark the cancelling of this responsibility of ten years' duration.

The Executive Committee will meet in Little Rock, Ark., May 7, 1928, Hotel Marion, 10 A.M., the day prior to the opening ceremonies of the Confederate reunion, May 8.

In order that the Department of Reference created by the convention in Charleston last November might function effectively, it was found necessary for the chairman of the committee, Mrs. Roy McKinney, to have some special information from the War Department relative to Confederate records. This information was not obtainable by correspondence. The President General joined Mrs. McKinney in Washington, March 6, the desired information was obtained, and, while there, a number of interviews were held with various officials and others interested in the Arlington Memorial Bridge. The desire of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to have part in this enterprise, through the Arlington Approach Committee, appointed by authority of the convention, Savannah, 1924, was emphasized and a most sympathetic hearing accorded Mrs. McKinney and the President General.

Accompanied by Mrs. McKinney and Mrs. Armstrong, a friend of Mrs. Gorgas, the President General, on March 7, presented to Mrs. Gorgas the Cross of Military Service awarded Gen. William C. Gorgas by the Richmond convention, 1926. Mrs. Gorgas accepted the Cross in words of the deepest appreciation, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, told of the devotion of General Gorgas to his heroic father, Gen. Josiah Gorgas, C. S. A.

Mrs. Gorgas will place her husband's Cross with the many other decorations received by him in the Gorgas case in the Smithsonian Institution, where it will bear everlasting testimony of the appreciation of the United Daughters of the

Confederacy for this most distinguished son of the South of America, and of the world.

"Brave men beget brave men," the motto of the Cross.  
Cordially. MAUDE MERCHANT.

*List of Completed Films.*—Columbus, The Declaration of Independence, Wolfe and Montcalm, Jamestown, The Eve of the Revolution, Dixie, Alexander Hamilton, Peter Stuyvesant, The Gateway of the West, The Pilgrims, The Puritans, The Frontier Woman, Yorktown, Vincennes, Daniel Boone.

## TO DIVISION PRESIDENTS.

SELMA, ALA., February 24, 1928.

*Dear President:* The committee appointed by the Alabama Division, U. D. C., to raise funds to erect a memorial to mark the site of the great Confederate arsenal and ordnance works in Selma, Ala., presents to you its proud claim that Selma stood second only to Richmond in the manufacture of war materials of all kinds for the Confederacy, and the committee wishes to emphasize this claim as worthy of your consideration, knowing that with the coöperation of all the Chapters U. D. C. this memorial will be one of the great landmarks of the South.

In 1862, Commodore Fairfax was appointed by Hon. Leroy Pope Walker, Secretary of War for the Confederacy, to seek a suitable location for the government's war factories, and, after a careful survey, Selma, Ala., was selected because of its natural advantages, located on the Alabama River, well supplied with railroad connections, and near great coal beds and iron deposits; and thus, with five hundred thousand dollars, the great Confederate ordnance works was established.

In May, 1863, Captain Catesby ap R. Jones, of Virginia (Merrimac) fame, was placed in command of the ordnance works, and Col. James White was stationed at the arsenal. Large battle ships were built here, the Tennessee, Gaines, Morgan, and others. Large cannon and smaller ammunition, cartridge boxes, gun caps, wagons, caissons for carrying ammunition, friction primers by the millions, harness—indeed, everything was made here for the soldier in the field from a horse shoe nail to a cannon carriage. Over three thousand men and one thousand women and children, whose fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, and sweethearts were fighting on the Southern battle fields, were employed in these vast works, besides great numbers in the city.

The chimneys from the fifteen factories belched fire to the zenith, muskets poured forth from the doorways by the thousands. Great guns were rolled out to be loaded on trains for the front, bales of clothing and cartridges were piled on cars, and day after day long trains rolled into the city, paused with engines puffing with all the eagerness of hounds to be on their thundering way through the Southland amid the cheers and waving of flags from field and farm, and on and on to the lines of battle to disgorge and return.

Those who think of Selma as a city of peace and plenty should learn the experiences through which she passed during the War between the States. On Sunday afternoon, April 2, 1865, Gen. James Wilson, with fifteen thousand troops, just after a severe engagement outside the city, entered Selma to destroy the Confederate ordnance works. Amid the yells of his raiders, the clank of the horses' hoofs, the glare of the flames of exploding ammunition, the work of awful destruction went on, and Selma emerged a blackened wreck. Words fail to tell of the indignities the people suffered.



On the southern boundary of Selma, on a high bluff overlooking the Alabama River, is the site of the old arsenal; phoenixlike, from its ashes have sprung many beautiful homes. "Lest we forget," let us go forward with the zeal of crusaders and resolve that with the assistance of every Chapter of the U. D. C. we will build a memorial at "Arsenal Place," now a beautiful residence district, which, like Bunker Hill, will represent such a spirit of patriotism that as long as a descendant of these Southern heroes lives, his heart will thrill with pride for the cause for which it was erected.

This is Alabama's first appeal to the U. D. C., and the committee urges each Chapter to sponsor the Arsenal Memorial by the gift of \$5, and thus make this a great undertaking for the entire organization.

Send your gift to Mrs. J. A. Embry, Ashville, Ala., treasurer of the Alabama Division, U. D. C.

Faithfully yours,

Mesdames Mary Kent Fowlkes, Chairman Selma Memorial; R. B. Broyles, President, Alabama Division; L. M. Bashinsky, Recording Secretary General; C. S. McDowell, ex-President Alabama Division; B. B. Ross, Chairman Alabama Division Historic Spots and Events.

Indorsed by the President General, U. D. C.

#### U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—The Canebrake Rifles Guard Chapter, of Uniontown, held its meeting in February at the home of Mrs. Sam Morgan, "Cedar Grove." The place was peculiarly fitting for such a meeting, being one of the few remaining ante-bellum homes in its original colonial architecture, which was originally the home of Mims Walker, father of Mrs. Morgan, and has been kept in an excellent state of preservation both as to its interior decoration and furnishings.

The meeting was one of the most delightful of a series. "The Literature of the South before 1860" was the topic of study, which brought out the fact that in Northern magazines the number of Southern writers far exceeded those of the the North, and that the South was prolific in the fields of literature. Roll call was answered with a historic event incident to the Confederacy.

The William Henry Forney Chapter, of Anniston, held an unusually interesting meeting with a special program in memory of three illustrious Virginians whose birthdays occur in the month of January—Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Matthew Fontaine Maury. There was large attendance, and the Confederate veterans were guests of honor.

At the February meeting of the Sophia Bibb Chapter, of Montgomery, reports were given by officers and heads of committees. Mrs. Nettie Puckett, Historian, announced that she is compiling a record, and requested that pictures and biographical sketches of Presidents of the Chapter be contributed.

Report of the organization of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, junior auxiliary to Sophia Bibb, was made, and Mrs. Belle Allen Ross was named Director.

Ten dollars additional was donated to the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Foundation. Mrs. Percy Hufham gave a talk on Gen. James Clanton which was of historical interest.

[Mrs. C. W. Danzette, Jacksonville.]

\* \* \*

*Arkansas.*—The T. J. Churchill Chapter, Little Rock, held one of its most enthusiastic, patriotic meetings, in February, the occasion being the celebration of the birthday of the general for whom the Chapter is named. The meeting

was in the home of Mrs. M. M. Hawkins, a daughter of General Churchill and the old Southern mansion, with its wonderful library, antique furniture, and priceless paintings was a fitting background for the assemblage gathered to do honor to one of Arkansas's noted cavalymen.

Many of the guests were in costume of the sixties, and a number of veterans from the Confederate Home in their uniforms of gray gave color and character to the scene.

The chairman of the day, Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, who has long worn the honored title of our "Confederate Poet Laureate," had prepared a splendid program. The address by our State President, Mrs. George Hughes, of Benton, aroused enthusiastic pride, and there were many reminiscences of the time of General Churchill's activities in our State, back in 1862-63. A fitting climax to this occasion was an original poem by our gifted chairman.

This Chapter is very active, and the Ann Sevier Chapter, C. of C., named for General Churchill's wife, sponsored by this Chapter, is running a close race with the Margaret Rose C. of C., sponsored by the Memorial Chapter, all of Little Rock.

The activities of these young people is inspiring to the older ones.

[Mrs. William Stillwell.]

\* \* \*

*Florida.*—The birthday anniversary of Gen. R. E. Lee was observed in Florida by every Chapter, U. D. C., and by the State generally with unusually elaborate programs. Many fine addresses were given on the life of General Lee, his presidency of Washington and Lee University and his educational interests for the young men being stressed. The President of the Division, Mrs. Franklin L. Ezell, sent out through the Associated Press an article on the achievements of General Lee and his Christian character.

Group meetings are held in the different districts of the Division, which are of great benefit to the Chapters: Jacksonville's four Chapters entertained the Division president at an elaborate luncheon, at which she gave an inspirational and constructive address for the advancement of the U. D. C. Lake City, Stonewall Chapter, entertained the Woodrow Wilson Chapter, of High Springs, and Newnansville Chapter, of Alachua, at a splendid gathering, when the president again addressed them. On the 15th of March, Annie Coleman Chapter, Orlando, held a group meeting of their nearest neighboring Chapters, which were, Wade Hampton, Oviedo; N. deV. Howard, Sanford; Florence Collier, Apopka; Essie Petrie Caldwell, Kissimmee; Confederate Gray, Leesburg. At this large gathering the president gave an address on the "The Obligations of Citizenship."

Florida history and Florida books and writers are on all of the Chapter programs for the year 1928. To know our own State's history is expressing State loyalty.

\* \* \*

*Louisiana.*—The military records of Confederate soldiers of Louisiana, compiled by the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., with Gen. A. B. Booth as commissioner, are being put into book form by the State of Louisiana at the request of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C. The collection is being filed with the Secretary of State pending general distribution.

Ruston Chapter is beginning another year of the study of Confederate history and literature, the subject being, "Lives and Works of Southern Writers Who Served the Confederacy." Those considered at the January meeting were Thomas Lowndes Snead, author of "The Fight for Missouri," and Gen. Richard Taylor, with the reading of that exquisite tribute to Lee from his "Destruction and Reconstruction."



Joanna Waddill and Henry Watkins Allen Chapters, of Baton Rouge, are planning to mark historic spots. The first to be dedicated (April 6) is on the old Louisiana State University grounds, where the U. S. barracks were turned over to Gov. T. O. Moore, January 11, 1861.

Joanna Waddill Chapter, on March 3, complimented the Children of the Confederacy by being present at their business session, and having games and refreshments afterwards. Henry Watkins Allen Chapter members were invited guests.

Natchitoches Chapter is very busy now enlarging its library.

Mrs. A. A. Anding, president Jefferson Davis Highway Association of Louisiana, is receiving gifts of markers from some of the parish police juries along the highway.

[Mary Graham, Editor.]

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*Maryland.*—Presided over by Mrs. Henry J. Berkley, President, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, held a well-attended meeting on February 21, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, Division President, being present. The speaker of the occasion was Mr. Charles Lee Lewis, professor at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. Dominant traits in the character and the career of Matthew Fontaine Maury, "Pathfinder of the Seas," was sketched in a masterly manner, presenting a summary both instructive and of intense interest. A musical program was also greatly enjoyed.

The annual entertainment given by the State Board was held on February 2 under the able leadership of the Division President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, and the proceeds netted nearly \$500. The semiannual meeting of the U. D. C. will be held March 22, at Annapolis, Md., with the William H. Murray Chapter, of Anne Arundel County, as hostess.

The activities of the Gen. Bradley T. Johnson Chapter have been somewhat curtailed by the serious illness of its most capable President, Mrs. James W. Westcott.

The patriotic societies of Baltimore filled Emmanuel Church, on Sunday, February 19, in honor of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of George Washington, first President of these United States.

The U. D. C.'s, with their much-beloved banner, attended in a body.

This month the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter held a very successful card party. At a special meeting, Mrs. F. P. Canby read letters confirming Hagerstown as the birthplace of Father Ryan, the poet priest of the South, and expressed the hope that Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter would some day erect a monument in honor of this gifted son of the South.

[Marion Lee Holmes.]

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*Missouri.*—The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Springfield, had the honor of entertaining Mrs. Charles Breckenridge Faris, President of Missouri Division, U. D. C., during January, and of having her as guest of honor at the annual memorial to Jackson and Lee. A trip to the School of the Ozarks was a feature of her visit, at which time the Robert E. Lee Scholarship was established at this school.

The date of organization of the Maj. John L. Owen Chapter, of Monroe City, was celebrated with a birthday party at the home of Mrs. D. R. Davenport. A large birthday cake bearing twenty-two candles, graced the dining table. This very active Chapter of forty-five members feels that this party marked the opening of another successful year.

The five Kansas City Chapters entertained with their annual "Breakfast" on January 23, in honor of the members of the Board of Missouri Division, a meeting of the Board following the breakfast.

The 22nd of February was a very happy occasion for the veterans and women at the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mrs. Virginia Garrett Duggins, who is Missouri's first woman member on the Board at the Home, and also a member of the committee of "The Men and Women of the Sixties of the U. D. C." never forgets the "boys" and "girls" at the Home, who always appreciate the many delightful programs she arranges for them.

A Martha Washington Tea was the feature of this entertainment. Miss Helen Berkeley brought greetings from the State Board of Missouri Division, and members of the Confederate Home Chapter, of Higginsville, helped to present a musical program.

[Helen Elizabeth Berkeley.]

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*North Carolina.*—During the months of April and May, the Division President, Mrs. Walter F. Woodard, will attend the seventeen district conventions to be held throughout the State.

In the Division's "Calendar" for 1928, the President has set aside April for special historical activities. North Carolina Daughters are greatly interested in the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation, and deem it a privilege to honor the name of the Confederacy's only President by contributing to this fund.

In April the Division will stress the placing of flags and portraits in schools, collecting books for foreign libraries, and relics for the North Carolina room in the Richmond Museum.

In accordance with the resolution of the Charleston convention that the U. D. C. place mementoes and records of Women of the Sixties in the National Red Cross Museum at Washington City, this Division during April is urged to send such reminders of the sixties to Mrs. John H. Anderson, Fayetteville, who will forward these to the Red Cross Museum.

The Division has a fine historical prize list of essays for both the Daughters and the Children of the Confederacy. Many high school pupils will strive for the \$200 scholarship offered for the best essay on Jefferson Davis. The Asheville Chapter is offering five dollars in gold to each of the twenty-five high schools in Buncombe County for essays on various Confederate subjects, and many other Chapters are offering local prizes.

The very attractive historical "Calendar," with a list of prizes, which has been prepared and distributed by the Historian General, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, should be of real value to the Chapters as it outlines historical topics of study.

The J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Fayetteville, gave as a recent historical program an original contest of Confederate Generals of North Carolina, the answers being a play on the name of each. Hostesses at this meeting were dressed in costumes of the sixties, and old-time fiddlers enlivened the meeting with Confederate tunes.

The Chapters throughout the Division emphasize the singing of the old Confederate songs and the State song, "Carolina."

The Fayetteville Chapter is especially active just now in collecting old letters, pamphlets, and newspapers of the Confederate period for the North Carolina collection of the University library at Chapel Hill.

The North Carolina Division is to see a long-cherished dream realized, the erecting of a monument to North Carolina's soldiers at Gettysburg. The last legislature of the State appropriated \$50,000 for this monument, the North Carolina Division U. D. C. having previously raised \$10,000.



The Johnston-Pettigrew Chapter, at Raleigh, on January 14, celebrated with a delightful party (and presents) the birthdays of three of the veterans at the Confederate Home. These were Capt. William Francis Drake, P. H. Clayton, and J. F. Harrison. Captain Drake is the only surviving Confederate who was on the Virginia (Merrimac) in the famous battle with the Monitor, and has resided at the Home longer than any other veteran. He gave a thrilling story of the great sea battle. Old Confederate tunes were given by Comrade Wiley P. Johnson on the flute; he is the only survivor of North Carolina's famous Drum Corps.

Mrs. Charles M. Wallace, chairman of the Committee for the Memorial Chapel for the Confederate Women's Home at Fayetteville, expects to let the contract for this building during April. The first contributions for the chapel fund was from the old ladies themselves, who gave the sum of \$125 from the sale of fancy work made by their trembling old hands. Gifts of \$500 each have been made to the chapel fund by two devoted members of the Division, Mrs. T. E. Sprunt, of Wilmington, in memory of her mother, Mrs. William Parsley, founder of the North Carolina Division, and Mrs. E. S. Clayton, of Asheville, in memory of her mother, Mrs. P. W. Roberts, another heroic widow of the Confederacy. Children's Chapters will give the furniture for the chancel of the chapel.

Another undertaking for the early spring is the restoration of the grave and monument of Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew. This sacred spot, in a remote section of the State, has been invaded by vandals and relic hunters, and a committee is planning to restore the monument and place an iron fence around the plot. The Johnston Pettigrew Chapter, of Raleigh, has given \$100 toward this, and all Chapters of the Division will gladly contribute toward restoring the tomb of one of North Carolina's most distinguished heroes.

Plans for the beautifying of the Jefferson Davis Highway are being brought before the Chapters by Mrs. R. P. Holt, State Director. This great Memorial passes through a fine section of North Carolina, and crêpe myrtle trees along the route will make it a thing of beauty.

It is with great rejoicing that the North Carolina Division records the reorganization of the Southern Stars Chapter, at Lincolnton, with Mrs. L. A. Crowell as the new President.

In the calendar for 1928, sent out by the President, Mrs. Woodard, March is set as the time for a membership drive. Chapters failing to add new members each year are not doing their full duty.

The route of the Dixie Highway through North Carolina has now been marked by five "Lee Markers," a bronze tablet (set in a boulder) of General Lee on Traveller, the die being the property of this Division. Several more of these beautiful markers will soon be placed along the North Carolina Line. Florida has already erected a marker and Ohio and Tennessee are planning to erect theirs during the coming year. In order to visualize the meaning of this marker, Mrs. J. M. Gudger, Jr., of Asheville, chairman of this committee, has had artistic cards made on which is the picture of the Lee Marker and an epic in prose, "Is There Still a Dixie," by George M. Bailey, of the *Houston Post*. These will be sent to Presidents of Divisions along the route of the Dixie Highway.

The North Carolina Daughters are intensely interested in the bill recently introduced in Congress by the North Carolina delegation to make the battle field of Bentonville a mil-

itary park. The marking with a boulder of this battle field by the North Carolina Division last September has emphasized the importance of this battle field, where the miles of breastworks are still preserved, reminders of that bloody conflict of March 19-22, 1864, when many soldiers of the Southern States were in conflict with Sherman's army.

There was a beautiful manifestation of the Christmas spirit at this happy season in this Division, the Chapters engaging in the work of giving good cheer and happiness to the veterans and "Girls of the Sixties." There were post card showers, baskets of fruits and flowers, and boxes "full of Christmas" were given to ante-bellum slaves. There was a beautiful Christmas tree at the Confederate Home, and even the County Homes had good things sent in.

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*Oklahoma.*—The Tulsa Chapter gave a turkey dinner to the Confederate veterans of Tulsa County and to the wives and widows of veterans in the dining hall of the American Legion Hut, which was attractively decorated for the occasion with flags and flowers.

The veterans made short talks, and Baxter Taylor, formerly of Tennessee, gave the address of the occasion. The members of Tulsa Chapter who served the dinner, were afforded great pleasure in thus bringing a bit of sunshine into the lives of these faithful men of the gray.

Another luncheon was given by the Tulsa and Clement A. Evans Chapters to the United Daughters of the Confederacy who were attending the State Federation of Women's Clubs that met in this city in the fall.

On the 19th of January, Mrs. W. T. Brady opened her spacious colonial home to the Tulsa Chapter for an evening's entertainment in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Music, readings, an address by Rev. C. M. Reves, the introduction of veterans present, the serving of delightful refreshment, and the singing of old songs, combined to make a memorable occasion to all.

Our regular meetings are held on the first Tuesday of each month and are well attended. Our President, Mrs. W. E. Sexton, is very faithful and untiring in her duties.

[Mrs. John L. Smiley, Historian.]

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*Virginia.*—In November, Lee Chapter, of Richmond, placed on the Jefferson Davis Highway a boulder constructed of beautiful blue Virginia granite, in memory of the beloved and heroic Confederate ancestors of its membership. The exercises were most impressive. The oration was delivered by Judge Frank A. Sutton, and the unveiling was by Messrs. Erasmus G. Tyler and John R. Tyree, two Confederate veterans. The singing of several Confederate songs added to the impressiveness of the occasion.

More recently, Lee Chapter has established the Jennie Gunn Ball Student Loan Fund at William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va., with a nucleus of one hundred dollars, and with the intention to make this a five-hundred-dollar fund in the near future.

Lee Chapter is also making arrangements for marking fifty Confederate graves in three cemeteries of Richmond, with the iron cross on Memorial Day.

[Mrs. A. S. J. Williams, Correspondent.]

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*Arkansas.*—The Chapter at Helena has lost a valued member in the death of Mrs. Algena F. Fitzpatrick, widow of the late Brig. Gen. Louis A. Fitzpatrick, which occurred on December 8, 1927. She leaves a heritage of good deeds and an influence in her community that will not pass away.



## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

**KEY WORD:** "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

**MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.**

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

*U. D. C. Topics for April.*

Ballads of Your Section.

*C. of C. Program for April.*

Make a study of the city of Norfolk, Va.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.

### THE SAM DAVIS HOME CHAPTER, U. D. C.

An outstanding feature of the Middle District Convention, of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., held in Murfreesboro on December 9, 1927, was the organization of the Sam Davis Home Chapter, with twenty charter members, and its first meeting was held on March 5, at the home of Mrs. Carlyle Felder, in Smyrna, with a full attendance and with applications for nine more memberships presented. Mrs. Medea Davis Sinnott, a niece of Sam Davis, is the President. The reports of officers given at this meeting brought out the great object of the Chapter, the preservation and developing of the Sam Davis home as a shrine, a tribute to one whose integrity and loyalty to duty will go down as the finest type of bravery brought out by the War between the States.

It will be remembered that this old Davis home place has been acquired by the State and will be made into a museum and park.

The letter which Sam Davis wrote to his mother in the last moments of his life will be framed and hung on the wall of the room in which he had knelt at her knee while they prayed together before he went out on his death mission, and the home will again be furnished as nearly as possible as it was in the days when Sam Davis lived there. Much of the old furniture is being recovered, given gladly to be replaced in the home, and other furnishing of the same type and period is also being secured, and it will be a typical home of the well-to-do farmers of the South, who were, and are, the backbone of the commonwealth, the keepers of her covenant to preserve State Rights, individual liberty, and the highest type of democratic government.

The motto of the Chapter is the immortal words of Sam Davis: "I would die a thousand deaths before I would betray a friend."

The Chapter will hold a bazaar in the fall, at which they will offer for sale old-fashioned samplers of the Sam Davis home surrounded by the tea rose, the Chapter flower, with the motto wrought below.

The tea rose was chosen as the Chapter flower because that rose was planted by the mother of Sam Davis at the window on which he tapped that fateful night—and it is still growing there; and the lilac bushes and Confederate jasmine will be planted where they used to grow.

### IN MEMORIAM—MRS. AUGUSTINE T. SMYTHE.

(Resolutions passed by the Charleston Chapter No. 4, U. D. C. upon the death of Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe.)

On January 10, 1928, there passed from earth into the great beyond, Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe (Louisa Cheves McCord), the first President of the Charleston Chapter, No. 4, U. D. C., a woman in every way typical of the Old South, of which she was a true representative. Living up to all its traditions, she has left her impress strongly on all who knew her. She was an embodiment of that womanly graciousness so seldom cultivated now, and by each and all who knew her her charm of manner was felt. Overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," her heart and sympathies went out to all the trials of those less fortunate, wherever they were found. The thought always seemed uppermost, "Is there anything I can do to help?" all of which was done in the most unobtrusive way.

Upon the founding of the Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., on the 17th of November, 1894, Mrs. Smythe was unanimously elected President and served in that capacity until 1901, when she resigned.

In May, 1896, in accordance with U. D. C. rules, there then being the requisite number of Chapters in the State, upon the call of the new Chapters, Charleston, the Mother Chapter, sent representatives to Columbia to those from the new Chapters and formed the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., with Mrs. Smythe as President. This office she held for one year, and although urged to keep it, she resigned in 1897.

In 1903, at the general convention U. D. C., held at Charleston, she was elected President General, presiding at St. Louis, Mo., in 1904, the eleventh convention of the general organization.

In 1907, Mrs. Smythe was again elected President of the Charleston Chapter, resigning after having served four years.

In all the positions she most ably filled, Mrs. Smythe preserved the dignity and culture of the true gentlewoman, thus gaining the affection and respect of all whom she met. She shrank from conspicuousness, never claiming prominence by right of her position. She has left us a notable example of a class that is fast passing away. Therefore be it

*Resolved:* 1. That in the death of Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, the Charleston Chapter U. D. C., mourns not only the loss of its first President and one of its founders, but one who had earned the love and affection of our members.

2. That the text of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and a blank page be inscribed to the memory of Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, the first President of the Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., and that copies of these resolutions, expressive of our love and sympathy be sent to the family of Mrs. Smythe.

Committee: Martha B. Washington, *Chairman*; Mrs. Thomas Frost, Mary B. Poppenheim.

**CONFEDERATE RECORD.**—It has been announced that compilation of the records of the Southern Confederacy, which have long been in the U. S. Archives, has been begun and that the work will be carried on under a special appropriation made by Congress. It will require about a year to complete this work.

**THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.**—Many soldiers lie in unmarked graves, their identity unknown. The War Department of the United States has approved this inscription: "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier, unknown but to God."



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
1640 Pea ody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.  
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
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.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
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.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

## THE REUNION AND C. S. M. A. CONVENTION.

*My Dear Coworkers:* Delegates are urged to reach Little Rock on the morning of Tuesday, May 8, so as to be present at our opening, or welcome, meeting, as that is the outstanding and most brilliant of the convention meetings, with a splendid array of distinguished speakers, including the governor of the State, the mayor of the city, the general chairman of the Reunion Committee, our honored and beloved Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Commander in Chief, S. C. V., President General, U. D. C., and President of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association. The presentation of your official family is planned as an interesting feature, to which the musical program adds much attraction; so by all means make your plans to begin with the convention and to remain through the convention. Do not fail to secure certificates for the reduced railroad fare, as only by the presentation at ticket office of these certificates are you enabled to get the benefit of the reduced rates. Mrs. Weinmann, President of the Little Rock Memorial Association, and her members are working untiringly to give you the very best convention and the most delightful social time which has ever been accorded to the C. S. M. A.

## NEWS OF MISS RUTHERFORD.

Many letters from many States evidence the love and anxiety caused by the prolonged illness of our dear Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford. Letters just received from her family carry the very gratifying news of decided Improvement. That she is bright and alert and is joyously and eagerly looking forward to the trip planned for her, to be present at the unveiling of the figure of our immortal Gen. Robert E. Lee, which is having the finishing touches put upon Traveller, completing what is generally accredited as a wonderful monument to the idol of Dixie, and to be unveiled on April 9, Miss Rutherford's countless friends will unite in petitions to the Giver of all Good that she may have the wish of her heart granted—to see the unveiling. At the suggestion of Miss Rutherford, the President General has appointed Mrs. Lamar Rutherford Lipscomb as Assistant Historian General. Mrs. Lipscomb has most intimate knowledge of the work and historical research done by our Historian General, having assisted for several years in preparing for publication much of Miss Rutherford's data. A brilliant writer, typically Southern in tradition and rearing, she embodies all the qualifications necessary for the work to which

she is consecrating her best endeavor, and her presence in Little Rock will add a very delightful note of Southern harmony. The C. S. M. A. are to be congratulated upon this acquisition to its official family.

## MARY TALIAFERRO THOMPSON MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. N. P. Webster, State President, and also President of the local Association, writes a most delightfully inspiring letter, telling of the interest in memorial work in the capital of the nation. That they "have splendidly attended meetings" indicates the deep and abiding spirit of love for the memorial work on the part of the President and her splendid leadership. No body of women can hope for success in any line of work if time and forethought are not the inspirational features in its plans and purposes. That they are concentrating upon work on one object and giving support to that one thing in united service, inspires and enthuses the membership. On January 19, a beautiful memorial service was held at the statue of General Lee in Statuary Hall of the Capitol. Representative Lozier, of Missouri, was the speaker, who paid wonderful tribute in his eulogy of the incomparable soldier and gentleman. Invocation and benediction was given by the son of a Confederate veteran, Rev. Harry Baker Smith. A wreath from the Memorial Association was placed at the foot of the statue by Mrs. Webster, and one also for the Junior Memorial Association, by Kathleen Nalle, President. Mrs. Webster writes that at the conclusion of the exercises a gentleman came forward and introduced himself as Augustus Lukeman, the sculptor of the monument on Stone Mountain, who was presented to the company, and all were thrilled and inspired by his very charming and modest manner and address. In conclusion, the letter says: "A delightfully inspiring occasion which deepens my pride in this work of which I am more proud than any society to which I belong."

Cordially yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General*.

## NEW EDITOR C. S. M. A.

Announcement is made of the appointment of Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh, of Gainesville, Fla., as editor of the C. S. M. A. Department, Mrs. Mary Forrest Bradley having resigned. All associations are earnestly urged to report to Mrs. Leigh all activities of interest.



## UNVEILING AT STONE MOUNTAIN.

An official letter from the President of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association gives plans for the unveiling of the figure of Gen. R. E. Lee carved on that mountainside, and from which the following is taken:

The Executive Committee of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association has selected April 9 as the date to unveil the statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee, on horseback, on the north scarp of Stone Mountain, this date being selected because it is the anniversary of Appomattox. The thought was advanced by many that whereas April 9, 1865, might be regarded as the Gethsemane of anguish in the life of General Lee, so the unveiling of this heroic statue to his memory will be regarded as his resurrection from defeat—this comparison without any sort of sacrilege, but being made in true Christian humility and meekness.

To the unveiling ceremonies have been invited President Coolidge and his Cabinet; a specially appointed committee of five from the United States Senate and ten from the House of Representatives; the governors of all the forty-eight States of the Union have been invited, with their staffs; Hon. James J. Walker, Mayor of New York City, will make the address of acceptance of the statue on behalf of the nation; and Judge Marcus W. Beck, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, will make the address of acceptance on behalf of the South, and he will be the orator of the day.

Rev. Giles B. Cooke, of Mathews Courthouse, Va., the last survivor of General Lee's staff, has been invited to deliver the benediction.

The "Old Guard" of the Gate City Guard, of Atlanta, will act as Sponsor and Guard of Honor for the occasion. The ceremonies will proceed directly under their charge in all details. The plans for the day will include a parade in the morning, the unveiling ceremonies at Stone Mountain in the afternoon, and a banquet in the evening.

Some twelve or fifteen famous military organizations in the South and East have been invited to participate, and many of them have accepted; and a long list of prominent and distinguished men and women throughout the South and the country have also been invited.

It is hoped to make the occasion a happy and joyous one and in keeping with the great significance of the event and and the great character and achievements of General Lee. The heads of all civic and patriotic bodies in Atlanta, the South, and in the country will be invited, as well as the city, county, and State officials.

## THE VIRGINIA ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

The following inquiry comes from Sterling Boisseau, 1307 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va.:

"The original of the Virginia Ordinance of Secession is among the many lost documents. There are said to have been two originals written on parchment and signed by one hundred and forty-three of the delegates.

"There are a few lithograph copies in existence, yet even some of these do not contain all of the signatures, as some were lithographed before all of the members had signed. It must be borne in mind that the convention of 1861, by resolution, permitted the delegates who succeeded the original delegates to sign, if they wished to do so; this was done in a few cases.

"I have heard that one of these originals was somewhere in the State of Tennessee. Can anyone locate this original (written on parchment)?"

## EMMA SANSOM, GIRL HEROINE.

BY UNCLE JOHNNY WEST, APPLE SPRINGS, TEX.

I was glad to see that Captain Dinkins's article in the December and January numbers of the *VETERAN* put Emma Sansom in front. She was a great girl and a fine woman, brave, and a true Christian.

In the year of 1892-93, Mr. Johnson, Emma Sansom's husband, employed me to do some machinery work for him, and the first day of my work he introduced me to his wife. At the dinner table, Mr. Johnson asked me if I was in the war, and "What command." I replied: "The 8th Tennessee Cavalry, under General Forrest," I was with Joseph E. Johnston, the best general in the South!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson. "O, no, Mr. Johnson," I said, "if Forrest could have had the men in number with Johnston, he would have gone into Washington and took Abe Lincoln by the ears and 'blowed' him up like a bat." Well, this caused a great laugh. After a little while, Mrs. Johnson said: "I agree with Mr. West. I think Forrest one of the greatest men of the South!" She then asked me if I was with Forrest in the pursuit and capture of Colonel Streight. I told her no, that our regiment was sent to Florence and Bainbridge. "Well, do you remember anything about a girl getting up behind General Forrest on horseback and showing him an old ford on Black Creek so he could cross in pursuit of the Yankees?" I said I remembered the circumstance, but I could not remember the name. "Well," she said, "I am Emma Sansom." She also told me about two girls who captured the Yankees at that time. Then she made her statement just about the same as Capt. James Dinkins gave it in the *VETERAN*.

Now, I write this, thinking some of the old comrades who were with Forrest in the pursuit and capture of Colonel Streight would like to know what became of her. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson came to Texas and located near the line of Wood and Upshur Counties, twelve miles west of Gillmore, the county seat of Upshur County. They were fine people, lived well, and reared a large family, four sons and two daughters. She lived to see all her children grown and married and many grandchildren.

As best I can remember, she died in the year of 1902, and was laid to rest in Little Mound Cemetery, about twelve miles west of Gillmore, Tex., near the home she loved so well. I lived in the neighborhood of the Johnson family for twenty-five years, and I know whereof I write. I am now eighty-two years old.

## MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, Saturday, June 2, at 2 P.M.

Contributions of flowers or money for flowers are solicited by Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 519, U. D. C., Columbus, Ohio.

Send money to Mrs. Dan Carroll, 63 Smith Place, and flowers to Mrs. Leroy H. Rose, 729 Oakwood Avenue, Columbus, Ohio. *MRS. W. B. McLESKEY, President.*

Approved by the President General.

*MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT.*

The following comes from a good friend, R. A. Hemphill, of Atlanta, Ga., upon failure to get the March *VETERAN*: "I must have it. I wish the *VETERAN* came weekly instead of monthly. It is like a three days' rations in 1864—so good, I consume it all at one sitting, and then anxiously await the next."



*"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."*

We are approaching the half-way period of our official year. We have a little over six months remaining in which to gather in the quotas and convention pledges. We want a feeling of optimism and faith to prevail, and nothing short of each Division and pledgee doing her very best in every obligation assumed can bring this about—and a final report. We can do this if all of the Divisions will assume their obligations loyally. We are counting on *you*.

Feeling that a report concerning "The Women of the South in War Times" at this half-way season will interest and awake the enthusiasm of all delinquent Divisions, I submit the following:

Divisions that have gone "over the top" with their quotas, and more, twenty-two—Arkansas, Arizona, California, Florida, Illinois, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia.

The delinquents are sixteen, as follows: Alabama, Colorado, District of Columbia, Georgia, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, North Dakota, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas, Utah.

Of the second list, only six Divisions have large U. D. C. populations. It is gratifying to report that encouraging reports and orders for distribution have been received this year. Please remember the remaining 1,695 copies on our shelves reported November, 1927. We must make a complete clearance, November, 1928.

Faithfully yours, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.  
Fairmont, W. Va.

*SOUTHLAND MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.*

HOUSTON, TEX., February 27, 1928.

Open letter to U. C. V.'s, S. C. V.'s, U. D. C.'s, and members of the Southland Memorial Association.

*Comrades and Friends:* On the 8th, 9th, and 10th of May we are expected to meet in reunion at Little Rock, Ark., where great preparations are being made for our reception and entertainment by the patriotic citizenship of that city. We should show our appreciation by attending, for we should enjoy ourselves greatly while there.

I am especially anxious to meet all living members of the Southland Memorial Association there, for we have very important business to attend to; besides, I want to render an account of my stewardship.

Owing to the difficulty I have had in securing an active board of trustees and the selection of a new executive board, resulting from lack of cooperation of those appointed to serve, I am looking now to the Southern States at large to unite in sponsoring the success of our association in its efforts to fitly commemorate the sacrificial service rendered by the women of the Confederacy for four tragic years. The legislature of Florida has already passed a resolution appealing to the Southern States to take action in this behalf, and the governors of a majority of the States have notified me that they are favorably disposed toward our efforts, and some of them have appointed men of distinction to serve on a committee to devise ways and means for carrying into effect the efforts of our association to honor the memory of the women of the Confederacy by the creation of a great Southland institute of learning, as has been proposed in our articles of association.

So, now permit me to urge upon all of you who can to attend our meeting at Little Rock, and come wearing your official badges and be prepared to join in a little reunion all

our own, where you can hear a report of what has been done and what we hope to do.

I hope to be able through the local papers to inform you in due time at our meeting, of the exact time and place where you will be asked to meet.

With best wishes for you all, I beg to remain as ever yours respectfully. S. O. MOODIE, *V. P. S. M. Association*.

*REUNION RATES.*

The following rates will be in effect for the thirty-eighth annual reunion, of the United Confederate Veterans, Little Rock, Ark., May 8-11, 1928:

From all points west of the Mississippi River in Southwestern and in Transcontinental Passenger Association territory to the Pacific Coast:

For veterans and their families and for the auxiliary bodies—namely, Sons of Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Children of the Confederacy, Sponsors, Maids, Matrons, Chaperons. The fare one way for the round trip.

Tickets on sale May 3-10 and for trains scheduled to arrive at Little Rock before noon, May 11. Return limit, June 9, 1928.

From all points east of the Mississippi River and south of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers, but including the cities of Washington, Cincinnati, and Evansville, the rate will be:

For Confederate veterans and members of their immediate families, one cent per mile each way to Memphis added to the one way fare of \$4.97 from there.

For the auxiliary bodies as named above, the fare to Little Rock one way for the round trip.

Tickets sold May 5-10, and for trains scheduled to reach Little Rock by noon of May 11. Final return limit, June 9.

Stop overs at all points en route during life of ticket allowed.

North of the Potomac, Ohio, and Missouri Rivers, no reduced rates apply.

Veterans and others entitled in those territories should purchase to Washington and other border points and re-purchase at the reduced rates in effect from there.

*"GENERAL ORDERS NO. 9."*

The following comes from Charles M. Miller, "formerly of the 2nd Company, Richmond, Howitzers," whose present address is Keyser, W. Va.: "In the March VETERAN appears an article over the name of J. Markham Marshall, a son of the late Col. Charles Marshall, secretary to Gen. R. E. Lee from the beginning to the end of the War between the States, bearing upon a claimed discovery of the original address of General Lee to his army at the surrender, April 9, 1865. For many years Colonel Marshall was my counsel in an exceptionally large estate of wild lands in the mountains of Maryland. In his Baltimore office, on one occasion, Colonel Marshall called my attention to this address, on a small scrap of paper spread out before us, written by him, sitting on the end of an ambulance, at the request of General Lee. Distinctly do I remember the deep mark cutting out a particular word, Colonel Marshall explaining that it was a pencil mark by General Lee, stating as he drew the broad mark: 'This is a rather strong word, and I never cared for adjectives anyhow.'

"The above designated letter of Mr. Marshall coincides to an exactness with the essentials of what Col. Charles Marshall explained with deliberation to me."



Mrs. Ferol Sandrock, 2017 Charles Street, Falls City, Nebr., wishes to secure the war record of her father, George W. Barker, a native of Virginia, who joined the Confederate army on the last day of August, 1861, serving with Company I, 57th Virginia Regiment. Later, upon a call for sailors, he volunteered for the navy, and is said to have been with the Virginia (Merrimac) in the engagement with the Monitor. He continued in the navy until he became sick and was sent home, during which time came the surrender. Before going out West, he lived at Charleston, W. Va. It is hoped that some surviving comrades can testify to his service.

Mrs. J. W. Stafford, Box 451, Marietta, Okla., wishes to hear from anyone who served in the Confederate army with James Evert Branch, who was with the 34th Alabama Regiment. One of the officers of his command was "Whit Duke." This is in behalf of a pension claimant.

Miss Alta O. Vallen, R. R. No. 11, Box 132, Oklahoma City, Okla., is trying to locate Capt. John P. Brock, who commanded Company H, 10th Virginia Cavalry, or any other officers or men of that command who can testify to the service of John B. Armentrout. She will appreciate any information along that line.

John Riley, Box 425, Elk City, Okla., is trying to establish his Confederate service in order to secure a pension, and he will appreciate hearing from any old comrades or friends who can testify to that service. He volunteered at Austin, Tex., in 1862, and served with Company C (Capt. John H. Robinson), of Duff's Regiment of Cavalry, until 1864, about the Rio Grande, then through the Indian Territory to Arkansas, where the command went into winter quarters, and later went back to Texas and was disbanded in Austin in 1865. He is in need of a pension.

Mrs. A. D. Johns, Sr., of Keatchie, La., seeks information on the war service of her father and uncle, Dr. S. M. Parry and John Bill Parry, the former a Texas veteran and the latter from Nashville, Tenn. Dr. Parry died at Little Rock, Ark., in 1862, and John B. Parry was killed at the battle of Lookout Mountain.

J. J. Robertson, Adjutant, U. C. V. Camp at Abilene, Tex., sends a new subscription with his renewal order for "the finest piece of literature published," and doesn't want to miss a copy. He asks that any survivors of Company D, 11th Missouri Regiment, Parsons's Brigade, Missouri Volunteers, will meet him at the Little Rock reunion, or write him at Abilene, Route No. 4.

## Deafness

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Thomas J. Mason, 606 Shrewsbury Street, Charleston, W. Va., makes inquiry for survivors of the 10th Virginia Cavalry, and would like to hear from any of them.

J. A. Smith, Box 1058, Miami, Ariz., inquires for any surviving comrades of Company K, 47th Tennessee Infantry. He enlisted at Weatherford Station, Gibson County, Tenn., about 1862, and fought under Capts Green Homes and Tom Cummings, Col. M. R. Hill, and Brigadier General Preston. He is in his eighty-sixth year.

Col. D. M. Armstrong, of Roanoke, Va., renews for himself and one other, and says: "I cannot think of dropping the VETERAN, as I have been a continuous patron since 1908, and have been a close reader of the VETERAN. I have read in it many articles relative to battles in which I participated."

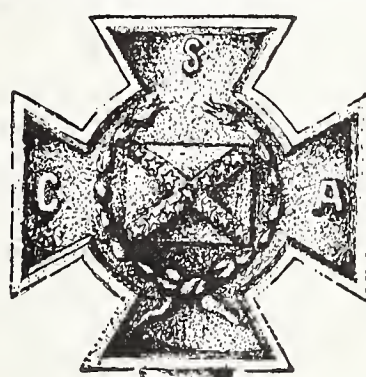
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Atlanta, Ga., April 1, 1928.

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# Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXVI.

MAY, 1928

NO. 5



**THE NEW STATEHOUSE AT LITTLE ROCK, ARK.**

The corner stone for the new capitol at Little Rock was laid on November 27, 1900, by the Arkansas Grand Lodge of Freemasons, and ten years later it was turned over to the State completed in time to be a Christmas gift to the State. The original appropriation for this building was \$1,000,000, but the cost was considerably more. It is a handsome structure of marble and stone, located on a commanding site in the newer part of the city, with spacious grounds about it.

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# Matthew Fontaine Maury

PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS

By CHARLES L. LEWIS, U. S. Naval Academy  
Foreword by *Commander* RICHARD E. BYRD

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G. C. Smith, Room 206 Courthouse, Baton Rouge, La., would like to secure the war record of his father, Joseph P. Smith, who enlisted with Forrest from Monticello, Mo., Lewis County, and served until captured some time before the battle of Missionary Ridge; was a prisoner at Alton, Ill., for the rest of the war, and was paroled at Richmond, Va.; thinks he was with the 15th Tennessee Regiment.

J. H. Gold, Washington, Ark., renews subscription and says: "I am in my eighty-ninth year and hope to read the *VETERAN* several years more."

"At last I have discovered a periodical which does justice to Southern achievements, to Southern heroes, and to Southern history," writes Rev. Urban John Baer, of Kenrick Seminary, Webster Groves, Mo.

Mrs. L. P. Lane, 144 High Street, Macon, Ga., seeks information on the war record of Gen. John Lane, who organized and equipped Lane's Brigade in and around Chattanooga, Tenn., his death and place of burial. He was a brother or near relative of Thomas Lane, of North Carolina, who was a nominee for Vice President of the United States previous to the War between the States. Gen. John Lane owned much property in and around Orchard Knob and in the city of Chattanooga. His young son Louis P. Lane, refugee with his grandmother in Georgia, and enlisted there with Company B, 8th Georgia, and served through the war.

Jere Baker, 431 Thesta Street, Fresno, Calif., is anxious to hear from any of his old comrades of Company D, Pindall's Baltimore Sharpshooters, Parson's Missouri Brigade. Any survivors will kindly write to this comrade in the far West.



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The best collection of the real old songs of the South—words and music—compiled by Mrs. J. G. Edwards, *Leader of the Confederate Choir of America*, and Matthew Page Andrews, *Editor of the Women of the South in War Times*. 2 for 90c each; 5 for 80c each. Noble & Noble, Publishers, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York

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## LIFE and LETTERS of MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

By J. A. CASKIE

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Thirty-two committees were appointed some six months ago, and the reunion plans are all well in hand and everything will be in readiness for the very earliest veteran to arrive—and they are noted for being ahead of time.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY MARY GILCHRIST POWELL

Firm gray lines, inspired with hope;  
The Rebel yell, a challenge grand!  
Blue figures wavering 'midst fire and smoke;  
Victory—for the Southern land!

Pale moonlight and a crashing shot—  
A wounded hero—aides clust'ring 'round;  
A last command, through suffering lips:  
"General Pender, you *must* hold your ground."

Morning again, with the leader gone,  
But what are the words that ring through the air?  
(Men spring to their feet, with courage anew):  
"Remember Jackson and *charge* over there!"

### LOYALTY THAT DEFIED AN ARMY.

The beautiful Memorial Temple of the Mizpah Congregation of Jews in Chattanooga, Tenn., recently dedicated, was erected by Adolph S. Ochs, of New York City, to the memory of his father and mother, as a filial tribute of love and reverence. Mr. Ochs is acclaimed the most notable Jew in America, the owner of the *New York Times*, the *Chattanooga Times*, and other publications of worth and prominence. His father, Rabbi Julius Ochs, was a captain in the Union army during the War between the States; his mother was Bertha Levy, of New Orleans. Her brother was in the Confederate army, and an interesting story is told of her love and loyalty to the Confederate cause. She was a devoted member of the A. P. Stewart Chapter, U. D. C., of Chattanooga, and at her funeral the late Dr. J. W. Bachman officiated with the Rabbi, and the Confederate flag lay across her coffin.

Bertha Levy was a girl of fifteen when she left Heidelberg, Germany, and sailed for America. Joining an uncle in New Orleans, she grew up in the traditions of the South, and during the war her sympathies were with the Confederacy. But she had married, and her husband became a captain in the Union army. While he was stationed in Cincinnati, she would wheel her baby across the bridge to Covington, Ky., the little carriage packed with quinine destined for the use of Confederates; and the little Adolph sat in blissful ignorance on top of the contraband, totally unaware of his complicity in his mother's duplicity, and he is still wont to say in affectionate disapproval: "Mother gave father a lot of trouble in those days." And, indeed for a mother in Israel to defy her husband and an entire army was no mean assertion of militant feminism in those days.

### DEDICATION OF BOWLDER.

The following invitation has been sent out:

"The honor of your presence at the unveiling of a bowlder marking the site of the important arsenal of the Confederate government, on Tuesday, May 22, 11 A.M., Fayetteville, N. C. Erected by the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., and the North Carolina Historical Commission. Mrs. John H. Anderson, Chairman. Mrs. Paul Shuler, President."

### GENERAL LEE'S FAREWELL TO HIS TROOPS.

A communication from Gen. Jo Lane Stern, of Richmond, Va., calls attention to some errors in General Lee's farewell to his troops as published in the *VETERAN* for April, and on that account it is republished in this number. The *VETERAN* made a special effort to get a correct copy, taking it from the farewell order as given in "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," compiled by Capt. Robert E. Lee, which was thought to be absolutely correct. However, there were a number of differences between that and the copy in possession of Colonel Marshall's family, which is thought to be the original order, and from which the following is taken:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,  
10th April, 1865.

"General Orders No. 9.

"After four years of arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

"I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them. But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their country.

"By the terms of the agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

"With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, *General*."

### MEMORIAL SERVICES AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Memorial services will be held at the Johnson's Island cemetery this year on June 3, and Chapters and Divisions, U. D. C., are asked to send flowers or other contributions toward the decoration of the graves in that lonely island near Chicago. These should be sent to Mrs. G. A. Runner, 1110 Fifth Street, Sandusky, Ohio.

Indorsed by the President General, U. D. C.

MRS. ALBERT SIDNEY PORTER, *President Ohio Division, U. D. C.*

### MATRONS OF HONOR FOR THE SOUTH.

Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President General, U. D. C.

Mrs. Harry Rene Lee, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. A. B. Foster, Houston, Tex.

An unfortunate error in the list published in the April *Veteran* occasions this correction, by request of Commander in Chief, U. C. V.

### LAST CONFEDERATE GENERAL.

General Felix Robertson, youngest of Confederate Brigadiers and the last survivor of Confederate General officers, died at his home in Waco, Tex., on April 11, in his eighty-ninth year. A sketch of him will be given later.



## LITTLE ROCK "THE CITY OF ROSES."

"Nature put Arkansas in the middle of America's future, and in Arkansas all roads lead to Little Rock," declares Little Rock's Chamber of Commerce, and none could be more competent in authoritative statement. Little Rock is the metropolis of the "Wonder State," and a worthy center of interest, with its natural advantages added to those which have come through commercial and industrial expansion.

The city is surrounded by one of the best agricultural sections of the State, and everything needed for the sustenance of man and beast can here be produced. Indeed, many farmers get two crops each year from the same fields, an ideal condition of climate making this possible, and with railroad facilities of the best—there are eight railroads coming into the city—with highways that bring their quota of visitors, this center of the State has had a phenomenal growth during the past few years, which promises much for the future.

Little Rock was incorporated as a town in 1831, but its history runs back some two hundred years to the first settlement in 1722, when a trading post was established at this point and called "Little Rock," in contrast to a much larger rock formation farther up the river, called "Big Rock."

Little Rock is the county seat of Pulaski County, the center of seventy-five counties that form the State of Arkansas, and now has an estimated population of 136,000. It is a city of beautiful homes and handsome public buildings. Five bridges span the Arkansas River, connecting the two parts of the city. Two of these bridges, costing more than three million dollars, are memorials to the men of the army and navy who died in the World War. The beautiful Fair Park, with its buildings of Colonial architecture, draws more than two hundred thousand vacationists for the "Second Week in October." This park is a beautiful grove of native trees, two hundred and thirty acres in extent, and makes the world's "Most beautiful fair grounds." Over a million dollars was



EDMOND R. WILES

General Chairman Reunion Committee. Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V.

expended in converting the original wilderness into a beauty spot that will be a joy forever to the people of the city.

Of schools, the city has an extensive public school system, with an enrollment of more than 17,000 annually, and in addition there is the Little Rock College, the Medical Department of the University of Arkansas, and the Law School, as institutions of higher learning.

Natural gas is one of the many advantages of this city, and it is used for illuminating, heating, and cooking purposes.

Altogether, it is a city which offers many advantages, and, to be appreciated most, has to be seen, and what better time to visit there than during the Confederate reunion? Comrades, don't fail to be there.

Three transcontinental highways pass through the city: The Bankhead Highway, running from Memphis on to Dallas; the Lee Highway, from New York to San Francisco; the Lone Star Route, from Chicago to New Orleans; and the Pershing Highway also passes through.

Hot Springs National Park is within a few hours' ride of Little Rock, and will welcome visitors during the reunion.

The earliest knowledge of these famous Hot Springs of Arkansas is taken from an account of De Soto's exploring party, who discovered "a lake of very hot and somewhat brackish water" in 1541. In 1830, the first bathhouse was erected there for the accommodation of visitors; and in 1877, an act of Congress made this reservation the second National Park in the United States. It is now the resort of thousands of visitors annually who find the baths beneficial.

## A JACKET OF GRAY.

Is it a dream or the notes of a bugle  
That come from the valley that lieth afar?  
Was that a shot from the heart of the timber  
Dimly outlined on the horizon's bar?  
Resting alone in the sunlight and shadow  
That over the lawn like the gay fairies play,  
I turn in my chair from the past that has vanished  
To gaze with a smile at a jacket of gray.

It hangs on the wall by an old battered saber,  
Once swung in the fight with a Southerner's will;  
There's a stain on the sleeve and a rent at the shoulder,  
Souvenirs both of the brush on the hill.  
One glance and I'm back with the comrades I cherished,  
Who rode down the valley when youth had its day,  
With the wind in the pines and the dew on the clover,  
And the merriest hearts 'neath the jackets of gray.

Beneath the magnolias the camp fires are gleaming,  
The stars are aglow in the soft azure dome;  
We turn from the story of march and of battle  
For a thought and a dream of the sweethearts at home.  
There come from the years with their far-away vistas  
The times that have vanished forever, they say,  
A memory sweet and a memory golden  
To halo with glory a jacket of gray.

You will not object if I sit in life's gloaming,  
A crutch on my knee and a scar on my hand,  
And pluck in the name of a youth that has flitted  
A rose from the meadows of Memory Land—  
A rose that I place with a veteran's ardor  
Where *she* left a flower one beautiful day.  
I lost it, alas! in the charge by the river,  
But her touch lingers yet on the jacket of gray.

—T. C. Harbaugh.



## THE WONDER STATE OF ARKANSAS.

"There is in the history of Arkansas no want of the sort of material which makes for a flavor of individuality." It is thus that Dallas T. Herndon introduces the "Why?" of his story of the making of that State, from which the facts in the following sketch of the State are taken.

The first white men to enter that territory which is now the State of Arkansas were led by Hernando de Soto, and that was as far back as June 18, 1541. They were in search of what they might find of profit to themselves and their king, preferably gold, and from the accounts kept by two gentlemen of the expedition it is learned that they must have penetrated far into the interior of the State; they spent the winter of 1541-42 at a point on the Ouachita River, near the southeast corner of Ouachita County, Ark. Other white men followed these explorers in different periods, among them being Jacques Marquette, Lasalle, the latter taking possession of a certain territory in the name of Louis the Grand, King of France, etc., in April, 1682, and thus Arkansas became a part of Louisiana and a French possession.

Returning to France to bring out a party of colonists of the new possession, Lasalle left Henry do Tonti in charge. To him had been given a large tract of land near the mouth of the Arkansas River. In the spring of 1686, Tonti received orders to go to the mouth of the Mississippi River to meet Lasalle with his party of colonists, but after waiting for some time and hearing nothing of the fleet, he returned to the Indian villages on the Arkansas River, where he left ten men to establish a post. And this was the beginning of white settlement in Arkansas, and became known as Arkansas Post, the first permanent settlement of the State, which was intended to serve as a connecting point between settlements in the Illinois country and others in lower Louisiana. Throughout the periods of French and Spanish possession of Louisiana, the post continued a center of trade and government.

The province of Louisiana was purchased by the United States from France in 1803, and the control of upper Louisiana, including the present State of Arkansas, began March 10, 1804. In that same month, President Monroe approved an act of Congress which divided Louisiana into the Territory of Orleans and the District of Louisiana, or Upper Louisiana, which unorganized territory was attached to Indiana for judicial purposes. The District of Arkansas was created in June, 1806, but not until August, 1808, did civil government begin, and in November of that year the Indian treaties secured the greater part of that territory north of the Arkansas River now included in the State. Two million acres of what was known of the bounty lands

given to soldiers of the War of 1812, by act of Congress, were set apart in a body in what is now Arkansas.

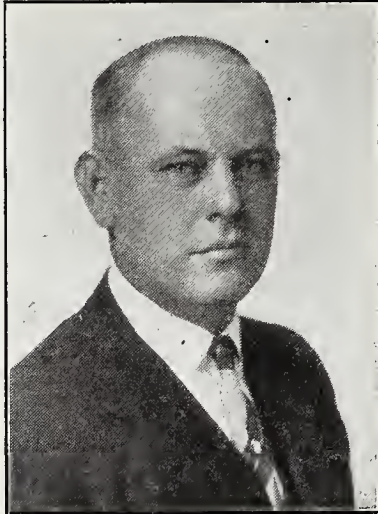
The first post office was established at Davidsonville, in June, 1817, and that at Arkansas Post was a close second.

The name "Arkansas" is a word of Indian origin, from the Arkansas Indian tribe, better known as the Quapaws, called by other tribes "U-gakh-pa," which went through the euphonic spelling of different explorers and came out "Arkansas" at last.

The territory of Arkansas was created by an act of Congress, March 2, 1819, with practically the present boundaries. The first legislature assembled to enact laws for the territory met at Arkansas Post, July 28, 1819, and the first general election was held on November 20 of that year. James Miller was the first governor. The first legislature, under the territorial government, of members chosen by the people, met at Arkansas Post, February 7, 1820.

The site of Little Rock was laid out for a town in 1820, and the seat of government was transferred to that place in June, 1821. An interesting story is told of the founding of this town and the political machinations which resulted in the change of the seat of government, and the following statement of the reasons for the name will be illuminating. It seems that the name of "Little Rock" was given to the place by Bernard de la Harpe, the French explorer, as distinguished from the higher bluff known as "Big Rock," and though an effort was made to change the name to "Arkopolis," in 1821, the name of Little Rock was too widely current to be changed by formal resolution, so from the small outcropping stone on the bank of the river the name of the capital city of Arkansas was conferred upon it nearly a century before the first settlement was made there.

In his first message to the General Assembly of October, 1829, Governor John Pope urged the necessity for better quarters in which to conduct the affairs of the territorial government, and by act of Congress, under the approval of President Andrew Jackson, ten sections of public lands in Arkansas were appropriated "for the purpose of raising a fund for the erection of a public building at Little Rock."



SENATOR W. W. RONEY  
Speakers' Bureau



THE OLD ALBERT PIKE HOME  
(Now the Terry Home), where a garden party is to be given.





SOME COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN, LITTLE ROCK REUNION

From left to right: George R. Wyman, Chairman Registration and Badges, Sponsors and Balls, Past Commander A. N. V. Department, S. C. V. Governor Harvey Parnell, Chairman Distinguished Reception Committee. Gordon H. Peay, Treasurer and Disbursing Officer. J. S. Utley, Chairman S. C. V. Committee, Commander Robert C. Newton Camp, S. C. V., Little Rock.

Altogether, from the sale of these sections and others set aside for the purpose, a sum of \$123,379 was secured for the building, now known as the old State House.

The last territorial legislature called a constitutional convention in October, 1835, to which delegates were elected in December following. The convention met in January, 1836, the constitution was framed, and Arkansas was admitted June 15, 1836, as the twenty-fifth State of the Union. Its career as a State has been along the usual lines of statehood under the Union. In the war with Mexico, Arkansas furnished its quota of troops and took part in the important battles of that war. In the War between the States, Arkansas went out of the Union by a vote of sixty-five to five, and was admitted to the Confederate congress at Montgomery, Ala., May 18, 1861. The State troops were transferred to the Confederate service in June, 1862, but one battle had already been fought on Arkansas soil, that of Elk Horn, or Pea Ridge, March 2, 1862, a battle without permanent advantage to either side, and in which two Confederate generals, McCulloch and McIntosh, were killed. The Union loss was considerably heavier here than that of the Confederates.

The battle of Prairie Grove was fought December 7, 1862, and though the Confederates won a complete victory, it was barren of any good result to the South.

Arkansas Post was captured by the Federals on January 11, 1863, when General Churchill's Confederate force of 3,000 was opposed by McClelland's 20,000 Federal troops.

A Confederate force under Gen. T. H. Holmes attacked the Federal garrison at Helena on July 4, 1863, but was finally repulsed with small loss.

Little Rock fell into the hands of the Federals on September 10, 1863, and the occupation of that city placed all that part of the State north of the Arkansas River in the hands of the Federals.

The battle of Poison Spring, or Prairie d'Ane (Federal), was a spirited engagement of March, 1864, and a victory for the Confederates.

The battle of Marks's Mill was fought April 25, 1864, resulting in a large capture of Federal cavalry and the entire

train of 240 wagons, the attack being made by Gen. James F. Fagan's Division.

On April 30, 1864, Gen. Sterling Price defeated General Steele, Federal, in the battle of Jenkins's Ferry, on the Saline River.

Early in September, 1864, General Price, with General Fagan as second in command, started on a raid through the northern part of the State and into Missouri, and after many engagements in the latter State, he returned to Arkansas with a command largely depleted, and this movement practically ended the war in the State.

Arkansas furnished four major generals and twenty brigadier generals to the Confederate armies, and nine brigadier generals commissioned by the State. These generals were:

Major Generals: Thomas C. Hindman, Patrick R. Cleburne, James F. Fagan, Thomas J. Churchill.

Brigadier Generals: Charles W. Adams, Frank C. Armstrong, W. N. R. Beall, Archibald J. Dobbins, Thomas P. Dockery, Edward W. Gantt, Daniel C. Govan, Alexander T. Hawthorne, John L. Logan, Thomas H. McCray, Evander McNair, Dandridge McRae, M. M. Parsons, Albert Pike, Lucius E. Polk, Daniel H. Reynolds, John S. Roame, Albert Rust, James C. Tappan, L. Marsh Walker.

The following were commissioned as brigadier generals by the State of Arkansas: Seth M. Barton, N. B. Burrow, William L. Cabell, John H. Kelly, James McIntosh, John E. Murray, N. B. Pearce, Charles W. Phifer, James Yell.

The women of Arkansas, as of other Southern States, nobly lent their aid in every possible way, making hospital supplies, clothing for the soldiers from cloth which they wove, and in other ways gave "aid and comfort" to the Confederate soldier and the cause. On the State capitol grounds in Little Rock stands a monument dedicated in 1912 to the "Mothers of Arkansas," a tribute from the State to the unselfish devotion of its daughters during the trying days of war.

Though the State was practically taken by the Federal forces and a government established in harmony with the national administration early in 1864, Governor Harris Flanagin held on as the chief executive of the Confederate





THE OLD STATEHOUSE OF ARKANSAS  
Now the War Memorial Building and Reunion Headquarters.

government of Arkansas, with the seat of government at Washington, until June, 1865, when it was resigned to the control of the Union under Gov. Isaac Murphy at Little Rock.

Originally known as "The Bear State," Arkansas has adopted the cognomen of "The Wonder State" by State resolution in 1923, which states: "Whereas it is an admitted fact that the State of Arkansas excels all others in natural resources, its store of mineral wealth being practically inexhaustible, its vast forests supplying pine and hardwoods in quantities sufficient to place the State in the forefront, and its agricultural and horticultural prowess recognized not only in the United States, but in foreign countries as well.

"More than ninety per cent of all the bauxite produced in the United States is mined in Pulaski and Saline Counties, Ark., and all of the bauxite used in the United States in the manufacture of aluminum in 1919 came from the Arkansas deposits."

Beautiful fresh-water pearls are taken from the streams and lakes of Arkansas, and pearl fishing forms a profitable employment for many citizens. The shells of the mussel are used for making pearl button, and the waste is sold as material for road surfacing.

Diamonds were discovered in the State in 1906.

Coal mining is carried on extensively, a fine quality of anthracite being procured.

Natural gas was discovered in 1901, near Fort Smith, and is now used extensively for heating and cooking purposes.

Oil was discovered in commercial quantities in 1920, and the State now ranks high in the list of oil-producing States.

Hats off to Arkansas, the "Wonder State"!

#### "THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER"—HOW IT ORIGINATED.

This story of Arkansas would be incomplete without some reference to that famous musical composition known as the "Arkansas Traveler," beloved of fiddlers of the old régime. The tune belongs to that class of music known as folk songs. It seems that one Sandford C. Faulkner was the man who brought the air into prominence, and for that reason he came to be known as the original "Arkansas Traveler." He was a Kentuckian who went to Arkansas in 1829 and located in Chicot County, where he became interested in cotton planting, and ten years later removed to Little Rock. During the war he was captain of ordnance at the arsenal until Little Rock was occupied by the Federals, when he went to Texas. After the war he returned to Little Rock and engaged in business as a planter. He died in 1874, and in a notice of his

death, the *Arkansas Gazette* said: "It is well known throughout the Southwest that Colonel Faulkner was the original impersonator of the 'Arkansas Traveler,' and it was his pride to be known as such. The story is said to be founded on a little incident in the campaign of 1840, when he made the tour of the State with several prominent politicians. One day, in the Boston Mountains, the party approached a squatter's cabin for information of the route, and 'Colonel Sandy' was made spokesman of the company, and upon his witty response the tune and story were founded. On their return to Little Rock, a grand banquet was given in the famous barroom which stood near the Anthony House, and 'Colonel Sandy' was called on to play a tune and give the story. Afterwards it grew in popularity, and when he went to New Orleans the fame of the 'Arkansas Traveler' had gone before him, and at a banquet, amid the clinking

of glasses and brilliant toasts, he was handed a violin by the then governor of Louisiana and requested to favor them with the favorite Arkansas tune. At the old St. Charles Hotel a special room was devoted to his use, bearing in gilt letters over the door, 'Arkansas Traveler.'"

#### THE BATTLE OF ELK HORN, OR PEA RIDGE, ARK.

BY W. I. TRUMAN, GUEYDAN, LA.

The Northern Army, commanded by General Curtis, was encamped at Elk Horn Tavern, in Benton County, Ark., near Sugar Creek, except one division under General Sigel at Bentonville, a few miles to the north. General Van Dorn divided his army, sending General Price with his Missouri troops to attack the enemy on the north and General McCulloch on the southwest, which cut off all chances for the enemy to



MAID OF HONOR FOR THE SOUTH  
Miss Margaret Grace Valentine, daughter of Mrs. Mary Fisher Valentine, of Little Rock, Ark.





## SPONSOR FOR THE SOUTH

Miss Anna Jackson Preston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Preston, of Charlotte, N. C., and great-granddaughter of Stonewall Jackson.

retreat. Price aimed to crush Sigel at Bentonville; but that wily general got a chance to run, and he was never known to be caught on a retreat. His rear guard cut down trees and blocked the road in many places; and, as there was no way to go around, we had to get axes and cut them out of our way. We kept up this slow pursuit all night, coming up with the enemy near Elk Horn about daylight. The country is rough, and mountainous, and the road we were traveling had steep clifted sides, and in leaving it our men had to climb very high bluffs in order to form line of battle.

The enemy was ready for us and saluted with a heavy artillery fire. My battery was ordered to climb a certain rocky hill, take position, open fire, and silence a battery that was doing our men considerable damage. We expected to have great trouble in getting up that steep hill, as we had several very balky teams, but, to our surprise and joy, they went up in a gallop, leaving the cannoneers way behind. We learned, and saw it demonstrated many times afterwards that a balky team never balks under fire. When on top of the hill the battery we were sent to engage paid its unwelcome respects to us, and we had to go into action under a heavy fire. We were soon ready, and opened fire with our six guns. In twenty minutes the enemy withdraw, leaving one gun behind. Gen. Henry Little, commanding the First Missouri Brigade, now advanced and engaged the enemy on our right. The roar of small arms was fearful. We continued to throw shells into their line of battle, and our brave, talented captain sat his beautiful iron-gray horse and was happy. They stood their ground well about half an hour, then retreated. Our men raised a yell and followed them for some distance. Things were quiet now for quite a while. We could plainly hear the firing and the Rebel yell of McCulloch's men in our front engaging the enemy on the opposite of us. They did not seem to be more than two miles off. Every man in Price's

little army heard the same, and it did us all good to know that we had the enemy penned and there was no chance for them to get out unless they whipped Price, and the beginning they had made convinced us they could not do that.

When the firing ceased, we noticed several piles of knapsacks at the foot of the hill. We brought up a few, and such fun as we had reading love letters! Some of them were just overpowering, and the boys would hold their breath and act in other amusing ways while they were being read aloud. We did not know the girls, so there was no harm done. None of the blue clothing and but few other articles were appropriated.

Firing soon commenced on our extreme left, and my battery was moved in that direction, finding our infantry hotly engaged in an unequal contest trying to drive the enemy out of the dense bushes on the opposite side of an old field. They had made one charge, but were driven back, and had taken shelter in a hollow in the middle of the field. Captain Wade placed one battery in position immediately, ordered to load with canister and commence firing. We raked the bushes front, right, and left for several minutes under quite a sprinkle of Minie balls. Suddenly our infantry gave a yell and started on a double-quick for their concealed foe. A sheet of fire leaped from those bushes the whole length of the field and farther, and never let up. Our boys were again forced back, and took shelter under the hill. In the meantime we had run our guns by hand some distance into the field, firing all the time. We were now very much exposed, but continued to send a perfect hailstorm of canister into the bushes. In a remarkably short time our men returned to the assault the third time, and, with a continuous yell and in the face of that



## MAID OF HONOR FOR THE SOUTH

Miss Lucy Grattan Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wilson Moore, of Charlotte, N. C.



terrible fire, went right into the brush, routed the enemy, and drove them nearly a mile beyond Elk Horn Tavern, which was General Curtis's headquarters, capturing many wagons and commissary stores. Our loss was heavy, but during my four years' service I never saw better fighting. They were Missouri troops, but I do not remember who commanded. My battery followed in the pursuit at a double-quick.

As I was following my gun I passed one of our infantry boys sitting on the ground holding the head of a dying Northern soldier in his lap. He called to me and asked if I had any water in my canteen, as he wanted some for the man. I ran to him, knelt down, and gave the dying soldier a drink. He tried to thank me, but could only move his lips. He then raised his right hand, with a happy smile on his lips, and patted me on my cheek, seeming to say, "God bless you!" He had a smooth face, was fine-looking, and handsome. He was from Illinois, but I never learned his name. I shall never forget that sweet face when he blessed me for that last drink of cold water. I hope to meet him in the bright beyond.

I could not tarry, but went in a fast run to overtake my battery. When I came up they had unlimbered and prepared for action. We soon opened fire, replying to a battery trained upon us, and continued firing until after dark. Things soon became quiet after we ceased, and the first day's battle was over. We had driven the enemy about two miles and held the field. We had not heard a gun nor a yell from McCulloch's men since nine or ten o'clock in the morning, but later in the night we learned that McCulloch and McIntosh were killed early in the morning. The other officers were puzzled on the subject of rank, and could not decide who should take command.

Elk Horn Tavern is situated on a beautiful plateau which was in a high state of cultivation. There were several sutler wagons in park near our battery, and we laid in a supply of candles, tobacco, canned fruit, and other useful articles. There was a large barn near by full of commissaries, and we secured plenty of sugar and coffee and other groceries. The tavern was full of the wounded of both armies.

About sunrise my battery was ordered to advance and take position in the edge of a field and open fire on the enemy, who were in full view on a ridge in the field unpleasantly close. As we moved for our position we passed in the rear of our line of battle. The men were lying flat on the ground at the edge of the field, well concealed in many places by small undergrowth. The brave young Captain Clark, with his Missouri battery, was already in position, and was so gay and happy that morning as we passed him going to our position. Every

one who knew him loved him, and his battery boys idolized him. As we entered a strip of heavy timber the enemy opened fire on us from several batteries, and such a cyclone of falling timber and bursting shells I don't suppose was ever equaled during our great war. Our advance was stopped on account of fallen trees, and our horses were being killed every minute. We were ordered back, but how to get back required a kind of military tactics not learned at military schools. We finally obeyed the order in some way I cannot describe, after losing several men and thirteen horses. The gallant Clark's battery had the brunt of this terrible fire. He was slain, but his battery could not be driven from its position. The enemy now made a determined advance along the whole line for the purpose of cutting through Price's little army of Missouri soldiers and opening a way for retreat, but he was gallantly met, driven back with heavy loss, and the second day's fight was over. General Van Dorn, at this stage of action, ordered Price to retreat and join McCulloch's part of the army, which had not fired a shot for twenty-four hours from having no leader.

This move astonished us all. We were not whipped. We had had everything our own way right from the start. They had played their last card and lost, and it seemed to us that a demand for surrender was in order. Every man, from General Price down, was mad and grieved because they had to move away and leave the fruits of their glorious victory behind and have it said they were whipped. A Yankee colonel, whom we had captured with many of his men in their last charge, made free to say to all that General Curtis had given orders for all of his wagons to be loaded with their baggage and supplies and be ready to follow if he opened a way for them to retreat, and if he failed and had to surrender, the wagons must be burned.

In leaving the battle field, my battery took a wrong road and was separated from the main body for two days without any protection, but the enemy made no pursuit and we were in no danger of capture. After traveling about six miles over a rough road, we entered a rocky hollow with steep cliffs on each side, which continued for about one mile, then suddenly emerged into an open space about three hundred yards wide with heavy timber on the opposite side, and near the timber was a regiment of infantry in line of battle facing us. When we came up, Captain Wade was ordered (by the colonel, I suppose) to take position on the right of the regiment, which he did. They were a fine-looking set of men, dressed in Confederate uniform, about six hundred strong, and they had the most beautiful flag I ever saw. It was the first time I had seen one of our new battle flags, and this one was made of the



BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL BRIDGE ACROSS THE ARKANSAS RIVER AT MAIN STREET, LITTLE ROCK





MRS. JOHN FRANCIS WEINMANN, OF LITTLE ROCK  
Official Hostess for the South, Chairman Entertainment  
Committee, C. S. M. A.

finest silk, with heavy golden silk fringe bordering, cord and tassels of the same, a nice staff, with golden spear on the top, and the name "Col. — Reeves's — Arkansas Regiment" in golden letters across its face. The colonel's initials and number of regiment, I do not remember. Our battery was not in position more than five minutes before we heard five or six shots fired from small arms some distance up the rocky hollow we had just traveled, and several stragglers appeared in the opening in that direction, two or three being mounted. One rider seemed to have entered the open space from a road farther to our right, as he was coming diagonally across the front of our battery on a direct line for the head of the regiment. He was riding a beautiful sorrel, with light mane and tail, and came at a rapid pace. When near our front I noticed that he was an officer dressed in full major general's uniform, cavalry boots, black hat pinned up on one side with a white ostrich feather, gold cord and tassels, and a red silk sash around his waist. He was fine-looking, but rather stout, and seemed very much excited. It was said by all that this was Gen. Albert Pike. When he got opposite the regimental colors he gave some command in a loud voice. I did not hear what he said, but was told he commanded the men to disperse and take to the woods and save themselves, or they would be captured in a few minutes. He then continued his flight, and the regiment melted away and disappeared in the woods in less than two minutes. Their beautiful flag was thrown upon the ground and abandoned. Every member of my battery witnessed this affair. We remained in battery a few minutes with our guns loaded ready for action; but as no enemy appeared, Captain Wade ordered us to limber up, and we continued our retreat. In getting into the road again we passed near the abandoned flag and Frank Dye ran and picked it up, and with some help ripped it from the staff. He then folded it up and placed it in his bosom, buttoning his coat over it, and brought it safely into camp. I do not remember what

disposition was made of it. There is a possibility that I may be mistaken in the name stamped upon the flag. Perhaps this was the flag mentioned by General Cabell as being lost at Elk Horn, and recaptured by Gen. Henry Little's Missouri troops. I have never blamed those men for obeying that uncalled-for order. They were new troops, and doubtless three-fourths of them gave their lives later on for their country. I should be glad to hear from any comrades who were present about this unfortunate affair.

## THE BATTLE OF ARKANSAS POST.

BY L. V. CARAWAY, GRANBURY, TEX.

In his history of the War between the States, S. S. Cox, of New York, said of the battle of Arkansas Post: "The capture of the Arkansas Post was made on January 11, 1863. The place is situated a few miles up the Arkansas River from its mouth, and was defended by a large Confederate force. The movement was planned by General Sherman and Commodore Porter before General McClellan took command of the army. To these officers belongs the honor of its execution. The loss of the Unionists was six hundred in killed and wounded. The Confederates lost only sixty-five in killed and eighty-three wounded; but their whole force of seven thousand men and officers was surrendered, with eight thousand stands of arms, twenty cannon, and a large amount of stores."

Thus we have it from the Union side of the battle. I will give the facts as I gathered them from observation and most reliable sources.

The Confederate army, consisting of Carter's Brigade and



MRS. GEORGE HUGHES, OF BENTON, ARK.  
State President, U. D. C., Chairman U. D. C. Committee for Reunion.



other regiments, were put in charge of this post in the fall of 1862, and remained there drilling, eating poor pumpkins, mean sorghum, and coarse corn bread very well contented, as the winter was unusually mild until just before the battle and our surrender. The army had gone into comfortable winter quarters. Our cabins were of logs and covered with split boards, and we felt quite secure from all danger, as there was no enemy nearer than Vicksburg. We could hear of the war, but had not experienced a taste of its realities.

On the night of January 9, 1863, our boys retired after having amused themselves at checkers, chess, and cards, which games were quite the rule to pass the time from home. Alas! our slumbers were abruptly ended. The stillness and quietude of the night was broken by the alarming announcement that the "Yankees are coming up the Arkansas River with a large fleet of gunboats and transports." We sprang out of our bunks, leaving our warm beds and camp equipage. All we could hear was the command, "Fall in," "Attention, men!" "Forward, march!" and off we went. We dropped down the Arkansas River some two miles and soon learned the real condition, which justified much haste. We approached near the Federal army on boats and land and formed a line of battle ready to receive a charge. Col. F. C. Wicks, at the head of the 24th Texas, gave the command: "Cap your guns; shoot low; shoot at their knees." At that moment the Federals opened fire on us by shelling the woods. They continued shelling while landing troops. It was discovered by our cavalry that they had men enough to completely surround us. We fell back to our fort, and went to work in earnest erecting temporary breastworks from the fort north, knowing that we would soon have some hard fighting to do; and if men ever did work faithfully, it was our little army on the night of the 10th of January, 1863.

That night the gunboats moved up close to our fort, and put in the time till about nine o'clock shelling us; but they did not get our range, as most of the bombs passed in our

rear and exploded in the heavy timber to our left. After they had amused themselves sufficiently, they ceased firing for the night, to our great satisfaction. We lay on our arms in line of battle until morning, and it is needless to say that we did not sleep very soundly, and we ate no breakfast.

On January 11 it was easy to divine what to expect. We had our ditches dug, breastworks up, and behind them our seven thousand as courageous and determined soldiers, Texans and Arkansans, as could be found in the Confederate service. We were now ready for the attack, guns in hand, big cannons pointing down the river. While all was calm General Churchill, on his charger, rode up our line in full Confederate uniform and said: "Boys, we will hold the fort or all will be shot down in these ditches."

General McClernard, the Union commander, put his army in motion by moving up his gunboats and putting them in position. He planted their batteries in front of ours, formed a blue line in front of ours, then opened fire on us simultaneously with all their instruments of destruction, and such a noise I never heard. The infantry made a desperate charge on level ground with no shelter. When at the proper distance from our line, we turned loose a deadly volley, thinning their ranks. They fell back, reformed, and charged again and again, with the same result. Our side stood firm and unwavering, causing much disaster to each charge. The gunboats opened fire on us with solid shot and shell, and blew up our magazine, captured our fort with all our siege pieces, including our "Big Susan," that they drove a solid cannon ball into and burst. They turned some of our guns on us, sweeping our line of battle its entire length. They disabled all the cannon of our battery and killed all our artillery horses, as their cannon were directed by a man with much skill.

They massed all the men they could against our left, and were pressing it hard when General Churchill ordered every alternate company from the right to the left to support the left wing, as it had almost given way; but when our boys



THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF ARKANSAS, NEAR LITTLE ROCK, IS ONE OF THE MOST UP TO DATE OF THESE HOMES, HAVING ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES AND COMFORTS. IT IS BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED IN EXTENSIVE GROUNDS



doubled up, the carnage was awful in front of our line. The earth was literally blue from one end of their line to the other. Things were growing hotter and hotter, and it was plain to see that the Confederates could not endure the great odds



MRS. J. A. WILSON, OF LITTLE ROCK  
President Memorial Chapter, U. D. C., Chairman Sponsorial  
Staffs Committee.

they had to fight much longer. The Union side then formed for the next charge, four deep, and to the great relief of our army the white flag was hoisted without orders from one end of our line to the other. It has always seemed providential to surrender just at that time, as the next charge would have annihilated us. Thus ended one of the worst battles of the war.

As soon as we surrendered General McClernard, of Illinois, who commanded the Union army, rode up in front of our company in our line near enough for us to get a good look at him. He seemed very kind and was dignified, making quite a military appearance. He looked up and down our line, and asked our captain: "Is this all the men you have?" When told it was, the General said: "You have killed as many of our men as we have captured of yours." The next man that arrested my attention was a Federal major. His uniform was covered with blood. He rode right up to our line, dismounted, crossed our breastworks, and with a smile on his face said: "Give me your hands, boys; you are good soldiers. You shot two horses under me and killed my comrades all around me." We saluted him so cordially that it seemed like an old-fashioned camp meeting. He was an ideal soldier.

The blue line now moved up on us and never broke ranks. The men were in a good humor, and divided crackers with us. We were ordered to take up our guns and march down the line to the old fort. In passing our dead and wounded some of the mangled begged for water; but we could do nothing for them, as we had changed conditions. I suppose they were cared for by the Union soldiers or a detail of our own men. We camped that night on the bank of the river near the fort. A terrible snowstorm added to our disasters,

and it turned intensely cold. We were thinly clad, having left our clothing in camp, expecting to go back where we left it.

On the morning of January 12 we boarded three transports, the Sam Gaty, John J. Roe, and the Nebraska. Then there was another boat for the sick and wounded. We were sent down the Arkansas River to its mouth, thence up the Mississippi River to Memphis, on to St. Louis, and then twenty-two miles farther to old Alton, Ill. We were nineteen days and nights on the boats. Here we took the cars for Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill. Some of our army were taken to the barracks in Camp Douglas, Chicago, and part to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio. We were very well fed and kindly treated by the regular soldiers who had the honor of capturing us at the Post. Our trouble was with the camp guards in charge of the prisoners, who were cruel. They shot into our barracks occasionally. The change of climate was about the worst thing for us—from mild to frigid. When we got off the cars, after eleven hours without a spark of fire, we were all nearly dead. Some of our boys were chilled to death. I was almost out of the scrape. I went to the guard line and sold a forty-follar watch for ten dollars to a small soldier. I noticed the sergeant of the guard, and said to him: "Can you tell me where I can get something that will stimulate me?" Said he: "Come and go with me." He took me to the sutler's store, where there was a good fire. He ordered a stimulant for me by which I was thoroughly thawed out, and it seemed to do him good to save my life. He saw me get the ten dollars for my watch, but would not let me pay for the "thawer," but paid it himself. We soon parted. I looked for my generous-hearted soldier friend, but could never identify him any more. After lingering in prison for a few months, we were taken to City Point, Va., where we were exchanged.

## INCIDENT FROM THE BATTLE OF ELKHORN.

BY DR. PAUL C. YATES, SURGEON SHAVER'S ARKANSAS  
REGIMENT.

I was surgeon of Colonel Pickens's 6th Regiment, Missouri Troops at the battle of Elk Horn, had been to the rear to arrange the ambulances, and was hastening to General Price. Just as I was passing McCulloch's command I saw him ride out in front, giving a command to the troops in his immediate vicinity, when suddenly I saw his body first bend forward, then backward, and the next moment fall from his horse to the ground in such a manner that I knew he was dead. I hastened across the hollow to General Price, and told him General McCulloch was killed. He said: "Is this official?" I replied: "No, but I saw it." He seemed much affected, and before I left him a courier rode up, giving a paper to General Price. After reading it, he said to me: "It is General McIntosh that is killed." I said: "Then it is both; I know General McCulloch is dead." General Price rode out into the field, and in a few minutes returned with a bullet hole in his wrist, a very painful wound. While I was dressing it a courier came to me saying that my brother, Dr. W. V. Yates, now of Callao, Mo., was wounded. General Price said when I was through with him: "Now go and attend your brother." In going a short distance I saw two men carrying one off the field. I went to them, and they had General Slack, wounded in the groin, which proved fatal. Thus in a very short time three of our generals were killed and General Price wounded. I found my brother with a Minie ball through him, carrying a button from his coat through to the skin of the back, where it was taken out with the button fast in the open end of it. He recovered from this fearful wound.



## MAJ. GEN. PATRICK R. CLEBURNE.

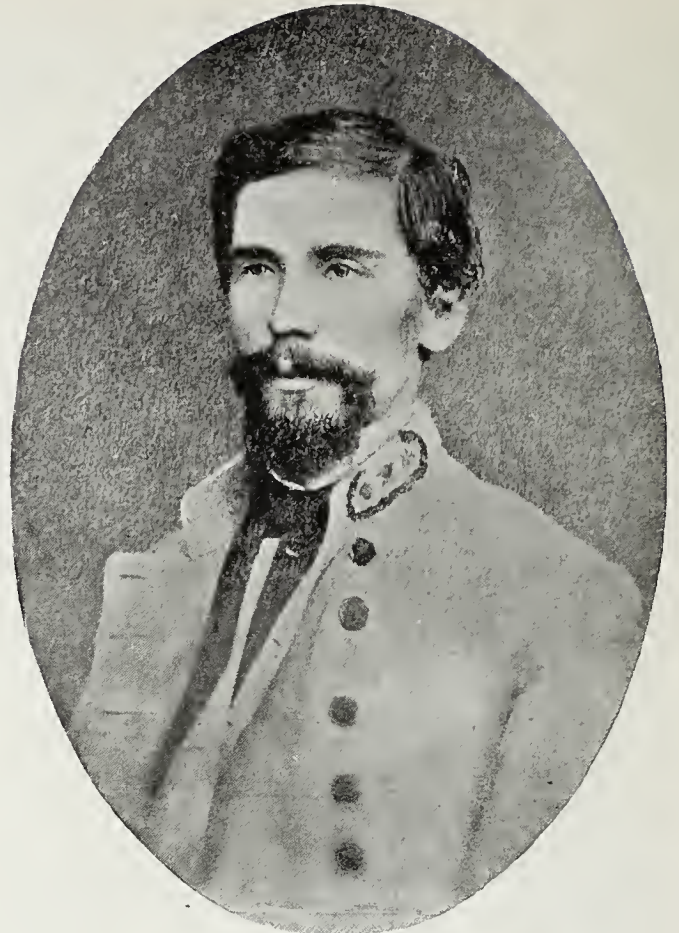
The following extracts are taken from a sketch of General Cleburne written by General Hardee in May, 1867, in whose corps General Cleburne served most of the time from the rank of colonel to that of major general:

"Patrick Ronayne Cleburne was an Irishman by birth, a Southerner by adoption and residence, a lawyer by profession, a soldier in the British army by accident in his youth, and a soldier in the Southern armies from patriotism and conviction of duty in his manhood. Upon coming to the United States, he located in Helena, Ark., where he studied and practiced law. In the commencement of the war for Southern independence, he enlisted as a private. He was subsequently made captain of his company, and shortly after he was elected and commissioned colonel of his regiment. Thus from one grade to another he gradually rose to the high rank of major general, which he held when he fell. It is but just praise to say there was no truer patriot, no more courageous soldier, nor, of his rank, more able commander in the Southern armies; and it is too much to add that his fall was a greater loss to the cause he espoused than that of any other Confederate leader after Stonewall Jackson.

"In the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864, Cleburne fell at the head of his division. He was one of thirteen general officers killed or disabled in the combat. He had impressed upon his officers the necessity of carrying the position he had been ordered to attack, a very strong one, at all cost. The troops knew from fearful experience, of their own and their enemy's, what it was to assault such works. To encourage them, Cleburne led them in person nearly to the ditch of the enemy's line. There rider and horse, each pierced by a score of bullets, fell dead close by the enemy's works.

"The death of Cleburne cast a deep gloom over the army and the country. Eight millions of people, whose hearts had learned to thrill at his name, now mourned his loss, and felt there was none to take his place. The division with which his fame was identified was worthy of him, and he had made it so. Its numbers were made up and its honors shared by citizens of the five States—Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. In it was also one regiment of Irishmen, who, on every field, illustrated the characteristics of the race that furnishes the world with soldiers. No one of its regiments but bore upon its colors the significant device of the "crossed cannon inverted," and the name of each battle in which it had been engaged. Prior to the battle of Shiloh, a blue battle flag had been adopted by me for this division; and when the Confederate battle flag became the national colors, Cleburne's Division, at its urgent request, was allowed to retain its own bullet-riddled battle flag. This was the only division in the Confederate service allowed to carry into action other than the national colors; and friends and foes soon learned to watch the course of the blue flag that marked where Cleburne was in the battle. Where this division defended, no odds broke its lines; where it attacked, no numbers resisted its onslaught, save only once—there is the grave of Cleburne and his heroic division.

"Cleburne, at the time of his death, was about thirty-seven years of age. He was above the medium height, about five feet eleven inches, and, though without striking personal advantages, would have arrested attention from a close observer as a man of mark. His hair, originally black, became gray under the care and fatigue of campaigning. His eyes, a clear steel-gray in color, were cold and abstracted usually, but beamed genially in seasons of social intercourse, and blazed fiercely in moments of excitement. A good-sized and



GEN. P. R. CLEBURNE

well-shaped head, prominent features, slightly aquiline nose, thin, grayish whiskers worn on the lip and chin, and an expression of countenance, when in repose, rather indicative of a man of thought than action, completes the picture. His manners were distant and reserved to strangers, but frank and winning among friends. He was as modest as a woman, but not wanting in that fine ambition which ennobles men. Simple in his tastes and habits, and utterly regardless of personal comfort, he was always mindful of the comfort and welfare of his troops. An incident which occurred at Atlanta illustrates his habitual humanity to prisoners. A captured Federal officer was deprived of his hat and blankets by a needy soldier of Cleburne's command, and Cleburne, failing to detect the offender or to recover the property, sent the officer a hat of his own and his only pair of blankets.

"Cleburne's remains were buried after the battle of Franklin in the Polk Cemetery, near Columbia, Tenn. Generals Granbery and Strahl, brave comrades who fell in the same action, were buried there also. On the march to Columbia, a few days before his death, Cleburne halted at this point, and in one of the gentle moods of the man that sometimes softened the mien of the soldier, gazed a moment in silence upon the scene, and, turning to some members of his staff, said: 'It is almost worth dying to rest in so sweet a spot.'

"It was in remembrance of these words that their suggestion was carried out in the choice of his burial place. In this spot where nature has lavished her wealth of grace and beauty—in the bosom of the State he did so much to defend, within whose borders he first guided his charging lines to victory, and to whose soil he finally yielded to the cause the last and all a patriot soldier can give—rests what was mortal of Patrick Cleburne, and will rest until his adopted State shall claim his ashes and raise above them monumental honors to the virtues of her truest citizen, her noblest champion, her greatest soldier.



"Cleburne had often expressed the hope that he might not survive the loss of independence by the South. Heaven heard the prayer, and spared him this pang. He fell before the banner he had so often guided to victory was furled, before the people he fought for were crushed, before the cause failed.

"Two continents now claim his name, eight millions of people revere his memory, two great communities raise monuments to his virtues, and history will take up his fame and hand it down to time for exempling, wherever a courage without stain, a manhood without blemish, an integrity that knew no compromise, and a patriotism that withheld no sacrifice, are honored of mankind."

(Arkansas claimed the dust of her illustrious soldier, and it now rests beneath a handsome monument in the cemetery of Helena.)

## THE DEATH OF GENERAL McCULLOCH.

BY J. M. BAILEY, AUSTIN, TEX.

Little is known by the general public of the circumstances surrounding the death of Gen. Ben McCulloch, killed March 7, 1862, in the battle of Elkhorn, in Benton County, Ark. The following account is of my personal knowledge.

My regiment, the 16th Arkansas Infantry, commanded by Col. John F. Hill, was formed on the extreme right of the Confederate infantry under General McCulloch. Our line of battle was formed about one hundred yards north of a field, or fields, lying east and west, and three or four hundred yards across to the south. From this position, we could see the enemy's artillery and infantry along the edge of the woods opposite. They greeted us with a few rounds of grape or canister. While occupying this position, General McCulloch came riding along in our front, going to our right. He carried a short, breech-loading rifle. When near the right of the regiment, he ordered Captains Swagerty and Goodnight to deploy their companies in our front as skirmishers. He then rode on alone into some thick woods to our right. In a very short time, probably ten or fifteen minutes, the regiment was ordered by the right flank about two hundred yards to our right, then forward, right oblique to the field fence, driving a line of Federal skirmishers across the field. I was the color bearer of my regiment. The flag showing above the bushes along the fence was a target for the enemy's artillery, and their shells were passing uncomfortably close, when Colonel Hill ordered me to lower the colors. Feeling at liberty to leave my place for a few minutes, I passed to the right of the regiment, where my brother, Lieutenant Bailey, was in command of Company D, to which company I belonged, to ascertain if they had sustained any loss. When near the right of the regiment, a young man named John Jones, of the same company, some thirty yards to the right and rear, called to me, saying: "Here is General McCulloch." He was lying full length on his back. From a bullet hole in the right breast of his coat I picked a white cotton patching, such as was used around the balls of the old squirrel rifle. The calm, placid expression of his face indicated that death was instantaneous and that he died without a struggle.

I called to Lieutenant Pixley, adjutant of the regiment, a short distance away. He pulled off his overcoat and threw it over the body, covering the face with the cape, saying: "We must not let the men know that General McCulloch is killed." His gun, field glasses, and watch were gone. Whether he was afoot or mounted, we never knew. He had evidently started to the field fence to get a view of the enemy's line of defense on the opposite side of the field, and was killed by one of the Federal skirmishers not over thirty yards away. A

detail of four or five men was made from Company D, to carry the body to the rear, and it was then sent to Fort Smith, Ark., where it was temporarily buried.

Federal soldiers with whom I have since talked who were in the battle of Elkhorn, told me that when the Confederate forces gained a position in their rear, cutting off the only feasible line of retreat and the source of their supplies, that they were more or less demoralized and thought defeat and capture almost certain. They learned of General McCulloch's death immediately after it occurred. His watch, with name engraved thereon told the story. His death gave them hope and courage. General McIntosh, the second in command, was killed about the same time, and Colonel Hebert, the ranking colonel, was wounded, leaving the right wing of the Confederate forces without a commander. Colonels of regiments, without orders, acted on their own initiative without any concert of action. The untimely death of these two officers turned the tide of battle in favor of the Federals.

## THE BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON, TENN.

The shrill whistling fife had awaked us at dawn,  
The long roll was beaten, we answered the call;  
The clouds lowered round us, the skies were forlorn,  
While the swift falling snowflake enveloped us all.

Our knapsacks were slung, our Minies we clasped,  
At morn's early dawn we had entered the fort;  
'Twas February thirteenth, the foe had advanced,  
With caution, the gunboats had opened their ports.

The signal guns fired, every heart was begirt  
With firmness of purpose and fixed resolve  
To withstand all oppression and dye with blood  
The snow-covered earth, our country to absolve.

The conflict commenced, the battle then raged,  
From morning till night the cannon did sound;  
Still louder the din, the foe was engaged;  
With valor we met them on Donelson's ground,

'Mid clatter of musketry, and cannon's loud din,  
While the swift booming shell burst high in the air;  
With shouts and confusion again and again,  
Our brave boys repulsed them and slew many there.

For three winter days, we withstood the attack,  
Our friends they were wounded and many had died;  
Still the swift, whistling bullet or Minie death-clack,  
Was heard in its course as it onward had sped.

Outnumbered by foes, the white flag is unfurled;  
It floats in the breeze of that calm Sabbath morn.  
We are Prisoners of War! "Surrendered" the word!  
As we lay on our arms most sad and forlorn.  
Still Hope's beauteous star shines bright in the skies,  
It illumines our path, saying never despond  
Though dark be the storm cloud that now doth arise,  
Great joy will return with the brightness beyond.

(These lines were written on July 4, 1862, by W. E. Maury, of the 49th Tennessee Regiment, while a prisoner at Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., in a blank book picked up by C. B. Johnson in a Yankee camp after the first day's battle at Fort Donelson, February 13, 1862; they were in prison together. The poem was sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. James M. Orr, of Jonesville, Va., who wishes to locate any descendants of W. E. Maury.)



GEN. C. I. WALKER, U. C. V.

"When the gray line breaks on the last long mile,  
God grant them 'Hail!' and a cheery smile;  
And the clasp of a comrade's hand,  
In that better land beyond the farthest star  
Where God's sainted armies are  
In the brave front ranks at his right hand  
God keep them!"

Cornelius Irvine Walker, 1848-1927, Colonel C. S. A., Past Commander in Chief, U. C. V., and Honorary Commander for Life.

Whereas on November 7, 1927, it pleased our Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, to call to his just reward Gen. C. Irvine Walker, veteran of the War between the States, historian and devoted worker for the women of the Confederacy, he for whom the Summerville, S. C., Chapter, of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, is named; and whereas General Walker was the faithful friend and adviser of said Chapter from its beginning until the very day of his passing; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the C. Irvine Walker Chapter, U. D. C., feels in the death of General Walker that the Chapter has lost a faithful, loving, and honored friend.

Katherine F. Boyle, President; Emilie North Moore, Secretary; Ellen R. Rivers.

The passing of General Walker has been a loss to all the Confederate associations in the cessation of that work to which has last years had been so assiduously given, and in his personality which made him a prominent figure in Confederate gatherings. He had looked forward with fond anticipations to the meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Charleston last November, but death claimed him shortly before the convention date. General Walker was born in Charleston on February 14, 1842, the son of Joseph and Cornelia Walker; he graduated from the South Carolina Military Academy, Charleston, in April, 1861, and at once entered the Confederate service as a drillmaster. By gallantry and devotion to duty, he rose in rank so that when only twenty-two years of age he became lieutenant colonel of the 10th South Carolina Regiment, and commanded that regiment during the last year of the war. He was in every engagement of his command, and was desperately wounded in front of Atlanta, July 28, 1864.

As a cadet in the Citadel at Charleston, he was on duty when the opening gun of the war was fired on January 9, 1861, and surrendered when the last act of the great drama was closed at Greensboro, N. C., with General Johnston, April, 1865. No more loyal, devoted, braver man gave the best years of his life to a beloved cause.

General Walker was married in 1868 to Miss Ada Oreano Sinclair, of Georgetown, S. C., who preceded him in death several years. He is survived by a son and several grandchildren. Another son died some years ago.

The following notes are from an editorial tribute in the *Charleston News and Courier*:

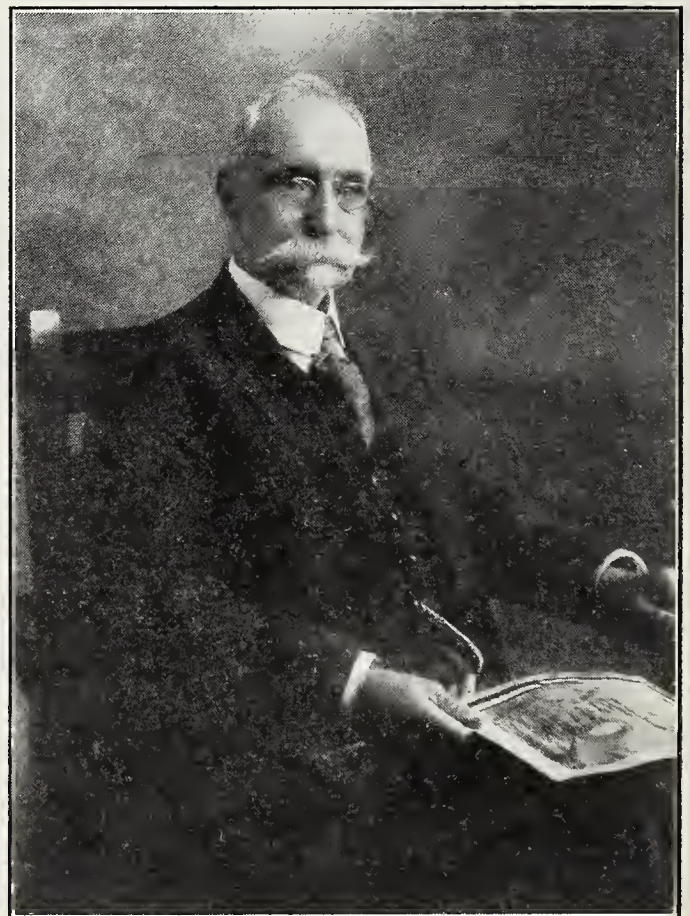
"Gen. Cornelius Irvine Walker achieved distinction as a soldier and as a citizen, serving community, State, and the South with rare devotion. Graduating at the Citadel in April, 1861, he at once entered the Confederate army. Throughout the war he served the Southern cause with high gallantry, earning promotion to lieutenant colonel of the 10th South Carolina. He was seriously wounded in battle near Atlanta in July, 1864, and slightly wounded at Kingston.

"After the war General Walker went into business at Charleston and was for many years connected with the Walker, Evans & Cogswell Co. He gave freely of his services for his community and State throughout the storms of the Reconstruction period. He was a founder of the Carolina Rifle Club and commanded the club during the riotous months from September, 1876, to March, 1877. When Gen. Wade Hampton became governor, the club entered the State volunteer service with Colonel Walker commanding. He later was promoted to brigadier general commanding the Fourth Brigade. For many years he worked with enthusiasm for the State militia, realizing its importance in safeguarding the people.

"No graduate of the Citadel rendered it more zealous service. He led in the movement for the reopening of the military college in the fall of 1882, and had the honor of receiving the Citadel buildings on Marion Square from the Federal authorities. For several terms he was a member of the board of visitors, and to General Walker and his associates the Citadel owes its survival and its achievement of primacy among American military colleges.

"With the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, General Walker was elected Commander of the South Carolina Division. He succeeded General Hampton as Lieutenant General, commanding the Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., and on the death of Gen. George W. Gordon, became Commander in Chief, and at the next reunion he was elected Honorary Commander for life.

"For years General Walker strove for recognition of the brave and glorious work of the women of the Confederacy, and his devoted efforts brought about the erection of monuments in eight Southern States. The history of the women's contributions to the Confederacy was fully told by him in numerous articles. He was for years a trustee of the Charles-



GEN. C. I. WALKER



ton Library, a leading member of the Agricultural Society of South Carolina, and of other organizations of benefit to the community. He compiled stories of lower Carolina, and wrote a history of South Carolina in the Confederate War, of the Agricultural Society, and of the Life of Lieut. Gen. Richard H. Anderson. His last pamphlet was on 'What the World Owes to the South for Secession,' in which he sets forth that the practical result secession really made our country a concentrated unity."

## JOHN HUNT MORGAN

BY CHURCH M. MATTHEWS, CADET UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.

Close by the courthouse at Lexington, Ky., stands an equestrian statue in bronze, turned green by the ravages of time, a reminder of a fearless leader and a loyal band that followed him. Each year a sadly decreasing group of white-haired veterans gathers from all parts of the State to relive in reminiscences their more active days and pay reverence to the memory of John Hunt Morgan. Time has treated some kindly and others with a less merciful hand, yet each still glories in having been one of "Morgan's Men." The hardships endured for their leader are now forgot, but many a furtive tear is shed for those former comrades who succumbed to the effects of exposure and want during the war and in the years following.

Morgan was born June 1, 1825, at Huntsville, Ala., the son of Calvin C. Morgan, and the reputed lineal descendant of Gen. Daniel Morgan of Revolutionary War fame. Five years later his father moved to Lexington, Ky., and it was there that Morgan grew to manhood. When nineteen years old, he enlisted in Colonel Marshall's Kentucky Cavalry for the Mexican War and was soon elected first lieutenant. Here occurs a difference of opinion among writers, some contending that Morgan was never in active service during the war and others maintaining that he was engaged in the battle of Buena Vista. One writer states that Morgan reimbursed, from his private pocketbook, the men of his own command for the time they had lost while in the army.

Shortly after the war, he married Miss Rebecca Bruce, of Lexington, and became engaged in the manufacture of bagging and jeans. His wife soon became a confirmed invalid and remained so until her death, but his mercantile fortunes prospered until the outbreak of the War between the States.

His wife was critically ill when the war clouds at last burst, and he remained by her bedside until her death in July, 1861. Soon afterwards, he decided to march South and take with him as many men and arms as possible. At that time he was captain of the Lexington Rifles, a volunteer militia organization composed of young Lexington men whose sympathies were intensely Southern. By a clever ruse, he evaded troops from a Union regiment encamped on the fair grounds and started for the Confederate lines on September 20. He left with about fifty men, but when he reached the Green River he was at the head of some two hundred, most of whom had joined him *en route* as recruits. He found Colonel Hanson's 2nd Kentucky Regiment at Woodsonville, and he acted as a scout for that officer until the troops were ordered to Bowling Green. Here a company was organized and sworn in the Confederate service with Morgan as captain and Basil W. Duke, the first lieutenant (Duke continued to be Morgan's right-hand man until the latter's death). This company, with two others, formed "Morgan's Squadron," an erroneous designation, but one which was popularly used. After weeks of drill,

skirmishes, foraging parties, and minor raids, the command was called upon in February, 1862, to assist in covering the retreat of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston to Corinth. For his work in this retirement, Morgan was complimented by General Johnston and given the commission of colonel. Following his service in the battle of Shiloh, Colonel Morgan made an expedition into Tennessee with three hundred and twenty-five men. After a success at Pulaski, a defeat at Lebanon, a dash on Cave City, Ky., and the destruction of some rolling stock, he returned to Chattanooga to reorganize and augment his depleted forces. On July 4, 1862, he left Knoxville with 876 men to begin what is known as his "First Raid into Kentucky." He pushed up into the heart of the Blue Grass to Cynthiana, destroying stores and railroads, gathering recruits, and demoralizing the Federal forces until they learned of his relatively weak strength. Then it became rather imperative that he return to Tennessee immediately. On this raid he traveled 1,000 miles, captured seventeen towns, dispersed 1,500 Home Guards, and paroled 1,200 regulars—all with a loss to himself of only 90 men. During Bragg's invasion of and retreat from Kentucky, Morgan performed additional notable service; and later, at the battle of Hartsville, he won his brigadier general's commission by defeating 2,096 Union soldiers with only 1,200 of his own men actually engaged.

When he married Miss Ready, of Murfreesboro, December 14, 1862, many feared that his military efficiency would be impaired. However, eight days later he began his famous Christmas raid into Kentucky, with a force of about 3,900 men. On this raid he captured 1,800 prisoners, stores, arms, government property of all descriptions, and crippled several railroads. This was accomplished with a loss of 26 killed and 64 wounded, and brought him a resolution of thanks from the Confederate Congress.

When Bragg was threatened by Rosecrans and determined to retreat toward Chattanooga, Morgan was given the mission of diverting as many Federal troops in Kentucky as possible and to prevent them from joining Rosecrans. For this purpose he had 2,460 men. He decided to exceed his orders and raid Indiana and Ohio also, believing that he could divert a greater number of men by so doing. This was his greatest raid, and, although it ended disastrously for him, it accomplished his mission and prevented timely reinforcement to Rosecrans at the battle of Chickamauga. He crossed the Ohio River into Indiana on July 8, 1863, and until his defeat at Buffington, Ohio, and later capture (with nearly all of his command), he created enough excitement for the most bellicose of "Hoosiers" and Ohioans. He had carried the war into enemy territory in the West for the one instance of the war, and had occupied 100,000 Home Guards and regulars with his capture. Had there not been an unusual rise in the Ohio River, the first of its kind in twenty years, he would have eluded his enemies, crossed the ford at Buffington, and undoubtedly escaped as he had planned before he left on the raid.

After his capture, he and seventy of his officers suffered the indignity of being thrown into the Ohio penitentiary in company with civil prisoners convicted of common felonies. On the 26th of November, with six of his officers he escaped by means of a tunnel which they had scraped through the masonry and concrete with case knives. Once outside the prison, they divided into three groups and took different routes, Capt. Thomas H. Hines departing with General Morgan. After many exciting experiences, they regained the Confederate lines separately. Morgan received an ovation when he arrived at Richmond, Va.; and in the spring of 1864



he was sent to take command of the Department of South-western Virginia. To prevent a concentration of Federal forces in Kentucky for an invasion on his department, he undertook his last raid into Kentucky, the June raid. He was influenced also, no doubt, by a desire to regain some of his lost prestige. Again he accomplished his mission, but at a heavy cost to himself, for he was defeated at Cynthiana by General Burbridge, who had 5,200 men opposed to Morgan's 1,200, and the excesses committed by the latter's new troops on this raid attached a stigma to his name that was eagerly magnified both by envious brother officers and enemy propagandists. On August 31, 1864, he took command of 1,600 troops at Jonesboro, Tenn., and moved them to Greeneville. He stopped at the house of a Mrs. Williams for the night, and there he met his death. During the night a Unionist daughter-in-law of Mrs. Williams slipped through the picket lines and gave the alarm to the enemy at Bull's Gap, and just before dawn a force of one hundred cavalymen slipped through the negligent picket line and surrounded Mrs. Williams's home. (Men of Morgan's old command declare that this would never have happened had they been with Morgan at the time.) The alarm was given too late for Morgan to escape, and he was killed in the garden. Whether he was killed while attempting to escape, or shot after he had surrendered, is still a mooted question; but there is little doubt that his body was thrown across the back of a mule and paraded through the streets. When General Gillem arrived, the body was sent to the Confederate lines under a flag of truce.

Such, in brief, was the life and death of John Hunt Morgan, but it does not explain the reasons for his success. He regarded formal military tactics with little respect, yet he gained fame by observance of the basic principles of war. For his tactics, he developed a deployment of his command in a single line, with a small mounted reserve and flanked by small bodies of cavalry. It was a flexible line, hard to break, and best adapted to the terrain in which he operated. His cavalry, in short, was really mounted infantry.

His objective was always well defined in his mind, and he rarely failed to attain it. On his Ohio raid he exceeded Bragg's orders by crossing the Ohio, but some writers believe he attained his objective in spite of the subsequent disaster.

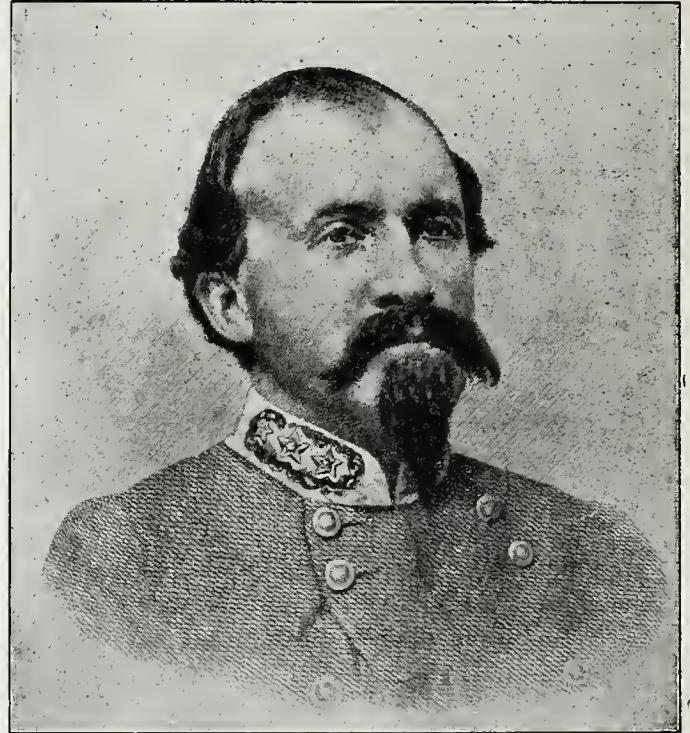
He followed the principle of the offensive closely, although his command was always small and never exceeded 3,900. It was his policy to strike decisive blows in unexpected quarters during an advance, but to avoid engagements during a retreat when the morale of his men was necessarily lowered.

Lack of men and weapons often hampered him in observing the principle of mass, although he possessed the other factors—tactical skill, fighting ability, resolution, morale, and leadership. He practiced economy of force, and he subsisted upon those supplies which could be obtained from the surrounding country. His tactics permitted simplicity of plan in battle, but his strategy was more involved and required intelligent cooperation by his subordinates. It was obtained, as shown by the few captures or reverses of the swarms of small independent forces he threw out to confuse the enemy concerning his strength and whereabouts.

He combined the elements of movement and surprise to obtain the maximum result. One march of ninety miles was made in thirty-five hours; and another of two hundred and thirty miles in ten days was made on his last raid. It is small wonder that his enemies never knew where or when to expect him, and that 100,000 troops were needed finally to corner him in Ohio. His greatest offenses were against the

principle of security, and a violation of this principle eventually cost him his life.

The late Gen. Basil Duke said of him: "Totally ignorant of the art of war as learned from books and in the academies, an imitator of nothing, self-taught in all that he knew and did, his success was not marked more than his genius. The creator and organizer of his own little army—with a force which at no time reached four thousand—he killed and wounded nearly as many of the enemy and captured more than fifteen thousand."



GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN

But what were the qualities of the man, he who was variously known as a robber, traitor, guerilla, horse thief, and raider in the North, who was idolized by the South, and whose troops wept at the news of his death? He was generous to a fault, and too considerate of subordinates for the maintenance of strict discipline. He sacrificed all worldly possessions to fight for a principle, apparently thinking of them no more. He never became so accustomed to public acclaim that he could accept it without mental discomfort. He lacked all thought of personal safety and risked his life repeatedly. He endured the same hardships as his men with no manifest strain on his magnificent physique. He had those qualities so elusive of definition which make a leader. Youths of fifteen and gray-haired men flocked to his colors as recruits and transfers. In his magnetism as a leader, he was second only to Lee and Jackson in the Confederate army.

Morgan's power to inspire love in the South was only equalled by that to inspire hatred in the North. Even the Rev. F. Senour (who was obviously a God-fearing man), saw divine intervention in his death. He states: "If the Confederate government succeeds in establishing its independence, the name of Morgan will go down to posterity covered with honor; but if it fails of this result, and we believe it will, then his name will go down to posterity with shame and infamy." This dictum was written in the heat of a war which is still so recent that an impartial review of his life is even now nearly impossible; but partisans of both sides must agree that Morgan lived and died a man, a leader, and a soldier.



## ILIUM IN FLAMES.

BY CHAPMAN J. MILLING, CHARLESTON, S. C.  
(Continued from April Number)

With as great treasure lust as was ever manifested by Spanish pirates, the swarming destroyers searched for hidden valuables. Probing the ground, dragging wells, and exploring cellars, they brought forth wealth such as their eyes had never beheld. Even the grave was not exempt; especially if the sod was newly turned, it aroused their suspicions. There was a general feeling that South Carolina must be repaid for secession. She must be made bitterly to suffer the consequences of the step she had taken; and what better way of making her atone than the methods of wholesale impoverishment.

Houses dedicated to the worship of God were by no means spared, nor was the sanctity of his altar considered inviolate. The communion plate of Trinity Episcopal Church was stolen from the keeping of her rector. When he attempted to save it, he was treated with scornful contempt. The sacred vessels and the exquisite candlesticks of Temple K. K. Beth Elohim, of Charleston, had been removed to Columbia for safe-keeping. Profane hands discovered them, and they were carried captive into Babylon. Mad infantrymen battered in the door of the Ursuline Convent, falling over one another in a fierce scramble to reach the golden chalice of the altar and its other incomparable treasures. They could not be found, having been wisely consigned to safe-keeping elsewhere, and filthy imprecations expressed the disappointment of the vandals, forcing the terrified nuns to flee to the churchyard, where they shivered during the long night, helplessly watching the destruction of their sanctuary.

Masonic lodges were subjected to like treatment. A sad spectacle it must have been to the aged brethren left in Columbia to see their sacred jewels suspended from the breasts of grimacing buffoons who paraded the streets in the regalia of the craft. Masons in the Federal army made some effort to avert this sacrilege, but were utterly unable to succeed. Local Masons were told by their Northern brethren that there was an impression current among their lodges to the effect that lodges in the South had severed all connection with the order in the North. Such a statement was, of course, absolutely false, Masonry's chief glory being in the fact that it is not bound by creed or limited by section; but the tale was without doubt a part of the war propaganda of the day.

Nothing was held inviolate by the rioting soldiers. It was a spectacular example of mob psychology. Thousands of men, turned absolutely loose and free from constraint or control, allowing free rein to the universal instincts of theft and destruction, and justifying the basest acts in the name of liberty, humanity, and love of country. Openly through the streets rode the conqueror and did not see fit to put a stop to what he beheld.

Officers there were in plenty, but few were *apparent* among the looters. Most of them stood about and complacently watched. Some few there were who did their best to curb the violence which was taking place everywhere about them; in several instances driving off parties of soldiers and helping to rescue property. In one specific case a captain of infantry assisted a family in moving an invalid daughter into the street when their home was fired. But, sad to relate, such examples of knightliness were rare.

A letter,<sup>1</sup> picked up near Camden, which fell into the hands of Miss F. Cantey, of that city, gives us a graphic and, on

the whole, a very candid picture of the methods employed by Sherman's men. It was addressed to Mrs. Thomas J. Myers, Boston, Mass., and was presumably dropped by accident by her husband, Lieutenant Myers.

"CAMP NEAR CAMDEN, S. C., February 22, 1865.

"My Dear Wife: I have no time for particulars. We have had a glorious time in this State. Unrestricted license to burn and plunder was the order of the day. The chivalry have been stripped of most of their valuables. Gold watches, silver pitchers, cups, spoons, forks, etc., are as common in camp as blackberries. The terms of plunder are as follows: The valuables procured are estimated by companies. Each company is required to exhibit the result of its operations in any given place; one-fifth, and first choice, falls to the commander in chief and staff; one-fifty to the field officers of the regiments; and two-fifths to the company.

"Officers are not allowed to join these expeditions without disguising themselves as privates. One of our corps commanders borrowed a suit of rough clothes from one of my men and was successful in this place. He got a lot of silver, among other things an old-time silver milk pitcher, and a very fine gold watch from a Mr. De Saussure, who is one of the F. F. V.'s of South Carolina and was made to fork over liberally. Officers over the rank of captain are not made to put their plunder in the estimate for general distribution. This is very unfair, and, for that reason, in order to protect themselves, subordinate officers and privates keep back everything they can carry about their persons, such as rings, earrings, breastpins, etc., of which, if I ever get home, I have at least a quart. I am not joking. I have at least a quart for you and all the girls—and some No. 1 diamond rings among them. General Sherman has enough gold and silver to start a bank. His share in gold watches and chains alone at Columbia was two hundred and seventy-five (275).

"But I said I would not go into particulars. All the general officers, and many besides, had valuables of every description down to embroidered handkerchiefs. (I have my share of them too.) We took gold and silver enough from the d—d Rebels to have redeemed their infernal currency twice over. This (the currency) whenever we came across it, we burned, as we considered it as utterly worthless.

"I wish all the jewelry this army has could be carried to the 'Old Bay State.' It would deck her out in glorious style; but alas! it will be scattered all over the North and Middle States.

"The d—niggers, as a rule, preferred to stay at home, particularly after they found out that we only wanted the able-bodied men (and, to tell the truth, the youngest and best-looking women). Sometimes we take off whole farms and plantations of niggers by way of repaying the secessionists. But the useless part of these we soon manage to lose, sometimes in crossing rivers and sometimes in other ways.

"I shall write you again from Wilmington, Goldsboro, or some other place in North Carolina. The order to march has arrived, and I must close hurriedly. Love to Grandmother and Charlotte. Take care of yourself and the children. Don't show this letter out of the family.

"Your affectionate husband,

THOMAS J. MYERS, *Lieut.*"

"P. S.—I will send this by the first flag of truce to be mailed, unless I have an opportunity of sending it to Hilton Head. Tell Sallie I am sending a pearl bracelet and earrings for her. But Lambert got the necklace and breastpin of the same set. I am trying to trade him out of them. These were taken from

<sup>1</sup>This letter is widely known as the "Boifeuillet letter," so called because it was first published by Mr. J. T. Boifeuillet in the *Macon Telegraph*. Mr. Boifeuillet calls the letter evidence of "the process by which the Union was restored." It has been published many times since.



the Misses Jamisons, daughters of the president of the South Carolina Secession Convention. We found these on our trip through Georgia."

Such, we find, is the account of a Federal officer to his wife. It is not strange that in that immense army there were some men who were sufficiently indiscreet to put into writing the *unofficial* activities of the campaign.

In the old Preston House on Blanding Street there are some rare old pictures and several fine pieces of statuary. This great hall was one of the few houses which escaped the burning, being reserved for the headquarters of Maj. Gen. John A. Logan. When the invaders entered it, they were, therefore, careful not to destroy the works of art—General Logan himself was a lover of the beautiful—but the temptation was too great to refrain from having a few harmless pranks. And so the jovial occupants penciled mustachios upon the lips of the old cavaliers, robed the statues in fine raiment, and arrayed the old hall in holiday attire.

The negro servants were told by every soldier they met, that they were free. Some believed it. Hundreds went away with the army. Typical of this class was the corpulent "Mauma" seen by a lady who has left us an account of her reminiscences. This carefree soul was seated upon the rear end of a military transport wagon, as the army train left the city. "Where are you going, Aunt Liza?" asked the lady. "Lawd, Honey!" came the prompt response, "I'se gwine back inter de Union." With the wholesale breaking open of stores the negroes suddenly found themselves the possessors of heterogeneous wealth, and those who remained at home were able to indulge their well-known love for trifling valuables. Rushing home, they snatched washtubs gunny sacks, and wooden pails, and returned to the scene of activity. The Federal soldiers, generous with other people's property, filled these to overflowing, and a strange collection they acquired. Groceries, patent medicines, toys, tinsel jewelry, candy (such as could be had in Columbia in 1865), and bolts of cloth. Molasses was loosely poured into gaudy china vases. Hoisting their tubs upon their heads, the negroes marched homeward and in many instances placed their treasures at the disposal of their "white folks," a strange commentary upon the cruel relation known, at the North, to have existed between master and slave!

Mrs. A. E. Davis, of Camden, records that her domestics brought in "portraits, engravings, mirrors, a miniature, china, glass, books—everything that took their fancy—and we were invited to take what we pleased." The negroes, it appears, were told that they were receiving their wages for years of unpaid toil. Strange to relate, however, these generous friends of the "colored people" did not invariably assume the rôle of Santa Claus. One lady has left us the story of how her faithful negro Halsey's watch was snatched from his hand by one of the liberators while he guarded his mistress's gate.

That many of the negroes refused to reveal the hiding places of family treasure was a great disappointment to the men of Sherman's army. Dark tales are still related of floggings, threats, and torture administered to "Uncle Jake" and "Daddy Richard"—tales of cruel punishment borne by bent shoulders, of disappointed rage vented upon snowy heads. Let us uncover, for a moment, in the presence of these incorruptible retainers, these men without a price. That, though outnumbering the Southern women forty to one, they did not betray her trust is the one unanswerable argument against which the voice of intolerance is forever silent.

Of the ones who went away with the army many never

returned. The letter of Lieutenant Myers, which we have quoted, leaves a hint as to the fate which befell certain of these. Most of the prodigals, however, hastened to escape after finding that the promised "forty acres and a mule" was not to be immediately forthcoming. For weeks they were to be seen coming back to their old homes, so lately deserted, for they had discovered that all was not bliss in the camp of the liberators.

The treatment of the negroes by the Federal soldiers was a paradox at once remarkable and amusing. The Western men in the army universally despised the negroes, whom they regarded as the *casus belli*. They invariably treated them with cuffs, curses, and contempt. The New Englanders, on the other hand, were effusive in praise of the negroes' worthiness. They showered them with favors, patted them upon the back, addressed them as "Mister," and assured them that they were equal to anybody in the world. Here was one soldier who went out of his way to treat them as equals; yet the next soldier encountered, dressed exactly as the first, cursed them vilely and told them to keep their places. Nevertheless, both of these told them that they were free, and warned them, at their peril, to work no longer for their masters. No wonder the poor blacks were bewildered and knew not which way to turn. General Sherman himself professed to be a friend to the negro. Whenever spoken to by the citizens of Columbia in regard to the depredations of his men, he invariably launched into an eloquent homily on the subject of slavery. Howbeit, this spirit of altruism did not lead to the arrest or punishment of a squad of soldiers who murdered a negro before his eyes for the trifling crime of insolence. He was riding, in company with Mayor Goodwin, in the early afternoon, and discoursing upon his favorite topic, when, hearing a shot ring out, they drew rein in front of a squad of soldiers who were standing over the quivering body of a stalwart young buck.

"How came this negro shot?" demanded the general.

"He gave us some of his d——d lip, General," replied one of the soldiers.

"Stop this, boys," said Sherman. "This is all wrong. Take away the body and bury it." Then he turned to the mayor and observed: "In quiet times, such a thing ought to be noticed, but in times like this it cannot be done." Then, taking up his argument where he had left off, he continued his remarks pertaining to the evils and cruelties of the "peculiar institution."

The afternoon wore on apace. A bleak, dreary February twilight possessed the city. Emboldened now by their successes and encouraged by the approaching darkness, the bands of spoilers who had all day been ransacking houses began to turn their attention to individuals. A favorite procedure was to ask the time of day of a citizen, and, when he pulled out his watch, to snatch it from his grasp. Numbers were thus deprived of their timepieces. Even the persons of distinguished foreigners were not respected. August Conrad, the Hanoverian consul, who has written a stirring account of the sack of Columbia, tells us that he was robbed of his watch by the captain of a company who seemed to be on patrol duty. Conrad was at the time carrying a strong box containing the papers of the consulate and other articles of value. This they seized and forcibly opened, appropriating the entire contents with the exception of the consular seal and a few valueless documents.

Hurrying individuals, attempting to save small possessions, were seized and their bundles opened. Generally the contents were simply scattered to the four winds or were destroyed, but in some instances were gruffly handed back to the owners



after having been thoroughly ransacked. Dr. Sill chronicles a pathetic incident wherein a poor and destitute French woman was robbed of her one sack of flour, the last remaining crumb of food she possessed on earth. To her importunities that she was a French citizen, that she was not responsible for the war, and that the loss of her flour would leave herself and her orphaned child to starve, the brutes replied by ripping her little sack open with their bayonets and scattering her only food.

Says Conrad: "Everywhere, there were unruly, shabby fellows who could not fail to produce terror in everybody, collected from the lowest orders of humanity, from every nation in the world, among whom, with the exception of the Americans from the interior, the Irish and Germans were most numerous. To the shame of the German nation must I, with sorrow, declare that its sons that belonged to this army were the foremost and most active in the shameful deeds which were done, and of this fact, I had, on many occasions, the opportunity to convince myself." Mr. Conrad was a German, and would not thus revile his own countrymen were not the charges he lays against them true.

The above instances of savagery are by no means isolated cases. Earrings were snatched from ladies' ears, leaving jagged, bleeding wounds. Women were seized and their clothing torn off in the frenzied search for valuables. In some few cases brutal assaults were made upon the women themselves, but usually there was a restraining comrade among the squad of housebreakers. Several such cases were reported from the outlying districts where there was less danger of detection; but in the city the personal safety of women was fairly secure.

And now, as the winter darkness descended, the small parties began to group themselves into larger bodies. The rioting grew more boisterous, the assaults bolder, and the demands greater and more imperative.

It was a wild scene. The broad streets filled with shouting, swearing parties of men. Solitary guards paraded up and down in front of houses, glancing impatiently at the time of day, and hoping for relief so that they might share in the fun; or stretched lazily on the porch steps, nonchalantly watching the atrocities occurring in every direction. Surely, it was a strange sight which met the eye of peaceful Columbians that night.

By this time the bales of cotton on Richardson Street had been torn open and scattered to the fury of the winds, which now wailed a fierce accompaniment to the prevailing din, a linden snow storm adding to the confusion of the scene. Could the soldiers be long restrained from using the firebrands which they now openly carried? It seems, strangely enough, that they could until, at eight o'clock, the rockets rose. Released at last, the soldiers hastened to apply the torch. From every quarter arose lambent flames, which crackled ominously. Hither and thither ran figures bearing long firebrands. Men might be seen with buckets of turpentine and balls of fleecy cotton. Greater grew the fire, and now showers of sparks glorified its barbaric magnificence. Out into the streets poured young and old, driven into that inclement night to bear its searching discomfort rather than perish in the roaring hell within. Gusts of wind now and then carried sparks to the deep drifts of cotton which were everywhere; and these, burning with a sudden glow, were caught up and carried to virgin roofs.

In the fierce heat struggled the incendiaries, trying to obtain a last share of plunder before all should be sacrificed to the God of Fire. Rushing into burning houses, they fought one another for booty; and many there were that night who

died the death. Their charred remains, found the next day among the ruins, told the story of their unhallowed end.

Greater grew the confusion, more terrible the heat. Families struggled to keep themselves together. Mothers strove frantically to find missing children. Borne out upon their beds came the aged and infirm, the sick of the palsy, and the woman in travail. Every victim in his flight carried some cherished possession, clutched lovingly some trifling article which he hoped yet to save. Ancient rocking-chairs, feather beds, blankets, banjo clocks, family Bibles—all were piled upon one another in the middle of the street. The tent of bed clothes flapping and swaying in the treacherous wind marked the rude camp of the unfortunates. So great was the heat, and so numerous the sparks, that this insecure shelter required frequent sprinklings with water, even though a light rain was falling. Some poor wretches were unable to secure this slight protection and had no choice but to wander hopelessly up and down the streets in the vain attempt to find shelter. Scarcely a house was left that was not on fire. Crashing rafters and collapsing walls indicated the speedy end of most of the buildings. But here and there an old mansion still stood, the flames from its blazing timbers caressing the heavens, gloriously beautiful in its passing. Calmly indifferent to the consuming fire, like martyrs of old, these ancient residences towered defiantly above their destroyers, until, their massive strength at last undermined, they suddenly crashed earthward, symbolic in their dissolution of the lost Confederacy.

This frightful scene so impressed itself upon the minds of those who witnessed it that, of that number, not one ever forgot the smallest detail. Some of the descriptions which have been left us rival in beauty and vigor the finest passages from the Iliad or from the poetry of Virgil.

"None of us had any pillow but the frozen ground, nor any covering but the burning heavens," writes Mrs. Crittenden. "The terrified lowing of cattle; the frenzied flight of pigeons, circling high above their blazing cotes; the ribald jests and brutal assaults of our drunken conquerors; the dun clouds of despair rolling between us and the pitying eye of God made up a picture whose counterpart can be found only in the regions of the eternally lost."

Hour after hour passed, and yet the people experienced no relief, no mitigation of the horrors everywhere about them. The long night dragged on. But at last, lighted by the glowing embers of their vanquished homes, the Columbians beheld squads of horsemen riding through the streets. At the blast of their bugles a magic change took place. The slovenly soldiers lounging about suddenly came to life, fell into line, snapped to attention, and in perfect order marched away to camp. As calmly as if they were obeying the call to the mess shack, they ceased their wandering. That is, all but a few who were so filled with liquor that they required persuasive measures. Most of these latter were rounded up with little difficulty, but one or two small parties were not found by the horsemen and remained at large for some hours.

After what must have seemed an eternity, the first gray streaks of dawn appeared; feeble, at first, on account of the smoke which in dense volumes still overhung the city. Finally, there was enough light to allow a view of the damage. All of Main Street had been destroyed, but one building remaining thereon. Of the houses on the other streets but few remained, most of these being dwellings which quartered Federal officers. A few houses on Arsenal Hill and in the extreme outskirts of the town were left standing. Columbia was a blackened, razed city, the smoke from her ruined homes still ascending in acrid columns toward the heavens. Her scat-



tered people sought shelter where they could, many finding refuge in the neighboring forests, some in the State Hospital for the Insane, some in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and others in the few houses of worship which remained.

It is told that the homeless hundreds who sought protection in the grounds of the Insane Asylum were received most courteously by Dr. Parker, the superintendent, but that, some of the inmates escaping and mingling with the crowd, the keepers had extreme difficulty in identifying their charges, so wild and disheveled did the refugees appear.

The venerable Dr. Howe, head of the Theological Seminary, opened his doors to all who came until, with twelve and fifteen souls to a room, his place was filled to capacity. There was a considerable body of soldiers encamped on the Seminary grounds, and many of these did what they could to render assistance to the forlorn and desolate families housed within the buildings. They often furnished the children with corn, and some kind-hearted fellows even shared their rations with the little ones. Fortunate the family who retained a faithful negro servant, for the "colored people" could obtain almost anything they wished. The night after the fire, a soldier came to one of the ladies housed in the Seminary and told her that the building was mined and might be blown to atoms at any moment. He professed a great love for the little ones and a pitying yearning over the frail women thus exposed to hardship. He tearfully spoke of his own wife and family at home, and almost broke down in his grief at their distress. He warned that, at the slightest movement among the soldiers during the night, they must flee for their lives; and left them to sit frightened and wide-eyed, denying themselves the blessings of sweet sleep, so sadly needed. Of course, the report spread through the whole building and not a mother closed an eye that night. The identical hoax was perpetrated upon the refugees housed in the Catholic Church!

All day February 18, the ruins were searched for melted silver or other treasure which might be salvaged. It is probable that they intended recovering the bars of silver which they had cast in bayonet molds, as an entire train of transport wagons was required to carry off the salvaged material. How much they actually recovered will never be known, for they continued their rummaging for some time; Mrs. Crittenden records having seen them at work among the ruins as late as Sunday, February 19. Since all the banks had been forced to leave their deposits of plate behind, and since the population had been so augmented by hosts of wealthy refugees from the low country, it is probable that the value of the precious metals carried away mounted well into the millions of dollars. Rich stores of plate were taken from the Ursuline Convent. Immense amounts had been left there under the impression that the convent would not be disturbed. The Mother Superior, a sister of the distinguished Bishop of Charleston, had taught General Sherman's daughter before the war, in an Ohio school. Feeling that nothing in her care would be molested, many families throughout the State sent hither their daughters and their silver. This belief was unfortunate, as it would seem that Sherman's men were determined to sack this very convent, regarding it as the choicest prize in the capital. Before the army left Bamberg, a soldier said to Mrs. A. P. Aldrich, whose three daughters were under the Sisters' care: "Columbia will be laid in ashes; and as for that convent, we are bound to get in there, for we hear that there is concealed in its vaults half the treasure of the rich nabobs of this State."

It is supposed that one reason the convent did not receive the expected protection was because of the fact that Bishop

Lynch had caused *te deums* to be sung in the Charleston Cathedral upon the fall of Fort Sumter.

When the unfortunate Sisters and their famished charges were huddled in the churchyard during the morning after the fire, the cry of a hungry child attracted the attention of a kind-hearted officer. Pitying their plight, he saw to it that they were brought food.

Another Union officer whose efforts in behalf of the stricken people deserves honorable mention is Lieut. John McQueen. Everywhere along the course of the march his name is mentioned with warm praise and affection. He so endeared himself to the citizens of Columbia that, when the army left, he was given a note signed by her most distinguished men, which was to protect him should he ever chance to fall into Confederate hands. In Camden, he was again heard of, doing all that he could to make life more endurable for those whose fate it was to lie in the path of his chief. Always, wherever he could, he restored order, drove away the plunderer, and returned stolen property. This Chevalier Bayard fell in a skirmish at Lynch's River, was picked up by the Confederates, and was borne to a place of safety, where he was given the tenderest of care until restored to health.

Great anxiety had been felt concerning the valuable library of the South Carolina College, now the State University. General Sherman had assured the faculty that it would not be harmed, as he felt that "the Rebels needed books." The General went so far as to infer that had they possessed more books, and made proper use of the same, there might never have been any secession.

In spite of General Sherman's promise of protection, the professors were worried. They remembered the many other libraries which had gone the way of the torch. They also remembered Sherman's fair promise of protection to property in general and were by no means reassured at the manner in which it was being kept. But by great effort they were able to save their library, as well as the other buildings on the campus, most of them remaining all night on the roof armed with buckets of water. At eight o'clock next morning, they almost lost their library, being threatened by a large body of Federal soldiers, who swore they intended to burn the whole college. The professors, however, succeeded in holding them off until several Federal officers came to their assistance and drove away the would-be incendiaries. This timely intervention saved as well the other college property, including a Confederate hospital on the campus.

While this interference from the officers would lead to the impression that nothing was burned after 3 A.M., such is not the case. Simms tells of several isolated houses being fired after daylight on the 18th; and the well-authenticated incident of the Preston House goes to show that there were definite orders for the burning of at least one private residence on that day.

About the Preston Mansion<sup>2</sup> centers such an unusual story that it merits more than passing mention. The home of the distinguished Preston family, relatives of the Hamptons, this fine old stone residence was selected as fitting headquarters for the commanding officer of the Fifteenth Corps, Gen. John A. Logan. On the morning of the 18th, when Sherman interviewed the Mother Superior of the Ursuline Convent,

<sup>2</sup>General Preston had befriended the Catholics in Columbia before the war, encouraging the opening of the convent school, which had been opposed by some. Sherman actually executed titles to the house and property, deeding it to the convent in return for their house his men had destroyed. The nuns used the Preston house as a convent until after the war, when the Mother Superior restored it to General Preston, thus discharging the obligation she owed the family.



the history of which is so prominently connected with the burning of the city, he expressed regret for the inconvenience to which she had been put. Himself a Catholic, he promised her, as amends, any house she desired in Columbia which might still be standing. Seeing an opportunity to secure shelter for her nuns and her pupils, as well as a chance to repay the kindness of General Preston, she requested the Preston House.

Her own account of the transaction, given as sworn testimony before the "Committee to Collect Evidence," is as follows:

"Our convent was consumed in the general conflagration of Columbia. Ourselves and pupils were forced to fly, leaving provisions, clothing, and almost everything. We spent the night in the open air in the churchyard. On the following morning, General Sherman paid us a visit, expressed his regret at the burning of our convent, disclaimed the act, attributing it to the intoxication of his soldiers, and told me to choose any house in town for a convent and it should be ours. He deputed his adjutant general, Colonel Ewing, to act in his stead. Colonel Ewing reminded us of General Sherman's offer to give us any house in Columbia we might choose for a convent. 'We have thought of it,' said we, 'and of asking for General Preston's house, which is large.'

"That is where General Logan holds his headquarters," said he, 'and orders have already been given, I know, to burn it to-morrow morning, but if you say you will take it for a convent, I will speak to the general, and the order will be countermanded.'

"On the following morning we learned from the officer in charge . . . that his orders were to fire it unless the Sisters were in actual possession of it, but if even a detachment of Sisters were in it, it would be spared on their account. Accordingly, we took possession of it, although fires were already kindled near, and the servants were carrying off the bedding and furniture in view of the house being consigned to the flames."

Thus was saved the beautiful Preston Mansion, at present the home of Chicora College for Women.

(Continued in June number)

## CONFEDERATE SURGEONS AND HOSPITALS.

BY MRS. MAY GARDNER BLACK, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

The papers containing the medical and surgical history of the War between the States were swept away by fire in the office of the Surgeon General, Samuel P. Moore, when Richmond fell into the hands of the Federals on April 2, 1865. Therefore the information concerning surgeons and hospitals is very meager.

The officers in the Medical Department were one Surgeon General, 1,000 surgeons, and 2,000 assistant surgeons. In addition to these, there were a number of contract surgeons or acting assistant surgeons.

There was a surgeon and an assistant surgeon to every regiment of infantry or cavalry, and one assistant surgeon to every battalion. The duty of the surgeons was to care for the sick in camp and on march, to establish field hospitals, to operate where necessary, and to take the wounded to the nearest hospitals in village or city. The assistant surgeons were to assist the surgeons, to give first aid to the wounded, and to remove the wounded to field hospitals.

As the Confederate soldiers were almost exclusively volunteers, who elected their medical as well as their other officers, naturally some incompetent men slipped into the medical personnel. Dr. Stanford E. Chaillé, one of the Confederate

Examining Board, reported that the Board caused the dismissal of a number of surgeons and assistants, and thereby sometimes caused the hostility of the officers and men, because they were incapable of judging the incompetence of the medical men.

Dr. Samuel H. Stout, Medical Director of the Army of Tennessee, said the army was well equipped with educated and honorable surgeons. They had received the best training in the medical schools of both the North and the South. Some had spent one or two years in study abroad. Dr. Samuel P. Moore, Surgeon General, said the Confederate medical officers were inferior to none and that the incompetents were exceptions.

There were noted instructors and founders of medical schools among the Confederate surgeons. A few of this number were Drs. Hunter McGuire, Stanford E. Chaillé, Francis P. Porcher, J. R. Buist, and David W. Yendell. Some were given important foreign posts after the war. Dr. Edward Warren, of North Carolina, received an appointment on the staff of the Khedive of Egypt and received the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the republic of France. Dr. John T. Darby was appointed colonel on the medical staff of the Prussian army.

The nucleus for the body of Confederate surgeons was formed from the twenty-seven who resigned from the regular army of the United States to take their places in the Southern army. Among these was Dr. Samuel P. Moore, of South Carolina, who was immediately appointed Surgeon General of the Confederacy by President Davis. His training enabled him to establish the Confederate medical service on a sure foundation.

The surgeons and assistants lived generally with their men in the open fields, in trenches swept by the fire of the enemy, or in holes half filled with water. Often half starved upon the coarsest of food, and often, when sick themselves, they performed services which required skill, care, and serene courage. Some died of exposure, giving their lives that others might live, as Dr. William Hay and Dr. John Ramsey McDaw. Others went as prisoners rather than be separated from their men.

The beginning of the war found the Confederate army without any adequate supplies of medicine, surgical instruments, or hospitals. Medicines were declared contraband by the U. S. government. The first effort, necessarily, was to establish field, or temporary hospitals. Churches, homes, log cabins, barns, carriage houses, shelters made of fence rails, anything available near the battle field were used for field hospitals. The operating tables were old doors laid on dry goods boxes or barrels.

In the towns, temporary hospitals were warehouses, churches, vacant stores, and factory buildings. The floors of these were covered with plenty of clean straw. Men got busy making cots, and the women furnished the blankets and quilts.

Great suffering was endured on account of lack of chloroform or morphine. Limbs were often amputated without any kind of anesthetic. Many times there were no changes of clothing, and infections were necessarily produced. Sometimes the only bandages were dirty shirts, and the only instruments at hand were pocket cases that the surgeons had brought with them from home. There were no disinfectants except cold water. The rate of mortality of 14.2 per cent was inevitable, owing to the defective knowledge of surgical cleanliness. The surgeons used all resources at their command, and their success was surprisingly great.

The Richmond Ambulance Corps was a benevolent as-



sociation formed early in the war to look after the wounded in battle. It was with the Virginia army, and present at every battle with hospital supplies, sugar, tea, and coffee.

The government supplied spring vehicles as ambulances at first, but bad roads and hard usage soon wore them out, and common wagons and mules took their places.

There were many private hospitals established wherever troops were stationed. These were cared for by women anxious to serve, and by civilian doctors. Rations in some cases were furnished by the Confederate government, but the majority of these hospitals were supplied and equipped by the generosity of patriotic civilians, who even gave their own homes for that use. Private hospitals were discontinued as rapidly as general hospitals were put in operation, in order that all hospitals might be under supervision of the Medical Staff. These private hospitals did a great service. One of them, not discontinued, was operated by Miss Sally L. Tompkins at her own expense in Richmond. The order was given to discontinue the hospital unless the person in charge had rank as high as captain. Miss Tompkins's register showed that the death rate of her hospital was lower than any in Richmond and the number of men returned to duty greater. President Davis, therefore, made her a captain, and she continued her work.

Another woman, Mrs. Ella K. Trader, spent her private fortune in organizing hospitals near battle fields in Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Georgia. And, like Captain Tompkins, she was reduced to real need in later life.

Thousands of women everywhere counted it a privilege to give aid to the "boys in gray." In hospitals, they served as matrons and nurses; they read and wrote letters for the sick and wounded; they furnished food and clothing. Many opened their homes and took care of sick soldiers there.

After the battle of Manassas, so many wounded Federal prisoners and Confederates had to be placed in unoccupied wooden buildings, tobacco factories, and homes that the health of Richmond was endangered and the buildings were made unfit for any future purpose. The plan was formulated to erect cheap, but adequate, buildings for hospital purposes. The plan of these general hospitals was for each ward to contain thirty-two beds; fifteen or twenty wards constituted a division; and three or more divisions constituted a general hospital. These hospitals were established whenever and wherever necessary.

The Medical Department did not deserve the blame that was often heaped upon it because of the delay in building these hospitals, since it was dependent upon the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments.

The largest hospitals were around Richmond, the Chimborazo, under Dr. James B. McCaw, and the "Winder," under Dr. Alexander G. Lane. The divisions of the Chimborazo Hospital, whenever possible, were arranged by States and attended by surgeons and attendants from each State, respectively. The total number treated there was 76,000, and of that number 17,000 were wounded soldiers. At that time this was said to be the largest hospital in the world. Lincoln Hospital, in Washington, had 46,000 patients. The percentage of deaths in the Chimborazo was a fraction over nine per cent.

The Winder Hospital grounds covered one hundred and twenty-five acres. There were a dairy, an ice house, a bakery, and a vegetable garden in connection with the hospital. When food became scarce, as it often did, canal boats made trips on the Kanawha River to get food from the country around.

Many of the sick were sent from Winder Hospital to Nashville, where Dr. Samuel H. Stout had reorganized the Gordon

Hospital, previously in charge of civilians. Dr. Stout sent out cotton yarn from the factories and exchanged it for butter, eggs, and chickens. He was a splendid executive and helped greatly in systematizing the hospital work. Under his directions, Chattanooga hospitals were constructed on an improved plan. Gardens and bakeries were inaugurated at all general hospitals.

In addition to general hospitals, "Wayside Hospitals" were begun at every important junction point. Soldiers suddenly taken ill, or convalescents going home on furlough, having overestimated their strength, were nourished and treated at these institutions. Dr. T. P. Dargan, of the 21st South Carolina Volunteer Infantry, is said to have conceived the idea of wayside hospitals, and he carried out the idea first unaided and successfully at Florence, S. C.

The problem of securing medicines was ever an important one to the Medical Corps. There was a great lack among citizens as well as hospitals. An agency was organized in London to forward medicine on each blockade runner, and it was paid for by cotton on returning vessel. When New Orleans was taken by the Federals, the supply of medicines was slipped out by fishermen in canoes or dug-outs. Ladies' societies were organized at Charleston and Wilmington for the purpose of slipping medicines through the blockade.

Medical and surgical supplies were often captured from the enemy. Once a trainload of these supplies, valued at \$150,000 in gold, was captured. These means and measures were supplemented by economy and by resorting to the resources of nature.

Dr. Francis Peyre Porcher, of South Carolina, noted surgeon, scholar, and botanist, was detailed to write a medical botany for the people of the Confederacy so they might supply themselves with medicines from plants around them. He ranks with those who best served the South in her hour of trial.

There were three laboratories established in different sections for the preparation of indigenous drugs. One of the favorite drugs prepared, known as "Old Indig," was a compound tincture of willow, dogwood, and yellow poplar barks, for treatment of malarial fever.

Although most of the surgical instruments had to be supplied by blockade runners and by capture, there were a few skilled workers of metals in the South who were able to help supply them.

Dressings were partially supplied by a few cotton factories. Bandages were made by women and children from old linen and cotton goods. Cotton was picked and carded by hand and singed for sterile lint. Silk ligatures had to run the blockade or be sent "underground." Flax thread and horse hair, boiled, were used as substitutes.

Minor amputations were hermetically sealed by adhesive plaster or the starch bandage, but suppuration was largely the rule, and in extreme cases "laudable pus" was thought essential. Limbs were never amputated without the consent of the wounded.

Every wounded soldier had a sponge or rag and a basin. Dr. C. H. Tebault said it was a blessing that the sponges gave out and they had to use rags, for they did not know sponges were germ breeders.

Medical books were very scarce. Copies of the "Confederate States Medical and Surgical Journal," published from February, 1864, to January, 1865, reached the hospital surgeons. A complete file is now in the library of the Surgeon General's office at Washington. Dr. J. J. Chisolm wrote a Manual of Military Surgery, and another manual was prepared by surgeons detailed for that purpose.



It is recorded that our Medical Department cared for 600,000 Confederate soldiers and 270,000 Federal prisoners, and treated 3,000,000 cases of wounds and disease. The death rate in our crowded prisons was 8.3 compared to that of 12 in Federal prisons.

"We are justly proud of all the achievements of our Southern heroes, but when the story of the Confederacy shall be fully and faithfully written, one of its proudest pages will be reserved for the services, the sacrifices, and the triumphs of the Medical Staff of the Confederate Army."

## THE ARSENAL OF SELMA, ALA.

BY C. C. SEAY, SELMA, ALA.

Perhaps of all the war stories, "The Night They Burned the Arsenal" stands out most vividly in our memories, as we recall those childhood evenings when we begged some member of our family who had lived through the siege of Selma to tell us something of those lurid days. It was almost invariably a feminine voice that told that tale, for the men and older boys were all on the battle front, or the handful who had defended Selma were in the stockade across the railroad. It was the women who had faced the raiders alone who could furnish glowing recollections of the hair-raising experiences.

We were told about the entry of Wilson into the city, of how, after storming the breastworks, the horsemen rode into town, tearing down the defenses, galloping over lawns and flower beds and hacking down the crêpe myrtles with their swords somehow our childish wrath surged mightily over those crêpe myrtles striking terror to the souls of the women, children, and negro servants huddled within in the walls and on the porches.

But "The Night They Burned the Arsenal" was what we loved most to hear about, and even in these late days, a reflecting flame leaps into our middle-aging cheeks as we hear in memory an indignant voice relate the thrilling story of the yells of the raiders, the clash of horses' hoofs, the clouds of dust, and the glare of the flames as they leaped skyward down by the river.

We shudder still at the boom of the explosions; but our emotions are most aroused by the reply, "*We could not do anything*," to our unsophisticated question: "But, Grandma, what did you do while the Yankees were burning up everything?"

The conversion of the plot where this arsenal stood into a beautiful residence section, and the recent decision of the Daughters of the Confederacy to erect a memorial on the spot which will mark for all time its exact location and tell through the coming years of the mighty works which were wrought there, brings up again the question, "Where was the Arsenal situated?" and recalls to mind the rather vague answers that followed this query in those long-ago days when we listened to the fascinating story: "O, down by the river."

Fortunately for those who wish to know exactly where it stood, there exists a clear-cut statement of the location of the Selma Arsenal. It was written by the late Maj. J. C. Compton, himself a gallant Confederate soldier, and read at the Jefferson Davis Birthday celebration on June 3, 1915.

Just one word needs to be added to make this account of the Arsenal tell all that we need to know about it. Major Compton says: "There were employed in the laboratory making cartridges for small arms from five hundred to a thousand women, boys, and girls," and the addenda is: "And these women, girls, and boys were those whose husbands and fathers, brothers, and sweethearts were sleeping on the battle fields of Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, and Mississippi, or

who, within one short week would begin the weary, barefoot, starved journey to their ruined homes, for 'The Night They Burned the Arsenal' was just one week before the close of the war."

## THE SELMA ARSENAL.

Major Compton tells us: "The Selma Arsenal was located in Selma, Ala., on the Alabama River, and at the western terminus of Water Street, on Church Street; it extended north on Church Street to an alley known as Hinton Alley; thence west on the south line of this alley to the point where it was intersected by Donation (now Mabry) Street; thence north on the west line of Mabry Street to Alabama Street; thence west on Alabama Street to Union Street; thence south on Union Street to the Alabama River; that part of Hinton Alley west of Mabry Street was inclosed as a part of the Arsenal grounds.

"There was on the Church Street front a large two-story brick warehouse, and in the rear and north of its front, a large cotton yard, all inclosed with a high brick wall; this warehouse and yard was known as the Johnson Warehouse and Cotton Yard; beginning at the point of the brick wall where its west corner was on Hinton Alley, a strong picket fence was erected inclosing all the land within the space herein described; this fence was of the same height as the brick wall; within the inclosure were two large artesian wells, both with a strong flow of water. Within the space described there were erected a number of large frame buildings for workhouses, shops, and machinery of all kinds; and there were several storehouses for keeping the product of the Arsenal. That part of these grounds lying near the corner of Alabama and Union Streets for more than an acre was used as a large foundry by Brooks & Gaynor, contractors for the Arsenal, but under the direction and control of its officers.

"On the 1st of January, 1864, the following named officers conducted the business of this Arsenal: Lieut. Col. James L. White, an old officer of the United States army, as Commandant; Maj. J. C. Compton, as Assistant to the Commandant; Capt. John E. Logwood, Military Storekeeper; Lieut. Ritenhouse Moore, Inspector of Ammunition; Capt. N. D. Cross, General Superintendent of the Laboratory. Afterwards there were assigned there for duty the following additional officers: Capt. Richard M. Nelson, as Inspector of Ammunition, and who was made executive officer near the close of the war; Capt. J. L. Watters, who was inspector of all artillery equipments; and Lieutenant Portlock was inspector of all iron works. During the fall of the year, Lieutenant Colonel White was assigned to another field of duty, and Col. J. C. Moore succeeded him as Commandant; Colonel Moore was an old United States army officer.

"There were employed in the different departments from fifteen hundred to two thousand skilled workmen, men skilled in all kinds of metal and wood work; many of these employees were taken from all parts of the Confederate army, and many were foreigners of skilled efficiency as workmen. There were employed in the laboratory work, making cartridges for small arms, from five hundred to one thousand women, boys, and girls, as occasion required. None of these were employed in making larger ammunition than for small arms.

'At this arsenal everything was manufactured for use of an army except cannon; many thousands of damaged guns captured and those damaged by use of the soldiers were put in thorough order; artillery carriages for the cannon and caissons for carrying their ammunition; wagons of all kinds for transportation use, belt cartridge boxes, and gun caps



and friction primers for use in firing cannon, by the million were made; harness for artillery horses and for wagon horses; in fact, everything was made for use of the soldier in the field. The output was enormous, and as all the manufactured articles had to pass through the office of Captain Logwood, the military storekeeper, he and his twenty-five or thirty book-keepers were very busy men.

"The arsenal was destroyed by General Wilson's raiders when they captured Selma on the 3rd day of April, 1865."

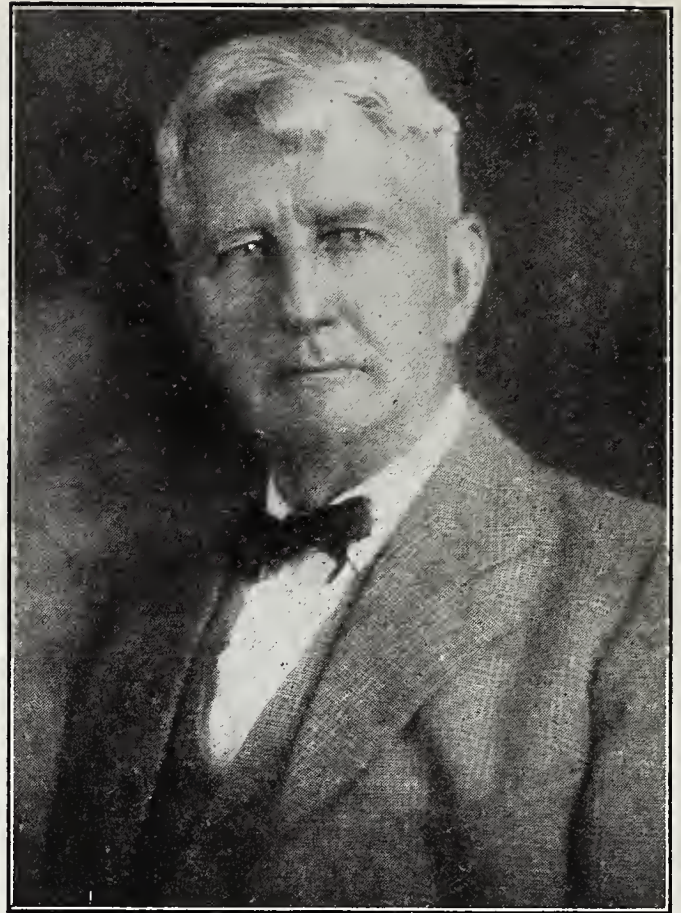
### A FRIEND IN DEED.

BY NANNIE MAYES CRUMP, GULFPORT, MISS.

One of the most loyal friends of the Beauvoir Confederate Home is Walter M. Lampton, who lives at a beautiful beach home half a mile east of Beauvoir, and who visits the veterans, each day during the time he is at home. Mr. Lampton's many philanthropies to Beauvoir and its dear old men and women are unequalled among those who have done fine things for the Home, but the giving of his money could never mean as much to the veterans as the giving of himself. He is a true and tried friend. He knows each of the more than two hundred residents of Beauvoir intimately and well. He shares their sorrows and their joys, their worries and their pleasures, and their confidence is beautifully given to him, and his joy in this friendship is one of the finest things that could come to him or to them.

When it was decided to erect a brick hospital for the use of the inmates of the Beauvoir Home, Mr. Lampton was one of the first to make his donation, giving one-tenth of the sum necessary to build the hospital. Several years ago, before the appropriation was sufficient to cover all needs of the Home, and add luxuries as it now does—thanks to the kindness of the Mississippi legislature—he interested himself in the material needs of the old people, but since additional appropriations have furnished everything for the physical well-being of the old people, Mr. Lampton, their friend, has devoted himself to supplying every little kindness and happiness possible for the many. A few of these specialized joys which he has brought make delightful stories, and we pass them on to the people of Mississippi and the other Southern States, who will enjoy them and what they mean to the recipients.

One of the inmates of the Beauvoir Home, James A. Cuevas, is a grandson of that famous Cuevas to whom a grateful government donated Cat Island, seven miles off the Mississippi coast and near Ship Island, in recognition of his services to his country in the War of 1812, when he refused to lead General Packenham's English force into New Orleans through Rigolet and Lake Ponchartrain, and thus prevented a surprise attack on Jackson's American forces. James Cuevas was reared on Cat Island in the historic house built by his grandfather. This old gentleman is now ninety-one years of age, totally blind, and bound to his chair by a broken hip. He expressed a wish for a rooster who would crow and tell him when daylight came. Mr. Lampton heard of this, and immediately secured a rooster for him. Now, Mr. Cuevas is an ardent admirer of Gov. Theodore G. Bilbo, and he said that when the rooster crowed he was saying, "Hurrah for Bilbo!" Another old gentleman there, who was angry with Mr. Cuevas, and who disapproved of Governor Bilbo's politics, took issue at this assertion, and, in retaliation, killed the rooster. The sorrow of Mr. Cuevas in the loss of his rooster was equalled only by his anger over the loss of his daylight announcer. Mr. Lampton again stepped into the breach and this time purchased two bantams, a rooster and a hen, built them snug, screened quarters, and stationed them



W. M. LAMPTON

just outside the hospital window; and now each morning "Mr. Bilbo" steps into the window, announces daylight, and "Mrs. Bilbo" follows with a "Good morning!"; then each receives breakfast from the hands of their appreciative owner.

Another fine old man at the Home, W. T. Bowie, eighty-three years of age, particularly liked to sit under the oak trees at the extreme western corner of Beauvoir, which was the favorite resort of Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," and to gaze on the expanse of blue sea and watch the passing motors from his perch on a plank on the low fence. To surprise him, Mr. Lampton had a small summer house built there, with pleasant seats, and on this was painted "Bowie's Retreat." Then he led Mr. Bowie down to see his new resting place. The old fellow was delighted, but when he glimpsed the sign, he was indignant, saying: "Bowie never retreated, sir, never!" Even though the proper meaning of the sign was explained to him, he was not to be placated until the sign was removed, when he occupied his resting place with great pleasure.

Mr. B. H. Fullilove, eighty years of age, whose eyesight is dim, delighted in playing marbles, and was often made happy by Mr. Lampton's playing with him, who also had great fun in this bit of amusement. Mr. Fullilove wanted some large white marbles, which could be more easily seen, and Mr. Lampton tried in many places to obtain them. Last summer, Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Greenwood and Gulfport, a member of the Board of Trustees of Beauvoir Home, while in California, saw some large white marbles of the very kind desired, which she sent to Mr. Lampton, and now he and Mr. Fullilove even more fully enjoy their game, and the veteran proves no mean opponent with the large marbles.

One of the traditions of Beauvoir is the custom instituted by Mr. Lampton of giving the newly married couples an auto



ride along the beach, either to Gulfport or Biloxi, and regaling them with delectable drinks. Mr. Lampton has played matchmaker for many of these old people, and furnishes the marriage license. They call these trips "wedding tours," or "towers," and look forward to the ride in his handsome sedan, with liveried driver, as part of the wedding pleasures. To any veteran at Beauvoir, his wedding would be incomplete without this sanction of Mr. Lampton. Incidentally, the custom of permitting the veterans and widows to marry provides some of the pleasantest bits of gossip about Beauvoir, and when the "symptoms" begin to show, it is time for Mr. Lampton to prepare for another "wedding tour," some of the symptoms being long walks down the pier in front of Beauvoir, and going together to the dining hall for their meals.

The gift of the lovely fountain and fish pond, located between Beauvoir Mansion and the memorial gateway, by Mr. Lampton, has given pleasure not only to the old people, but especially to the children who visit Beauvoir, who love to watch the glistening gold fish.

The handsome victrola, which Mr. Lampton donated to the Home, gives great pleasure with its music, to which many of them dance, a dainty little gentlewoman, Mrs. Emily Mills, eighty-four years of age, being especially proficient in the Terpsichorean art.

He also subscribes for twenty-five copies of the VETERAN for the Home, which furnishes the veterans with the literature they enjoy most.

Mr. Lampton is a retired merchant and banker, and now has as his hobby an interesting park and zoo in a beautiful oak grove north of his beach home. There he has many chickens, so tame that they cluster about him; his white Pekin ducks are all pets, and his geese feed from his hands. His sheep, with their wee lambs, come at his call, and get feed from his hands. He has also a very lovely young deer, about two years old, which he has raised, and an unusually handsome peacock is king of the barnyard.

Mr. Lampton is neither a veteran nor the son of a veteran, as he was not old enough to go into war, and his father was too advanced in age to participate in the war; but his people from both sides were Southerners and Confederates. He, himself, is a native Mississippian and a distinguished member of the Lampton family of the State.

## MARKING CONFEDERATE SHRINES.

BY MRS. ILA EARLE FOWLER, PRESIDENT KENTUCKY DIVISION,  
U. D. C.

The Kentucky Division has this year a new Special Committee on Marking Confederate Shrines, and among the many good things reported from several Chapters, the work of a newly chartered Chapter, William Layson Miller, of Prestonsburg, stands out. This Chapter has aroused interest in two half-forgotten battles, and the graves left there years ago, on January 10, 1862, when Gen. James A. Garfield, of the Federal army, attacked near Prestonsburg, in Floyd County, the Confederate forces under Gen. Humphrey Marshall. One of the spots thus made historical is Middle Creek battle field, just across from the town, where the Chapter is preparing to mark some Confederate graves.

Then, about six and a half miles above the town, a part of the breastworks raised by Col. A. J. May's troop is still to be seen. Again, up the river from the town was fought the battle of Quail, and on Bull Mountain is the lone grave of a Confederate soldier killed in that battle. The local paper, through the Chapter activities, became interested in the

search of the Daughters for Confederate shrines, and published a headlined article giving several incidents of these smaller battles of the War between the States and featuring especially the grave long known locally as the "Lone Rebel's Grave" as the "most famous of Floyd County's burial places." It says that the spot has always appealed to the imagination of the people who passed, year after year, this final abode of a Confederate soldier who fell far from home and friends, and who was buried near the place of his death.

"This is not the only grave of a soldier of the sixties in Floyd County, but it holds the edge of interest because of its location in a place where it is passed by travelers across the mountain and because it has received more attention, perhaps, than have the graves of those others who gave their lives at that time. Years ago the late F. A. Hopkins caused to be placed about the grave an inclosure, which is now in a sad state of disrepair, and the grave is also said to have attracted the notice of the late John C. C. Mayo when the noted mountain financier saw it for the first time."

The incidents leading up to the fight were that a company of men from the Big Sandy Valley, under Colonel Dills, of Pikeville, and Capt. Harry Ford, of Company K, composed largely of Pike County men, formed the 39th Kentucky Regiment. Awaiting government supplies, clothing, arms, and other ammunition, they marched to Haws Ford, now Dwale, Floyd County, where the entrenchments are yet to be seen. Their supplies were to come by flatboat up the river (Middle Fork of the Big Sandy). Confederate troops under the command of Gen. Humphrey Marshall, however, captured these boats with the supplies at a point below Prestonsburg, came on up the river, which they crossed at the mouth of Bull Creek, and started across Bull Mountain, following the old State Road.

Colonel Dills, unaware of the Confederate approach, started to meet the boats bearing his supplies. In the gap of Bull Mountain, the two companies met under cover of darkness. A hot fight followed. Dills' men, ill-equipped, scattered. One Confederate soldier, "The Lone Rebel," was killed and was buried at the lower side of the State road, and it is this grave that has remained to interest the passer-by and to become noted as the grave of an unknown and gallant lad.

Others were wounded, but escaped to where they could get attention. Many relics of that time are in the hands of persons descended from both sides, and several places of note are pointed out, so that the new Chapter feels that its existence is more than justified by the awakened interest in local history. General Garfield's headquarters in a house of the town are still pointed out, and in another house, Gen. John Hunt Morgan once spent two nights, the place being near a mountain pass that travel made it necessary to use.

Mrs. Alice E. McWhorter, of Longview, Tex., writes: "I come once more with my renewal for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, as I can't get along without it; have taken it from its beginning, but by the course of nature I won't be here to take it many more years, as I am now eighty-seven. Am an old veteran myself; went through four years of that horrid war, then eight or ten years of Reconstruction, which, if possible, was worse. My husband followed Hood and Longstreet from Yorktown to Appomattox, then came home a wreck, to see what we had had to contend with the last two years of war with the Yanks and Tories, who were worse, if possible, than the Yankees."



## THE FIGHTING AT SPRING HILL, TENN.

BY CAPT. JOHN K. SHELLENBERGER, 64TH OHIO INFANTRY,  
U. S. A.

(Continued from April number)

Wagner's Division was the last to leave Spring Hill. When night came, Bradley's Brigade began to entrench the line it was on and kept at this work until nearly midnight, when the men were called under arms and spent all the rest of that anxious, weary night on their feet. While standing in column, we could hear to our left the rumble of the wheels as the artillery and the wagons were pulling out, and much of the time could hear the dull tramp of many feet and the clicking of accouterments that told of the march of a column of troops along the pike.

There was no other sound, not even the shout of a teamster to his mules or the crack of a whip. All the surroundings were so impressive as to subdue the most boisterously profane men. They were always careful to mutter their curses in a tone so low as to be inaudible a short distance away. For, looking to our right, we could see the glow on the sky made by the encircling bivouac fires of the enemy, and, in some places, could see the fires with a few men about them cooking something to eat, or otherwise engaged, while most of them were lying on the ground asleep. Every minute of those anxious hours we were expecting that they would awake to the opportunity that was slipping by and would advance and open fire on the congested mass of troops and trains that choked the pike. Occasionally our column would move on a short distance. Any orders that may have been given were spoken in a low tone at the head of the column. You would be apprised that the column was moving by the silent disappearance in the darkness of your file leader. You would hurry after him and, taking only a few steps, would be brought to a sudden halt by running up against him, immediately followed by the man in your rear bumping up against yourself. The wearing suspense of the long waiting, while standing on our feet; the exasperating halts, following those false starts, when everybody was almost frantic with impatience to go on; the excessive physical fatigue combined with the intense mental strain, while already haggard from much loss of sleep during the three days and nights preceding, make that night memorable as by far the most trying in more than three years of soldiering. It brought almost unspeakable relief when, just as daylight was beginning to dawn, our column finally got away in rapid motion for Franklin, the enemy dogging our heels with a close pursuit.

The prime cause of Hood's failure was apparently the lack of confidence in his generalship on the part of so many of his subordinates. They had been dissatisfied with his appointment to the command of the army, and their dissatisfaction had been greatly increased by the failure of his attacks on Sherman's lines in front of Atlanta. With the poor opinion they held of his ability, they could not give to any plan of his that whole-hearted, unquestioning support that affords the best guarantee of success.

Simple as his plan was, they all failed to grasp the importance of getting possession of the pike and, Cleburne excepted, they all acted as if they were anticipating a repetition of the disastrous experience that had followed the attacks on Sherman. The promptness with which Cleburne turned and rolled up Bradley's Brigade, when so unexpectedly assailed on his own flank, was the only vigorous action shown by any

of them after crossing Rutherford's Creek; and, no doubt, if Cleburne had not been stopped by Cheatham's order, he would have gone on until he had reaped the full measure of success made so easily possible by the faulty situation of our army. But amid all the exciting occurrences of that eventful evening, it is amazing that no inkling of that faulty situation seems to have entered the mind of any one of those veteran generals. Hood made a mistake, as stated by himself, in not taking Lee's Corps on the flank march instead of Cheatham's Corps. He believed that with Lee in Cheatham's place he would have succeeded. In view of the skill with which Lee performed the part assigned him of holding Schofield at Duck River by the demonstrations he made at forcing a crossing, it is more than probable he would have given at Spring Hill far more efficient support than Cheatham gave. Hood led Cheatham within sight of an easy and brilliant success. It was the hesitation displayed by Cheatham, Stewart, Bate, and Brown that defeated Hood's plan and saved Schofield's army. If any one of these four had shown some of the vigor he had displayed on former battle fields, the outcome would have been far different. That their hesitation was not due to any lack of courage on their part, or on the part of the troops they commanded, is abundantly proved by the unsurpassed courage with which they assaulted at Franklin next day, when it was everlastingly too late. If they had fairly utilized at Spring Hill one-tenth part of the courage that was thrown away on the breastworks of Franklin, they would have changed the later current of the war with results too far-reaching to be estimated.

The prime purpose of Schofield's campaign was to delay Hood long enough for General Thomas to concentrate his forces ready to give battle. How well he succeeded in that purpose can be significantly stated in a single sentence: The evening of November 29 he was at Duck River, and the morning of December 1 he was at Nashville, more than forty miles away. Then followed the panicky feeling displayed by the administration, and by General Grant, because General Thomas was not ready to attack Hood immediately on his appearance in front of Nashville. If Schofield's orders at Duck River had been to make no effort to delay Hood, but to get inside the fortifications at Nashville with the least possible delay, he would not have covered the distance in so short a time without the spur of Hood's flank movement. The celerity with which he ran out of the country was due to the scare he got at Spring Hill. From Franklin, next day, he wired General Thomas that he had come through, but that the least mistake on his part, or the fault of any subordinate, might have proved fatal, and that he did not want to get into such a tight place again; that he had no doubt Forrest would get in his rear the next day, or be doing some worse mischief, and he ought to fall back to Brentwood at once. In short, his Franklin dispatches, read by the light of Stanley's report, and of Hack's statement, clearly show that his mind was still dominated by the fright of Spring Hill, and that he could feel no security short of Brentwood, where he would be backed up too close to Nashville for Hood to have room to repeat that terrible flank movement. Not even the wrecking of Hood's army on the breastworks of Franklin that evening could reassure Schofield. He insisted on retreating to Nashville that night, when thousands of the men were in such a condition after more than forty hours of incessant marching, fortifying, or fighting that they dozed on their feet while they were walking, and in spite of the manly protest of General Cox, who was so urgent in his efforts to persuade Schofield no more running was necessary that he offered to pledge his head he could hold the position.



## SURVIVOR OF THE FIRST BATTLE BETWEEN IRONCLADS.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

An interesting character in the Confederate Home of North Carolina, at Raleigh, is Capt. William Francis Drake, who is thought to be the only survivor of the world-famous battle between the Virginia (Merrimac) and Monitor, the first ironclad battleships.

Captain Drake has been in the Confederate Home longer than any veteran there, having gone there in November, 1902, and he recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday. He is well educated, having taught school for years, and even to-day he keeps up with the trend of affairs through the newspapers.

At the recent birthday party given in his honor at the Home, Captain Drake was called upon to tell the story of the famous sea battle, the first engagement between ironclads, and, therefore, the turning point in naval warfare and battleship construction. He gave a simple, direct account of the fight as he saw it, a soldier's tale told to comrades of the War between the States without embellishments, saying:

"When the war started, I wanted to fight. I was not a hero, but just a young man fired by the spirit of the times. So I left my home in Northampton County and went to Fort Norfolk, where I enlisted in the heavy artillery."

There followed long days of drilling and nights of entertainment, which was pleasant enough, but not satisfactory to a young man in search of a battle. Finally came his chance. The old Merrimac had been rebuilt, covered with layers of iron, and renamed the Virginia; volunteers were called for. Captain Drake's entire command of one hundred and twenty men volunteered, but only thirty-one were accepted, and he was lucky enough to be in that thirty-one.

Then came more drilling, this time aboard ship. Finally, in March, 1862, the order came to up anchor, and the strange-looking craft, with its iron sides rising inward at a 35-degree angle, lumbered down toward Hampton Roads.

"We didn't make but six miles an hour and drew twentythree feet of water," said the Captain.

The Virginia's first engagement came that day when it sighted the Cumberland, 42-gun frigate, and the Congress, 50-gun frigate, standing by for battle.

Slowly, for it had no other gait, the great Virginia steamed toward the Cumberland. The Federal ship opened fire with well-aimed broadside after broadside, but iron shot bounded from iron sides like so many hailstones, and the bursting bombs had as little effect. The Virginia fired not a shot.

Captain Drake was stationed at the port bow gun, which was loaded with a red-hot shot. The cannon was hit by a shot and had a foot of its muzzle knocked off, but it was still usable.

The Cumberland kept firing, the Virginia kept forward. The order was given to stand by to ram. Just as the three-ton prow ram of the ironclad sunk into the wooden sides of the Cumberland, both bow guns, each containing a red-hot shot, were fired. The Virginia then backed away, and the Cumberland sank in twelve minutes.

"The Northern papers said that 175 men of the Cumberland's crew of 400 were drowned, and I guess they were," said Captain Drake. "There was no way we could take any prisoners, because we couldn't get the men aboard on account of the shape of our boat."

Next the Virginia turned to the Congress, but that frigate struck its colors, its commander having seen the fate of the Cumberland. The crew was taken off and the frigate burned.

"We then started toward the Newport News batteries," he continued; "I say we, but as a matter of fact I knew about as much about what was going on as you did. Anyhow, we kept on, silenced the Northern batteries, turned and swept through the Federal fleet, and anchored for the night at Seawell's Point."

The next morning the Virginia started toward the only remaining Northern ship, the Minnesota, which was aground. But as the ironclad drew near, the Monitor, an ironclad which looked like an inverted cheese box atop a great raft, came out from behind the grounded ship. Then began the first fight between armored ships.

"We began firing at 800 yards," said Captain Drake. For over two hours the ships poured shot and shell upon each other, but to little effect. Commander Buchanan, of the Virginia, was seriously wounded, as was Commander Worden, of the Monitor. Two of the Confederates were killed and the ship's machinery injured. Finally, the Monitor drew away and went into shallow water where the Confederate ship could not follow.

The next day the Virginia came out for another fight, but the Monitor stayed in its shallow water. Later, the Virginia was blown up when the Confederates evacuated Norfolk, for the ship's draught was too much for the river and it was not seaworthy enough to take into the Atlantic. The Monitor was lost in a storm off Hatteras as it tried to make its way to southern waters.



AT THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF NORTH CAROLINA

From left to right: J. R. Harrison, 85; Captain William Francis Drake, 90; and P. H. Clator, 90.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*  
Chatham, Va.

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MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . *Second Vice President General*  
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MISS MARY L. G. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn. . . . . *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. . . . . *Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. . . . . *Registrar General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. . . . . *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. . . . . *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* When this reaches you, the survivors of the grandest army the world has known will be assembled in Little Rock, Ark. The heart of the South is with them, and the prayers of our organization attend them.

All roads this May time lead to the land of the Wonder State, and the youth and beauty of the South of the present travel to brighten the eyes and gladden the hearts of our veterans, as they retell "the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray."

"True line of gray, brave line of gray,  
Pure gleams thine hour of high-born sway;  
No nation's flag on land or sea,  
Led ranks of nobler chivalry.  
Thy score shall crown Life's fairest page,  
To duty true, loved line of gray."

*The Jefferson Davis Highway.*—This work, the most extensive and stupendous memorial ever undertaken by any organization, was first brought before a convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy by Mrs. Alexander B. White, in her report as President General, New Orleans, La., 1913. Mrs. White said, in part: "There is a movement on foot for the construction of an ocean to ocean highway. It has been suggested that this be called the Jefferson Davis Highway. The route is as yet undetermined, but will probably pass through some Southern States, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, through the State Divisions, might bring enough influence to bear to have it called the Jefferson Davis Highway. This is recommended for your consideration, and, if considered favorably, a committee be appointed to watch the development of the highway project and to determine what steps be taken by the U. D. C. to secure the name for this highway."

In compliance with this recommendation, a Jefferson Davis Highway Committee was authorized by the convention, and Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, Macon, Ga., was appointed chairman, the Committee consisting of seven members.

The first communication from the Committee to the Good Roads Conference was sent in November, 1914. The chairmen succeeding Mrs. Lamar have been: Mrs. Daisy McLauren Steven, Mississippi (resigned); Mrs. Orlando Haliburton, Arkansas; Miss Decca Lamar West, Tex.; and the present chairman, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Kentucky.

No definite plan of action except naming the Jefferson Davis Highway Committees in several States resulted until 1918, when, in submitting her report to the convention,

Louisville, Ky., April, 1919, Miss West, chairman, presented a copy of a letter written to the President of the Southern National Highway Association, outlining the route desired to be known as the Jefferson Davis Highway and asking that it be so designated. This is practically the route that has now been established.

The challenge of this work, ringing through all the fifteen years since it was first presented, is, perhaps, the line with which Miss West prefaces her report for 1920: "Honor to whom honor is due, tribute to whom tribute, justice to the name of Jefferson Davis, American!"

In January, 1922, correspondence was renewed with Divisions in an effort to secure legal designation of route and marker, and the markers, red white and red, six inches in width, with the initials "J. D. H." placed one above the other, was selected. The first county to submit a design was Victoria, Tex.

Since the days of these temporary markers, the work has progressed rapidly. Handsome granite boulders, with tablets of bronze bearing appropriate inscriptions, have been erected at the boundary line of numerous States; at the western terminal, San Diego, Calif.; the eastern terminal, directly south of the Long Bridge across the Potomac at Washington, D. C.; and at numerous historic points along the line of the Highway.

Mrs. John L. Woodbury became chairman of the Committee upon the resignation of Miss West in 1923, Miss West accepting the position of honorary chairman, and Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of Missouri, remaining vice chairman of the Committee. In her report given at Charleston last November, Mrs. Woodbury outlined a program for all Divisions, whether the Highway traversed their State or otherwise, and these programs are recommended for your consideration, as well as the recommendations adopted by the convention.

A gentleman from the North, returning recently from a trip through the South, remarked to a member of our organization in his home city, who he did not know possessed any Southern associations whatever, that "the best piece of road in the South is called the Jefferson Davis Highway."

*Historical Foundation Fund.*—Three years ago, the Historian General, Mrs. Lawton, presented a resolution, which was adopted by the convention in Savannah, Ga., that the sum of \$30,000 be set aside as a Historical Foundation, the interest to be used in presenting Southern history to the world in its true light, as opportunities might from time to time arise.

It is almost impossible for those not identified with the historical department of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to realize the necessity for this fund. Opportunities



are continually arising where a comparatively small sum, used at that particular time, would refute errors, establish truth, yet because there are no funds available the opportunity is lost, perhaps forever. We must never lose sight of the fact that the foundation of our organization is the motto of the historical department "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

By the adoption of a resolution presented by Mrs. John F. Weinmann, chairman of Committee on the Historical Foundation, the name of Jefferson Davis was added by the Richmond convention, the committee becoming the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation, thus memorializing the man who was the greatest martyr among our Confederate heroes, who endured the greatest humiliation, and whom even his own people have been laggards in honoring.

No quota has been placed upon the raising of this fund, but by equal apportionment to the membership, based on the figures of the Registrar General, seventeen cents per capita for three years would complete the amount.

Seventeen cents per capita! The Foundation has a two-fold purpose: We honor the President of the Confederate States, who, even after the struggle was long past, suffered from malice, jealousy, hatred, and falsehood, and yet whose reputation remained unclouded by defeat, unimpaired by the vicissitudes of fortune, and superior to the shadows of disappointment.

In addition, the Foundation will enable the United Daughters of the Confederacy to make a concentrated effort to place before the world the eternal verities for which our fathers "in simple obedience to duty as they understood it, suffered all, sacrificed all, and—died."

*Southern Literature.*—Miss Elizabeth Hanna, chairman of the Committee on Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries, writes that all the foreign libraries to which the United Daughters of the Confederacy send books have been supplied with a set of the Library of Southern Literature except the Parliamentary Library of Canada. Miss Hanna would greatly appreciate a gift of these volumes from any Division, Chapter, or individual.

There is also need for Dr. Rowland's "Letters and the Speeches of Jefferson Davis," and a very pressing need for the volumes of our Southern poets, particularly Francis Pickens, Samuel Minton Peck, Howard Weeden, Margaret Preston, and many others of the same period.

A letter to Miss Hanna, 732 Twenty-Seventh Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Fla., will give more definite information to any member of our organization interested in this work, which combines both the historical and educational activities.

Following the custom long established, the President General indorsed the appeal for flowers, and funds to purchase flowers for the decoration of the graves at Camp Chase, Saturday afternoon, June 2. It is a beautiful trust faithfully performed each year by these Ohio Daughters of the Confederacy, and as we plan to garland the graves of those sleeping in our own God's acre, let us not forget these 2,200 resting under Northern skies.

Cordially yours,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

*A PERQUISITE OF WAR.*—In 1863, during the War between the States, our army was on a raid through Virginia. We were for a short time at King William Courthouse. Naturally we went through the courthouse. The seal of the county was lying on a desk, and I put it in my pocket and still have it.—*Daniel Nerskey, Mechanicsburg, Pa.*

Wonder if he would be willing to return it now!

## TO DIVISION EDITORS.

*Dear Editors:* Please send your items to me before the first of each month, typed and signed; give outstanding news of past events, and try to condense your article to a half column. Our U. D. C. Department has four pages each month. Let us use all of it, but no more, as I regret to have to cut. To secure more subscriptions to the VETERAN is also part of our duty. Some already are sending in new ones. All try to get some

Yours for success in our work,

MRS. L. U. BABIN, *Editor U. D. C. Department.*

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—The Sophie Bibb Chapter, of Montgomery, will place stone markers at the east and west entrances to Montgomery, on the Davis Highway, with unveiling to take place in April.

Announcement was made that on the building occupying the site of the old Montgomery Theater, on the stage wall of which Daniel Emmett wrote the words of "Dixie," will be placed a bronze tablet by the Chapter.

In the home of Dr. and Mrs. S. F. Mayfield, at Tuscaloosa, the members of the R. E. Rodes Chapter held its meeting recently. Mrs. Charles N. Maxwell, Sr., presided over the brief business session. A very splendid paper on the life and achievements of Miss Sallie B. Jones, founder of the Alabama Division, was read and an excellent talk on Raphael Semmes added materially to the program. Humorous readings were also enjoyed.

The Senior and Junior Chapters of the Children of the Confederacy of Anniston held their annual meeting with the United Daughters of the Confederacy and presented a beautiful tableau representing five periods in history. The girls taking part were in appropriate costumes, and the melodies of war times were sung.

Alabama Day was fittingly observed by Ashville Chapter. At the January meeting a round-table discussion of Generals Lee and Jackson was participated in by Chapter members. This being the week following the death of one of our beloved veterans, Judge John W. Inzer, our meeting was memorial, and at the February meeting a tribute to his memory was read. The daughters and daughter-in-law of Judge Inzer are charter members of Ashville Chapter. Later, letters were read from our State President and Historian, outlining and prescribing the work to be done in the near future.

The John T. Morgan Chapter, of Talladega, held its first meeting of the new year on January 6, at the home of the president, Mrs. D. M. Remson. Thirty members were present, as well as a number of veterans, who were invited for the meeting. After the transaction of business refreshments were served. Twenty-five dollars was given to the Chapter by Mrs. L. A. Jemison for the purpose of enrolling the names of five veterans on the Golden Book of Memory at Stone Mountain. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN will be bound by the Chapter and placed in the public library.

The William H. Burr Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, of Talladega, met January 14, when talks and readings of General Lee were given. Mrs. Leon Jones presented a gavel given by the John T. Morgan Chapter.

The Oneonta Chapter held an interesting meeting on February 24. This Chapter boasts of an associate member, Mr. Reuben J. Wilson, a Confederate veteran, whose enthusiasm for the cause makes them more loyal. He never fails with his gift of five dollars for the Chapter on Pension Day. Memorial Day will be observed on the Sunday nearest



the appointed day, and all Churches will unite with the Daughters in this loving service. Two new members were added at this meeting.

The Joseph Wheeler Chapter, of Decatur, has been very active since fall. A gift of \$5 for tobacco was sent the veterans at the home for Thanksgiving. Alabama Day was observed with a splendid program. A beautiful quilt, pieced and quilted by the Daughters, also one all-wool blanket, was sent to the Home for a Christmas remembrance.

Days of observance were celebrated with fitting programs and many contributions made to State and National work.

Memorial Day is being planned for April 30, with a spend-the-day picnic with Miss Annie Wheeler, daughter of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, at the beautiful old home at Wheeler Station. After the program, the graves will be decorated.

[Mrs. C. W. Daugeite, State Editor.]

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*Arkansas.*—The Gen. T. J. Churchill Chapter, of Little Rock, with its efficient officers and fast-increasing membership, is awakening to new efforts. What has heretofore been just a duty performed is now assumed as a pleasing privilege. A new feature of the Chapter's activities is the giving of one day weekly to visiting the inmates of the Confederate Home, Home, taking them reading matter from the Public Library in the city. This Chapter also keeps flowers and shrubs on the graves of the soldiers in the Confederate Cemetery.

Memorial Chapter, also of Little Rock, is closing up a most creditable year's work, getting all business in order before the "Great Reunion" and the coming vacation days.

A feature interesting the Chapters of the Division generally is an effort to collect from those yet living, whose minds are filled with personal experiences, adventures and historical facts of untold interest and value. These old caskets of reminiscences are fast passing away, and with them many historical incidents that can never be reclaimed. Let the Chapters reap this harvest while they may.

[Mrs. William Stillwell, Publicity Chairman.]

\* \* \*

*Louisiana.*—Daughters of the Louisiana Division are looking forward with pleasure to their annual convention, which meets at Alexandria, May 3, 4, and 5, when an unusually good attendance is expected, and Confederate veterans will be special guests of honor. Louisiana Day, April 30, will be celebrated.

Chapters of the Division are active at present in working for the establishment and maintenance of Confederate parks. One of the most interesting is Camp Moore, a Confederate training Camp, at Tangipahoa. Mansfield Battle Park received a large share of public interest when monuments were dedicated two years ago to two of its heroes, General Taylor and Count De Polignac. Shreveport Chapter is making a beauty spot of Fort Humbug, Alexandria has Fort Randolph and Fort Bulow as constant reminders of Confederate heroism, and the Jefferson Davis Memorial Parkway in New Orleans.

Another interest of the Division is that of finishing the printing, in book form, of the war records of Louisiana Confederate soldiers.

A gift of more than one hundred dollars has lately been received from a benefit given in New Orleans, Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid acting as chairman of the committee that gave it.

[Miss Mary Graham, Director.]

\* \* \*

*Maryland.*—Maryland is making strides in her U. D. C. work, and our fine Division President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, is

continually on the job full of untiring zeal and energy. The energetic new President of Baltimore Chapter No. 8, Mrs. Henry J. Berkley, has done much to forward the work of her organization by holding monthly meetings instead of quarterly, as heretofore. The county Presidents are a splendid body of women, each doing her part fully. Hagerstown Chapter heads the list with fine achievements and must be especially mentioned, followed as a close second by the Frederick and the Annapolis Chapters.

The annual evening meeting of Baltimore Chapter No. 8, on March 20, was attended by a large gathering of Daughters intermingled with a goodly number of the sterner sex. Mrs. Paul Iglehart, President of the Division, being the guest of honor. Miss Anne Bruin, Hagerstown, State Director of the Mrs. Norman B. Randolph Relief Fund, gave an interesting résumé of her work. The Division President made a delightful address, Mr. C. A. Oldham gave a series of humorous stories in the dialect of the darkey of ante-bellum days, and Colonel Jenks, United States Third Army Corps, delighted the audience with a group of songs.

The semiannual convention of Maryland U. D. C. was held in Annapolis, on March 28, in the old Senate chamber. The William H. Murray Chapter, of Anne Arundel, will be the hostess Chapter of the occasion. A delightful day was spent in the old Colonial town.

The Gen. Bradley T. Johnson Chapter held a meeting at the residence of the President, Mrs. James W. Westcott, who is recuperating from a severe illness in Augusta, Ga., and in her absence the meeting was presided over by the First Vice President, Mrs. Nalle. After a session devoted to business a social hour followed.

[Marion Lee Holmes, Editor.]

\* \* \*

*Missouri.*—The members of the Claiborne Jackson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, of Marshall, the "banner" Children's Chapter of the Missouri Division, presented a delightful program at the Confederate Home at Higginsville on March 3. This was the second visit made to the Home by the members of the Chapter, and it was very much enjoyed by the children as well as by the veterans. A splendid program was given.

The Claiborne Jackson Chapter was organized by Miss Helen Berkeley at Marshall in 1926, with a membership of seven. There are now twenty-one members enrolled, and much work is accomplished at the monthly meetings.

The example set by this wide-awake Chapter might well be emulated by other Children's Chapters in Missouri, as the old people at the Home in Higginsville especially enjoy a visit from the "young Daughters."

[Miss Helen Berkley, Editor.]

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*North Carolina.*—The observance of Memorial Day, which is May 10 (anniversary of the death of Stonewall Jackson), is the outstanding event for the month of May with the Daughters of North Carolina. After the address, decoration of graves, and dinner for veterans, Crosses of Honor and Service will be presented to veterans of the Confederacy and the World War.

The J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, of Fayetteville, during the last week of May will erect a memorial in that city, marking one of the most important arsenals of the Confederate government. The marker will consist of a bronze tablet bearing the history of the arsenal, and placed on a pyramid of stones left from the arsenal buildings, which was one of the most interesting and historic places in North Carolina during the Confederate period, and the pride and beauty spot of Fayette-



ville. It was established by the United States government in 1836, taken by the State, April 22, 1861, for the Confederacy, and destroyed by Sherman in March, 1865. Appropriate ceremonies will attend the unveiling of the marker, and a distinguished gathering from over the State is expected.

\* \* \*

*South Carolina.*—The William Wallace Chapter, of Union, gave a generous "shower" to a member, a "girl of the sixties," who lost her household furnishings and personal belongings by fire. This Chapter has recently received twelve new members.

The Edgefield Chapter is fortunate in having six of its members as teachers in the local high school, and these assist greatly in the promotion of correct and true history and in the observance of red-letter days.

The Mary Anne Buie Chapter, Johnston, owns a rolling chair that is being used by the Confederate veterans, there being several infirm in the town and community.

Anderson has three live Chapters—the Dixie Chapter, which has put the VETERAN in the local schools; the Robert E. Lee Chapter, which offers two medals to boys and girls for the best essay on Confederate subjects; and the Palmetto Chapter, which offers two medals for the best average in history.

The Lottie Green Chapter, of Bishopville, has paid up the Camp dues for the local veteran's Camp.

The Charleston Chapter has the largest membership—235—in the State Division. The C. of C. Chapter, at Chesterfield, has the largest membership—73.

The John C. Calhoun Chapter, at Clemson College, has erected a permanent speaker's stand, made of rock, with bronze tablet in front, as a memorial to the Confederate soldiers who are buried at the Old Stone Church near by.

The Stephen D. Lee Chapter, of Clinton, is caring for an old ex-slave, who fought in the War between the States.

The Chester Chapter gave a Confederate Ball, all participants being dressed as belles and beaux, and a large sum was realized for Chapter activities.

The M. C. Butler Chapter, Columbia, celebrated the birth day of its namesake by rendering a very pleasing program at the Confederate Home.

The Greenville Chapter is sponsor for a "Memorial Fountain for the Women of the Sixties," to be placed on the spot where the women of Greenville maintained a rest room for the soldiers during the war.

The Ann Carter Chapter, McCormack, is promoting historical work by giving six prizes in the local high school.

The Wade Hampton Chapter, at Pageland, well remembers the veterans, each member being allotted one, and shows special kindness to him.

The John Bratton Chapter, Winnsboro, gave each of its fifty members one of the Yearbooks, that they might well keep in touch with the work.

[Mrs. Jessie Carter, Past Editor.]

In the death of Mrs. Olivia Larr Pooser, last of Confederate Mothers in the State, which occurred March 24, the U. D. C. and the State sustained a great loss. She was born near Jamieson, October 18, 1828. She witnessed the building of the old South Carolina Railroad, which was, in 1838, the longest railroad in the world. She married William E. Pooser in 1844, and he and two of their sons were soldiers of the Confederacy. In her latter years Mrs. Pooser was especially honored by all Confederate associations. Her funeral was attended by representatives of the South Carolina Division, headed by Miss Marion Salley, and the Division's floral tribute was a large pillow of red and white carnations.

Mrs. Pooser has been the contemporary of every President of the United States except three. She leaves more than one hundred living descendants.

[Miss Zena Payne, Editor.]

(Continued on page 198)

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

**KEY WORD:** "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

**MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Historian General.**

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

*U. D. C. Topics for May.*

Efforts for peace on the part of the Confederacy.

*C. of C. Program for May.*

Make a study of the city of Savannah, Ga.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.

### THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY.

REPORT BY MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, CHAIRMAN.

The Jefferson Davis Highway has accomplished its first objective—the securing of the legal designation of the route—by either State legislatures or State highway departments, in all States except those which do not name memorial highways at all. This really means California, though the highway commission there has said they will assist us to place markers at any place where we can secure the consent of the adjoining property holders.

The second objective—the paving, grading, etc., of the roadway—is going forward in most of the States, by State funds, and, in a few places, Federal aid.

The next, marking the route with the official markers and the State boundaries with larger markers, is progressing. The Georgia-Alabama line at West Point, Ga., will be marked this spring.

The next point—marking historic spots—is well begun, the best work having been done in Virginia by reason of the action of the State Highway Commission to mark all its historic roads and by our great good fortune beginning with the Jefferson Davis Highway. Lee Chapter, of Richmond, unveiled a marker in November, near Ashland. The marking of historic spots has developed a new phase of the work that is, for Chapters and Divisions not on the Highway to mark some spot with an appropriate marker with a special plate giving credit to the out-of-State Chapter or Division. As yet no marker has been set under this arrangement, but Mrs. Henry Field has raised, in Connecticut, a sum which will be used in the Jefferson Davis Park at Fairview, Ky., Kentucky being Mrs. Fields's State. The beautifying of the roadside is being planned in several States, but not much actual planting has been done.

The writing of the descriptive book has been delayed on account of the serious and continued illness of the enthusiastic former chairman, Miss Decca Lamar West. Recently she has written that she thinks she can work on it, and the present chairman feels that to have the active help of this gifted writer is well worth waiting for.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*  
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MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
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MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*  
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REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*My Dear Coworkers:* With this issue we have the pleasure of introducing to you Mrs. Townes R. Leigh, of Gainesville, Fla., the new editor of the C. S. M. A. Department in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine, and to bespeak for her your generous coöperation and assistance. Mrs. Leigh is a brilliant writer, capable and cultured, and can give and will give to you a most splendid department for the report and exploitation of your various activities. But Mrs. Leigh, nor anyone else, can make a success of this phase of our work which means so very much to us unless she has your assistance. Will you not make a note of this fact? Write down Mrs. Leigh's address, and let us every one fail not in sending to her items that will be of value and interest, as well as an inspirational help to other Associations.

## STONE MOUNTAIN MONUMENT.

At last, after many misgivings on the part of thousands of friends and well-wishers, and doubt and distrust on the part of many more, the great undertaking to carve upon the face of Stone Mountain a monument to the immortal soldier and leader, Robert E. Lee, has become an accomplished fact, for on the 9th of April crowds poured into Atlanta by train, by automobile, by street cars, and from every quarter of the compass they thronged, eager, expectant, doubtful, confident, and indifferent, all bent upon the same purpose—to see for themselves if all the wonderful stories told of the marvelous work being accomplished by the Stone Mountain Memorial Association were true. Governors and their representatives from more than twoscore States, military from many States, senators, and representatives sent by the Congress of the United States, and a multitude of distinguished citizens from every point of the compass. A drizzling rain did not dampen the ardor of the throng, and with many bands playing, a long line of march was taken from the Hotel Biltmore to the Terminal Station, where special trains were waiting which conveyed the crowds on to the very base of the mountain, then to alight just in front of the colossal figure to be unveiled. A real Southern barbecue, with all that goes to making the feast fit for the epicure, was served at one o'clock. At two o'clock the expectant crowd gathered about the speaker's stand, hundreds standing through the exercises, when Judge Marcus Beck and Mayor Walker, of New York, gave wonderful addresses. Feverish interest centered upon the two great flags, the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and

Bars, hung high up upon the side of the mountain, concealing the masterpiece. The bands played while a carrier was brought in, and the childish fingers of the great-grandson of the South's illustrious leader gave the signal by loosing a flock of carrier pigeons, which circled twice around the monument as the string was pulled drawing the curtains, and Robert E. Lee stood forth amidst the applause of the multitude as he will stand for ages to come, to tell to the world the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray. A tribute of the love and devotion of a people to the one man whose life and character carries to future ages a story of beauty, dignity, Christian graces, and lofty ideals, unembittered by adversities, unequaled in the annals of the world. There was only one Robert E. Lee, and the idol of Dixie has been immortalized upon the granite face of the greatest single piece of granite upon the face of the earth, and by a wonderfully sculptured portrait, as he sat upon his beloved steed, "Traveller," the height of this unsurpassed token of a people's devotion reaching the immense proportions of a ten-story city building.

There is no longer speculation as to the possibility of accomplishing this Herculean task, and with this masterpiece as an inspiration, let the Solid South and the nation stand as one to carry on this great task of loving reverence until the three outstanding figures shall ride side by side down the ages.

## OUR CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

Again, all over this Southland of ours, women are twining wreaths and gathering flowers from village and hamlet to heap upon the mounds where smolders the dust of the South's immortal heroes—her soldiers of the gray—who went forth to battle for the cause which they knew to be just, the right of self-government. What a day of memories it is, and how our hearts hearken back to the year 1865, when the Ladies' Aid Societies that had, for the four long years of the war, ministered to the sick and dying when there were no Red Cross nurses, and when life was gone, kissed the pallid brow of "some mother's son," folded his arms, and laid him away as tenderly as she would her own beloved. When guns were stacked and the war ended, these same gentlewomen gathered the hastily buried dead from the fields of battle and gave them decent interment in the near-by cemeteries, covering the mounds with the freshest flowers of spring.

Standing thus, a small group of women in Columbus, Ga.,



recounted an article read in a foreign journal, of an annual observance of a day set apart to honor the heroes of the wars by special services, and that a day be set apart in the South which should be called Memorial Day. Shortly after a meeting was called looking to that end. Letters were sent broadcast over the South, newspapers were requested to agitate the movement, which took form immediately, and soon all over the Southland Memorial Associations were organized with the purpose of annually observing a day set apart as Memorial Day, and with that the added pledge to build monuments in all the States of the South to commemorate the valor of the heroes of the gray. Thus, since 1865 to the present day, have the Memorial Associations kept faith with her people. While visiting in Petersburg, Va., on the occasion of their Memorial Day, Mrs. John A. Logan was so impressed with the beauty and impressiveness of the exercises that on her return to her home in Washington, she recounted to General Logan the scene which had so impressed her. Being Commander in Chief, G. A. R., at the time, General Logan said: "We will have a day for our boys, and call it Decoration Day." Orders were at once issued, setting apart May 30 as Decoration Day, which has been observed annually over the North.

Being the oldest patriotic organization of women in America, the Ladies' Memorial Associations built monuments, and for a period of twenty years thus by their efforts left an indelible impress of their love and loyalty to those who made the supreme sacrifice.

## THE REUNION AND CONVENTION.

When this reaches you, dear readers, many of us hope to be in Little Rock, in attendance upon our twenty-ninth annual convention, which promises, under the very able management of Edmond R. Wiles, for the veterans, and Mrs. J. F. Weinmann, of the Memorial Association of Little Rock, to eclipse any past reunion in its splendid program of entertainment. Both Mr. Wiles and Mrs. Weinmann have been tireless in their months of preparation, and have worked with such splendid success that all plans are in readiness fully a month ahead of time. All honor to these two splendid leaders, and our Memorial women have the pleasant prospect of the happiest plans and arrangements for the C. S. M. A. convention ever put over before in its history.

## ASSISTANT TO THE HISTORIAN GENERAL

At the suggestion of our Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, the President General has appointed Mrs. Lamar Rutherford Lipscomb, the most intimate of Miss Rutherford's relatives with her work, historical research, as Assistant to the Historian General. Mrs. Lipscomb is a brilliant writer of broad experience, a mind alert, broadly cultured from extensive travel in Europe and America, devotedly loyal to the South, no more fitting selection could be made, and we are most happy to welcome her into our official family.

Our two devoted friends and coworkers, Miss Rutherford and Major Giles B. Cooke, were both anticipating with eager pleasure being present at Stone Mountain for the unveiling of General Lee's statue, but both were at the last too feeble to undertake the trip. We sympathize with them in their disappointment, and pray that an all-wise Providence will sustain and keep them in returning health.

Providence permitting, your President General is looking forward with eager anticipation of pleasure in soon seeing many of the dear familiar faces and of welcoming the many new friends. With affectionate regards,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General, C. S. M. A.*

## THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

What noble deeds, that History loves to name  
And Fame will laud for aye with lyric mouth,  
Were done by those who our high homage claim—  
The fair, heroic women of the South;  
The loving mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives,  
Who, when the war drum's fatal summons came,  
Gave up the dearest treasures of their lives  
And bore the martyr's cross in Freedom's name!

For these there was no music in the song  
The bugles sang along the battle's marge;  
No passion, such as makes even weak hearts strong,  
When, timed to thundering guns, the columns charge;  
No wreath of fame to clutch at, or to wear;  
No hymns of triumph, no exultant cheers.  
Theirs only was a heavier cross to bear,  
And grief that had no solace save its tears.

Who save the Record Angel of the sky  
Knows all these more than Spartan women did  
Through those sad, glorious days, in deeds that lie  
In the world's sight, or that in hearts are hid?  
They were the angels of the camp and field,  
And never faltered in their trust and faith;  
With tireless hands they labored, blessed, and healed,  
And, daring life for love, they conquered death.

Yes, to the South's heroic dead uprear  
Your granite shafts, and on them carve their names;  
All can to glory read their titles clear,  
Beloved sons of ours, as they are Fame's.  
Yet a great task remains—do you not hear  
This message from Fame's golden-worded mouth:  
"I wait to crown the shaft that you must rear  
To the heroic women of the South?"

—Charles W. Hubner.

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.—A communication from Mrs. Walter Sydnor, Corresponding Secretary of the Hanover Chapter, U. D. C., of Ashland, Va., reports the passing of the Chapter President, Mrs. Charles G. Blakey, on January 12, and of whom she says: "In the death of Mrs. Blakey, the VETERAN has lost one of its most interested readers and ardent supporters. She regarded the facts and personal reminiscences preserved in the VETERAN as the foundation of a future history, valuable and unique. She subscribed through the Chapter to the VETERAN for those veterans of the community who could not afford to do so. The men and women of the sixties were the especial objects of her attention. A small Confederate flag lay above her pulseless heart which in life had always beat with interest and intensity of purpose to support every effort to honor the memory of those who gave their service, health, wealth, life to the *cause*, the righteousness of which *time* has justified. Ill in bed, the last official act of Mrs. Blakey was to sign the plea to the Virginia Assembly for an increased pension to the Confederate soldier."

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
But they shall flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

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DR. B. W. LOWRY, Tampa, Fla. .... *Surgeon in Chief*  
W. D. JACKSON, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Quartermaster in Chief*  
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ROBERT E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis. .... *Missouri*  
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DR. ROBERT K. BUFORD, Charleston. .... *West Virginia*

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## REUNION APPOINTMENTS.

To All Who Shall See These Presents, Greetings:

Whereas the undying loyalty, the heroic spirit of sacrifice and service, and the unfaltering courage of the women of the Confederacy constitute one of the most priceless heritages of the Sons of Confederate Veterans; and whereas the reunions and conventions of the Sons of Confederate Veterans are brightened and adorned by the presence of their successors; be it therefore known until all to whom these presents shall come, that by reason of the charm and graciousness of

Mrs. Oscar W. McKenzie, Matron in Chief,  
Mrs. Grace C. Hudgins, Honorary Matron in Chief,  
Mrs. Vaughan Camp, Chaperon in Chief,  
Miss Mary Terry Goodwin, Sponsor in Chief,  
Miss Elizabeth Ruffin Whitaker, Maid of Honor in Chief,  
Miss Agnes Towers, Maid of Honor in Chief,  
Miss Lois Leslie, Maid of Honor in Chief,

I, in the discharge of the duties devolving upon me and pursuant to authority in me vested by the constitution, do commission them to represent the Sons of Confederate Veterans and to serve in the foregoing positions at the forthcoming reunion and convention to be held in the city of Little Rock, State of Arkansas, from the 8th to the 11th of May, 1928.

It will be expected that they will be accorded that respect, attention, and consideration due their distinguished positions as representatives of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Given under my hand this the 14th day of April, 1928.

SUMTER L. LOWRY, *Commander in Chief*.

Official: WALTER L. HOPKINS, *Adjutant in Chief*.

## STATE REPRESENTATIVES.

*Florida*.—Mrs. Amos Norris, Tampa; Mrs. W. A. Kennedy, Quincy; Mrs. Viola Badger Ezell, Leesburg; Mrs. Lulu Griffin, Tampa; Miss Kitty Clyde East, St. Petersburg; Mrs. H. M. Hampton, Ocala; Mrs. Willeva Caruthers Gray, Mrs. Emelio Pons, Miss Margaret McKay, Mrs. Marion Sinclair Dickson, Tampa; Mrs. Henry G. Aird, Jacksonville; Mrs. Joy Wilson Carney, Ocala; Mrs. Maude C. Fowler, Tampa; Mrs. Nina Hill Blocker, St. Petersburg.

*Georgia*.—Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, Montezuma; Mrs. John Ashley Jones, Atlanta.

*North Carolina*.—Mrs. Sidney A. Lowry, King's Mountain.

*Virginia*.—Mrs. Charles T. Norman, Richmond; Miss Mary Wilson, Cheriton.

*West Virginia*.—Mrs. Gladstone, Huntington.

*Kentucky*.—Mrs. Lindsey Cleland, Lexington; Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Louisville.

*Tennessee*.—Mrs. Andrellé Reeves, Dyersburg; Mrs. C. N. Rich, Nashville.

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*Louisiana*.—Miss Pauline Fournet, Lake Charles.

*Oklahoma*.—Mrs. John M. Wilson, Tulsa.

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*Arkansas*.—Miss Kate Fitzpatrick, Helena.

*Alabama*.—Miss Margaret McCartney, Fort Payne.

*District of Columbia*.—Mrs. Albion W. Tuck, Washington, D. C.

*New York*.—Mrs. J. F. McDougall, New York City.

*Pennsylvania*.—Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, Philadelphia.

## THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

In a newspaper communication, W. O. Hart, of New Orleans, La., refers to a recent action of Congress regarding the name of the war in the sixties, in which he says:

"At last the Congress of the United States has adopted as the proper name for the war of the sixties 'The War between the States,' and it so appears in a report to the Senate on joint resolution No. 41, printed in the *Congressional Record* of March 2, 1928, on page 4061.

"The war in question was a war between two sets of States each being arrayed against the other, and I hope the term may be used in all official documents in the future. We now have the entering wedge on this point, and the term ought to remain for all time to come."



## A SON'S TRIBUTE.

We watch the glorious pageant, veterans marching on our street,  
Brilliant banners waving proudly, Dixie's martial strains we greet  
With cheer on cheer, till Southern hearts melt with the heroes' song  
And tear-dimmed eye meet Jackson's men and Lee's now marching 'long—

Men who when Duty called them faltered not, but volunteered  
And dared defy the bayonet, nor whistling bullet feared—  
They knew their cause was righteous, State sovereignty was right;  
And knowing this, the patriots met the foe's o'erpowering might.  
The flag is furled, and heroes true who fought in Southern gray  
Are failing fast, their step grows slow, they soon will pass away.

On history's page from age to age a deathless fame shall be  
Ascribed the faithful soldiers who followed Robert Lee.

Theirs was the glorious record of men who loved their State;  
And, loving her, the heroes felt no sacrifice too great.  
Left home and friends and loved ones, left all when Duty spake,  
To face the deadly bullet for their dear Southland's sake.

Sons of the South whose fathers fought with Jackson and with Lee,  
A priceless heritage is yours, a cherished memory  
Of men who knew no danger, since honor called them there,  
And God upheld them in the strife through Southern women's prayer.  
—Samuel D. Rogers, Petersburg, Va.

## UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD.

In Williamsburg, Va., there is being established a museum unique, it is said, in all the world, nothing less, indeed, than the whole of an old town restored to its ancient semblance and preserved as a museum of the time in which its fame and significance was acquired.

Williamsburg followed James Town as the capital of Virginia and held this honored place through the picturesque colonial times that the governor came in state as colorful and stern representative of a kingly master over the seas and ruled with lordly elegance and splendor.

The town early became the seat of the famous old College of William and Mary and the scene of the old Raleigh Tavern, in whose Apollo Room the Phi Beta Kappa was long ago founded. It was the scene, too, of one of the earliest of colonial theaters; of the first capitol building in the colonies; of the old Gallows Row on which the notorious pirate, Blackbeard, was hanged in chains; of the quaint old Powder Horn, still standing; and of the famous Duke of Gloucester Street, named from the oldest son of Queen Anne, a picturesque way now to become the center of the museum. This ancient street is to be rescued from its modern ugliness and made the gathering place about which the restored town is to lie, its own memories a very fount and inspiration of things long gone.

This street, as we are reminded, "has felt the weight of lumbering coaches and six—with milk-white horses and a military escort in scarlet for his majesty's government—char-

iots and chaises of the gentry, of the council, and planters, and has been trodden, horse and foot, by Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, John Marshall, Patrick Henry, the Randolphs, the Lees, George Mason, George Wythe, by Franklin, here to get an honorary degree from William and Mary, by Rochambeau, Lafayette, and many another hero and worthy."

The plan of saving the romantic old town, asleep in its memories since Jefferson's day, when the capital was moved to Richmond, was originated by the Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin, rector of famous old Bruton Church, and is to be brought to perfection by the aid and interest of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Henry Ford, as a memorial which has no counterpart in all the world, and is only possible in such perfectness as it will reach from the fact of the town's long somnolence—two centuries of sleep—while the rest of the world moved on to newer things.—*Nashville Tennessean*.

## "THE SAVIOR OF RICHMOND."

The death of Capt. John McAnerney on March 23, long a resident of New York City, has been announced. He was a prominent railroad man and banker of that city, and had reached the age of eighty-nine years.

Captain McAnerney was known as the savior of the city of Richmond, Va., through having been in command of Confederate troops which repulsed Dahlgren's raid in 1864. He was senior captain of the local defense troops in Richmond at the time of the raid made on that city by Col. Ulric Dahlgren and General Kilpatrick, who moved toward the Confederate capital at the heads of separate columns of Federal cavalry on March 1, 1864, and were received with so hot a fire that they were repulsed. Dahlgren was killed, and the success of his defense brought promotion to Captain McAnerney, and by the end of the war he held the rank of lieutenant colonel of the 3rd Regiment of Virginia Local Defense Troops.

Colonel McAnerney was born in Providence, R. I., in 1838, his parents going to New Orleans when he was twelve years of age. After the War between the States, he went to New York and became prominent in business there in banking and railroad interests, at one time being president of the Virginia Midland and the Richmond and Danville Railroads, and he had been president of the Seventh National Bank of New York City.

It is told of Colonel McAnerney that, having recouped his fortunes some years after a failure in business, he called all his creditors together and paid them in full with interest. He is survived by eight children, all of them living in the North.

In the VETERAN for January, 1921, Colonel McAnerney gave an interesting account of the repulse of Dahlgren's raid on Richmond, the success of which he credits to the men who confronted Dahlgren, claiming no glory for himself, and he concludes his article thus: "More than fifty years have passed since that event, and yet I have grown firmer in my conviction that some impersonal monument or tablet should record and perpetuate the honor due to the gallant men who saved Richmond from the threatened horrors of that eventful day.

Evidently in response to this expressed wish, some years ago, a marker was erected at the point on the Cary Street road where the men under his command drove back the Federals, and this marker extolls him as "the savior of Richmond."



## U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 195)

*Texas.*—The glory of the Confederacy was further perpetuated at a ceremony at the Houston Library on March 8, when the Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., presented the Library with oil portraits of President Davis and Gen. Robert E. Lee, in honor of Gen. James C. Foster, Commander in Chief, U. C. V. and Mrs. Annie B. Foster, whose faithful work for the cause of the Confederacy during the last fifteen years has endeared them to the hearts of all the people in Houston, in Texas, and all over the Southland. Among the most notable of these works was the naming of the hospital for Jefferson Davis, naming schools for our leaders, and correcting truths of our Southern history.

The stage was set for the impressive presentation service in the library auditorium, with the two paintings draped in silk Confederate flags, placed on ribbon-hung easels. Just before the opening of the program preceding the presentation, more than a score of white-haired, white-bearded men in gray uniforms, led by their State Commander, Gen. R. D. Chapman, filed through the door—members of Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., and soldiers of the old South come to pay tribute to the two great heroes of the South.

Dr. Stockton Axson, chief speaker of the day, spoke in glowing terms of the Confederacy and the reunion of our country. "The presentation of these pictures is important," said Dr. Axson, "for it will serve to keep in the memory of the children of the South as glorious a chapter of history as ever has been written." Mrs. Julian Wells, President of the Chapter, made the presentation "in loving memory of General and Mrs. Foster," who unveiled the paintings. Both made short talks, thanking the Jefferson Davis Chapter for these "flowers while living," and stated that the work for the veterans in all its activities and in every phase of the work appealed to them and had always been a labor of love.

Engraved plates are on the frames of each portrait with appropriate inscriptions.

*LIFE AND LETTERS OF MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY. BY JAQUELIN AMBLER CASKIE.\**

As stated in the *New York Times* Book Review, March 18, this sincere and well-written biography does a greatly needed service in bringing into public notice the life history of one of America's greatest scientists.

Matthew Fontaine Maury was the founder of the National Observatory and Weather Bureau and of the Naval Academy; he was the originator of land and agricultural meteorology; inventor of the electric torpedo; his *Wind and Current Charts* revolutionized the commerce of the seas, and it was his genius which made possible the successful laying of the Atlantic cable.

The volume is rich in interesting letters of Maury and of such other world-renowned figures as Gen. R. E. Lee, Grand Duke Constantine, Baron von Humboldt, and the ill-starred Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

One who reads this life of the most-decorated man born on American soil (with the possible exception of Lindbergh), cannot fail to echo the sentiments expressed by Attorney General Anderson, of Virginia: "Maury's footsteps from childhood to the doorway of death mark a path of transcendent talents, blazed with labor and energy, gloried through

pain and disappointment, and leading into the Hall of Eternal Fame."

It is most appropriate that Mr. Caskie dedicates his book to the remarkable founder and president of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, "to whose untiring zeal and perseverance is chiefly due not only appreciation of the wonders of the great scientist's achievements, but the bronze monument which throughout the ages shall proclaim and perpetuate the undying fame of Maury."

This biography is the eminent author's first departure from the realm of fiction. It will be recalled that his Biblical romance, "The Figure in the Sand," was declared by scores of the country's leading critics to rival in power and beauty such masterpieces as "Ben Hur" and "Quo Vadis," and won for him a place among the foremost writers born on Southern soil. Mr. Caskie was formerly associate editor of the *Montgomery (Ala.) Evening Journal*.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

I am pleased to submit the following report to date, April 4, 1928:

CHARLESTON PLEDGES THAT HAVE BEEN FULFILLED.

Alabama: Mrs. Maxwell, 1 copy.

\*Arkansas: Mrs. Beal, 10 copies; Mrs. Weinman, 1.

\*California: 10.

\*Connecticut: 10; Mrs. Lanier, 1.

\*Georgia: 10; Mrs. Lamar, 1.

\*Kentucky: 20; Mrs. Woodbury, 1; Mrs. McKinney, 1.

Louisiana: 20; Mrs. Wallace, 10.

Maryland: Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, 5; Ellicott City Chapter, 2.

Massachusetts: Boston Chapter, 10.

Mississippi: Mrs. Henderson, 10.

\*Missouri: Mrs. Higgins, 12.

\*New York: Mrs. Schuyler, 25.

\*North Carolina: 50; Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, 25.

\*South Carolina: 132.

Oklahoma: 11.

Tennessee: Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, 10; Musidora C. McCorry Chapter, Jackson, 5.

Virginia: Richmond Chapter, 1.

District of Columbia: 25.

There are still many Charleston convention pledges that have not been fulfilled, but we feel they will be forthcoming soon. At the beginning of our official year, November, 1927, we reported 1,695 copies yet to be distributed. Our appeal to make a final report at Houston can be realized only by the remaining delinquent Divisions making this obligation one of their main issues for the year.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*, Fairmont, W. Va.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veterans, 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 company.





A. J. Coffey, 1432 Inter State, Portland, Oregon, makes inquiry for some information on Flournoy's Scouts, C. S. A., as he had an uncle, Lieut. A. B. Coffey, serving with that command, who was killed at Statesville, N. C., April 15, 1865; he is anxious to get some of his war history. He also wants a history of Cockrell's Brigade of Missouri Troops, and of Quantrell's band. Anyone knowing where such books can be gotten, will please communicate with Comrade Coffey.

B. C. Campbell, of Opequon, Va., sends order for another year of the VETERAN, which he enjoys most of many papers he reads. He says: "I was a member of Gen. R. E. Lee's Escort, scouts, guides, and couriers, Company A. I rode Traveller *once*, and General Lee divided his sandwich of bread and ham with me *once*. My parents had four sons in the army; two have passed over. If any others of the old command are living, I would be glad to hear from them. I am in my eighty-eighth year, and enjoy good health."

Who knows anything of the origin of those old songs, so popular in army life, known as "Mister, Here's Your Mule" and "For Bales?" The VETERAN would like to learn something of these and any other songs of the kind out of the ordinary.

Dr. T. S. Clay, Secretary Camp 756, U. C. V., of Savannah, Ga., writes that the Camp needs the following numbers to complete its file of the VETERAN, and he will appreciate hearing from anyone who can furnish these, or some of them: Volume 1, needs all the copies; 1896, September; 1900, March; 1909, March and June; 1918, December. Address him 120 East Jones Street.

Wiley M. Crook, of Star City, Ark., writes, in sending renewal order, that he has taken the VETERAN "over thirty years," and had "never missed a copy." A good record that for both subscriber and the VETERAN. He also says: "I want the VETERAN as long as I live. I will be eighty-four years old next September. I served in Company I, 13th Tennessee Infantry, and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865."

Mrs. Lucy B. Barron writes from Union, S. C.: "I am an old lady, 'a daughter of the sixties.' A perusal of the VETERAN monthly constitutes one of my pleasures, and I wish it success."

Gen. J. E. Gaskell, U. C. V., of Fort Worth, Tex., writes, in renewing subscription, apologizing for his delay, saying "but I'll never fail you. . . . While I live, let the dear old VETERAN come. I do not wish to miss a number."

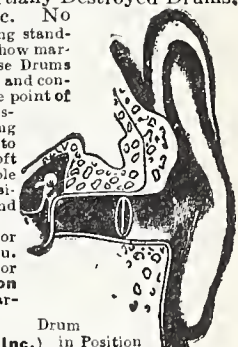
# Deafness

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R. A. Kleska, of Bay City, Tex., sends six dollars for four years' credit on subscription, which is appreciated.

"I do not want to be without the VETERAN," writes Mrs. John R. Turner, of Warrenton, Va. I have been taking it from the first, I think."

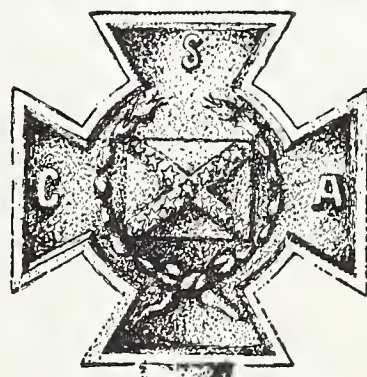
Mrs. E. H. Casey, of Vinita, Okla., sends renewal for "our splendid magazine. "I think all Southerners should have it in their homes, and especially a 'Daughter of the South.'"

D. P. Oglesby writes from Elberton, Ga.: "I do certainly appreciate and welcome the monthly visits of the VETERAN, which has been its custom for about thirty years; and I hope it will continue to visit me for at least thirty more years, as I am only in my ninetieth year at present."

Mrs. Virginia L. Davis, 15 Church Street, Monroe, N. C., wishes to find a copy of Winnie Davis's "An Irish Knight," and also an old book, "Fitzhugh St. Clair," or "A South Carolina Rebel Boy," by Sallie Chapin. Anyone having these books, or knowing of them, will please communicate with the VETERAN or with Mrs. Davis.



"Lest We Forget"



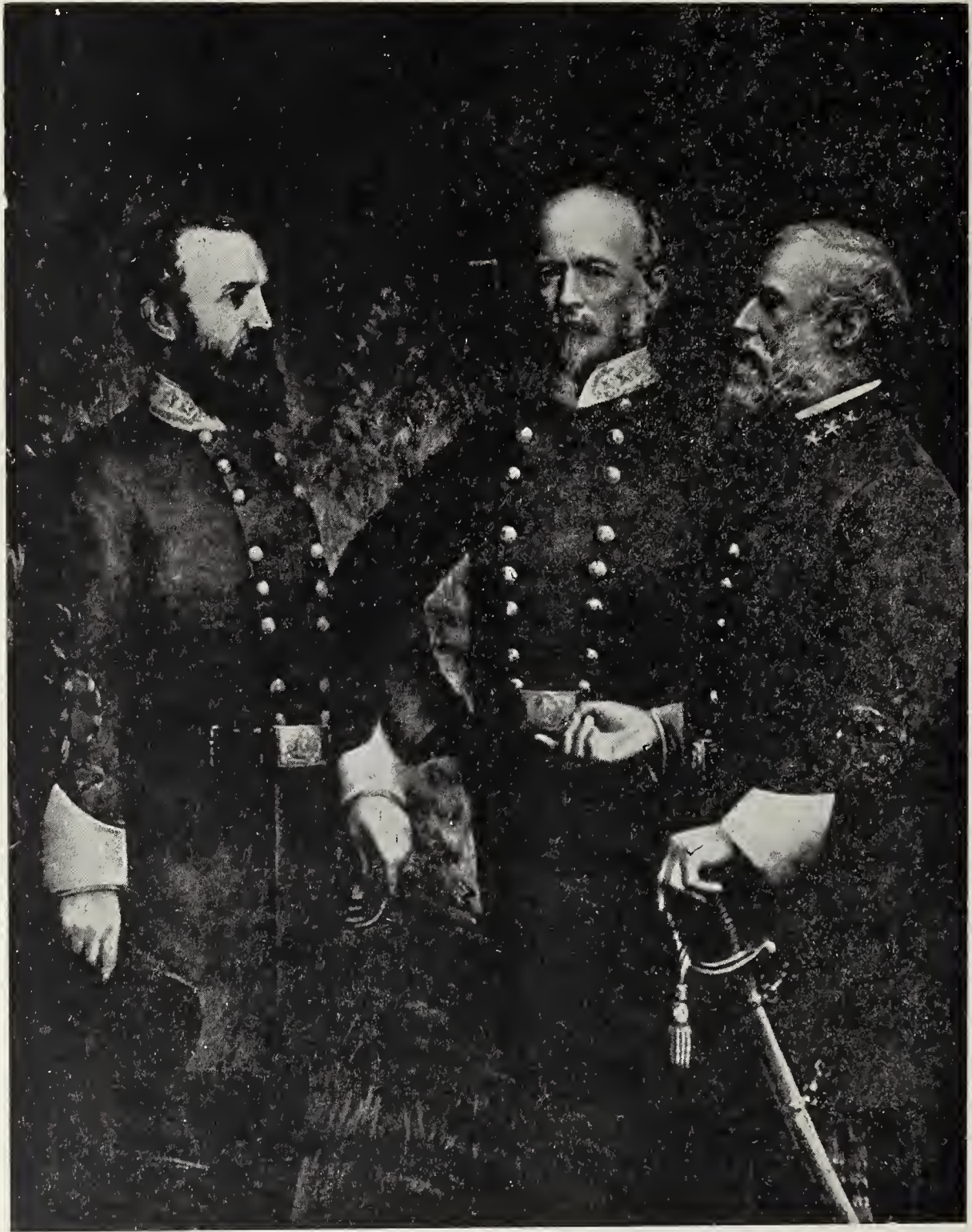
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THIS HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING OF "THE THREE GENERALS" has been advanced in price to \$10.00, but the VETERAN can still furnish it for a limited time at the old price of \$7.50. It is a splendid example of grouping, and the likenesses are excellent. This picture is most appropriate for presentation to schools, libraries, as well as for the home. It is 18x22 inches in size. Order from the VETERAN.



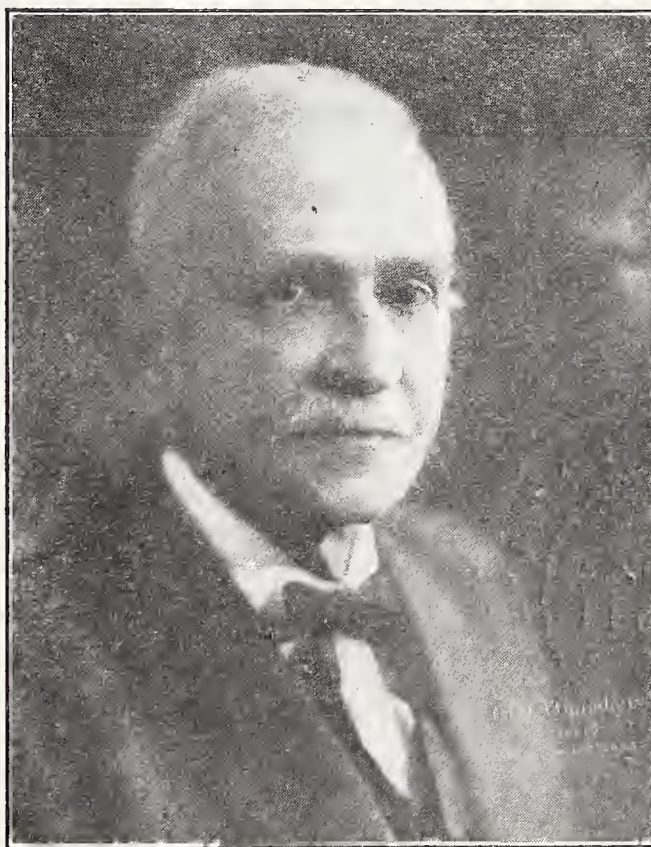
# Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXVI.

JUNE, 1928

NO. 6



GEN ALBERT T. GOODWYN, OF ALABAMA  
Elected Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans,  
Little Rock Reunion, May 8-11, 1928.



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## OLD BOOKS. CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Rise and Fall of the Confederate States. By Jefferson Davis. Two vols...	\$10 00
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Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson.....	7 00

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Inquiry comes for information from the Southern viewpoint on the "Underground Railway" operated during the War between the States. The VETERAN would appreciate having an article on this, and anyone having the information asked for, or can refer to any books on the subject, will kindly respond to this office.

N. J. Agnew, Floyd, Va., would like to know if Q. T. Esque (or Askque) is still living; he was from Mississippi. I do not know to what command he belonged, but knew him in prison at Point Lookout and would be glad to get in communication with him now.

Mrs. Mary Hayhurst, 4116 Brunswick Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., is trying to get the war record of her uncle, John Franklin Dickerson, who enlisted from Jackson, Mo., with Captain Girardeau's company, and was in Texas at the close of the war, near Dallas. Any information will be appreciated.

Mrs. W. A. Craighead, of Breckinridge, Tex., sends two renewal orders, and writes: "As long as I am here, I expect to subscribe to the VETERAN, but as I will be eighty-four the first of next August, don't count on being here much longer. My health is good—no old folk's pains. I was born and reared in East Tennessee."

A history of the Confederate uniform is asked for. Who knows about this, and where it can be procured?

WANTED.—To correspond with some veteran of the Confederate army who served with Bonner Duke, who enlisted from Georgia. Address, L. B. Duke, Benton, La.

Mrs. Mary McHugh, 1305 Gaines Street, Little Rock, Ark., would like to secure the war record of her husband, Thomas Charles McHugh, who enlisted "somewhere in Georgia." He was employed in a railroad shop at the time of enlistment, either in Atlanta, Augusta, Savannah, or Macon, and he must have enlisted in the city where working. He was held as a prisoner of war at Memphis, Tenn.

I have written a poetic drama upon Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and E. H. Sothern pronounces it beautiful. Any U. D. C. Chapter wishing to present it may address me. Mrs. Flora Ellice Stevens, 2824 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo.

R. Y. Leavell, Newberry, S. C., in renewing, says: "I do not wish the VETERAN to stop coming, after being a subscriber for twenty-nine years, and these volumes I have in book form. I was a boy soldier in 1864-65; am now nearing my eighty-first year."



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Price, \$1.00

The best collection of the real old songs of the South—words and music—compiled by Mrs. J. G. Edwards, Leader of the Confederate Choir of America, and Matthew Page Andrews, Editor of the Women of the South in War Times. 2 for 90c each; 5 for 80c each. Noble & Noble, Publishers, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York

LIFE and LETTERS of  
MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

By J. A. CASKIE

Price, \$3. Edition Limited

THE RICHMOND PRESS, INC.,  
Richmond, Va.

M. L. Vesey, Memphis, Tenn., renews subscription, and says: "I am now in my ninety-first year, and have been a constant patron of the VETERAN since its earliest publication. It has become a habit of mine to read the VETERAN and think over the happenings from 1861 to 1865, and I would not enjoy life without its monthly visit. With my best wishes."

In renewing his subscription, John F. Scott, of Fredericksburg, Va., says: "We would not be without our VETERAN for anything. Every number is a delight to us, and we read from 'kiver to kiver.'"

J. R. Boldridge, Nelsonville, Mo., says: "I have been taking the VETERAN since the Mobile reunion (1908), and intend to take it to the end. I am past eighty-eight, and work nearly every day."

They were discussing psychical research, spiritualism, haunted houses, etc. "Do you believe that ghosts walk?" asked one ardent soul of an old gentleman.

"Of course I do," he replied; "there is abundant proof of the fact; haven't you ever heard the 'Dead March'?"—*Canadian American*.



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

A black and white portrait of a man with a mustache, wearing a suit and tie. The portrait is enclosed in an ornate, oval-shaped frame with decorative flourishes extending from the sides.

The design for the State flag of Arkansas, adopted by the legislature of 1913, has historical meaning. The field of the flag is red, in the center of which is a diamond shaped figure in blue, signifying that this State is the Diamond State. Around this are arranged twenty-five stars, showing that Arkansas was the twenty-fifth State admitted to the Union. Across a white field in the center the name "Arkansas" is given, with a star above and two below, typifying the three nations—Spain, France, and the United States—to which Arkansas successively belonged; and these three stars also indicate that Arkansas was the third State carved out of the Louisiana Purchase territory. The two lower stars are meant to indicate that Arkansas was a twin State, having been taken into the union with the State of Wisconsin, June 15, 1836.



## ARKANSAS.

I am thinking to-night of the Southland,  
 Of the home of my childhood days,  
 Where I roamed through the woods and the meadows  
 Where the roses are in bloom  
 And the sweet magnolia too;  
 Where the jasmine is white,  
 And the fields are violet blue  
 There a welcome awaits all her children  
 Who have wandered afar from home

## Chorus.

Arkansas, Arkansas, 'tis a name dear,  
 'Tis the place I call "Home, Sweet Home."  
 Arkansas, Arkansas, I salute thee,  
 From thy shelter no more I'll roam

'Tis a land full of joy and of sunshine,  
 Rich in pearls and in diamonds rare;  
 Full of hope, faith, and love for the stranger  
 Who may pass 'neath her portals fair;  
 There the rice fields are full,  
 And the cotton, corn, and hay;  
 There the fruits of the field  
 Bloom in winter months and May,  
 'Tis the land that I love first of all dear,  
 And to her let us all give cheer.

—Eva Ware Barnett.

## THE REUNION IN LITTLE ROCK.

The City of Roses was all abloom with that queen of flowers and others of the season, bright with colorful flags and gay bunting, with smiles of cheer from hospitable hosts, and over all was the light of unclouded skies for this thirty-eighth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, May 8-11. It seemed that all Arkansas was vying in attention to the material wants and the entertainment of this host in gray, and everything was done to make this a memorable occasion for the guests from all parts of the South, from the East and the far West, who had come once more to mingle in comradely reunion, to review again those days of war, to take part in the convention proceedings, and to bask in the smiles of the pretty sponsors and maids, whose presence adds life and color to these meetings. A special vote of thanks should have gone to the "weather man," for he provided ideal days for the reunion, and Arkansas gained thereby in the estimation of all.

A good attendance of veterans of the Confederacy was noted, some 1,098 delegates getting their credentials, and there were many others who did not come in any official capacity. The great camp at Fair Park entertained several thousand veterans and the members of their families who had come as caretakers, and some 6,000 people were served at the dining hall three times daily; the veterans were also given box lunches for the return trip

The convention opened on schedule time on the morning of Wednesday, May 9, with welcome addresses and responses, Gen. J. W. Hollis, commanding the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., presiding over the opening exercises. The welcome to Little Rock was voiced by the assistant mayor, John H. Touhoy, and Hon. Ross Lawhon, mayor of North Little Rock. The State's welcome was presented by ex-Governor Brough, acting for Governor Parnell, who spoke most eloquently in that official capacity and as the son of a Confed-

erate veteran. State Commander John G. Pipkin gave welcome for the American Legion. Edwin R. Wiles, Chairman of the Reunion Executive Committee, spoke for the Sons of Veterans, and the Commander-in-Chief, United Confederate Veterans, Gen. J. C. Foster, expressed the appreciation of his comrades for their entertainment by the city and State.

A special feature of these exercises was the reading of a poem on "The Making of the Stars and Bars" by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate U. C. V., who was then presented a handsome copy of the original flag by the daughter of the designer, Miss Jessica Randolph Smith. The poem is a beautiful expression of sentiment in the birth of the Confederate flag.

## THE STARS AND BARS.

They were wanting a flag at Montgomery  
 For the nation she cradled at birth,  
 A standard her legions might follow,  
 Through faith, to the ends of the earth.

They wanted a flag to make holy,  
 To mean all the Southland held true,  
 As they laid down the battle-scarred symbol,  
 The flag that her Washington knew.

They were wanting a flag at Montgomery,  
 A standard, a truth—not a myth;  
 And down from the blue of his mountains,  
 He answered—the young Orren Smith.

With a prayer to the guardian of battles,  
 He tore off the red and white bars,  
 And laid in a field blue as heaven  
 The seven seceding white stars.

For State and for Church and for Freedom,  
 He named the broad bars that he tore,  
 With the stars of State Rights in the center,  
 Leaving room in the circle for more.

It was this flag they raised at Montgomery,  
 To stand for the pledges men gave,  
 When the land was a Union of brothers,  
 And its seal was the word of the brave.

As an emblem of valor, it floated  
 Through the Southland from mountain to sea,  
 Afar on the wings of the morning,  
 The peerless standard of Lee!

Where he led, the South followed to glory;  
 Where he fought, she pressed onward to fame;  
 With never a stain on the standard,  
 With never a blot on the name.

And then in the darkness that covered  
 The grim years of carnage and heat,  
 As pure as the thought that had made it,  
 The standard went down in defeat.

The old South is true to the Union,  
 A World War has written the test;  
 But deep in her heart lies another,  
 The Holy Grail of her quest!



The afternoon session was largely devoted to committee reports and other routine work of the convention, and the real business of the meeting was taken up with the morning session of Thursday. A great deal of time was given to the consideration of a joint meeting of the Blue and Gray veterans, in accordance with a bill introduced in the last session of Congress to the effect that the government would assume the expense of such a meeting. A resolution favoring this meeting was tabled, but the subject was again taken up and recommended for further consideration, a committee being appointed to report on this later. Such a joint meeting is brought before the convention every year. It will be remembered that the G. A. R. also has always voted against such a meeting, while the veterans of the Confederacy have not as a majority ever favored it. The proposition as last presented is for the government to be the host for a great reunion of both armies in Washington, D. C. But will the G. A. R. join in anything where the Confederate flag has a place, and would it be any sort of a reunion to the Confederate veteran without his flag?

Several important undertakings were indorsed by this session of the convention, such as "the stupendous work of carving a memorial to the Confederacy on the side of Stone Mountain in Georgia," and urging support of the work by the various Confederate organizations. This resolution was introduced by R. deT. Lawrence, of Marietta, Ga., and states that "the work to memorialize the valor of the Confederate leaders and soldiers is one that appeals to and needs the cooperation of the whole country," and that, "notwithstanding the difficulties and handicaps they have had to contend with, the great memorial is steadily progressing, with assured success in the end."



GEN. J. W. HOLLIS, COMMANDER ARKANSAS DIVISION,  
U. C. V.

Another movement of importance which received the indorsement of the United Confederate Veterans is the plan to establish the "Southland Institute of Learning" as a memorial to the women of the Confederacy, and approval was given to the suggestion of S. O. Moodie, of Houston, Tex., originator of this movement, and vice president of the Southland Memorial Association, that a representative from each Southern State be named to serve on the board of trustees.

A resolution was passed indorsing the proposal for a National Military Park on the site of the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, Va., this to be "a memorial to the valor of the two magnificent armies and the peace through which they were cemented into the greatest nation on earth."

An overwhelming vote defeated a proposal to require the payment of fifty cents per month dues out of their pensions to create a fund for the perpetuation of the U. C. V. organization ideals, this being the plan adopted by the South Carolina Division, U. C. V. to meet the financial requirements of that Division. This proposal was from Col. J. C. Lewis, of Anderson, S. C., who explained that fifty cents was withheld from the pension of each veteran and remitted to the Division Adjutant General. However, this plan was again taken up and later passed by a small vote.

The matter of the surrender of General Lee's sword to Grant at Appomattox was the subject of lively discussion and this sixty-three years after the surrender took place and the testimony of General Grant himself available to the effect that "there was no request for General Lee's sword and no tender of it made." What could be more convincing?

The Credentials Committee reported that the number of delegates to the reunion had increased by one hundred and thirty-one during the thirty-eight years of the organization's history, though the number of veterans of the Confederacy had so largely decreased. An explanation of this was found in the more liberal rules affecting the representation of Camps.

Adjutant General H. R. Lee reported the financial condition of the organization in splendid shape, with some \$3,100 in the treasury.

Another "foundation fund" was approved on the suggestion of Capt. Cortez A. Kitchen, of St. Louis, Mo., to the effect that a committee of five be appointed to plan to perpetuate the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, official organ of all Confederate organizations, and to take action along any lines recommended by the national historian. This fund would consist of voluntary contributions, especially those of "will makers," and be used to puncture "many false bubbles tending to detract from Southern glory and magnifying Northern claims." This plan was set forth in a special letter to the VETERAN as published in the April number, page 125.

Resolutions of thanks to the city of Little Rock, North Little Rock, and the State of Arkansas for their splendid entertainment of the veterans were expressed at this session, and to Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, "for his hearty cooperation in everything for the good of the veterans," to President Coolidge and the Secretary of War for sending the Marine Band to this reunion, to the band for its enjoyable programs, and to Congress for its financial appropriation to send the band to Little Rock; all this was cheered with a rising vote. Thanks also went to the railroads for their many courtesies, and to the General Reunion Committee for the success of the reunion.



The afternoon of Thursday was devoted to the selection of a place of meeting in 1929. Gen. Albert T. Goodwyn, of Elmore, Ala., received 707 votes to the 390 cast for Gen. R. A. Snead, of Oklahoma City, Okla., and was duly declared elected.

The following department commanders were elected:

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Gen. Homer Atkinson, Petersburg, Va.

Army of Tennessee Department, Gen. L. W. Stephens, Coushatta, La.

Trans-Mississippi Department, Gen. J. A. Yeager, Tulsa, Okla.

Appointments later made by Commander in Chief Goodwyn for his staff were:

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Gen. Harry Rene Lee, Nashville, Tenn.

Assistant to the Adjutant General, Mrs. W. B. Kernan, New Orleans, La.

Personal Aide, Felix Best, Birmingham, Ala.

Surgeon General, Frank Howard May, Birmingham, Ala.

Assistant Chaplain General, Rev. Thomas R. Gorman, Tulsa, Okla.

The invitations of Atlanta, Ga., and Charlotte, N. C., for the reunion of 1929 were attractively set forth, but the feeling of the convention was evidently for Charlotte, and Atlanta withdrew her invitation that the choice might be made unanimous. So the Army in Gray will march to the eastward next year and bivouac on the soil of the Old North State. This will be the first general reunion held in North Carolina, due to the lack of proper facilities in any city of the State to care for the huge reunion crowd.

This is the first time that the reunion has gone to North Carolina, due to that State not having a city of sufficient size to handle the large reunion crowd. But Charlotte is now a city of 82,000 population, and with the assistance of near-by towns, she feels confident of taking care of all visitors most comfortably. It will be remembered that Charlotte was the scene of many Confederate activities during the War between the States, the navy yard having been removed from Norfolk to Charlotte. The last full meeting of the Confederate cabinet was held in Charlotte, when President Davis was on his way south from Richmond, and he was also in that city for quite a little period after the war. Generals Beauregard and Joseph E. Johnston had headquarters in Charlotte during the closing days of the war. Gens. D. H. Hill and James H. Lane went into the war from Charlotte, and General Hill lived there after the war, as did also Governor Vance and Mrs. Stonewall Jackson.

North Carolina furnished a larger proportion of her population to the Confederate army than any other State, and she furnished some of the most gallant leaders. For the South her Ramseur, Pender, Pettigrew, and Branch died on the field of glory, while her Hoke, Ransom, and Vance were left to carry on for State Rights in the horrors of reconstruction. The Old North State will be a hospitable host for 1929.

"For the Old North State—Hurrah!"

#### THE PARADE.

A great parade was staged as the climax of this reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, and was witnessed by many thousands along the line of march. It was led by the Marine Band, followed by the car of the retiring Commander and the new Commander in Chief, with other official cars in close order; and interspersing the line were bands giving their gay airs, colorful floats with the beauties of the sixties and of the



MISS ROBINE WEBB, OF COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

This charming great-granddaughter of Hon. Jefferson Davis, was Sponsor for the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., at the Little Rock Reunion.

present day—all making a pageant of life and color. Veterans were in evidence all along the line in cars—and they like open cars, some riding Lindbergh fashion, so they might see the crowds and drink in their adulation—some on horseback, a few marching on foot. It was a long line, some five miles in length, it was reported, and taking over an hour to pass a given point. Approximately there were a thousand cars and other vehicles in line, and more than six thousand people rode and marched and not an accident to mar the occasion. Eighteen bands gave their inspiring music for the parade—the Marine Band, the Cowboy and Pep Girls Bands of Simmons University, the Ouachita College Band, Arkansas; the Charlottesville, Va. Band; the Augusta, Ga., Police Band; the band from Nashville, Ark., and many others. Conspicuous in the parade was the old-time covered wagon drawn by two horses, a representation of Arkansas pioneers. The Margaret Rose Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, of Little Rock, had three floats in line, the first drawn by horses and decorated in roses, and filled with beauties in the costumes of the sixties. There were many other beautiful floats and cars, cars, cars; Forrest's Cavalry and others on horseback—a parade which Little Rock may never equal again. All passed before the reviewing stand on the capitol grounds occupied by the governor and staff, the two Commanders in Chief and their staffs, and other notables—and thus was the close of a perfect day in the annals of Confederate reunions.

#### SOCIAL FEATURES.

The social features of this reunion were most numerous and elaborate. Luncheons, dinners, teas, garden parties, con-



certs, dances, receptions, drives about the city—in fact, everything in the way of entertainment for veterans and visitors was provided, and that feature has not heretofore been surpassed. The reunion committees had seemingly thought of everything in that line, and spared not themselves in providing it. All patriotic organizations of the city co-operated in this feature especially, and contributed their part in the success of these occasions.

In acknowledging his election as Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, May 10, 1928, at Little Rock, Ark., General Godwyn gave this expression of his appreciation:

"I thank you, comrades, for this manifestation of your confidence and esteem. I promise devotion of my best endeavors to promote the welfare of our great organization, the most loyal organization throughout our whole republic to the principles proclaimed by Jefferson and maintained by Washington, principles so truly expressive and so beautifully phrased by the immortal Webster in the early days of the republic, 'A government of the people, by the people, and for the people.' Such a government can be perpetuated only when administered upon the principles for which we contended during four years of supreme effort, principles of local self-government, constitutional law, racial identity, and a white republic. The science of biology, confirmed by impressive object lessons around us, teaches that an orderly government can be maintained only by the code of the white man. The army of our Revolutionary ancestors was never weakened by a negro soldier nor foreign hireling. The same was true of our Confederate army.

"My comrades, we are the rear guard of our unsurpassed army, all now facing the twilight. If there be any discord in our ranks, I plead with you by the memory of our common sacrifice, I appeal to you by the memory of our sacred dead,



GEN. S. S. SIMMONS, COMMANDER PACIFIC DIVISION,  
U. C. V.

to discard all disharmony by fraternal counsel and by loving compromise, so that, as we cross over the river, we may be greeted by our advanced comrades as worthy brothers, who have been courageous, faithful, and constant.

"I thank you, my dear comrades, for the distinguished honor you have conferred upon me."

#### MEMORIAL HOUR.

The Memorial Service was held at the noon hour on Thursday, with the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and the Sons of Veterans jointly, the chief features of which were the reading of the Memorial Poem by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate, and the memorial tribute by Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, to those who made up the greatest army the world has ever known. In this he said:

"The most enduring monument to the Confederates are the institutions they erected, institutions which promote enlightenment, progress, and peace. The monuments which loving hands have erected to the Confederate dead represent the courage and sacrifice of the Southern soldier and are suggestive of the faith and fortitude of Southern women.

Who is not inspired to nobler living by the contemplation of the gallant men in gray who await the great reveille? But a few more years and the last Confederate soldier will have gone to his reward. Let us do our duty and make the last days of those who linger with us their best and happiest days."

A long list of comrades who have passed over the river of death during the past year was reported, and among them the last general officer of the Confederacy, Brig. Gen. Felix Robertson, of Texas. Others high in the U. C. V. organization were Past Commander in Chief, U. C. V., and Honorary Commander, C. Irvine Walker, of South Carolina; Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, of Virginia, commanding the Army of Northern Virginia Department; Gen. W. M. Wroten, commanding the Mississippi Division; and many others holding official position in the organization were in the list, with a large loss in the membership, making a total of some seven hundred and forty-one lost from the thin ranks of gray.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Sing low, O voices singing in the silence,  
Breathe low, O! prayer of faith, upon the sod,  
For we are calling, calling in our sadness  
Dear souls that went to God.

We know it, for the bruised feet of the Master  
Went all the weary paths that thread life's day,  
And then, beyond its bitter cross and anguish,  
Came back to show the way.

We know they answer from the realms celestial,  
Where all the Father's many mansions lie,  
For Christ's dear love went all along before them,  
And his dear hand was nigh.

God keep them ours—their love, their faith, their beauty,  
Our yearning hands cling to the garments' hem—  
Those garments empty in the resurrection—  
But we can go to them.—*Virginia Frazer Boyle.*

A sad note was injected into the gayety of this reunion by the accident which caused the death of Gen. Zach Wardlaw, of Utica, Miss., commanding the first Brigade, Mississippi Division, U. C. V. Falling down several steps of the marble stairway at the Hotel Marion, official headquarters, the injuries sustained caused his death two hours later.



## MEMORIALS UNVEILED.

An interesting event of this reunion was the dedication of two bowlders on the grounds of the Old State House, now the War Memorial Building, these bowlders having been erected by the Robert C. Newton Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans of Little Rock, to the memory of Gens. T. J. Churchill, of Arkansas, and W. R. Scurry, of Texas. They were unveiled under the auspices of the T. J. Churchill and Memorial Chapters, U. D. C., of Little Rock, and members of the Margaret Rose Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, participated in the exercises and drew the veils, the girls dressed in costumes of the sixties and the boys in Confederate uniforms. Mrs. M. M. Hankins, a daughter of General Churchill, living in Little Rock, had served as President of the Churchill Chapter, U. D. C., and is now Honorary President of the Arkansas Division and Regent of the Arkansas Room in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va. She responded to the presentation of the bowlder. General Churchill served in the War with Mexico as well as the War between the States. Though born in Kentucky, his life was identified with the State of Arkansas, to which State he went in 1848 and located in Little Rock.

The other memorial was to Gen. William R. Scurry, of Texas, who lost his life on Arkansas soil, having been killed at the battle of Jenkins Ferry. His son, Judge Edgar Scurry, of Wichita Falls, Tex., Past Commander in Chief, S. C. V., was present and responded to the presentation of the bowlder.

## DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Some of the distinguished attendants on this reunion who were introduced to the convention were: Mrs. M. M. Hankins, daughter of Gen. T. J. Churchill; Miss Annie Wheeler, daughter of Gen. Joe Wheeler; Miss Anna Jackson Preston, great-grand-daughter of Stonewall Jackson and Sponsor for the South at this reunion; Miss Robine Webb, great-grand-daughter of President Davis and Sponsor for the Mississippi Division U. C. V.; Mrs. Anne Dowling Robertson, daughter of Dick Dowling, hero of the battle of Sabine Pass; Mrs. Senora Dodd Booth, a sister of David Owen Dodd, the boy hero of Arkansas.

The presence of the Marine Band was a special feature of this reunion, and its music was greatly enjoyed at the convention opening, at the headquarters hotel in the evenings, at the balls, its special open-air concerts, and in the parade. Resolutions in appreciation of its presence were passed by the convention and sent to Captain Branson, its leader, and to President Coolidge for the special dispensation which sent the band to Little Rock.

## MANY MILESTONES PASSED.

A number of veterans of great age were present at this reunion, the prize in the age contest going to T. M. Mayo, 107 years old, who was accompanied by his son, now eighty-two. Both are inmates of the Confederate Home at Austin, Tex. The elder Mayo was born July 10, 1821, and is the father of nine children, seven of them still living.

W. L. Carter and wife, of Arkansas, he eighty-seven and she eighty-three, were present; they will celebrate their sixty-third anniversary next November. He is a native of Mississippi and she was born in Alabama, both going to Arkansas as small children, and he served with the 12th Arkansas Infantry. Of their nine children, there are five sons and a daughter now living.

That "there's life in the old land yet" was emphasized by the high spirits and activity of these men of the sixties. Comrade W. W. Hunt, of Shreveport, La., and Sherrill, Ark.,

now in his ninetieth year, was much in evidence at the balls and trod the light fantastic to late hours. There were many in the late eighties who are still young in spirit, and some of them confident that they will pass the century mark. Truly, they are representatives of a great manhood, and we shall not see their like again.

Picturesque figures in the great crowd were the old negroes of the past generation, some dressed in gray and well decorated with badges of all kinds, and all proud to have had a part in those days of the sixties. Some of them were contentedly following "Old Marster" about as in the days of old, and "Marster" was just as attentive to their wants as to his own. All were well taken care of and shared in the entertainment provided and were given a place in the parade. Their devotion to their "white folks" even at this late day is evidence of the good which was theirs under an evil institution.

## THE GRAND REVIEW.

"There's to be a grand review, boys, so see that your arms are right;

Marse Bob will forgive a shabby coat, but never a shabby fight;

And though to-day we're playing and it's nothing but review,  
Who knows but to-morrow morning we'll have real work to do?  
So look to your cartridge boxes, and see that your guns are clean—

Your knapsacks all in order and bayonets fit to be seen.

Don't mind if your coats are tattered—so are your battle flags, too—

For many a hard campaign Marse Bob has carried us through.  
So brush up your old gray jackets, and do the best you can.  
For he looks behind the uniform and sees the real man."

"Yes," said the chaplain, softly, "and, men, God holds a review,

Through me, every Sunday morning, and this is what you must do:

Prepare your souls for inspection, and see that your hearts are right,

And that every man among you is armed against sin to fight,  
Remember your daily actions are the uniforms you wear,  
And God will pardon the tatters if the love of Christ is there;  
And though in the eyes of the world your outward man may be right,

Without the love of the Saviour you never can win the fight.  
So brush up your uniforms well, and do the best you can,  
And, remember, behind the soldier God looks at the heart of the man."

'Twas thus a word in season the chaplain spoke to them then,  
And it fell not by the wayside, but into the hearts of the men;  
And when they stood for inspection before the Grand Review,  
He in his dress of office stood with the regiment, too;

And he said: "Although I honor my coat of Confederate gray  
I come in full-dress uniform, a priest of the Church to-day,  
And this is my battle flag that before my men I bear."

And then as he spoke he showed them the "Book of Common Prayer."

And when in these regimentals beside his men he trod,  
General Lee uncovered his head "to the Church of the Living God."  
—Mary Bayard Clark.

[The chaplain referred to in this poem was the late Rev. Dr. George Patterson, long beloved rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, in Wilmington, N. C.]



## THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

BY HENRY WINTER HARPER, MEMPHIS, TENN.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern rights, Hurrah.  
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star."

This is the chorus of the first song in praise of the first flag unfurled of the new-born nation—the Confederate States of America—the storm-cradled nation that fell—fell only for the want of men and means to wage its war against the vast armies with unlimited means and engines of war that invaded and crushed it.

History tells of many nations in ages past which, in their struggle for liberty and self-government, have arisen and flourished and fallen, leaving songs and heroes whose memory must forever live.

The Bonnie Blue Flag is the song of a nation that is dead, the memory of which must be kept forever green.

The song was partly composed at Raymond, Miss., the native town of the one who writes these lines. The first stanzas were written and first sung at Jackson, the State capital, where I afterwards resided for many years. The incident which inspired the song was the withdrawal of the State from the Union, a very momentous occasion in which all Mississippians entered with heart, soul, and body, and the same faith in the justice of their cause as their forefathers had when throwing off the yoke of British oppression. And there are yet many who are of the same opinion still.

The secession convention, which met in the old capitol building on the 7th of January, 1861, on the 9th passed the ordinance of secession. South Carolina had seceded on December 20, 1860, and it was a foregone conclusion that Mississippi would follow. There was great rejoicing when the die was cast.

In anticipation of the convention's act, a blue flag with a single star had been prepared for the occasion, and was passed up to the presiding officer, who waved it on high with the exclamation, "The Bonnie Blue," which was followed by a shout from the delegates and citizens in the audience of "Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag!"

In the audience sat Harry McCarthy, a traveling showman, who was conducting an entertainment in the town. Inspired by the thrilling incident, he applied himself at once to composing the song, the first stanzas being as follows:

"We are a band of brothers, native to the soil,  
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil.  
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far,  
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!"

As long as the old Union was faithful to her trust,  
Like friends and like brothers kind were we and just.  
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,  
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star."

I have known several persons who were present at the convention and who saw the manuscript of the lines before they were sung. One gentleman, with whom I was closely associated, related to me that he had been requested by Harry McCarthy to express what he thought of the song, and then he told him that he could see no merit in it. Being set to music, and sung on the stage to a large audience, it proved a thrilling song which brought great applause. Next day it was on the lips of every one.

Completing his engagement at Jackson, Harry McCarthy went with his show to Raymond, which is the county seat of Hinds. In the meantime, other States having seceded, new stanzas were added to the song while there as follows:

"First South Carolina nobly made the stand,  
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;  
Next quickly, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida  
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Ye men of valor, gather round the Banner of the Right,  
Texas and Louisiana join in the fight.  
Davis, our beloved President, and Stevens, statesman rare,  
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

And here's to brave Virginia, the Old Dominion State,  
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate.  
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare,  
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong are we and brave,  
Like patriots of old we'd fight our heritage to save.  
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer  
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,  
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out.  
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,  
The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven."

In some way the verses were made to show Alabama as being the second State to secede, which is a mistake, Mississippi being the second.

I have heard my father, who was then publisher of the Hinds County *Gazette* at Raymond, and other old citizens often speak of hearing the song when first sung.

The song soon became very popular, being on the lips of the boys as they were drilling for service, and then in battle as they charged the ranks of the enemy, until at last it was recognized as a national hymn; and it yet keeps alive in many Southern hearts the memory of a nation dead and gone.

The most thrilling of the songs of the South, a song never heard without applause is Dixie. Dixie was not composed in the South, however, nor does its sentiment have any connection with the Southern cause. It was first heard by Southern soldiers at the battle of Manassas, where it was played by the band of the Northern soldiers. It was taken up by the Southerners, and soon became the most thrilling song of the nation.

Little is known of Harry McCarthy, who composed the Bonnie Blue Flag, whence he came, or whither he went. Though lost in obscurity himself, the song that he left us can never die.

LOST.—The loss of a diamond pin during the reunion in Little Rock, by one of the Daughters of the Confederacy in attendance, has been reported to the VETERAN in the hope of getting in communication with the finder. The pin was a platinum bar set with diamonds, and the bar is slightly bent underneath. The loss occurred at the Hotel Marion. A reward is offered. Communicate with the VETERAN,



*GUNSTON HALL—FAMOUS ESTATE OF GEORGE MASON.*

BY MRS. WILLIAM H. LYNE, HONORARY VICE PRESIDENT,  
U. D. C. CHAPTER, ORANGE, VA.

There are some counties in Virginia which may literally be called Holy Ground—such as Westmoreland and Fairfax, for more famous men have been associated with the banks of the Potomac, which borders these counties, than any other section of Virginia. Westmoreland is the birthplace of Washington, Monroe, and Robert E. Lee; while Fairfax is the burial place of Washington and that eminent statesman, George Mason, of "Gunston Hall," the brightest mind in the Virginia colony, though his fame has been overshadowed by others far less intellectual; for not only was Mason extremely modest, but the wife of his youth died and left him a house full of children whom he felt it was his great responsibility to rear. His marriage to Anne Eilbeck, in 1750, is recorded by him in the family Bible, stating that Rev. John Moncure, of Aquia Church and Overwharton Parish, was the officiating minister. This circumstance is of interest, for Parson Moncure, who now sleeps beneath the chancel of the famous old Aquia Church (which antedated Pohick Church) where his memorial slab is inscribed, "Sacred to the Race of the House of Moncure" left George Mason, of Gunston (his wife's first cousin), as guardian of his daughter, Jean. Under such guidance, Jean Moncure became the first literary woman in Virginia. She wrote a chaplet of verses, and married General Wood, of the American Revolution, who later was governor of Virginia during the famous trial of Aaron Burr. Wood was also the first President of the Society of the Cincinnati, an organization composed of officers of the Continental line who served four years. Mrs. Jean Moncure Wood's husband was the founder of Winchester,

Va., and her home there, "Glen Burnie," shows by its name her true tone of all things Scotch. When her husband was governor, the executive mansion had not been built on the Capitol Square at Richmond, so the Woods lived at Chelsea Hill, near the town, and there Jean Moncure Wood planted her boxwood, for she liked to garden; and her home was unique in that the mantel pieces were all in the corners of the room, a style she copied from her own loved Clermont, in Stafford, where George Mason, of Gunston, often visited.

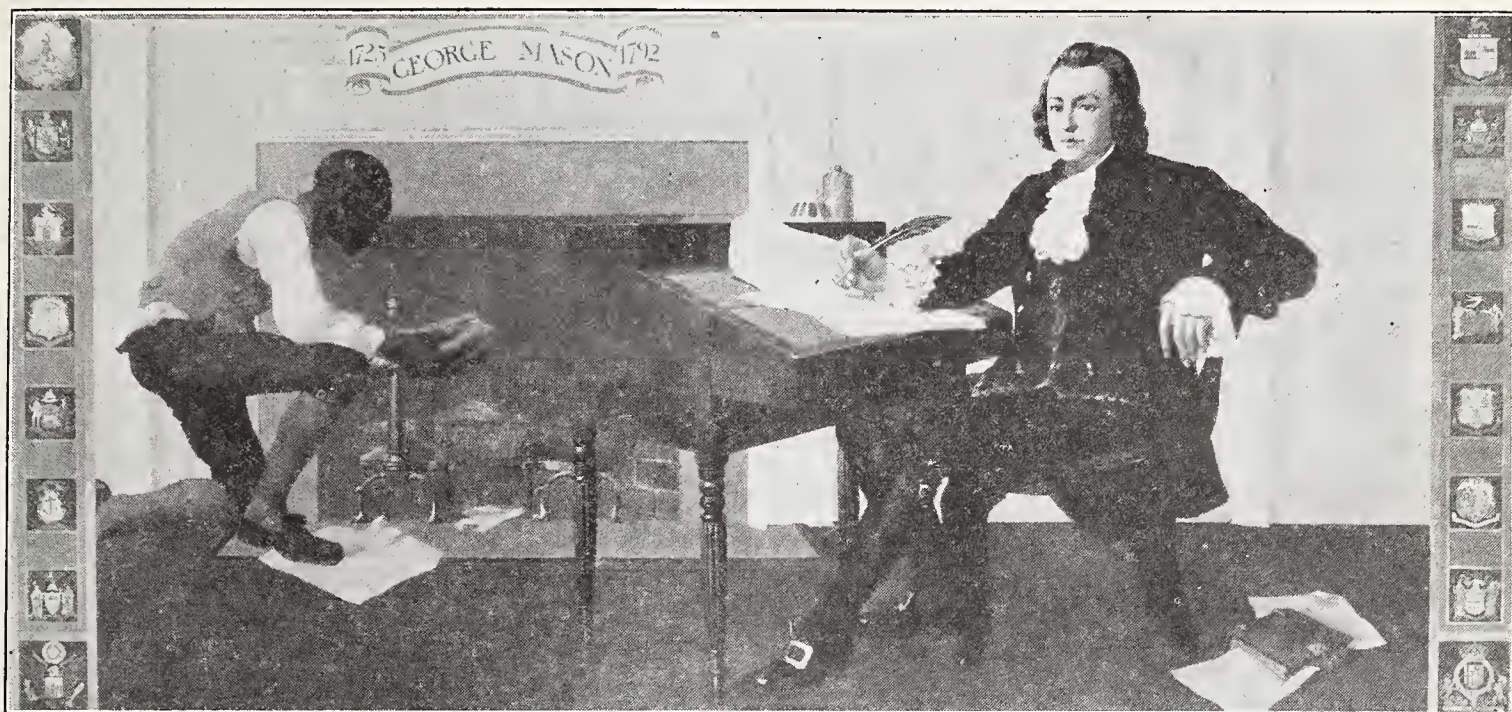
Parson Moncure and Mason were both advocates for the colony obtaining independence as a British possession.

Moncure's brother-in-law, Governor Stone, of Maryland, however, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is known that Thomas Jefferson drew on Mason's ideas, largely from his Bill of Rights, for the Declaration of Independence. He stopped by Gunston Hall on his way to Philadelphia, for no man knew more politics than Mason, who contributed some of the most important documents ever written to the political literature of the United States. Jefferson's room at Gunston is still shown to visitors, for here the great Democrat drafted a rough copy of the Declaration after having spent hours in discussion with Mason, for Mason framed the Constitution of Virginia, and used his pen all his life for the freedom of the colonists. Three of his sons served in the American Revolution, and, as a member of the Committee of Safety during the winning of Independence, Mason was ever watchful for justice, and maintained always the rights of the weak against the strong. There is a statue of him in the capital of Virginia, with his Bill of Rights clasped firmly in his hand, one of the most imposing figures around the equestrian figure of Washington, by Crawford; while the men he knew so well, and whom he influenced, complete the circle—Patrick Henry, Thomas Nelson, Jefferson, Marshall, and Lewis—a coterie of the giants, but none sur-



GUNSTON HALL AS IT IS TO-DAY.





GEORGE MASON WRITING THE "BILL OF RIGHTS" IN THE FAMOUS STUDY AT GUNSTON HALL. (FROM THE MURAL PAINTING IN THE GEORGE MASON HOTEL, ALEXANDRIA, VA.)

passed Mason in mentality or left a more lasting impress on the weal of America. George Washington was his intimate friend and also close neighbor, and they exchanged courtesies, like slips of roses, jessamine, and grapes from plantings from abroad.

Both Clermont, the Moncure home in Stafford, and Gunston Hall were built of bricks brought from Scotland. Now the Clermont and Gunston estates have passed out of the control of the family, but their impress as owners will linger forever, for those who like to wander down the aisles of time and vision these master intellects, these men who entertained LaFayette and Steuben. Moncure, being a dominie of the Established Church, was very much of a Tory; and Mary, the mother of Washington, often drove over in her gig to Aquia Church, where she, too, prayed, "God save the king!" Hence, his pen took to theology and he wrote a book in Latin on "Deism" and dedicated it to the Lord Bishop of London, who officiated at his consecration. But Mason's mind was of the political type, and, from the time he was in his teens till death occurred at Gunston Hall in his sixty-seventh year, he was fighting the slave trade in Virginia, and fighting tyranny everywhere, using always the pen and not the sword.

The father of George Mason of Gunston Hall was a follower of the Stuarts, like all true Virginians, for his ancestry came to the colony in the days of Cromwell; so that inborn in him was that sentiment which made him an English gentleman set down on the Potomac River. He sent back to the mother country and imported convicts to build his home, over which they labored for three years in perfecting the beautiful result that Gunston Hall shows to-day, though it is cozy rather than massive, and but one story and a half high. Convicts were not always criminals as the term might be construed, for often it was debt that sent them to prison, or political offenses; for the government changed hands from monarchy to protectorate, then again became regal. So these workers whom Mason imported were far from being jailbirds, but more like skilled artisans, seeking opportunity in a new land. Their carving of woodwork betakes the

Chinese-Chippendale style, and shows great delicacy of tracery.

At Gunston Hall the pineapple, that emblem of hospitality, is seen in many places on the pediments and over the stairway; while a most attractive and novel staircase, trimmed with mahogany balustrade, leads to the rooms above, all of which have dormer windows. The house is panelled in yellow pine that age has softened to a delicious tint. The house has four large chimneys, and its brick work is relieved by sandstone quoins from Aquia quarries. There is also a bird fountain in the garden of this same material, which came from a discarded column that was once a part of the United States Treasury, for Gunston Hall is not far from Washington, D. C.—about eighteen miles; while it is only four miles from Mount Vernon.

As Mason built his home, he planted trees from cherry stones that grew into a beautiful avenue of uniform size; but only a few of these old blackheart cherries now remain, though there are still many shrubs that doubtless the master builder had imported from abroad.

Every reason leads one to believe that George Mason gave the boxwood to Mount Vernon which Washington arranged after Masonic design in the garden there. General Washington also sent Mason Guelder roses and yellow jessamine, and it is known that often he came in his barge to visit Gunston Hall, for the Potomac was ever a ready avenue for intercourse. Some idea of the wealth of George Mason, as well as the fertility and size of his domain, may be gained when it is told that he would ship from his own wharf as much as twenty-three thousand bushels of wheat in a season. The property in its original lines, was five thousand acres.

Modeled like English estates, at Gunston Hall there was a flower garden, a pleasance, a deer park, a bowling green, and a vegetable garden, shielded by a lovely row of white and lavender lilac. The bowling green was inclosed with pleached fruit trees; and the paths everywhere were bordered by daffodils and crocus, hyacinth and lavender. Overlooking the wide Potomac, far across to the Maryland Hills, the scenery is peaceful rather than sublime; a homely atmosphere, where



wisteria twined as a cover to the summer house, that forms a kind of pergola from which a path leads down through the deer park to the boat landing. There are many flowering shrubs about this old home, many handsome trees, and the present owners keep the garden beautiful with a rotation of bloom that comes with the first touch of gentle spring, when the Japanese cherries bloom along the Potomac, and tempt tourists to visit Gunston Hall—pioneering into the past. Here, like a market of an Eastern merchant displaying his wares, are brightest blooms, and in great profusion hyacinths, jonquils, delphinium, foxglove, verbenas, rose geraniums, and lemon verbena; while, with autumn's touch on the maple and gum, there appear chrysanthemums in plenty and trailers of red Virginia creeper which seem like a toast of memory's wine to the ghosts of the yesteryear who once walked these pathways—little Jean Moncure, the bonnie Scotch lass; the romping Mason children, nine in all; and the lovers, George Mason and Anne, his wife, who were sweethearts to the end.

### ILIUM IN FLAMES.

BY CHAPMAN J. MILLING, CHARLESTON, S. C.

(Continued from May Number)

The remaining time at the disposal of the Federal army before continuing its march of conquest was taken up in destroying those public buildings which were either owned by the Confederate government or were operated for the purpose of furnishing it support. This was an act justified under the customs of civilized warfare, naturally expected. This task was undertaken largely by the engineers, and a very excellent account may be read in the reports of General Poe and others. The arsenal, the railroad shops, the gun factories, and the gas works were destroyed, and all the railroad engines rendered useless. Railroad tracks were torn up, and the rails twisted. In an accidental explosion, while destroying Confederate munitions, one officer and a number of men were killed.

The problem of feeding the civilian population, a weighty one under existing circumstances, was brought to the attention of General Sherman by Mayor Goodwin and Col. James S. Gibbes. Sherman agreed to leave them sufficient cattle to supply their wants until communication could be established with the surrounding country. The mayor also requested a sufficient number of muskets to control any camp followers who might enter Columbia in the wake of the army. With characteristic generosity, they were presented with five hundred starving cows, which were too weak to be driven farther along the march, and one hundred ancient rifles. The bovines died so rapidly that the authorities decided to slaughter them all at once; which was a wise move, considering that no provender could be had to feed them. The sinewy meat was salted and distributed in small daily allowances to the populace. The venerable firearms must have been donated for ornamental use only, as no ammunition could be found to fit them.

During the trying days that followed, the generosity of the people was wonderful. Those who still possessed homes offered shelter to their less fortunate neighbors, freely sharing with them the scanty flour and the cruse of oil. Few thought of self or attempted to hoard provisions. Ladies would prepare, at great expense, some little delicacy for a sick friend or neighbor. As soon as the messenger was out of sight, the recipient would send the dish to some one whom she regarded as more in need; she, in turn, would pass it on to one less fortunate, and, finally, it would go the rounds until at last it reached the original donor.

Even with the beef from the five hundred lean kine and the small allowance of meal which the authorities were able to give out, starvation stared the people in the face. Many subsisted from day to day on waste corn obtained from the feed troughs of the Union cavalry horses. This they would send the children out to secure, and often they returned with a small quantity of army rations in addition, the gift of some thoughtful soldier. The corn would be washed in water, boiled and mashed into a sort of paste, and made into a hoe cake not unlike the tortillas of the Mexican peons. Sometimes, if lye could be procured, they would remove the husk and serve it as "big hominy."

The negroes from the country soon began to bring in chickens, guinea fowls, eggs, and other produce. These they readily traded in exchange for dresses, veils, hats, or such other finery as anyone happened to have saved. For the first time in their lives, the negroes felt a pressing need for elaborate wearing apparel, and the more gaudy the vestment the better fared the marketer.

Another source of food was that portion of the country which had not been so sorely stricken by the conquest. The city of Augusta, Ga., learning of Columbia's plight, sent her people twelve wagonloads of provisions, generously contributing the wagons and draft animals as well as the food. People from the parts of South Carolina which had not been overrun did what they could toward the rehabilitation of the wretched community.

For three days the Federal soldiers remained in the city, and although there was no recurrence of the wholesale plundering of February 17, there were numerous individual cases of petty theft. Watches, especially, were in demand, probably more so by the men who had not been lucky enough to secure prizes at first.

On Monday, February 20, the army of occupation struck its tents and departed, glad, doubtless, to leave such a desolate place and move to fresh and pleasant pastures. Thus, "having utterly ruined Columbia, the right wing began its march northward."<sup>1</sup>

It had come as a swarm of locusts, and, like them, it left emptiness in its track. Passing on into the country beyond Columbia, it continued its devastating march, and the inhabitants of Camden, Winnsboro, Cheraw, and many other places in the two Carolinas were soon to feel its consuming strength. A few last desperate stands were made by the Confederates, but Sherman's purpose had been virtually accomplished already, and the vertebral column of the Confederacy was effectually broken. Seeing the futility of prolonged struggle, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston decided that capitulation was more desirable than having the country further overrun and surrendered the last Confederate force of any size near Durham, N. C., on April 22, 1865.

Henceforth Sherman was to be hailed as the scourge of the "Rebellion" and the savior of the Union. Before the completion of his campaign, Lincoln wrote to him saying: "The honor is all yours." But apparently Sherman reflected that the story of the flaming capital would not redound to his eternal glory. He realized that there might be some, even in the North, who would not justify the act for the sake of a conquered Confederacy. Therefore, without waste of time, as was his usual way, he expressed, in his first official report, the opinion that Wade Hampton had burned Columbia, "not because of any silly Roman stoicism, but from folly and want of sense."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sherman, General William T., "Memoirs," page 288.

<sup>2</sup> "War of the Rebellion," Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Series I, Volume XLVII, Part I, page 22.



This claim of the victor naturally gained at first a wide credence, but if few now continue to accept this fiction of war as fact, there are many who refuse to consider Sherman responsible. And some, moreover, contend that he did everything in his power to prevent the conflagration.

A history, however brief, of the events which we have attempted to narrate would be incomplete were not a fractional part, at least, of the overwhelming evidence of Sherman's guilt presented. Two instances reveal his nature. An extract from the letter written by him to General Grant, dated at Savannah, Ga., December 26, 1864, reads as follows:

"I am very glad to know that Jeff Davis is in the condition reported to you, and hope that by this time he is dead and out of the way."<sup>3</sup>

Of course, Jefferson Davis was Sherman's enemy, and as such his death or capture would have been, to Sherman, a military advantage; but the smallness of wishing the death of an honorable antagonist who was suffering from a spell of illness! Compare Sherman's attitude to the noble and generous tribute paid Stonewall Jackson by the Army of the Potomac.

During the Carolina campaign, and before the occupation of Columbia, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, the Confederate cavalry leader, wrote to Gen. O. O. Howard in an effort to persuade the latter to refrain from burning private dwellings along the line of march. Wheeler offered not to burn bales of cotton if Howard would not burn homes. Sherman, in a characteristic letter to Kilpatrick, his cavalry leader, expresses his attitude regarding the offer.

"BLACKVILLE, S. C., February 8, 1865.

"Wheeler writes to General Howard offering not to burn cotton if we don't burn houses. I assured him that he would oblige us by burning cotton, for it saves us the trouble; that we don't burn occupied houses, but if people vacate their own houses, I don't think they should expect us to protect them."<sup>4</sup>

As we have seen, Sherman's men employed a very effective method of rendering houses unoccupied, which method evidently met with the thorough approval of their commander. Sherman thus demonstrates to us his policy in dealing with the private property of noncombatants.

It is an interesting study in itself to trace General Sherman's various explanations of the burning of Columbia. Be it freely confessed that we cannot quote all of these, they are too numerous and too conflicting. The several which we are able to present are, however, sufficient to show that the General was not averse to varying the testimony to suit the occasion. When we add to Sherman's own testimony that of his various officers, what a potpourri of accounts we behold!

During the conflagration, Sherman admitted that his soldiers were setting places on fire, but attributed it to the fact that they were intoxicated and, therefore, beyond control. He blamed the governor for the disaster, censuring him for allowing whisky to remain within reach of the soldiers. He said: "It is our men who burned Columbia, but it is your fault." This explanation was made to the Rev. A. Foomer Porter, D.D., an Episcopal clergyman well known in the North. Why he should have hit upon the whisky theory is subject to speculation. No whisky-soaked privates had accounted for the burning of Barnwell, Orangeburg, Lexington, and all the other towns between Columbia and the Savannah River. And as for the soldiers being beyond his

control, if they were, it is remarkable how quickly they responded to his orders to stop the fire.

In his official report of the campaign, Sherman blames Hampton, insisting that he fired the cotton, which we have seen was not the case, and charging him with the entire responsibility. This accusation was disproved by Hampton, M. C. Butler, and numerous civilians.

Later, at a speech delivered at Salem, Ill., July, 1866, Sherman declared to a friendly audience: "We were strung out from Asheville clear down to Atlanta. Had I then gone on stringing out our forces, what danger would there not have been of their attacking the little head of the column and crushing it. *Therefore, I resolved in a moment to stop the game of guarding their cities and to burn their cities.*"

Again, in his published "Memoirs" (Volume I, page 287), he has the following to say: "*In my official report of this conflagration, I distinctly charged it to Gen. Wade Hampton and confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him, for he was, in my opinion, a braggart, and professed to be the special champion of South Carolina.*"

These statements are by no means harmonious when taken together; but it would appear that General Sherman must finally have decided upon one explanation, and to stick thereafter to it, as we find him swinging back to the whisky theory when testifying before the "Mixed Commission on British and American Claims," Washington, D. C., 1873. In his testimony before this commission, he alleges that the fire was burning a day and a half to two days before his army occupied Columbia! The blame is placed on whisky, the cotton, the wind, and the general carelessness of the inhabitants. The closing statements of his testimony reveal the personality of the man.

Question. "You have, therefore, a warm personal interest in the question?"

Answer. "I have."

Question. "And in vindicating yourself and the United States forces under you from the charges which have been, and which you knew would be, brought against you?"

Answer. "If I had made up my mind to burn Columbia, *I would have burned it with no more feeling than I would a common prairie dog village*; but I did not do it, and, therefore, want the truth to be manifest; that is the interest I have in it. It is not a question of houses or property or anything of the kind."

A Northern writer of repute seems to have observed this tendency of General Sherman's to wander aside from the path of verity. Whitelaw Reid, sometime editor of the *New York Tribune*, and later ambassador to England, calls the burning of Columbia "the most monstrous barbarity of the barbarous march," contending that "though Sherman did not know anything of the purpose to burn the city, which had been talked freely among the soldiers during the afternoon, there is reason to think that he knew well enough who did it, that he never rebuked it, and made no effort to punish it; except that he sought, indeed, to show that the enemy himself had burned his own city, not with malicious intent, but from folly and want of sense."<sup>5</sup>

Having compared General Sherman's statements with each other, let us now see what his officers have to say about the fire—their theories as to its origin and the impression it made upon them.

Gen. Orlando H. Poe, Chief Engineer, attributes the fire to the soldiers of the Federal army, but claims that the burn-

<sup>3</sup> "War of the Rebellion." Series I, Volume XLIV, page 810.

<sup>4</sup> "War of Rebellion," Series I, Volume XLVII, Part III, page 351.

<sup>5</sup> Reid, Whitelaw "Ohio in the War."



ing cotton excited them. He says: "The burning cotton, fired by retreating Rebels, and the presence of a large number of escaped prisoners, excited the intoxicated soldiers to the first acts of violence, after which they could not be restrained.

"One thing is certain, the burning houses, lighting up the faces of shrieking women, terrified children, and frantic, raving and drunken men, formed a scene which no man of the slightest sensibility wants to witness a second time."<sup>6</sup>

Maj. Gen. John A. Logan, commander of the Fifteenth Corps, the corps which "always did up their work pretty well," says: "The scenes in Columbia that night were terrible. *Some fiend first applied the torch*, and the wild flames leaped from house to house and street to street until the lower, and business, part of the city was wrapped in flames. Frightened citizens rushed in every direction, and the *reeling incendiaries* dashed, torch in hand, from street to street, spreading dismay wherever they went!"<sup>7</sup>

Gen. W. B. Woods claimed that the negroes fired Columbia, a unique and ingenious hypothesis which he claims is well established.<sup>8</sup>

General Hazen, whose command did patrol duty when it was decided to stop the fire, reports that "February 18, the Third Brigade was sent through the city at 3 A.M., to clear the city and prevent further destruction of property."<sup>9</sup>

About the time specified in the above report, Sherman evidently decided that strong measures must be used or the men really might get beyond control; for we find Gen. John M. Oliver sent out to suppress riot. Gen. C. R. Woods was ordered by the corps commander to assist in the task. He detailed Gen. W. B. Woods for the purpose, he says, "to arrest the *countless villians* of every command who were roaming the streets."<sup>10</sup>

These officers promptly put a stop to the proceedings, as they, besides the citizens of Columbia, testified. If they were able to stop it then, how easy it would have been to have stopped it earlier in the night, and indeed how simple to have *prevented* it. Is not the fact that they were not sent out until 3 A.M. additional proof that the commander of the army had no intention to stop the fire until he thought Columbia had been sufficiently punished for her part in the "rebellion"?

Gen. O. O. Howard, before the war a clergyman, seems to have imbibed from General Sherman some of the latter's propensity for making the testimony suit the occasion. Officially he blames the citizens for giving the soldiers liquor.<sup>11</sup>

To Rev. Peter Shand, rector of the despoiled Trinity Episcopal Church, he stated that "though Sherman did not order the burning of the town, yet, somehow or other, the men had taken up the idea that if they destroyed the capital of South Carolina, it would be *peculiarly gratifying* to General Sherman.

In a conversation with General Hampton a year later, he laid the blame on the Federal army. The occasion was a visit of General Howard to Columbia in 1866. He was seated in the Governor's office in the State House, in the company of Governor Orr and Col. James S. Gibbes. Seeing General

Hampton passing on the street, Colonel Gibbes called him in, and he joined the party. With characteristic directness, Hampton asked General Howard: "General, who burned Columbia?" "Why, General, of course, we did," was Howard's prompt reply. He hastened to add, however, that it was done without orders.<sup>12</sup>

Afterwards, in Washington, before the Mixed Commission, he denied having made this statement, though it had been spoken openly in the presence of three witnesses. When he was reminded of the conversation, he deposed that he had said that the *Confederate* troops burned Columbia. This effort to back up his chief at the expense of his memory for his original version succeeded only in getting him into a testimonial mire; and he was subsequently forced to admit having said that men excited by drink set the fire. He finally attempted to wallow out of the bog into which his statements had sunk him by explaining that he had frequently stated that some stragglers, among whom were soldiers from different parts of the army, had set fires, and that these stragglers were under the influence of drink at the time. He denied that these alleged stragglers primarily started the city to burning.<sup>13</sup>

Before leaving the voluminous evidence contained in the reports of the Federal officers in the Campaign of the Carolinas, we must examine one more such record. It is the account of an officer in the Fifteenth Corps; a quartermaster, and one who was not interested in making military history more entertaining than accurate. His account of the Columbia conflagration is brief, unadorned, and straight to the point. It is refreshing, after reading all the alibis, excuses, and ingenious explanations of the deed, to come across one straightforward account, the report of Lieut. Col. L. G. Fort to Maj. Gen. M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster General. Says Colonel Fort: "The corps began to move from Beaufort, passed Pocotaligo, and then floundered on through the mud and water to Columbia, the capital of the State of South Carolina, which was captured, occupied, and *burned* on the seventeenth day of February."<sup>14</sup>

We have already referred to the "Report of the Committee Appointed to Collect Testimony in Relation to the Destruction of Columbia, S. C., on the 17th day of February, 1865." We have quoted freely from that interesting document. Having given several extracts from the testimony obtained by the aforesaid committee, a more specific account of the committee itself must be given if we are to regard its findings as authoritative.

On April 22, 1867, a meeting of the citizens of Columbia was called to convene in Carolina Hall. Hon. J. E. Arthur presided. A committee was appointed to collect evidence pertaining to the burning of the city on the night of February 17, 1865. This committee consisted of the following citizens: Chairman, Chancellor J. P. Carroll; Dr. John Fisher, Dr. William Reynolds, Hon. William F. DeSaussure, Hon. E. J. Arthur, Dr. D. H. Trezevant, Dr. A. N. Talley, Prof. W. J. Rivers, Prof. John LeConte, Col. J. T. Sloan, and Col. L. D. Childs.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>12</sup>Scott, E. J. "Account of the Burning of Columbia."

<sup>13</sup>Testimony heard before Mixed Commission on British and American Claims, Washington, D. C., 1873.

<sup>14</sup>"War of the Rebellion," Series III; Volume V; page 406.

<sup>15</sup>The gentlemen constituting this committee were all citizens of the highest standing in the community, both social and professional. At least one of the members, Prof. John LeConte, was a man of international reputation in the realms of science and education. He afterwards became organizer and first executive head of the University of California, where both himself and his remarkable brother, Joseph LeConte, the geologist, completed their brilliant careers.

<sup>6</sup>"War of the Rebellion," Series I, Volume XLVII, Part I, page 170.

<sup>7</sup>"War of the Rebellion," Series I, Volume XLVII, Part I, page 227.

<sup>8</sup>"War of the Rebellion," Series I, Volume XLVII, Part I, page 252.

<sup>9</sup>"War of the Rebellion," Series I, Volume XLVII, Part I, page 272.

<sup>10</sup>"War of the Rebellion," Series I, Volume XLVII, Part II, page 457.

<sup>11</sup>"War of the Rebellion," Series I, Volume XLVII, Part I, page 198.



This committee prepared a brief on the subject which they were investigating, reaching the conclusion which has been already quoted. In the preparation of this report only the testimony of those willing to make sworn affidavits was accepted. The sixty-odd deponents were thus eyewitnesses all. The report, together with the affidavits, was preserved in the mayor's office of Columbia. But the Republican, or carpet-bag, government, which held sway in municipal politics from 1870 to 1878, destroyed all the data which pertained to the work of the committee, no trace of either report or affidavits being found when native white men resumed control. But fortunately for posterity—and likewise for history—the report had been preserved in duplicate in private hands and was published in 1890. No trace of the affidavits was ever discovered, however, except those which, because of exceptional clearness of invulnerability, had been included in the body of the report. It is these latter from which we have so freely drawn.

The report of the committee was safeguarded in every way in order that error, exaggeration, or falsehood might not creep into its contents. Its depositions are remarkably sane, sober accounts of people who saw in person that which actually occurred on the night of February 17, 1865. There is, considering how much the witnesses must have suffered, remarkably little bitterness or passion in the report. Its conclusions cannot honestly be disregarded.

Another tribunal to which we have referred is the "Mixed British and American Claims, Washington, D. C., 1873." It was before this commission that Sherman waxed so vehement in his denial of responsibility for the fire and Howard became so disagreeably involved in his own testimony. The deposition of one of the witnesses for the claimants, that of Mr. Charles F. Jackson, may well be cited as an example of numerous declarations which attest the premeditated nature of the act.

"Subsequent to the destruction of Columbia," said Mr. Jackson, "I saw a United States officer, whose name I do not now remember, who stated to me that the burning of Columbia was premeditated; and he stated to me that he had seen the plan of march mapped out, and that Columbia was marked for conflagration, and that it was a general understanding in the army that Columbia was to be burned. He (the Federal officer) further stated that any statement to the contrary made by General Sherman was a lie."

Of course, such testimony as this, and as that of Mr. Stanley, already quoted, together with that of the several other Columbians who testified, was of little weight against that of the victorious general who had "suppressed the rebellion." Messrs. Walker and Bacot, Augustine T. Smythe, and Simonton and Barker, of Charleston, who represented some of the claimants, express it well in the pamphlet which they published containing the proceedings of the commission. "It was a task not difficult," says the introduction, "to select from among its (the government's) immense military force, and place upon the witness stand only those who did not hear the orders given for the burning of Columbia."

General Sherman and the other Federal officers concerned in the Carolina campaign made capital of the fact that the fires were eventually stopped by Federal orders. They pointed with pride to the fact that patrols of Federal soldiers were sent into the city to stop the conflagration. They did not, so

far as we are aware, attempt to explain the circumstance that no houses selected for officers' quarters were burned, nor why the patrols were not ordered out before three o'clock in the morning. If their claims were true that they did all in their power to stop the fires, is it not strange that no such measures were successful until three-fourths of the city was consumed? In their own testimony they admit that the fire began at nine o'clock. Their boasted efforts between nine and three must, therefore, have been employed in saving the houses wherein they were quartered, as everything else was destroyed.<sup>16</sup>

The truth is that the soldiers had, by 3 A.M., gotten so beside themselves that Sherman prudently decided it was time to stop the burning and pillaging in order to quiet them. In addition, a number had been lost in the flames which their fellows had kindled; and it was to prevent further loss of men, as well as to reestablish discipline, that the brigades of Generals Woods and Hazen were sent in. Says Gen. John M. Oliver: "February 18, at 4 A.M., the Third Brigade was called out to suppress riot; did so, killing 2 men, wounding 30, and arresting 370."<sup>17</sup>

In view of the foregoing facts, we, therefore, conclude that Columbia, S. C., was purposely and maliciously burned and destroyed by the troops of the United States army, with the knowledge, consent, and approval of their commanding officer, Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.

That, although no written order for the act has, up to the present time been unearthed, nor, in all probability, will ever be, verbal orders were issued, or, if not actually so issued, an understanding tantamount to the same was intentionally promulgated and circulated; which understanding was received, accepted, and acted upon with great enthusiasm by the majority of the troops, both officers and men, the Fifteenth Corps being the principal incendiaries.

That no genuine effort on the part of the Federal troops was made to arrest the progress of the fire until 3 A.M., on the morning of Saturday, February 18, although Federal authorities themselves admit that it originated not later than 9 P.M. on the evening of Friday, February 17.

That when serious effort was exerted, it was promptly successful, the fire being controlled in a remarkably short time.

That the troops of Sherman's command were under excellent discipline at the time they entered the city; that when dismissed from ranks they openly violated the code of civilized warfare in the presence of their officers, many of whom, including General Sherman himself, witnessed their behavior; and that, with few exceptions, they immediately returned to the previous condition of complete military subordination when ordered to do so.

That Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, having full and complete knowledge of all of the above facts, and being in a position to order, at any time, the cessation of the atrocities being committed, is therefore responsible for this outrage.

That the above conclusions are supported by the testimony

<sup>16</sup>There is an entertaining story of a Charleston lady who had been presented by General Sherman with a book when he was in Charleston before the war. On presenting the book the General had signed his name and the date on one of the fly leaves. It so chanced that this same lady refuged in Columbia during the latter years of the war and was present during the night of the fire. She sent the book to the headquarters of General Sherman, reminded him of their former acquaintance, and—peculiar circumstance—her house was spared!

<sup>17</sup>"War of the Rebellion." Series I, Volume XLVII, Part I, page 309.



of hundreds of Columbians and war refugees who were in Columbia on the date of the conflagration.

By the findings of a committee consisting of Columbia's most distinguished citizens, which committee accepted the sworn testimony of more than sixty deponents, and upon said testimony based its findings.

By the published and unpublished letters, reminiscences, and memoirs of scores of individuals who witnessed the conflagration and participated in the suffering entailed by its attendant horrors.

By the admission of numbers of officers and men in the Federal army, before, during, and after the conflagration, some of whose names are known and recorded.

By the military history set forth in "The War of the Rebellion, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," a work published by the United States government and this despite all the devices employed therein by General Sherman and certain of his officers to lay the blame on others.

By the well-known policy of ruthlessness which characterized the conduct in the field of Sherman's army, both before and after the occupation of Columbia; this policy being inaugurated in Georgia, developed to a high degree of perfection during the march to the sea, and reaching its full fruition in South Carolina, where it was exemplified by thousands of burning homes, impoverished farms, razed villages, slaughtered live stock, and hunger-crazed women and children left in its wake.

#### SAVANNAH, THE OCEAN GATEWAY OF GEORGIA.

BY MRS. KIRBY SMITH ANDERSON, ASSISTANT HISTORIAN,  
GEORGIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

"And he hath brought us into this place, and hath given us this land, even a land that floweth with milk and honey." This was the text taken by the Rev. William Berriman for his sermon at St. Bride's, London, directed to the Trustees of the Colony of Georgia, in annual session, soon after the settlement made at Savannah.

My attention has been called to the intensely interesting fact that Savannah is arranging to celebrate, five years hence, the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of that city by Gen. James Edward Oglethorpe. This event will be the celebration not only of the birth of the charming city by the Sea, but of the splendid and peerless State of Georgia herself. They are twins. They came into existence at the same time. On Yamacraw Bluff they were cradled. Mr. John T. Boiffillet, has most graphically described this event and, in part, says: "The great wheel of Georgia's progress began to move in Savannah. A magnificent train of events has followed, events so various and important, of such magnitude, that the contemplation of them deeply impresses all minds that Savannah has played a great part in the drama of human affairs."

Men of gentle birth, aristocratic family, and scholarship accompanied Oglethorpe to the new world in the good ship Anne, and located eighteen miles from the mouth of the beautiful Savannah River. The name given the settlement was the same as that of the river, and doubtless derived its name from the Spanish word "sabanne," meaning a grassy plain. With three miles of water front, Savannah to-day is proudly proclaimed the Ocean Gateway of Georgia and the most important seaport on the South Atlantic coast. The largest vessels can enter her harbor, and the river is navigable as far as Augusta.

From the establishment of the colony until the time of the Revolution, Savannah was the seat of government. In 1789 it was incorporated as a city, and the census for 1920 reports over 83,000 inhabitants.

The city, built mostly of brick, is laid out in absolute regularity, all the streets crossing at right angles, but its wealth of semitropical shade trees and the forty-four small parks, which are scattered throughout its extent, prevent any impression of monotony. The delightful climate gives an added attraction to the otherwise inviting interests, splendid evidences of the mighty genius of man, great works of architecture, of the arts and sciences, of industry and commerce, of morality and religion. Only briefly can I touch on any of these.

Next to New Orleans, Savannah is the most important commercial city in the South. It holds second place in the United States as a cotton emporium, and also exports in large quantities lumber, rice, fertilizers, and naval stores. Bay Street, overhanging the river, is the principal avenue for wholesale trade. There are several foundries, rice mills, cotton compresses, planing mills, a paper mill, cotton factory, gas and waterworks. Its splendid railroad facilities connect with all sections of the country. Over ten thousand pupils attend the public schools, and there are private schools and colleges, a medical college, several hospitals, an orphan asylum, Episcopal Orphans' Home, St. Joseph's Infirmary, and other beneficent institutions.

Among the chief centers of interest is Hodgson Hall, the home of the Georgia Historical Society, where some of the rarest documents and manuscripts in existence relating to Georgia's history are preserved, and the Telfair Academy of Arts. Other prominent edifices are the new County Courthouse, the Custom House, City Exchange, Oglethorpe Clubhouse, Chatham Academy, Guards' Arsenal, Cotton Exchange, Convent of St. Vincent de Paul, St. Andrew's Hall, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, St. John's and Christ Church, Episcopal Churches, the Independent Presbyterian Church, and Wickra Israel Synagogue—in all, there are sixty Churches.

A visitor delights to view the numerous shrines and monuments that tell the proud history of every period of the history of our nation since its Colonial days down to the present time. In beautiful Forsyth Park is the Confederate monument. Monument Square has a Doric obelisk commemorating General Green and Count Pulaski, and another to Count Pulaski, in Monterey Square. The Jasper monument is in Madison Square. Differing from all is the giant granite boulder to Tomichichi, friend of Oglethorpe and savior of the Georgia Colony. Colonial Cemetery was made into a park in 1895. One of the most beautiful spots in Savannah is Bonaventure Cemetery, with its long avenues of live oaks covered with Spanish moss. Here and in Colonial Cemetery sleep the men whom history delights to honor and were prominent in shaping the affairs of the early history of the State. The first native Georgian was Philip Mims, a Jew, born in 1733. The first Georgia barbecue was given by Oglethorpe. On Oglethorpe's second visit to Savannah in 1736, two young religious enthusiasts sailed with him, John and Charles Wesley. The first Sunday school in America was begun by Wesley and perpetuated by Whitefield at Bethesda, and has continued to the present, constituting the oldest Sunday school in the world. Wesley's book of hymns was written in Savannah, though published in Charleston, in 1737.

The earliest printing press was installed in Savannah, April 7, 1763, twelve years prior to the battle of Lexington. The *Georgia Gazette* was the eighth newspaper to be published in



the colonies. The *Savannah Morning News* and the *Savannah Evening Press* are among the most powerful dailies in the State to-day.

Altogether, Savannah has given the State twenty-three governors—Colonial, Provincial, Provisional, and Constitutional. Twenty-four counties of Georgia bear the names of distinguished residents of Chatham County, or Savannahians. Georgia's three signers of the Declaration of Independence were each for a time residents of Savannah. George Walton was the resident, and Button Gwinnett and Lyman Hall came afterwards.

The first vessel for naval warfare in the Revolution was sent out by the Liberty Boys from Savannah to capture British powder, on July 4, 1775. The steamer Savannah was the first steamship that ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean, leaving Savannah in 1819. The oldest military company in Georgia, the Chatham Artillery, organized in May, 1786, made its first appearance at the funeral of Maj. Gen. Nathaniel Greene. Tondee's Tavern and the Liberty pole, the daring deeds of Count Pulaski and Sergeant Jasper, both of whom were killed at the siege of Savannah during the Revolution, are most graphically given in Lamar Knight's History of Virginia.

And then we turn the pages of history to those days of the sixties. Savannah bore her part in that conflict. The port was blockaded by the Federal fleet from 1861-1865, and in the fateful year of 1864, when Georgia was made desolate by Sherman's march to the sea, it was Savannah that was the destination of the Federals. The defense of the city devolved upon Lieutenant General Hardee, and not until Fort McAlister was captured by overwhelming numbers did it fall. The siege began December 11, and when the city could no longer withstand the overpowering forces of the Federals, General Hardee withdrew his men into South Carolina. It was then that General Sherman sent that famous dispatch presenting the city of Savannah as a Christmas gift to President Lincoln.

Savannah furnished to the Confederate army nine brigadier generals—E. P. Alexander, R. H. Anderson, Francis S. Bartow (who early fell in action), George P. Harrison, Sr., George P. Harrison, Jr., Henry R. Jackson, Alexander R. Lawton, Hugh W. Mercer, and G. M. Sorrel; and to the cause of the South, Maj. Gen. LaFayette McLaws and Commodore Josiah Tatnall. A galaxy of others were from Savannah in the War between the States.

William T. Thompson, noted humorist, founded the *Savannah News*. Gen. Henry R. Jackson, orator, diplomat and soldier, wrote the famous poem entitled, "The Red Old Hills of Georgia."

Fourteen distinguished citizens of Savannah wore the toga of the United States Senate, and two sat on the Supreme Bench of the United States.

The Georgia Society of Colonial Dames recently purchased the historic mansion, the Low home. It was here that Gen. Robert E. Lee was a guest on his last visit to Savannah in 1870.

President Jefferson Davis and Winnie, the beloved Daughter of the Confederacy, were honored guests in Savannah at the centennial celebration of the Chatham Artillery.

Woodrow Wilson was married to Miss Axson in the Presbyterian Manse at the Corner of Bull Street and Oglethorpe Avenue, and Savannah points with pride to this event that is characteristic of her appreciation of the romance that is so often interwoven with history, and of which she has a golden store.

Savannah is now a free port, which means that no berthing or docking charges are assessed against vessels while loading or discharging. Last year's collection in customs was \$7,456,276.44.

Savannah is the largest naval stores port in the world, and for the year reached the splendid total of 923,568 barrels of rosin and turpentine. This city has the only sugar refinery between Philadelphia and New Orleans, and this plant has a daily capacity of one-half million pounds of refined sugar. Not only is it the largest cotton port on the entire Atlantic coast, but handles approximately double the amount of cotton handled by the nearest competing port. Last season's receipts of cotton increased one hundred and sixty-three per cent over a period of three years.

In addition to cotton and naval stores, Savannah handles millions of feet of lumber annually in its water-borne commerce, besides an infinite variety of other miscellaneous commodities, and imports annually over 300,000 tons of fertilizer materials, some 200,000 tons of raw sugar, the total value of imports for the year being more than \$22,000,000.

The average for the port is about one hundred vessels per month. The city is served by five trunk line railways, two oceanic steamship lines, and several river lines. Rapid development, expansion and steady growth are some of the reasons for the port of Savannah.

## DREAMS BENEATH THE PINES. BY WILLIE NORMAN POE.

Beneath some ancient pines I lay,  
Whose slender stems like clustered columns rose  
In wide cathedral isles; while in the distance  
Shining white in the sun's bright morning rays,  
Long years have passed, and other epochs, other wars,  
Have writ themselves with heavy hand  
Upon the pages of our history.  
Yet there it stands, a monument to that dear cause  
Which still has power to dim the eye, and footsteps pause,  
As near this old deserted home we dream  
Of other days. Then flickering sunbeams seem  
To change the scene as by a magic wand,  
And where an empty casement shows,  
A dainty curtain flutters, and a climbing rose  
Touches the hair of that fair Southern lass  
Who, leaning from the window, waves farewell  
To those three soldier brothers as they pass  
Forever from her sight away.

And as they go the pine tree's music overhead  
Whispers a prophecy of times to come  
When dreams are done and hopes are dead.

Then once again, with eyes that watch and yearn,  
I see her standing, waiting still for their return,  
While overhead the music of the pines,  
And near the violets and the honeysuckle vines  
Perfume my dreams with odors sweet and rare,  
As sighing, wistful music fills the air.  
O, long, long since in lands of peace,  
Where struggles end and sorrows cease,  
Have they journeyed on together as they journeyed here,  
Spoken sweet words of welcome, words of cheer?  
Only the shafts of sunlight through the trees  
The sound of wind among the clustering pines.



## WHITE ILLITERACY IN THE SOUTH.

BY G. W. DYER, PH.D., IN METHODIST ADVOCATE,  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

The common belief that white illiteracy is one of the unfortunate heritages of slavery is not well founded. The position taken by our leading historians that the poor white people of the South were crowded out and crushed out and denied any opportunity for development by the slaveholding aristocracy and that the sentiment for popular education was weak in the South while slavery was in vogue, is totally without any foundation in fact. Popular education was the fixed policy of the South from very early days, and the movement for public schools was one of the chief movements of the State governments throughout the South long before the War between the States.

The State public free school system originated in the South and was in operation in South Carolina long before it was adopted by any Northern State.

In 1860 there were 27,582 public schools in the Southern States, with an enrollment of 954,728. One-eighth of the entire white population of the South were enrolled in the public schools at this time. The annual income of these schools was \$5,006,479. The amount expended annually on each pupil was \$5.24. This was fourteen per cent more than was expended on each pupil in New England and fifty-two per cent more than was expended in the Western States. The Southern States had at this time also 3,048 academies, with an enrollment of 148,846 students, with an annual income of \$4,113,848. The amount spent annually on colleges in the South at this time was \$1,568,400. Although the South had less than one-third of the free white population, this section was spending annually considerably more than all the rest of the country for college education and almost as much as all the rest of the country on its academies. The annual income of the colleges of Virginia was larger in 1860 than that of any other State in the Union, although her free population was less than half that of three other States. While the Northern States were spending considerably more on public schools in 1860 than the South, the South at this time, not counting Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri, was spending annually \$1.43 *per capita* for all educational purposes, while the Northern and Western States were spending but \$1.26.

Appropriations for public schools were growing at an enormous rate just before the War between the States. In 1850 the South appropriated \$2,683,910 to public schools, and in 1860 this amount reached \$5,006,479.

With such activity in education, white illiteracy would have been eliminated from the South as a problem within a short while had it not been for the War between the States. The increase in school attendance in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, three States that had larger numbers of illiterates, from 1850 to 1860 was greater than it was from 1860 to 1900. One out of every 5.7 of the population was attending school in 1860, and one out of every 5.5 in 1900, an increase of only two-tenths.

With our great school activity (and it has been great) for the past fifty years, the number of white male illiterates over twenty-one years of age was greater in proportion to population in 1900 than it was fifty years before. This is not so much a reflection on our activity in the interest of education since 1860 as it is a tribute to the school system of the South before that time.

But the war came on, and the whole school system was destroyed. The wealth of the South, together with the flower of

Southern manhood and Southern genius, passed away. The poor remnant of the Confederate army returned from the war to find their once well-kept farms devastated, their homes in ruins, their wives and children in poverty and rags, and their State, county, and municipal governments in the hands of ignorance and vice. Under such conditions, it was many years before practically anything could be done to rebuild the splendid school system which the war destroyed, and a whole generation grew up with practically no school advantages. It was the war that placed upon the South the serious problem of white illiteracy.

The white illiterates in the South are found chiefly in the mountain sections. In Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee there are 205,837 men, or nearly one-half of the whole number in all of the Southern States, who can neither read nor write. Southwest Virginia, together with a small group of counties east of the mountains, composed of Patrick, Franklin, Pittsylvania, Henry, Halifax, and Bedford counties, with one-third of the population, has nearly one-half of the white illiterates of the State. Comparatively few illiterates are found in the towns and cities. In the towns and cities of Virginia in 1900 there was only one white man out of every forty-two of the white population who could neither read nor write, while one out of every seven of the population for the whole State belonged to this class.

The character of the white illiterates of the South has been grossly misrepresented and is much misunderstood. These people are English and Scotch in origin almost exclusively. They are not different in type nor in any essential particular from the great body of the plain people of the South who have been the backbone of this section from the beginning of our history. The theory that they are the descendants of criminals and paupers, who were sent to this country in the early days, is totally unfounded and is contradicted by every obtainable fact connected with the life of these people. Virginia, the great gateway of the South in the early colonial days, was the first colony to take a stand against the landing of criminals on our shores, and it is probable that the South got a far smaller per cent of this class of population than the Northern colonies.

A study of the court records in a number of the mountain counties in East Tennessee reveals the fact that these mountain people are as free from crime or from anything that indicates criminal or degenerate origin and have as strong moral fiber as any other population anywhere in this country. A large number of the mountain people of East Tennessee have come into the towns and cities of that section within the past few years and have entered the various manufacturing industries. A number of the superintendents of the factories were interviewed some time ago with reference to the capacity and efficiency of these mountain people, and without a single exception they were given high commendation.

One of the strongest proofs of the physical and mental capacity of these people is the result of the measurements of soldiers made by the Federal government during the war. Almost every man in East Tennessee entered either the Confederate or the Federal army. About 35,000, or two-thirds of the adult male population, joined the Federal army. The people from the towns and the most intelligent and progressive people as a rule joined the Confederacy, though there were a number of exceptions to this. The population in some of the back counties went almost solid for the Union. The measurements of 50,000 Tennessee and Kentucky soldiers were taken by the Federal authorities, and it is probable that practically all of the Tennesseans measured were from the mountain section and belonged to the less progressive class as a rule.



Yet the measurements indicate that they were superior from every point of view in physique and in brain capacity to the soldiers from any section of the North or West or from Europe.

Being a native of Henry County, Va., a county which has among its population many illiterates, and having been reared in this county, I can speak with some degree of accuracy with reference to the general character of the illiterates. There are so many instances of illiterates rising to places of efficiency and influence, in spite of their illiteracy, that one can hardly hold any other opinion than that illiteracy among these people is accidental and due to the environment and is not due to any hereditary weakness save in exceptional cases.

The illiterates of the South are a part of that great body of the poorer white people of the South from which a great host of our leading men have come. It was from this class that Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson came. Of the eight men who filled the distinguished office of governor of Virginia from 1841 to 1861, one of the most distinguished had been a tailor and two others had been farm hands. The strength of the South before the war, as it is to-day, was in the great masses of the common people.

Never before in the history of the world has education counted for so much in economic progress as to-day, and never before has illiteracy been such a barrier to economic development.

Production under modern conditions is chiefly a psychic process. Formerly productive power was measured by the number of "hands"; now it is measured by the quality of brain power.

While production was a physical process, it was necessary for a very large proportion of the population to be consigned to nonintellectual manual labor in order that production might be sufficient to meet the necessary demands of the community. When the conditions of production are taken into consideration, it is not strange that Aristotle taught that at least three-fourths of the population should be kept in slavery in order that the other fourth might have an opportunity to follow intellectual pursuits.

The great change in the process of production has come as a result of the application of steam to machinery and transportation and as a result of the development of the physical and biological sciences. Within the past two centuries productive efficiency has increased at an enormous rate, and there is no comparison in the productive power of a progressive community now and the productive power of a community similar in size two centuries or one century ago. "If, for example," it is stated, "we take the case of England and compare what was produced per head of the industrial population toward the close of the seventeenth century with what was produced less than two centuries afterwards, the later product will, according to the estimate of statisticians, stand to the earlier in the proportion of thirty-three to seven."

Now this great increase in productivity is not due, primarily, to the application of steam to machinery and to the accidental discovery of new productive processes, as some may hold. But the application of steam to machinery and the introduction of new machines and new processes of production, together with the development of the physical and biological sciences, opened up the way for the application of the *mind* to production, and it is this new brain force, which had been hitherto confined exclusively to nonproductive work, now operating in the sphere of production, that has given the great increase to productivity. When Pasteur, the great biologist, discovered an effective remedy for the destruction of the

germ that caused the disease known as Texas fever in cattle, he perhaps added more to the productive wealth of the world than ten thousand laborers could add in a whole lifetime. The inventors and perfecters of the telegraph and telephone systems of communication have added more to the productive power of the world than great armies of manual laborers could add in centuries.

Purely manual labor, which was formerly the chief factor in production, is becoming of less and less importance relatively every year, and brain power is becoming more and more in demand. Machinery, the product of the brain, is more and more taking the place of "hands," and the men who can use only their hands are compelled to follow the lowest forms, the least productive forms, of modern industry. A skilled hand is more productive than an unskilled hand; but it is the skilled mind, not the skilled hand, that counts now in production. So effective is the skilled mind under modern industrial conditions that a man with a trained intellect is not allowed to "waste" his time by any use of his hands.

There are two ways by which an individual may increase his productive power. (1) He may increase his skill as a manual laborer by training. This involves a certain amount of mental development, and in some cases a considerable amount of mental development. The difference between the productivity of a skilled and an unskilled worker is very great, and a community of skilled workers is several times more productive than a community of unskilled workers similar in size. (2) The other way of increasing production is in the development of directive ability. The possibilities of increasing productive efficiency by this means are almost unlimited, and it is here that the great increase has been made. Now, illiteracy prevents a man from progressing along either of these lines of increased efficiency, whatever may be his native capacity.

Really there is no place for the illiterate in the modern industrial world. He is a "hold over" from another order of industry which has passed away for the most part. He is an example of what Fichte would call "persistency in relation"; he is continuing on after his service to society has ceased. The illiterate realizes his disadvantages in a measure, and hence remains away from the great centers of productive activity.

Of course the illiterate is precluded from any advance along the other route of increased productive efficiency—namely, that of the development of directive capacity. However great a man's capacity may be, he can hardly hope to get an opportunity in modern industry to develop directive ability unless he has the fundamentals of education.

The result of this quarantine made by modern industry against illiteracy is that the illiterate remains in the remote country sections, as far away as possible from the great current of modern progress. But even here he labors at a great disadvantage. Illiteracy consigns him to a relatively non-productive course in agriculture and holds him in a place of relative inefficiency. Being ignorant and afraid of the outside world, he resists any innovation and is extremely conservative. Ignorant as he may be, he realizes that innovations are all antagonistic to illiteracy and tend to put him at an increasing disadvantage in competitive labor. He knows no life but that of his immediate community; and, his wants being few, he is content to walk in the way of his fathers in every particular. In many instances he is practically sharing no part of the great industrial progress of the world and is contributing nothing to it. Cut off from that great current of life which has come to us as the result of modern methods, he lives and moves and has his being in the remote past. To a very large extent he is occupying the same position in industry that his



ancestors occupied before the industrial revolution and is using the same tools they used, and, as a result, he is a worker of extremely small productivity. The great inventions and the great discoveries of science which have added so much to agricultural productivity affect him but slightly, since they reach him effectively with extreme difficulty.

Not only the illiterate, but the progressive men also in those communities that have considerable numbers of illiterates and semi-illiterates, are kept back from productive efficiency on account of illiteracy.

In those communities in which the illiterates in greatest numbers are found, industrial progress is most dependent on public improvements, especially on good roads. However rich may be the resources, and whatever may be the capacity and the intelligence of the individuals in charge of these resources, practically nothing can be done in their development without transportation facilities, and the character of the means of transportation is determined by the community, not by the individual.

Our rich ores, our valuable timber, our great water power, as well as very much of our rich soil, are found in the mountain sections, and in these sections are many intelligent, progressive citizens. But in these sections the proportion of illiterates and semi-illiterates is so large that in many instances they control the local public policies. No other sections of our country are so dependent on intelligent, progressive public policies in relation to economic development as these, and no other sections can yield so large a dividend from public improvements in increased productivity and increased value in lands as these mountain sections. Nowhere else could the illiterate do so much harm in impeding progress, and nowhere else could he have so much power in handicapping and holding back his intelligent, progressive neighbor.

Handicapped in this way by the nonprogressive, the tendency is for the intelligent, progressive people to move out of these communities and more and more turn them over to the direction of those who are incapable of directing wisely. This makes these sections the easy prey of the exploiting capitalists. They come in the name of economic development, but in many instances they come only to enrich themselves at the expense of these unfortunate people. Not realizing the value of their great natural resources, and knowing nothing of their own capacity to develop them and at the same time develop themselves, they invite the great sawmill companies to come in and build their temporary tramways and consume and destroy their great natural forests, and as a consequence bring devastation and ruin on great quantities of the rich valley land adjacent. These lumber companies from without are leaving behind them in their so-called economic development a trail of devastation like that of the tornadoes and cyclones of our Western country.

The women and children of these communities are being exploited by the great textile industries of the South. Smooth-talking agents are sent into these sections to corral the women and children and bring them into the textile mills. Chloroformed by the glamour of these great factories and by the seemingly large wages they can earn, they submit themselves willingly to that occupation which tends to destroy them physically, mentally, and morally. These children from the mountains, nurtured in the green fields and by the running brooks, are closed in from the fresh air to which they have been accustomed, compelled to work long hours, and are deprived of that freedom and exercise and play which are essential to their best development and which belong to them as natural rights, and also of that home influence without which good citizenship is placed in serious danger.

To obtain such development as this, we fire our furnaces with the most costly mahogany and coal nut, and ballast our tramways with diamonds and pearls.

No society which refuses to protect its women and children from the ravages of commercialism and deprives them of their natural rights of growth and development can hope to have any but a degenerate citizenship to cope with the great problems of civilization in the future.

Real and spurious economic development are often confounded. Much of our so-called economic development is spurious; it is really economic degeneration. There is a vast difference between individual and social development, between the development of certain individual enterprises in a community which benefit a few at the expense of the many, or benefit one generation at the expense of the future generations, and the permanent development of the whole community. This confusion arises from our tendency to exaggerate the significance of large accumulations of wealth as conclusive evidence of real economic progress and the gross exaggeration of accumulated wealth as the measure of economic progress. The presence of a large amount of capital in any community and the activity of capitalists and a great demand for labor do not mean necessarily that the community is being developed or that it is growing stronger industrially. Such activity may mean, and often does mean, the exploitation of these communities in the interest of *a few individuals*. Such development is bought at a fearful social cost.

The real measure of economic progress, of economic strength, is not the amount of wealth, the amount of capital possessed by any people. The total amount of consumable wealth in any community at any time would last but a few months were it not being continually replenished by reproduction. Give a weak community great wealth, and it is still weak; take away the wealth of a strong people, and they are still strong industrially. France at the close of her war with Germany seemed to be in a poor condition to pay any war indemnity at all; but being really strong industrially, she paid the enormous indemnity demanded by Germany with comparative ease and within a very short period. The greatest blow the South suffered from the results of the war, from an economic standpoint, was not the destruction of her vast wealth, but the destruction of her strong men and the demoralization of business due to the perversion of her government as a factor in production, under the "Reconstruction" period.

The industrial strength of any community is the strength of the rank and file of the workers as well as the leaders, and the strength of the natural resources of that community and real economic progress is measured by the degree of improvement in the efficiency of labor and by the care with which the natural resources are preserved, by the increased capacity of any community to cope successfully with the problems of industrial progress in the future as well as in the present. Nothing has a right to be called economic development which does not leave the people and the communities affected more capable of struggling successfully with the great problems of Christian civilization.

Unless something be done, and be done quickly, to raise the standard of intelligence and progress in our rural sections, there is a real danger that there will be serious social, economic, political, and intellectual degeneration in the life of many of these communities, due to the survival of the most fit. Before the war the strong, progressive men of the South lived in the country, and by their manner of life and their intense interest in public affairs gave wholesome tone to the



country life and guaranteed intelligent leadership to the rural communities. It was this more than anything else, perhaps, that made the South such a fertile land for the production of statesmen and great political leaders before the war. But as the strong, progressive men leave the country for the towns and cities, the danger is that the leadership of our rural communities will more and more fall into the hands of those whose ideals and training and capacity do not fit them for such a responsible trust. Our policy of withdrawing from the rural sections of the South the most intelligent and the most progressive men in all spheres of life and concentrating all of our attention on the towns and cities, leaving the rural communities, *which are our most valuable assets*, in the hands of the unfit and the incompetent, will prove a most costly and a most unfortunate policy for the coming generations of the South unless something be done to correct this untoward tendency within the very near future.

The extent of the loss to a community due to illiteracy is determined by the character of the illiterates as well as by their number. Education is a key to unlock brain power already developed. The technique of education cannot give a man a new brain; it can only develop the brain he has. The same kind of lock may inclose a donkey and a Tennessee thoroughbred, and no kind of a key and no kind of manipulation of a key can transform the donkey into a thoroughbred by unlocking the door that shuts him in. The cost of white illiteracy to the South is enormous because it locks up to a more productive life a great army of workers who are capable of the highest efficiency in production, who have every essential characteristic of industrial efficiency save the technique of education.

The loss in productivity to one section of a half million strong, capable men, rendered inefficient as workers by illiteracy, is so great that it is difficult to estimate it. If we add to this number the large number of male illiterates between fifteen and twenty-one years of age and then add the large number of men and boys who are practically illiterate, we may estimate the number of white male illiterate workers in the South at one million. If we estimate the average amount that would be added to each worker per annum in productivity as a result of education at \$250, illiteracy is costing the South \$250,000,000 annually. This does not take into consideration the enormous loss that comes as a result of illiteracy among white female workers. The loss due to illiteracy for one year is perhaps large enough completely to eliminate illiteracy if the amount were properly expended in educational facilities. When we take into consideration also the indirect loss to the South on account of white illiteracy and the loss that cannot be measured by a material standard, the cost of illiteracy is too great to be borne with any kind of patience by an intelligent people.

In the great industrial struggle between countries and the sections of countries which is now upon us, the South cannot any longer afford to carry the handicap of white illiteracy.

It would have been a great loss to Tennessee had Andrew Jackson been kept at the harness-maker's bench, had Andrew Johnson been kept in the tailor's shop, had Maj. John W. Thomas, the great railroad president and Christian citizen, been kept selling sandwiches at a railroad station; it would have been an incalculable loss to Tennessee had the brilliant journalist-statesman and Christian martyr, Edward Ward Carmack, been kept in the position of farm hand throughout his life. By our educational policy to-day the evidence is

strong that we are locking up and consigning to the lowest order of work statesmen and jurists and scientists and preachers and scholars and physicians and captains of industry who would make themselves known throughout this nation and would add immeasurably to our wealth were the opportunity given them to develop their powers.

The serious problem of white illiteracy as we have it in the South to-day is not the fault of any peculiar economic system, neither is it a reflection on our fathers or on us; but it will be a serious reflection on the people of this generation if we do not now put in operation forces adequate to the complete solution of this problem within the near future. We of the South of this generation have a great opportunity and a great obligation. No other section of this country has an opportunity equal to ours to build up a civilization true to American ideals. We are favored beyond all other sections in the essential conditions of that life and leadership which count for most in a nation's progress. We are rich in material resources, rich in productive soil, in climate, in minerals, in water power, in standing timber, and our great resources are easily developed. We are fortunate indeed in the character of our white population. We have here a people descended from the most vigorous of the English and Scotch and Scotch-Irish stock, unstained by contamination with the lower elements of the various nationalities of the earth; a population eminently capable of holding its own and forging to the front in competition with any people anywhere in the world when the competition is on an equal basis.

But with all of our potentialities in natural resources and in the strength and character of our population, we find ourselves woefully handicapped, and the progress we ought to make placed in serious jeopardy by the fact that a very large proportion of our most capable men and women are deprived of the tools of civilization by having educational advantages denied them.

In this great reserve army of illiterates and semi-illiterates we have a priceless asset if we will only appreciate their power and give them an opportunity to take the places that belong to them in the progress of the world.

Shut in by mountain barriers and preserved from physical and mental and moral degeneration by the group ideals and the individual ideals of Southern rural life as well as by a stimulating natural environment, they are strong in body, strong in brain power, and strong in moral force. In their veins flows the richest Anglo-Saxon blood, and in their hearts are treasured up in abundance those great sentiments of religion and home and democracy and liberty which have been the strength of the Anglo-Saxon civilization in all ages. These people are genuinely American; they feel that they have lived here from prehistoric times; they owe allegiance to no other sovereignty; they know no clime but this; they know no flag but that which waves over American soil; they believe in democracy and liberty, and they have an unbounded faith in American institutions.

Such a people are too great to be locked up in a prison of inefficiency and denied any place in the great progress of the world; the communities in which they live are too valuable to be exploited by those who come on'y to destroy; the ruddy-faced boys and golden-haired girls from our mountain valleys are too precious, their lives are too valuable, the blood that courses through their veins, and the sentiment that inspires their hearts are too priceless to the generations yet unborn for us of this generation to offer them up as a willing sacrifice on the altar of sordid commercialism and greed of gold



## CONFEDERATE ARSENAL AT FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, FAYETTEVILLE.

The historic city of Fayetteville, N. C., was the scene of imposing ceremonies on May 22, when a marker was unveiled on the site of one of the most important arsenals of the Confederate government.

The local J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the North Carolina Historical Commission erected this memorial, a handsome bronze tablet on a boulder of massive stone left from the old arsenal, which was totally destroyed by Sherman, March 11-14, 1865. The tablet, on which is the coat of arms of North Carolina, bears the following inscription:

J. E. B. STUART CHAPTER, N. C. DIVISION, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

THIS TABLET MARKS THE SITE OF AN IMPORTANT ARSENAL OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT. AUTHORIZED BY THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS, 1836; CAPTURED BY NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL 22, 1861; TRANSFERRED TO THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT, JUNE 5, 1861; AND DESTROYED BY MAJOR GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, MARCH 11-14, 1865. ERECTED 1928 BY THE NORTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL COMMISSION.

The famous old arsenal was located on a beautiful plateau of nearly one hundred acres on Hamount, the western section of Fayetteville. This was the pride and beauty spot of Fayetteville, being one of the loveliest spots anywhere in the South, and was often visited by people of other States.

The construction was begun by the United States government in 1838, the corner stone being laid on April 9. Army officers of high distinction served as commandants of the post. Conspicuous octagonal high brick-and-stone towers were located at the four corners of the inclosure, while symmetrical walls and massive iron railing and heavy iron gates surrounded the premises. Handsome two-story brick and stone buildings for officers' quarters and the accommodation of the troops adorned the front and sides, while in the center and on both sides were large, commodious buildings used for the storing of small arms, ammunition, commissary and quartermaster supplies. In the center of the inclosure were the gun carriage and machine shops, while in the rear was a large rifle factory, containing all of the rifle works brought from Harper's Ferry, Va., and handsome frame dwellings for various officers' quarters. With the exception of these, all the buildings were constructed of brick trimmed with stone which was quarried near Fayetteville. William Bell, the architect, a Scotchman of national reputation, continued during the entire War between the States as architect for all the buildings. About one hundred yards from the rifle factory were two large brick magazines for storage of powder and ammunition.

The arsenal was the depository for arms for distribution at the South under the Federal law. Because of the John Brown insurrection, some of the citizens of Fayetteville had petitioned the War Department to garrison the arsenal with a company of regulars. Accordingly, a detachment of troops had been stationed there, under the command of Maj. S. S. Anderson and Lieut. J. A. DeLagnel, while the post was in charge of Maj. J. A. J. Bradford, of the ordnance service.

When President Lincoln called for troops from North Carolina to subdue her sister States, Governor Ellis commissioned Hon. Warren Winslow to bring about a peaceable surrender of the arsenal at Fayetteville. Gen. Walter Draughton in command of the State militia was ordered to take possession of this arsenal. Gathering his forces, which

consisted of the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry (organized 1793) under the command of Maj. Wright Huske, the LaFayette Light Infantry, commanded by Capt. Joseph B. Star, and other companies of cavalry and infantry service, numbering in all about four or five hundred men, General Draughton ascended the hill and made a formal demand for the arsenal property in the name of the governor of North Carolina.

Lieutenant LeLagnel accompanied General Draughton where he could make an inspection of his command, when the following conversation took place between him and the famous old "Captain Bulla." Lieutenant DeLagnel halted in front of Captain Bulla's command and remarked to the Captain that he seemed to have arms, but no ammunition, whereupon Captain Bulla ran his hands in both pockets of his pants, pulling out buckshot and powder horns and exhibited them to him. Said Lieutenant DeLagnel: "Are these all the men you have to capture my battery and the arsenal?" "No," said Captain Bulla, "the woods is full of them."

Lieutenant DeLagnel, having satisfied himself that any effort on his part of resistance would be fruitless, surrendered without the firing of a gun, except the salute by his battery on hauling down the United States flag. Lieutenant DeLagnel with his command then marched out of the inclosure with their small arms and equipments, and the State troops marched in and took possession, and they were kept on guard until the Confederate States forces took charge.

Resigning his U. S. commission, Lieutenant DeLagnel became a gallant officer in the Confederate service. The supply of arms gained by taking the arsenal was very important, as there were thirty-seven thousand stands of arms, a battery of field pieces, a large quantity of powder and other stores, and the machinery for the manufacture of munitions of war. The arsenal buildings and machinery probably cost the United States more than a quarter of a million dollars. The very day of the surrender of the arsenal, April 22, the Confederate Secretary of War requested the Governor of North Carolina, to send a regiment to Virginia, and on the 25th asked him to send two thousand muskets for three regiments from Tennessee and Arkansas then at Lynchburg without arms. (Clark's "North Carolina Histories," Volume IV; Ashe's "North Carolina History," Volume II.) The South had men enough, but was not equipped with arms and ammunition, the States having no supply. The powder and arms obtained at Fayetteville were, therefore, of the greatest advantage.

The capture of this arsenal placed North Carolina in the front ranks of the Southern States. About twelve thousand of the thirty-seven thousand stands of arms from the arsenal were given to the State of Virginia, not quite so fortunate as North Carolina on account of the destruction of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. Arms were rapidly placed in the hands of North Carolina troops as fast as they were recruited. About five hundred splendid rifles were turned out monthly by the arsenal, with any amount of ammunition and small arms, with a number of heavy gun carriages for seacoast defences and many light artillery gun carriages and caissons.

On June 5, 1861, the arsenal was formally turned over by the State to the Confederate government, and the command was assigned to Capt. John C. Booth, a former United States officer, thoroughly versed in ordnance. From the second volume of Ashe's "History of North Carolina," we find most interesting facts of the development of this important factor in the Confederate service.

The sixth Battalion, or "Armory Guard" was stationed here, consisting of seven companies, Francis S. Childs lieu-



tenant colonel, and Matthew F. Taylor, major of this battalion. These were as well drilled and thoroughly disciplined as any commands of the Confederate service.

Capt. John C. Booth developed plans for greatly enlarging the plant, for a part of the machinery for manufacturing rifles, captured at Harper's Ferry, was in May, 1861, removed to Fayetteville, and buildings had to be erected to install it, engines had to be placed to run it; and the capacity of the arsenal was greatly enlarged. Captain Booth was a most efficient officer, but worked so incessantly that he sacrificed his health and died in the summer of 1862. Fortunately, many of the operatives came from Harper's Ferry, and they were skilled workmen who rendered most valuable service. By August a large lot of new rifles manufactured at the arsenal was shipped to Richmond, while thousands of English and Belgian rifles, saved from the Modern Greece, were rendered fit for use. Capt. C. F. Bolles, of Wilmington, was Captain Booth's assistant, and after his death had charge until Col. J. A. DeLagnel arrived to succeed Captain Booth. Colonel DeLagnel was a most accomplished officer, with a thorough understanding of the needs of the plant. Under his administration much work was accomplished and the arsenal became very useful to the service.

In January, 1863, Captain Childs succeeded DeLagnel in command of the arsenal and continued to enlarge the work and make it more efficient. Under his direction the arsenal grew and grew until it was said to be one of the most important in the Confederacy.

In September, 1863, Lieut. Samuel A. Ashe (now North Carolina's beloved and distinguished historian) was appointed assistant to the commandant of the arsenal, and, being a former West Point officer, rendered valuable service there.

As devoted and successful as Booth and DeLagnel had been, Childs, now with better facilities than they had, surpassed them in important accomplishment. Relieved of a multitude of detail work, he was free to devote himself to enlarging the arsenal and making it a still greater benefit to the service.

The recollections of Captain Ashe give us a fine insight into the work of the arsenal during the last two years of the war. He tells us that the operatives were increased to over

five hundred and large buildings were erected for the necessary workshops. Everything known to the ordnance possible to be made was turned out in the laboratory, and rockets, fuses, etc. were made. Seasoned gunstocks had been brought from Harper's Ferry, and the iron to make barrels was brought from South Carolina, white oak and lime from New Hanover County, while coke and foundry iron were made at Deep River. Every possible source for a needed article was explored, and the arsenal was a busy hive of industry. Captain Ashe also tells us that Colonel Childs started a farm near Fayetteville in order to supply the operatives with food, and established fisheries up Black River near Wilmington, not merely for food, but for oil. For such work, old men and, on the farm, negroes were utilized.

Even the young girls volunteered for service at the arsenal. Early in 1864, four young gentlewomen of Fayetteville, Misses Campbell, Stedman, Taylor, and Ellison, gave their services as clerks, or copyists, and they were treated as honored guests by the officers of the arsenal. As there was no money, the pay given these young ladies was black alpaca cloth, which was used in the arsenal for making cartridges. The alpaca, combined with scraps of colored silk, made most beautiful dresses for the girls who, at the close of the war, could not procure new clothes.

When Sherman reached Columbia, Colonel Childs began to throw up earthworks to defend Fayetteville.

General Sherman entered Fayetteville on March 11, and remained five days for the special purpose of destroying the arsenal. At three o'clock in the morning of March 11, a train over the old C. F. Y. V. Railroad pulled out of Fayetteville with the machinery and stores from the arsenal, the former being hidden at the Egypt Coal Mines, and many of the stores being carried by wagon to Greensboro. So, when Sherman captured the arsenal, he found little of any good to the Federals. In spite of this, on the day after his arrival, he razed every building on the arsenal grounds before applying the torch. Hundreds of soldiers, with railroad iron rails as battering rams, knocked down the buildings, including the great smoke stack.

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THE OLD ARSENAL AND GROUNDS AT FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., AS SKETCHED BY ONE OF SHERMAN'S SOLDIERS.





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

"That care divine that never sleeps  
In watching o'er its own,  
For souls of men where'er they stray  
Have, in the darkness of their way,  
A resting place and home."

#### SOUTH CAROLINA COMRADES.

During the past twelve months an unusually large number of members of Camp R. C. Pulliam, U. C. V., of Greenville, S. C. answered to the last roll call. They are as follows: T. M. Glenn, J. J. Wood, William Verdin, George W. Sirrine, J. A. Jones, Charles A. Snyder, H. W. Southern, James Friddle, and T. T. Andrews.

In this list of our deceased brothers, whose departure we lament, your committee begs to refer with emphasis to the passing of our greatly esteemed Camp Commander, member of Harvey Scouts, C. S. A., who, for a number of years, discharged the duties of that official position with eminent efficiency and enthusiasm.

As a member and competent leader of our Camp, he was ever thoughtful, prompt, and diligent in all the work pertaining to the organization. In the transaction of all business, as well as in all personal relations with his old comrades, he was always courteous and impartial. Although a very young soldier in the Confederate army, he manifested the spirit of unflinching courage, devotion, and self-sacrifice throughout his military career. His interest in the reunions, both State and general, of the Confederate veterans never waned. He was ready to travel without regard to labor and expense, to render willing service in maintaining and perpetuating the honor of the Southland and the principles of the Southern cause of 1861-65. In view of his high character as a citizen, his zeal as a patriot, his fidelity and usefulness in relation to Camp Pulliam, and his unfailing kindness toward his old comrades whenever possible, we hereby put on record, our sincere regard for him personally and our appreciation of his faithful service as Commander of our Camp. For him, and for the others who have fallen out since our last Camp meeting, we recommend suitable inscriptions to the memory of each, on the pages of our minutes.

[Committee: R. W. Sanders, Alex McBee.]

#### HUGH HAMILTON.

The death of Hugh Hamilton, of Warrenton, Va., was reported by Comrade John F. Scott, of Fredericksburg, Va., who says of him: "He loved the Confederacy with every fiber of his noble soul, a true and loyal citizen, first, to his own Southland, and then to his country as the sword decided. He has crossed over to be with his beloved commanders, Lee and Jackson."

#### COL. JAMES M. MORGAN.

Col. James Morris Morgan, who served in the Confederate Navy with distinction, being on the Alabama under Raphael Semmes, and later was assigned to an army battery in the defense of Richmond, died in Washington, D. C., on April 22, in his eighty-third year.

Colonel Morgan's interesting career is described in his "Recollections of a Reefer." He was born in New Orleans, the son of Judge Thomas Gibbs Morgan, and a brother of Judge Hickey Morgan, of the Louisiana Supreme Court, who became United States minister to Mexico.

Young Morgan entered in the naval academy at Annapolis, but resigned at the age of sixteen to cast his lot with the South, and entered the Confederate navy. He was lieutenant on the Alabama under Raphael Semmes and also served on the Georgia and the McRae and remained in the naval service as long as the ships lasted.

He was then assigned to a battery in the defense of Richmond and was in Richmond when the capital of the Confederacy fell. He was one of the detail of Confederate officers assigned to accompany Mrs. Jefferson Davis when she left Richmond. After the War between the States, he went to Egypt with a group of Confederate officers, who accompanied General Stone for service in the army of the Khedive. He became a member of the Khedive's staff and was known as the best horseman in the Egyptian army.

Upon his return to the United States he assisted in the erection of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, and in Cleveland's administration was appointed consul general to Australia. He remained in Australia for three years, taking with him his bride, who was Mrs. Frances Fincke, of New York.

Upon his return from the Antipodes he became assistant manager of the International Banking Corporation, and retired when the corporation was sold. He is survived by his wife and three daughters. Funeral services were held in Pittsburgh, with burial in the family plot of Colonel Morgan's ancestors.

#### JOHN R. KENLY.

John Reese Kenly, who died at Wilmington, N. C., on March 1, was a native of Baltimore, born January 21, 1847. He joined the army of the Confederacy while still a youth, and fought through the last year of the war, and was at Appomattox when General Lee surrendered. His service was with Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, under command of Col. Ridgley Brown.

Comrade Kenly came of military ancestry, his forbears on both sides of the family having served with distinction in the country's early wars. He was a son of George T. and Priscilla Watkins Kenly.

Following the War between the States, Mr. Kenly, then seventeen, began work as a rodman in the West Virginia oil fields. In 1868 his railroad career opened. He rose quickly after joining the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, nucleus of the present Atlantic Coast Line system.

He became successively superintendent of transportation, assistant general manager, general manager, vice president and, in 1913, president. In addition to the presidency, he held positions in several affiliated companies.

Comrade Kenly was married twice. His first wife was Miss Emma Warfield, of Howard County, Md., to whom he was married in 1872. They had two daughters, one of whom survives. His second marriage was to Miss Isabella Mann, of Richmond, Va. He is also survived by three brothers.



## CAPT. JOHN G. HERNDON.

John Gibson Herndon, Confederate veteran died at his home in East Falls Church, Va., on March 17, 1928, at the age of eighty-four years.

He was born at Washington Farm, near Warrenton, Va., August 20, 1843, the son of Rev. Thaddeus and Mary Frances Gibson Herndon. At the age of eighteen he joined the Confederate army, as a member of Carlington's Battery, formed at the University of Virginia in 1861. He served with the battery during the early part of the war in a number of engagements, including the battle of Fredericksburg, Va. He was later transferred to the 7th Virginia Cavalry, Company A, with which he served until severely wounded at Tom's Brook, near Strasburg, Va., in November, 1864. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Alice Logan, three sons, and three daughters, also by one brother, Rev. Charles T. Herndon, Warrenton, Va., and three sisters.



CAPT. JOHN G. HERNDON.

## CAPT. JOHN W. BROWN.

John Wesley Brown, of Coffeeville, Miss., who died on April 24, at the ripe age of eighty-two years, was born in Yalobusha County, Miss., January 15, 1846, and had lived in that county all of his life. In 1863, when eighteen years old, he volunteered for service in the Confederate army, and became a member of Company K, 1st Mississippi Volunteer Cavalry, and did gallant service until wounded and rendered unable to continue in active duty. He was in some of the hardest-contested battles fought by the Western Army during the last two years of the war. He was spoken of as a brave soldier, always at his post of duty. At the battle of Shoals Creek, Ala., near the close of the year 1864, he lost his left arm and was compelled to leave the service.

After the war he went into business, and was so zealous and capable that he made a success of life in spite of his handicap. He was very popular with his fellow citizens, as shown by the fact that he was repeatedly elected to office in his county. He held the offices of chancery clerk, tax assessor, deputy sheriff, and State senator at various times. As the years came and went, his popularity increased and he was retained in office until age and feebleness moved him to leave the political arena. In every position of honor or trust, he proved worthy and capable. He united with the Spring Hill Baptist Church, in Tallahatchie County, when a youth, and in the year 1886 gave his membership to the Coffeeville Baptist Church, where he had been a faithful member since. He was clerk of that Church for thirty years, and also clerk of the Yalobusha County Association for many years.

Soon after the close of the war, Captain Brown was married to Miss Roxie Tatum, and to this union a son and a daughter were born, the daughter surviving him. His second wife was Miss Sallie Salmon, who also survives him, with a son. Among those attending the funeral were a number of his old war comrades and Capt. B. Leland, of Water Valley, who was in the same company, spoke in glowing terms of his services as a soldier.

[Rev. R. L. Breland, his pastor.]

## C. R. HALLAR.

Cephas Richey Hallar was born in Independence, Mo., on May 17, 1847, and died in Kansas City, Mo., April 6, 1928.

When the War between the States came on, four older brothers of the Hallar family enlisted in the Southern army. In the meantime, the father having died, Mrs. Hallar decided to move back to Mercersburg, Penn., her native home. When the Confederate army entered Pennsylvania in June, 1863, young Hallar, having caught the war spirit, quit school, and made a dash for the nearest Confederate camp. The first person he met was Davy Parsons, who was on picket duty for McNeill's Rangers. When Hallar told him he wanted to join the army, it seemed so improbable that a Pennsylvanian would offer to enlist in the "Rebel" army, Parsons doubted his word and, thinking it more likely he was a spy, sent him under guard to Captain McNeill. He was kept under surveillance until the army returned to Virginia. But meanwhile, by his many noble qualities, he entrenched himself in the confidence of the officers and men, and it was not long until he was known as one of the most reliable and daring scouts in the command. His comrades affectionately dubbed him "Pense" Hallar, because he had joined the company in Pennsylvania. He was selected by John B. Fay as a companion and assistant for the difficult task of securing facts and working out the details of a plan for kidnaping Generals Crook and Kelly in Cumberland, Md. How well Hallar performed his part is now a matter of history, a well-known exploit pronounced by military critics as "the most daring and thrilling incident of the entire war."

When the war closed, young Hallar located in Kansas City and began business as a druggist, which he continued for nearly fifty years, building up a chain of drug stores and meriting the distinction of being the "Pioneer Kansas City Druggist."

[J. W. Duffey, Washington, D. C.]

## ROBERT WILLIAM ROYALL.

Robert William Royall, last survivor of the First Company of the Richmond Howitzers, passed to his reward on April 8, 1928, at his home in Richmond, Va., in his eighty-sixth year.

Comrade Royall was a native of Virginia and joined the Confederate forces with the declaration of hostilities, becoming a member of the famous command under Col. William H. Palmer. He served throughout the war, returning to Richmond to find ruin on every hand. With the courage of a soldier, he set to work to make his way, and for sixty years he was engaged in his work as a bookkeeper, being employed by some of the best-known establishments of Richmond.

Some thirty years ago, he accepted a place with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, where he remained until June, 1927, when he was retired in view of his excellent service.

In every tradition of the Old South, Comrade Royall was true—a Virginia gentleman, a loyal friend, a devout Presbyterian, a good neighbor, a fine citizen. Some forty years ago he married a daughter of the late Gen. Raleigh T. Colston, of Confederate fame, and, with five children, she survives him. He was laid to rest in Hollywood, with a squad of old comrades standing at salute as the casket, bedecked with a Confederate flag, was lowered to rest in the soil of the Old Dominion.

The South has lost a staunch friend, Virginia an upright citizen, and Richmond a man who stood foursquare to every test that showed forth the man.

[Horace A. Hawkins.]



## COL. MOSES M. GREENWOOD.

Col. Moses M. Greenwood died in Richmond, Va., on April, 24, at the age of ninety-four years.

Colonel Greenwood graduated from Yale University in 1858, two years after the graduation of the late Chauncey M. Depew, and was said to be next to the oldest living graduate of Yale.

Colonel Greenwood was a confidant of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, and during the War between the States, while a resident of New Orleans, he was intrusted with the preservation of the phosphorous and salt deposits of the South, so essential for the munitions department of the Confederacy. His home was used as headquarters for General Butler during the occupation of New Orleans by the Union forces.

He was a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church for sixty years, and during that period he was frequently commissioned to the General Assembly of the Church. He was clerk of sessions of Westminster Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, for twenty years, and was the first president of the Young Men's Christian Association of New Orleans, where he was identified with many philanthropic enterprises.

Colonel Greenwood was born in Hubbardston, Mass., and later the family resided in New Orleans, whence he went to high school in Massachusetts, and later to Yale. He married Miss Mary Mulford Whitelsey, of New Haven, Conn. For a number of years he resided in St. Louis, where he was a member of the Yale Alumni Chapter. He is survived by two daughters.

## WILLIAM A. STEELE.

Camden and Benton County lost one of its most influential citizens in the death of William A. Steele, on December 21, 1927, at the age of eighty-four years.

"Uncle Bill," as he was known by the young and old alike, was a favorite with the entire population of Benton County. He was born and reared in Camden, and had always lived in Camden with the exception of the four years that he spent in the Confederate army under the leadership of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, as a member of Company L, 20th Tennessee Regiment.

He was captured and placed in prison at Rock Island, Ill., during the latter part of the war. Following the war he was county court clerk of Benton County, and for several years served as county surveyor, and he was one of the pioneer school-teachers. He was postmaster of Camden during the Grover Cleveland administration. He was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and served as an elder for about forty years.

Comrade Steele was married to Miss Mary Viola Willis in 1868, and is survived by two daughters and three sons, also a brother.

## RICHARD MOODY BURCH.

Comrade Richard M. Burch died at his home in Bartlesville, Okla., April 20, 1928. He was born in Gaston County, N. C., May 19, 1846, and enlisted in June, 1864, in Company C, Junior Reserves, Capt. J. C. Holland, Detached Service Guards, under command of Gen. J. E. Johnston. After the surrender, he was paroled at Charlotte, N. C. After the war he went to school two years, then moved to Missouri, near St. Joseph, where he married and taught school. He lived in Kansas several years before moving to Kay County, Okla. There he served three terms as county commissioner of schools.

He came to Bartlesville about 1905 and engaged in the real estate business. He retired from business about four years

ago on account of age. He was a member of Cherokee Camp, U. C. V. His wife preceded him in death several years. The fine family of seven children testify to their wise training. He was highly esteemed as a Christian and model citizen.

[C. H. Gill, Commander Cherokee Camp, U. C. V.]

## THOMAS BUTLER KING.

Thomas B. King was born in Upson County, Ga., April 12, 1840, and died at Dustin, Okla., on April 28, 1927, at the age of eighty-seven years.

He was in school at Murfreesboro, Tenn., when the war came on, and he joined Company H, of the 7th Tennessee Infantry, and participated in some of the hard-fought battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, among them being Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and several others. He was captured at the fall of Petersburg and taken to Point Lookout Prison.

At the close of the war, Comrade King went to Grayson County, Tex., and thence to Oklahoma, where he made his home till death. He was ever true to the memories, ideals, and principles of the Southern cause. He is survived by a daughter, who lives at Dustin, Okla.

## WILLIAM DANIEL AYRES.

After a long and useful life, William Daniel Ayres died at his home in Greenbrier County, W. Va., on December 17, 1927. Born in Buckingham County, Va., September 12, 1835, he had reached the great age of ninety-two years.

When war was declared between the States, he enlisted in the Confederate army and was assigned to Company D, 25th Virginia Infantry, and served throughout the entire war. He retreated with Gen. Robert E. Lee when Richmond was abandoned on April 3, 1865, and was captured at Sailor's Creek, Va., April 6, 1865, which was the last battle in which the Army of Virginia participated before the surrender. Made a prisoner of war, he was taken to Point Lookout, Md., and was discharged from prison June 23, 1865.

After the war, he resumed school-teaching and continued to teach until recent years, when he retired.

His was an accurate and strong mind, given to accurate thinking. His opinions were mature and led to correct living. Always fearless, he was ready to defend the faith that was in him. Early in life he united with the Baptist Church, and continued in this faith.

He took his part in the activities of his day and time, and from him flowed a stream of influence that makes for manhood and womanhood.

## GEORGIA COMRADES.

The following members of the Confederate Veterans Association of Augusta, Ga., have died during the past year:

George W. Perkinson, of the 6th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps; died August 5, 1927.

W. A. Gibbs, of the 16th South Carolina Infantry; died September 12, 1927.

E. J. O'Connor, of Cobb's Cavalry Legion, Wright's Brigade, Butler's Division, Hampton's Corps; died December 7, 1927.

B. E. Blume, of 2nd South Carolina Artillery, Elliott's Brigade, Johnson's Division, Hardee's Corps; died February 23, 1928.

Stephen Thompson, of Marshall's Virginia Battery of Artillery, Stevenson's Division, Hood's Corps; died March 5, 1928.

[Charles Edgeworth Jones, Historian, Camp 435 U. C. V.]



COL. JAMES MADISON BARKER, U. C. V.

On February 25, 1928, there passed from earthly companionship, Col. James Madison Barker, a distinguished citizen of Tennessee and a gallant soldier of the Confederacy.

He was born December 20, 1847, near Bristol, Tenn., the son of Col. Joel Nevils Barker. His mother died when he was only seven years of age.

In 1863, at the early age of fifteen years, he left school to join the Confederate army, enlisting in the 12th Tennessee Battalion under command of Major Day, later serving under the gallant Capt. Decatur Bushong; and he was the last survivor of Company H, 31st Tennessee Regiment, Taylor's Brigade, Stevenson's Division.

Comrade Barker served with distinction throughout the war, taking part in many battles and skirmishes and was wounded twice. He came out of the war with the rank of captain, serving until the surrender of General Lee.

Following the war, he again entered school, later going to Bristol to make his home, where he identified himself with the business life of the city and became one of Tennessee's most prominent and leading business men, a man of large and varied business interests, accomplishing much in his own affairs and at the same time never failing in his duty to the public interest of his community and State.

He was especially interested in the advancement of education and religious affairs. He never sought office, but served twenty years on the city board of education and fifteen years as president of it. He was appointed by Governor Patterson on the State Board of Education to locate the Normal Schools in Tennessee. He also served as mayor for three terms and president of Bristol's Board of Trade for a number of years.

He served on the Staff of Gov. Benton McMillin, of Tennessee, and also on the Staffs of Generals Carr and Holderman, Commanders in Chief, U. C. V.

Retiring from active business life, he became interested in

banking and at the time of his death was chairman of the board of directors of the Dominion National Bank.

His fine intellect, remarkable memory, keen humor, and charming personality won for him many friends, for whom he had the sincerest appreciation and affection.

He was married on June 10, 1879, to Miss Margaret Kane, the daughter of Hon. Henry S. Kane, a noted jurist of Southwest Virginia. To this union five children were born, who survive him, with the devoted wife.

From early manhood Comrade Barker was an active member of the First Presbyterian Church, serving as deacon for forty-five years, and as teacher in the Sunday school until his health failed.

Always actively interested in the United Confederate Veterans, he erected a few years ago a huge memorial to the soldiers of the Confederacy, this being a gift to the Bristol Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and which stands on the green in front of the City Hall, a beautiful tribute to the cause for which he fought so gallantly and which was ever a hallowed and sacred memory to him.

His life was well worth the living, his death a loss.

OLIVER R. MOSS.

Oliver Ryan Moss, pioneer citizen of Lake Charles and Calcasieu Parish, La., died at the home of his son, Lucius L. Moss, former Commander in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, on the 23rd of February, following an illness of several months. He was the son of Henry Moss who settled in Calcasieu Parish in 1813, going there from Abbeville. His mother was Ann Ryan Moss, a sister of Jacob Ryan, founder of the city of Lake Charles. He was the youngest and the last survivor of the family of eleven children. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and four daughters, also by twenty-eight grandchildren and nineteen great-grandchildren.

The life history of Oliver Ryan Moss was closely related to all the events of note in the early development of Calcasieu Parish. He was born August 12, 1836, when that parish was still a part of St. Landry, and thus had really witnessed its creation. His birthplace was the old Moss home near Sulphur, the town of Mossville now occupying part of the estate. As a lad he hunted through that primeval forest, associating with the Indians of that section, who also hunted and traded in their primitive fashion. His life followed the development of that section into Imperial Calcasieu.

When the War between the States came on, Oliver Moss enlisted in Company K, 10th Louisiana Regiment, and he served through the whole war without being wounded. His command was in the Army of Northern Virginia, and he had many pleasant recollections of his great commanders. He was captured and imprisoned at Point Lookout, but had been paroled and was in Mississippi on the way home when he learned of General Lee's surrender.

Following the war, Comrade Moss became one of the most active stockmen of his section. He was married to Miss Rose Margaret Pujoe, and they made their home at Rose Bluff, on the Calcasieu River, where they lived for many years, bringing up their family in the ideal country fashion of the time.

He was a man of public spirit, always interested in any movement for the advancement of his town or section, and he lived to see the realization of his dream of Lake Charles as a port. His life was one of usefulness and splendid service; he loved his country and his home; he was devoted to his Church and lived and died a good Catholic; he was a good citizen, a loving husband and father. Fortunate is that man whose life can show so many splendid achievements.

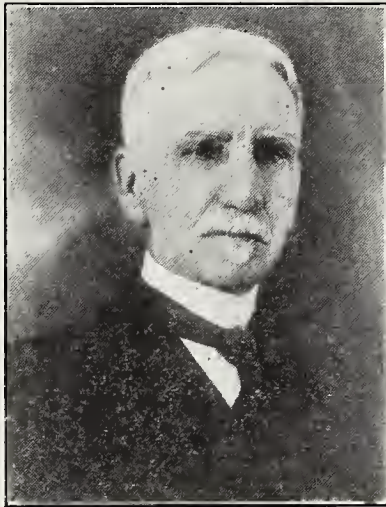


COL. JAMES M. BARKER.



## DR. Y. L. B. ABERNATHY.

Another valued and beloved comrade of Forrest Camp has crossed the Dark River to rest for all time. Dr. Young Landon Berry Abernathy, at the age of nearly eighty-two years, passed into eternity as he peacefully slept, in the early morning of April 2, at his home in Chattanooga, Tenn.



DR. Y. L. B. ABERNATHY.

Dr. Abernathy became a member of Forrest Camp in November, 1892, and had held the office of Surgeon of the Camp since 1893, about thirty-five years. He believed in the United Confederate Veteran organization. He loved the Camp, and its associations. He nobly, gladly, and capably discharged any duty intrusted to him. His wife has also been a leader and an active, capable member of the A. P. Stewart Chapter, U. D. C. The funeral was largely attended by his many friends and acquaintances, services being conducted by his pastor, Dr. C. T. Talley, of the Centenary Methodist Church. Dr. Abernathy became a member of the Methodist Church, South, some forty years ago, and about the same time he became a member of the Rhea Springs Lodge of Masons, later transferring his membership to the Hill City, now North Chattanooga, Lodge when taking up his residence there in 1888. Members of his lodge were in attendance at the funeral, as were the members of his Medical Association.

His comrades of Forrest Camp, about sixteen in number, attended and officiated at the residence, while the Masons had charge at the cemetery, where he was buried in the family lot in the Chattanooga Memorial Park.

Young L. B. Abernathy was born May 21, 1846, at Morganton, Blount County, Tenn., and went to Rhea Springs (then Sulphur Springs) as a boy. He was a son of the renowned and respected physician, Dr. John C. Abernathy, of Rhea County, Tenn., who was surgeon of Colonel Rowan's 52nd Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., until stricken by disease and released from duty.

At the first tocsin of war in 1861, at little more than fifteen years of age, he enlisted in Capt. W. T. Gass's company, which was mustered into the service at Knoxville early in August, 1861. His command became Company D, of Col. James E. Carter's 1st Tennessee Cavalry, and went with Generals Bragg and Kirby Smith's invasion of Kentucky in September and October of 1862. He was in the battles of Lawrenceburg and Perryville, Ky., and was at Mill Springs, or Fishing Creek, when Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer was killed. His command was under Gen. Joe Wheeler on the retreat from Kentucky. Under act of the Confederate Congress, releasing soldiers under eighteen and over forty-five years of age, he was discharged at Kingston, Tenn., early in January, 1863.

He returned home, attended school, and read medicine under his father, then a practicing physician of Rhea and adjoining counties. After the close of the war, he attended medical college. After equipping himself as a practicing physician, he located at Decatur, Meigs County, and practiced throughout that and adjoining counties, and became a leading citizen and a popular physician.

The organization of a large commercial business and general store at Rhea Springs by his father and brothers, as J. C. Abernathy & Sons, called him to Rhea County, to help in this business and to assist his father in his extensive medical practice. This concern operated during the construction of the Cincinnati Southern Railway through the community, and did a large and profitable business. On December 5, 1878, Dr. Young Abernathy married the cultured, highly educated, and accomplished Miss Emma Day, daughter of Maj. John Day, a farmer of Rhea County, whose plantation was in the Tennessee Valley, north of where Dayton is now located. Returning to the exclusive practice of his profession, he located at Rockwood for a few years. Then he came, in 1888, to Hill City, now North Chattanooga, and bought a home on Forest Avenue, and enjoyed an extensive practice in that town and vicinity. About 1909, his residence and all the accumulations of a lifetime were destroyed by fire. He then removed to Chattanooga and established his office and for many years did an extensive practice of medicine, maintaining his attainments as a very capable, reliable, and dependable physician and popular man. This was evidenced by his election as president of numerous organizations of physicians and surgeons.

During the past few years he had practically retired from the practice of his profession, except for the relief of friends, or persons in whom he was especially interested or had his sympathy, or for his old patients who insisted upon his attendance.

[Committee: W. M. Nixon, R. B. Platt, W. W. Doms.]

## JOHN J. B. ALLEN.

John J. B. Allen was born November 29, 1840, near Atlanta, Ga., the family moving to Alabama in his early childhood.

He was a descendant of the Whites who were among the early settlers of Virginia. Enlisting as a private in the army of the Confederacy in May, 1861, Company A, 14th Alabama Regiment under Capt. W. D. Herrington, he participated in the battles of Seven Pines, the seven days fighting around Richmond, the second battle of Manassas, Sharpsburg (wounded here), Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, three days fighting at Gettysburg (wounded here), and in all the battles that were fought after Grant took command. He served in the army until the surrender, then returning to his old home in Lee County, Ala., he resumed his farming duties.

In 1869, he was married to Miss Susie Humphries, of La-Fayette, Ala., and to this union seven children were born, two sons and five daughters, all of whom survive him. His wife died in December, 1897.

"Uncle John," as he was familiarly known in the community, was a fixture in the hearts of the people, having been active in all matters of public concern in his younger days and recognized as an authority on matters of history as it related to that community. He was a scholar, loved history, and a conversation soon led to events of the War between the States. Though he never practiced law, he had studied it as a young man, and people of the community often came to him for advice on various points of law. His memory was remarkable, and even in his old age, he discussed the minutest details of the war, politics, literature, and current events.

He lived an exemplary life, full of devotion and sacrifice for his friends as well as his family.

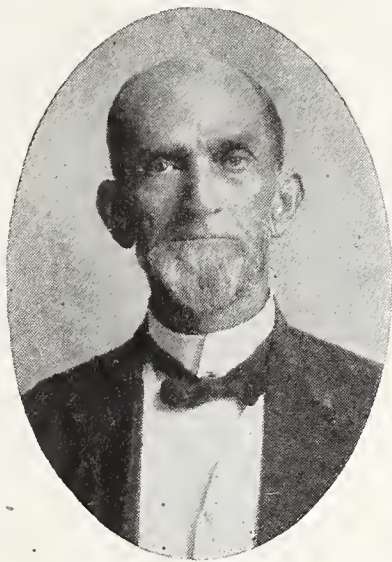
He died on April 23, 1928, and was buried at Waverly, Ala. He often spoke of the time when he would "pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Being such a great home-loving man he requested that this sentiment be carved on his tomb: "He was a home-loving man."



## DR. E. J. DENSON.

Dr. Elias Jones Denson, son of J. H. and Elizabeth Jones Denson, was born and reared in Twiggs County, Ga. He came from distinguished families on both sides. His maternal great-grandfather was in the Revolutionary War and was shot down at the battle of King's Mountain.

Dr. Denson was born September 21, 1843, and received his education in his native county and at Emory College, and his medical training at Atlanta Medical College. He was in school when the war came on, and, with three brothers, he enlisted in the Confederate army in June, 1861, joining Company C, 4th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Col. George Coles, of Milledgeville, Ga., the command then being at Camp Jackson, near Portsmouth, Va. In June, 1862, young



DR. E. J. DENSON.

Denson was transferred to Company G, 48th Georgia Regiment, and he took part in the seven days' battles about Richmond; he was also at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Spotsylvania, and in many other engagements until the surrender at Appomattox. He bore his regimental flag in the battle at Spotsylvania, where he was wounded in the arm, and at Gettysburg he was again severely wounded. After his recovery, he was promoted to sergeant major, and so served to the close of the war. His flag was captured by the 29th New York Volunteers, but in later years it was returned to Dr. Denson through the kind offices of a member of the New York regiment.

Young Denson finished his education after the war, and for forty-six years was in active practice in and around Allentown, Ga., where he died on August 17, 1927, mourned by a wide circle of friends. He was married five times, his last wife surviving him with five of the ten children born to him in these different unions. In early youth he became a Christian, joining the Baptist Church, and throughout life his influence for good was a guide to those about him.

Gifted in mind, cultured in manner, kind and gentle in disposition, he has left a rich inheritance in the example of a noble life.

## CAPT. C. H. MCALPINE.

The death of Capt. Claiborne H. McAlpine, on February 21, in Columbia, Tenn., removed one of Maury County's most venerable and interesting citizens, and one who was nearing the century milestone.

Captain McAlpine observed in his long span of life many high accomplishments and achievements in national life, and at his advanced age still maintained an active and intelligent interest in public affairs.

Claiborne H. McAlpine was born in Claiborne County, Miss., April 24, 1831. The son of a prosperous Mississippi planter, he received his education at Overland College in that State, after which he became engaged in the mercantile business, to which he gave his attention until forced to retire on account of feeble health. He experienced the bitter tragedies of the War between the States, witnessing the destruction and confiscation of all earthly possessions, and was

one of those stalwart sons to courageously undertake the reconstruction of ruined fortunes. At the beginning of the war, he was living in Helena, Ark., where he applied for military service, but was rejected on account of physical disability. Later he was successful in joining Captain Corley's Scouts, with whom he served until forced to retire on account of his health. He then enlisted in the quartermaster corps and served until the end of the war with marked fortitude.

Captain McAlpine located in Columbia about forty years ago, and had made his home there continuously since, where he had endeared himself by his many sterling qualities. Modest and unassuming, he enjoyed fellowship with friends and especially veterans of the War between the States. His wife was Miss Elizabeth Lee, of Mississippi, and he is survived by their only child, Mrs. Frank Smith, of Columbia, with whom he made his home.

## J. W. SOCKWELL.

J. W. Sockwell, who died at his home in Covington, Ga., on March 17, 1928, was born in Newton County, Ga., April 29, 1847. In May, 1864, he enlisted in the Confederate service and joined Company A, Cobb's Legion, Lamar's Infantry, which was with Longstreet's Corps in the Army of Northern Virginia. He remained with the company and was in active service until the surrender at Appomattox. There were one hundred and thirty-five men from Newton County in this company, and he was the last survivor. When the Newton County Camp, U. C. V. was organized, it was named for the first captain of this company Jefferson Lamar. The record of the men constituting this company is worthy of praise, whether officers or privates; some were faithful unto death, all were loyal unto the end, and then returned home to serve their State and county as good citizens fighting the battles of life with the same fortitude and courage they displayed on the battle field.

Among these men stood J. W. Sockwell. When the war closed he was only a poor boy, with only a common country school education, but by thrift and economy in several years he had one of the best farms in Newton County. He proved to be a good, useful citizen of Newton County for over sixty years after the war closed. For fourteen consecutive years he was county commissioner. On the day of his burial the Newton County Superior Court was adjourned by Judge Hutcheson, who, with a large number of Newton County citizens, came to the home to join with the family and friends in paying their last respects and honor to him. He served as commander of the U. C. V. Camp for a number of years, and was treasurer of the Camp for a long time.

Comrade Sockwell did not hold hatred and malice in his heart toward the men of the North, but was always glad to talk with a Union soldier about the struggles of the sixties, yet at the same time he never neglected an opportunity to say with pride that he followed Lee and Longstreet in the Army of Northern Virginia.

In 1868, he married Miss Lucie Cook, daughter of James T. Cook, and six children were born to them, three of whom survive, one son and two daughters. There are six grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. He was married in 1889, the second time to Miss Fannie Hurst, daughter of William R. Hurst, who was killed at the battle of Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Ga., in 1864, and she also survives him.

He was a devoted member of the Primitive Baptist Church, and served as a deacon of Harris Spring Church for many years.

A true Christian, a brave soldier, a faithful and loving husband, a devoted father and grandfather, and an honest, upright man has gone to his reward.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

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Chatham, Va.

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* On the afternoon of the 12th of April, the six Chapters, U. D. C., in Richmond, Va., gave a very handsome reception to the President General, the Treasurer General, and the President of the Virginia Division.

The reception was given in the historic Mayo Memorial Home and the Chapters participating were the Richmond Chapter, the Chesterfield, Lee, Elliott Gray, Stonewall Jackson, and the Janet Randolph. The elegant rooms of the building were made even more beautiful by a profusion of spring flowers, the Confederate colors, and handsome Confederate flags. It was particularly gratifying to meet so large a number of the young women from the Janet Randolph Chapter, these girls, formerly members of Grandchildren's Chapter No. 1, were organized as Richmond Juniors; after the death of the beloved "Grandmother of the Chapter," Mrs. Randolph, the name of the Chapter was changed in loving remembrance.

The forenoon of the 12th was most profitably and enjoyably spent in a visit to the studio of William F. Sievers, the sculptor of the monument to Matthew Fontaine Maury; a cut of this monument formed the cover design of the VETERAN for March, 1928. Mr. Sievers was busily engaged in preparing the large globe surmounting the monument for shipping to the foundry for casting in bronze. He explained in detail the figures surrounding the base upon which the globe rests, these figures representing storm at sea and on land. Particularly impressive is the design for the seated figure of the great Commodore, calm, dignified. His face is as clear-cut as a cameo.

The corner stone of the Maury Monument was laid during the last Confederate reunion in Richmond. The United Daughters of the Confederacy have contributed \$5,000 toward the work. The interest accruing from the time this amount was on hand in the U. D. C. to the time the amount contributed was paid to the Matthew Fontaine Maury Association totaled \$579.96, and this became the nucleus for the Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship.

In the report of the chairman of Education, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, made at the Richmond convention, 1926, various recommendations relative to this scholarship were adopted, and the convention pledged itself to its "immediate completion." The value of the endowment was placed at \$10,000, and the scholarship definitely assigned to St. John's College, Annapolis, Md. A committee, with a director in each State, was authorized for the purpose of developing plans for the securing of necessary funds. It was further recommended,

the recommendation being adopted, that the endowment funds be invested in such securities as are approved for trust funds in the State of Maryland.

Pursuant to the adoption of these resolutions, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Norfolk, Va., was appointed chairman of the Committee on Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship, with a committee consisting of five members and a director in each State.

When hearing of the action of the Richmond convention, the President of St. John's wrote at once to the chairman of Education expressing his deep appreciation of the placing of this noteworthy scholarship in his school and offering to remit \$500 per year on the expenses of a boy selected by the committee until such time as the endowment may be completed. Previously, St. John's College authorities had granted the United Daughters of the Confederacy a tuition scholarship of \$250.

Such generosity from this splendid institution should serve as an incentive to individual Daughters, to Chapters, and to Divisions to exert their most earnest efforts to complete the endowment within three years. This was the time limit recommended by the Matthew Fontaine Maury Committee and unanimously adopted by the Charleston convention.

Inquiries were made in Charleston, and have been made since, as to how this money is to be raised. The Chair announced in Charleston that it would be by voluntary contributions; let us, therefore, make our donations to the endowment in proportion to our appreciation of the services of this great American. No man ever received so prompt and general recognition from foreign governments; he has been honored by every nation except his own. The American public accords him scant recognition, and his name is carefully omitted in official records of the departments which he created. Many of his comrades in the War between the States have been accorded reluctant honors, some advanced to the Hall of Fame. Maury, the lovable and brilliant American, remains apparently condemned. "Public libraries may be found where his works cannot be procured."

The Committee reported at Charleston approximately \$1,000 on hand. We cannot urge too strongly action by every Chapter before disbanding for the summer. The remarkable offer made by Dr. Garey deserves recognition, and the name of Maury should inspire every Daughter of the Confederacy with a determination to have part in this splendid enterprise. The chairman of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship Committee and her directors are asking for contributions, and I would most earnestly add my personal plea to their appeal. He asked that he be carried through Goshen Pass,



not while "the skies are overcast and mournful wintry winds are sighing," but "amid its flush of May day splendor." Before the laurel blooms again, let us have a creditable sum in honor of the man of whom Margaret Preston wrote:

"Stars lit new pages for him; seas  
Revealed the depths their waves were screening  
The ebbs gave up their masteries,  
The tidal flows confessed their meaning."

In 1930, the Electors will make their choice of names for inscription in the Hall of Fame, New York University. These Electors, consisting of approximately one hundred persons, are appointed by the Senate of New York University, and the electorate has always been a distinguished one. Since 1924 the United Daughters of the Confederacy has had a committee to represent the organization in forwarding the name of Maury for this Hall of Great Americans.

Mrs. Alfred W. Cochran, New York City, is the chairman of the Committee having this work in charge, and writes most optimistically as to the prospects of our wish being realized. Mrs. Cochran, as well as the President General, will greatly appreciate the influence of every Daughter that the necessary vote of "three-fifths of the whole body of Electors" may be cast for him was far greater than the name by which he is most frequently called, "The Pathfinder of the Seas."

For the past eight years we have offered in the Department of Electric Engineering and Physics, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., a pair of marine binoculars in memory of Commodore Maury, and to stimulate the activity that would most greatly honor him. Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke is chairman of this Committee. The binoculars have been purchased and sent, at the request of Admiral Nulton, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, to Annapolis, that they may be placed on display, together with other awards to be presented at the final exercises in June. Mrs. Walke will represent the organization and present the binoculars in person.

The Recording Secretary General recently reported that charters had been issued four new Chapters, three of which are in Tennessee, as follows: Maj. John D. Allen Dixon Springs; Capt. Henry W. Hart, Carthage; Private Soldier Chapter, Nashville; the fourth, the Sidney Lanier, at Cleveland, Ohio. May each one of the four prosper and be renowned for its good works. The Mississippi Division is to be congratulated for the recent increase in pensions for Confederate veterans, we note that they will in the future receive \$1 per day.

## IN MEMORIAM.

One of the outstanding, and never-to-be-forgotten presence at the Tampa reunion was the venerable Gen. Felix H. Robertson; the last of the long line of Confederate generals is gone. In Waco, Tex., on the morning of April 20 he left his earthly home for bright realms above where great souls rejoice to mingle. A never-ending reunion! Comrades from West Point, comrades from the ranks of the Confederate gray, an eternal hallelujah!

We are indebted to Miss Decca Lamar West and to the President of the Chapter at Waco for telegrams regarding the passing of General Robertson; a wreath of Easter lilies, lilies of the valley, and pink roses expressed in but a small measure our love and respect for the last of the line. "The General has gone on."

Very cordially.

MAUDE MERCHANT.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—At the last regular meeting of the Bessemer Chapter, a very beautiful and impressive memorial service was held for two of its most faithful and earnest workers, whose deaths occurred within a short time of each other, Mrs. J. O. Sturdivant and Mrs. F. B. Buck.

In the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Seed the meeting of the R. E. Rodes Chapter, of Tuscaloosa, was held. At the memorial hour a splendid tribute was paid to the memory of Mrs. Edward I. Hagler, for years a loyal and splendid member of the organization.

Annual election of officers was made the chief interest at the meeting of the Sophia Bibb Chapter, of Montgomery recently held.

Report was made by Mrs. T. F. Stephens, chairman of the committee on marking of the Jefferson Davis Highway. She has arranged for stone gate posts, handsomely mounted with wrought-iron ornamentations and suitably inscribed to be placed at the entrance to the "Cradle of the Confederacy," on the extension of Madison Avenue. Other gate posts will be placed on Fairview Avenue, marking the western entrance to Montgomery on the Jefferson Davis Highway.

A splendid program was rendered at the meeting of the Samuel J. Childs Chapter at Vernon. Business was discussed, and a vote was taken to amend the Constitution in order to allow officers to hold their offices for more than two years. The Chapter is active and growing in membership and has met all its obligations.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, at Ozark, recently celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday. Besides a splendid program, an interesting feature was the presentation of the Presidents of the Chapter from its organization to this time.

The monthly meeting of the Oneonta Chapter was featured by a business session and a program of entertainment.

William H. Forney Chapter, at Anniston, had the "Confederate Navy" as the subject of its program. It was shown that although the South had no shipyards, not many guns, and was deficient in everything that would go to make up a navy to compare with that of the North, marvelous feats were accomplished. The fact was brought out that the first submarine was used at this time and was a product of Alabama.

[Mrs. C. W. Dangette, *Editor*.]

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*Arkansas.*—Mrs. Betsy Ann Remy, a devoted member of the Jefferson Lee Chapter at Mulberry, died on March 9, at the age of eighty-one years. Mrs. Remy was a pioneer resident of this section and known and loved by a large circle of friends. She is survived by two sons.

[Mrs. R. L. Rogers, *Corresponding Secretary*.]

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*California.*—Mrs. R. F. Blankenburg, President of California Division, writes your editor as follows: "I have kept after my Division all year about subscriptions for the VETERAN. I have not my chairman's report, but hope we will have an increase over last year. I tried for five hundred, and while we are far from that, I hope by November to have more."

\* \* \*

*Florida.*—The Third Brigade, Florida Division, held a most successful meeting in Tampa on April 11, with the Tampa Chapter as hostess, Mrs. Mack Hawkins, President. The meeting was held in the new home of Tampa Chapter, in the Musical and Federated Clubhouse, of which Tampa Chapter is part owner. The auditorium was most beautifully decorated with flowers of red and white, with many Confederate flags, and the Star Spangled Banner everywhere in evidence.



Many Chapters in the district attended by large delegations: Clearwater, Mary Custis Lee Chapter, brought the largest number, twenty-six; Col. John Fite Chapter, Sarasota, fifteen; Plant City Chapter had fourteen representatives; and many others from two to six members.

A splendid program had been arranged by the hostess Chapter, Mrs. Hawkins and her capable committees. Songs and dances, with the Virginia Reel, were given by members of Anne Carter Lee Chapter, C. of C., Mrs. H. E. Gray, director. These young girls wore pretty costumes of the sixties.

The U. D. C. chorus by Tampa Chapter responded to several encores. The old melodies of the South are special favorites as sung by this chorus, splendidly trained.

Mrs. Franklin L. Ezell, State President, gave an inspirational and instructive address, stressing the close relationship of the Divisions with the general organization, expressing loyalty to the decisions of the General U. D. C. The responsibility of Division Presidents as the representative of the Division was made clear to the audience. Luncheon was served to the many guests in the same clubhouse. The afternoon program closed with an informal reception.

The Executive Board held an informal meeting in the early morning of the same day. Mrs. Ezell had just visited the Dixie Chapter, St. Petersburg, Miss Daisy Belle John, President, and Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Clearwater, with Mrs. S. S. Coachman, President, and at all meetings gave an address in the interest of the U. D. C. While bringing enthusiasm to the Chapters, these splendid loyal Chapters gave inspiration to the President to render even greater service to the Florida Division.

[Mrs. R. E. Oliver, *Director*.]

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*Kentucky*.—The January meeting of the Lexington Chapter featured a Father Ryan program. Miss Julia Spurr read an unprinted poem by Father Ryan written during a visit he made in the Bluegrass. Mrs. Mastin led an interesting discussion of his poems, with many members taking part.

At the February meeting Mrs. R. L. Johnson, former State Chairman of Education, gave an illuminating paper on the Orphan Brigade.

For the March meeting of the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, Frankfort, Mrs. George R. Mastin gave her paper, *The United Empire Loyalists*. At the February meeting Mrs. C. D. Chenault gave an interesting paper on Admiral Raphael Semmes and also her reminiscences of experiences on board the Alabama when her mother and family sought refuge further south.

On the 17th of March, the Richard Hawes Chapter, Paris, held its monthly meeting in the Confederate room in the Paris courthouse—a room filled with mementoes of the War between the States and containing priceless souvenirs, letters, documents, and other things pertaining to the Confederacy. Mrs. William T. Fowler, State President, gave an address on Albert Sidney Johnston, and Mrs. Van Sant stressed the importance of subscribing to the *VETERAN*. Members of the Millersburg Chapter were present.

Mrs. L. L. Roberts was hostess of the March meeting of the Lexington Chapter, when Miss Annie Belle Fogg, of Frankfort, gave her paper on *Poetry of the South*. This paper won the silver loving cup at the General Convention in Charleston, S. C., last November.

At the April meeting of the Lexington Chapter, Mrs. William T. Fowler gave a talk on Albert Sidney Johnston.

The William Layson Chapter, Prestonsburg is doing splen-

did work in locating Confederate shrines, and is planning to mark almost forgotten graves, calling attention to two battles fought near there, inspiring local papers to print reminiscences of historic times in Floyd County.

The John H. Morgan Chapter, Nicholasville, is looking forward to entertaining the State convention in October. Mrs. Wolford Dean is the President.

The District meetings were scheduled as follows:

*Fifth District, Covington*.—Mrs. Basil Duke Chapter hostess, April 28.

*Fourth District, Danville*.—Kate Morrison Breckinridge Chapter hostess, May 17, 1928.

*First District, Paducah*.—Paducah Chapter hostess, June 5.

*Second District, Earlington*.—Earlington Chapter Hostess, June 7.

*Third District, Pewee Valley*.—Confederate Home Chapter, June 9.

Mrs. Kelly Short, Director of the W. N. Bumpus Auxiliary, told of the children sending an Easter box this year to the Confederate Home, Pewee Valley, instead of a Christmas box, and of a letter of appreciation received from the Commandant of the Home.

At the April meeting of the John C. Breckenridge Chapter, Owensboro, Mrs. W. L. Mills gave a talk on George Rogers Clark and the part he played in securing the Northwest territory. The taking of Fort Sackville, on the Wabash, in 1779, was the decisive battle, freeing the land west of the Alleghanies. She also told of the plans for the sesqui-centennial celebration by Indiana in 1929, honoring Clark.

Plans were made for Memorial Day, June 3, and a committee appointed to see to the painting of crosses with which to mark the Confederate graves. The exercises are held annually the first Sunday afternoon in June at Elmwood cemetery.

[Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, *Editor*.]

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*Louisiana*.—Louisiana Day, April 30, initiated by the Louisiana Division in 1909 and legalized in 1926, was fittingly observed in many schools of the State. Superintendent of State Education and other prominent speakers were heard in various sections. A radio program was broadcast from New Orleans.

Jefferson Davis Highway marking has reached over the entire Highway in the State. One State border marker is erected on the spur between Kentwood, La., and Osyka, Miss.; one east, between Louisiana and Mississippi at East Pearl River bridge; and one, west, at Sabine River bridge near Orange, Tex. Four parish markers were dedicated April 16 in Jefferson Parish, which leads in Louisiana, and perhaps in any State, for a one-day program; two were dedicated April 29 in East Baton Rouge Parish; this parish leads in number of markers donated, seven in all. To date, Louisiana has erected three State markers and twenty parish markers, a total of twenty-three since November, 1926.

All of these markers were erected by the Louisiana Highway Department gratis.

Mamie Graham, *Director*.]

This report comes from Mrs. F. W. Kolman, of Louisiana: The twenty-ninth annual convention of the Louisiana Division held in Alexandria, May 3-5, Mrs. L. U. Babin, presiding.

Outstanding reports marked the business sessions in every line of endeavor. The report of the Jefferson Davis Highway showed twenty-three markers placed along the Highway through Louisiana, with several others promised. The convention adopted a resolution giving all credit for the marking



of Jefferson Davis Highway to Mrs. L. U. Babin, who has just completed her two years of a most successful administration.

The work of the Committee on Education was especially commended and credit given for having reestablished April 30 as "Louisiana Day." This committee prepared a program and presented all schools with literature throughout the State. Reports show that the observance was general in colleges, public, parochial, and private schools. A radio program at night broadcast the chairman's address on Louisiana and the educational advantages offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Social features of the convention included the luncheon at the Italian Hall, the reception and program at night in the Italian Hall of Bentley Hotel, the automobile ride to Forts Buelow and Randolph, and the reception there by Bunkie Chapter; the Historical Evening under the direction of the Historian, Mrs. F. W. Bradt, at which time two Crosses of Service were presented. The Memorial Service with Mrs. James F. Terrall, chairman, was most impressive.

Addresses on Southern literature in libraries were also outstanding features.

Officers elected were: President, Mrs. F. P. Jones, Leesville; First Vice President, Mrs. A. P. Miller, Baton Rouge; Second Vice President, Mrs. Rudolph Krause, Lake Charles; Third Vice President, Mrs. J. J. Ritayik; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. C. J. Bell, Minden; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Harry Eckhardt, New Orleans; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Donnie Arrighi, Baton Rouge, Treasurer, Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid, New Orleans; Historian, Mrs. F. W. Bradt, Alexandria; Registrar, Mrs. E. L. Rugg, New Orleans; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. W. P. Smart, Bunkie; Custodian Soldiers Home, Mrs. F. Rice, New Orleans; Organizer, Mrs. P. A. Mills, Shreveport; Director-Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. J. A. Ament.

\* \* \*

*Ohio.*—The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Cincinnati, is in receipt of a letter from Miss Martha Berry, of the Berry School, Rome, Ga., in which she thanks the Chapter for the scholarship of a thousand dollars, which had been received. This scholarship is known as the "General Stonewall Jackson Scholarship" and is used for the benefit of the descendant of a Confederate soldier.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Cincinnati, was the first Chapter to start a scholarship fund. A perpetual fund was started in 1906, and \$50 was donated yearly to the Martha Berry School.

[Mrs. L. G. Rice, *Director*.]

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*South Carolina.*—The Pickens Chapter celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on the 19th of April, this elaborate affair being in the home of Mrs. W. E. Finley. Foremost has been this Chapter's attention to Confederate veterans. June 3 has been observed as the day for the county reunion of Confederate veterans.

The Chapter maintains a relic room where priceless treasures are kept.

Valuable historical work has been done and members have received Division and General prizes.

This Chapter has given the South Carolina Division three State officers—a Registrar, a Treasurer, and President—Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, who is President of the Pickens Chapter.

The Florence Bowen Chapter, C. of C., of Pickens, is an achievement, and bears the distinction of having added

sixty new members to its roll in the second year of its organization.

Quite a number of the Chapters, in observing the birthday of Wade Hampton, presented schools with framed pictures of South Carolina's noted General, some Chapters being so generous as to present similar pictures to rural schools.

The S. D. Barron Chapter, of Rock Hill, has recently celebrated its 30th anniversary, the celebration being had in the same house in which the Chapter had its birth, in 1898. It has 103 members. A number of charter members were among those in attendance. A silver freewill offering was taken and this was applied to the Winthrop Scholarship Fund.

The Stephen D. Lee Chapter, of Clinton, supplies the material want of an old Negro, who fought in the War between the States.

The truths of Confederate history are being impressed on the minds of the boys and girls in a very splendid way in the high schools.

Almost without exception, Chapters are offering in local schools, prizes—money or medal—for best essays on a named Confederate subject. Some also offer prizes for best average in history.

The winning essay will be given at commencement.

[Zena Payne, *Chairman*.]

\* \* \*

*Tennessee.*—The East Tennessee District Conference in Johnson City, April 25, Mrs. Eugene Monday, Third Vice President, presiding.

The Gen. Kirby Smith Chapter, of Sewanee, held its annual tree-planting ceremony on April 4. Four trees were planted in honor of Bishops Polk, Elliott, Green, and Otey, who served as chaplains and commanders in the War between the States.

The trees were planted by Miss Drake, of Winchester, while members of the Sewanee Glee Club sang a tree-planting song, written for the occasion.

This is the third year Sewanee Chapter has conducted this ceremony, and according to resolutions passed, four trees will be planted each year along the Dixie highway passing through the campus of the university.

The untiring efforts of Mrs. H. M. Leech, of Clarksville, have at last been crowned with success, as Congress has recently voted to make the battle field at Fort Donelson a national park.

(Continued on page 238)

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

U. D. C. Topics for June.

Stories of Faithful Servants.

C. of C. Program for June.

Make a study of the city of Savannah, Ga.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., 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. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
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.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
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.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

## ECHOES OF THE CONVENTION.

The reunion of 1928 and our C. S. M. A. convention have passed into history as one of the most successful and brilliant gatherings ever held in the South. The weather was ideal, the hospitality of the "City of Roses" unbounded, gracious, and charming, the crowd, everywhere evident, most orderly and responsive, and everywhere reigned an atmosphere of cordial welcome and good-will. The one note of sadness was the evidence of failing strength of the dear old veterans, who were at last forced to be driven in cars in the great parade. A pitiful few walked.

Our C. S. M. A. convention proved one of the most successful held. Mr. Edmund R. Wiles, General Chairman of the Reunion Committee, proved himself a marvelous leader, whose forethought and planning made possible a smoothness of detail that has rarely been seen and his unanimous election as Commander in Chief of the S. C. V. was a tribute heartily bestowed. The C. S. M. A. is profoundly grateful to Mr. Wiles for numberless courtesies which added greatly to the success of the convention. In the local President of the Association, Mrs. J. F. Weinmann, was found a leader wonderfully resourceful and capable—charming, alert, responsive, and with unusual executive ability. She, with her splendid committee, planned and carried out in detail every side of the convention, business and social, and at no place have more brilliant social features added to the pleasure of the guests. Your President General wishes to acknowledge with deepest appreciation the many lovely attentions shown her as your leader. The charming hospitality and gracious courtesy extended to her visitors by the "City of Roses" will linger long as the perfume of the queen of flowers, and enshrined in our hearts will ever be the remembrance of the reunion and our C. S. M. A. convention of 1928.

## THE MARGARET A. WILSON CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF LITTLE ROCK.

Your President General is proud and happy to acknowledge the honor paid her by the ladies of Little Rock in giving to the new Association, which did such brilliant work for the reunion and our C. S. M. A. convention, her name, and from the fullness of her heart wishes for that splendid body of women only the highest and happiest ideals in carrying into this and future generations the matchless story of the glory of the men who wore the gray. Three of our official family were sorely missed from our gathering—Mrs. C. B.

Bryan, First Vice President General, detained at home from the result of a fall; Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian General, whose protracted illness has been long a source of sorrow to her friends; and Rev. Giles B. Cooke, our dear Chaplain General, always so loyal and true, but too feeble for the long journey. May the loving care of our Heavenly Father sustain, comfort, and bless these, our dear coworkers.

Yours in loving service,  
MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,  
*President General, C. S. M. A.*

## CONVENTION NOTES.

In response to a request from Mrs. Lena May Porter, of Lakewood, Ohio (1246 Webb Road), requesting donations of evergreens and flowers for Memorial Day, it was decided to have as many of the Associations as possible to send designs, evergreens or immortelles, to Mrs. Porter for Saturday, June 2, to place on the graves of the 2,680 Confederate soldiers who died at Camp Chase Prison, and for the cemetery on Johnson's Island, where the graves of 207 officers of the Confederate army are receiving special care and attention by Southern women living in Sandusky, Ohio.

The convention indorsed the resolution of Captain Ashe, of North Carolina, and Rev. Giles B. Cooke, of Mathews Courthouse, Va., to the effect: "That we regard the proposition to name an institution in Kansas City, Mo., 'The Lincoln-Lee University' as being an unwarranted use of Lee's stainless name, and that, if living, he would regard it in every aspect as very improper; and as he is no longer with us to manifest his disapprobation, we feel in duty bound to protest against it." The resolution was unanimously indorsed.

Reports of officers C. S. M. A. were given, and by the Chairman of Standing Committees, of which were:

Stone Mountain Work, by Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest, of Atlanta, Ga.; Textbooks, by Mrs. James R. Armstrong, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Gold medals bestowed since the convention in Tampa, Fla.

Reports of work being accomplished in their several States were made by the Vice Presidents, as follows: Alabama, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia.

A number of new associations, senior and junior, organized since the last convention were reported by the Secretary General.



The new editor of the C. S. M. A. department in the VETERAN, Mrs. Townes R. Leigh, of Gainesville, Fla., urges each Association to send to her for this page data as to time when chartered, history of name, work accomplished since organization, work emphasized at present, brief biographies of Memorial Women, living or dead, and women of the sixties.

The beautiful memorial address by Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, will be published in the C. S. M. A. Minutes of 1928. It was presented at the Memorial Hour at noon of the second day of the reunion, at the auditorium, when the roll calls of departed members were read by the several associations.

## A REQUEST.

*Dear Association Members.*—Will you please place on your hearts and hold in your minds the necessity of sending me data for our C. S. M. A. pages? These pages are yours, and should not be only mine; with your coöperation we can, however, make them ours. Won't you help me? I ask your coöperation in sending me facts—facts of history, facts of organization, facts of your activities. Remember, little drops of water make an ocean.

I am anxious to have for our July pages all the information obtainable as to the monuments you have been instrumental in erecting and other specific memorials and memorial work you have sponsored. I should like a brief, yet complete, history of your organization to date, with short biographical sketches of your charter members.

Please send this data in any form you find easiest at hand. It will remain in our family, so don't worry as to "its dress."

Cordially,  
Mrs. Townes Randolph Leigh,  
Fair Oaks, Gainesville, Fla.

## MEMORIAL DAY IN THE SIXTIES.

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

On the 10th of May, Memorial Day in North Carolina, services in memory of the Confederate dead are in many places held around the first monuments erected to these heroes. In Fayetteville, this hallowed spot is in Cross Creek Cemetery, where stands the first Confederate monument to the soldiers of North Carolina. Here fitting tribute is paid to the men who went forth to fight for their State and Southland, while the children of this generation cover the graves over with beautiful flowers and show honor to these "heroes of ours."

The beginning of the Ladies' Memorial Association, of Fayetteville, goes back to the sixties, and the loving and sacred custom of decorating these graves has never failed in all these years. On December 30, 1868, this band of women placed a marble shaft in Cross Creek Cemetery over thirty graves of soldiers who had died in the hospitals of the town at the close of the war.

A few days after Sherman's raid through Fayetteville, March 11-14, 1865, Mrs. Jesse (Anne K.) Kyle, with other ladies, secured from the mayor the back part of the cemetery, overlooking Cross Creek. The eighteen soldiers who had previously died in the hospitals there, and were interred in a lot on the creek bank, were disinterred and buried with twelve others in this lovely spot by historic Cross Creek. Foot-

stones were placed at each grave and the names marked on them. Just at sunset, Rev. Joseph C. Huske, beloved rector of St. John's, read the words, "I am the resurrection and the life," while the caskets were lowered to their last resting place.

A few girls of Fayetteville met daily under the direction of Mrs. Maria Spear at the home of the Misses Mallett, the first meeting being with Mrs. Jesse Kyle, and from bright scraps of their dresses made a handsome silk quilt. This was sold at a dollar a share, and the sum of three hundred dollars was raised, with which a marble monument was bought.

The ladies sent the quilt to President Jefferson Davis, and after his death his widow sent it to the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., where it now is seen in the North Carolina room.

During the making of the quilt, these ladies of Fayetteville would gather quietly in the early morning and decorate the graves of the soldiers, one reading a prayer. The marble shaft erected by these women in 1868, one of the first in the whole South, is entwined with wreaths on Memorial Day, and stands as a silent reminder of those tragic times.

## A WOMAN OF THE SIXTIES.

In the recent passing of Mrs. Martha McNeel Johnson, known as "Grandma Johnson," an honorary member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of Oxford, Miss., memory was revived of the bravery and sacrifice of the women of the sixties. Though a shut-in for many years, blind and helpless for two years before "going home to God," she was an example of cheerfulness under affliction and she ever wielded an influence for good over those with whom she came in contact.

Martha McNeel was a native of Tuscumbia, Ala., born December 25, 1834. Her parents removed to Mississippi when she was a child, and at her home in DeSoto County, near Hernando, she was married to Lucas A. Johnson. Three sons had blessed their home before the coming on of the War between the States. Her husband enlisted in Company B 42nd Mississippi Regiment, and went off to fight for his home and country, while she was left to maintain and protect that home and her children. Nobly she gave herself to the task, not only busy in domestic duties, but ever ready to share her food with the hungry soldiers who came that way, to relieve their sufferings from wounds or disease, to set them on their way refreshed and comforted. With her every moment was fraught with deeds. She spun and wove cloth, knitted socks and gloves, made shoes, hats, clothes for herself and children, for the absent husband and other soldiers; looked after the farm and stock; managed the negro servants; in fact, she "kept the home fires burning" till her husband's return, then helped him to again build up where the destroyer had been. And after his passing she lived on for seventeen years, the last of which were in darkness, but still active in handicraft and in managing her affairs.

A little daughter was added to the family during the war, her soldier husband was wounded at Gettysburg, and she was long in suspense over his fate; but she carried on as the wife of a soldier and was comforted by his return. Of those noble women of the Confederacy she was one, and their example in war and in peace cannot be too highly praised and their memory should never pass from us.

Mrs. Johnson died on January 13, 1928, survived by two daughters, both of Meridian, Miss.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

EDMOND R. WILES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Adjutant in Chief*  
JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C. . . . . *Inspector in Chief*  
ROBERT M. BEATTIE, Memphis, Tenn. . . . . *Judge Advocate in Chief*  
DR. B. W. LOWRY, Tampa, Fla. . . . . *Surgeon in Chief*  
W. D. JACKSON, Little Rock, Ark. . . . . *Quartermaster in Chief*  
MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, Washington, D. C. . . . . *Historian in Chief*  
Y. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla. . . . . *Commissary in Chief*  
REV. JOHN DURHAM WING, Winter Park, Fla. . . . . *Chaplain in Chief*

## EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

SUMTER L. LOWRY, *Chairman* . . . . . Tampa, Fla.  
N. B. FORREST, *Secretary* . . . . . Atlanta, Ga.  
R. G. LAMKIN . . . . . Roanoke, Va.  
JOHN ASHLEY JONES . . . . . Atlanta, Ga.  
EDMOND R. WILES . . . . . Little Rock, Ark.  
JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY . . . . . Wichita Falls, Tex.  
JESSE ANTHONY . . . . . Washington, D. C.

## COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN.

ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, *Historical* . . . . . Lynchburg, Va.  
J. H. HAMILTON, *Relief* . . . . . Mena, Ark.  
GEORGE A. MILLER, *Monument* . . . . . Tallahassee, Fla.  
JOHN H. ROBERTSON, *Memorial* . . . . . Oklahoma City, Okla.  
JOHN ASHLEY JONES, *Textbook* . . . . . Atlanta, Ga.  
LUCIUS L. MOSS, *Finance* . . . . . Lake Charles, La.  
DR. MATHEW PAGE ANDREWS, *American Legion History* . . . . .  
BALTIMORE, Md.  
COL. W. McDONALD LEE, *Rutherford* . . . . . Irvington, Va.  
MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, *Manassas Battle Field* . . . . . Washington, D. C.  
JOHN ASHLEY JONES, *Stone Mountain* . . . . . Atlanta, Ga.



## DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke, Va. . . . . Army of Northern Virginia  
Albert C. Anderson, Ripley, Miss. . . . . Army of Tennessee  
J. E. Jones, Oklahoma City, Okla. . . . . Army of Trans-Mississippi

## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

MAJ. JERE C. DENNIS, Dadeville . . . . . Alabama  
DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock . . . . . Arkansas  
JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill. . . . . Central Division  
ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C. . . . .  
District of Columbia and Maryland  
S. W. FRY, 150 Green Street, Eastern Division, New York, N. Y. . . . .  
JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee . . . . . Florida  
DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah . . . . . Georgia  
J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington . . . . . Kentucky  
JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La. . . . .  
ROBERT E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis . . . . . Missouri  
ALBERT C. ANDERSON, Ripley . . . . . Mississippi  
J. D. PAUL, Washington . . . . . North Carolina  
E. RIDDLE, Oklahoma City . . . . . Oklahoma  
A. D. MARSHALL, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington . . . . .  
Pacific Division  
REID ELKINS, Greenville . . . . . South Carolina  
JOHN HALLBERG, Chattanooga . . . . . Tennessee  
E. S. MCCARVER . . . . . Orange  
CHARLES T. NORMAN, Richmond . . . . . Virginia  
DR. ROBERT K. BUFORD, Charleston . . . . . West Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## THE LITTLE ROCK CONVENTION.

Edmond R. Wiles, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Sons of Confederate Veterans, was elected Commander in Chief, succeeding Dr. Sumter L. Lowry, of Tampa, Fla., at the final session of the 1928 convention at Little Rock, Ark.

When nominations were declared in order, Nathan Bedford Forrest, of Atlanta, Past Commander in Chief, after briefly commending the general chairman and his coworkers for the success of the reunion, withdrew the name of John Ashley Jones, of Atlanta, as a candidate for Commander in Chief. He then nominated Mr. Wiles amid hearty applause. Following the adoption of a resolution suggesting that the nominee be elected by acclamation, Mr. Hopkins cast the vote of the convention for Mr. Wiles.

Commanders for each of the three sectional departments also were elected by their delegations. J. E. Jones, of Oklahoma City, was elected to succeed Mr. Wiles as Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. R. G. Lamkin, of Roanoke, Va., was elected Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department; and Albert C. Anderson, of Ripley, Miss., was chosen as commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, of Washington, D. C., was reelected Historian in Chief.

Mr. Wiles expressed his appreciation for the honor, and said he felt that the organization is entering on the greatest period of its history, from the standpoint of carrying out the ideals of its forefathers. Former Gov. Charles H. Brough spoke briefly on behalf of the State, thanking the delegates for their support of Mr. Wiles.

## RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

It was proposed in a resolution, which was adopted, that a copy of pension laws passed by the Arkansas legislature in 1927 be sent to the State Division Commanders of the Sons of Confederate Veterans so they may seek similar legislation in their States. In his annual report, Dr. Lowry urged the Camps and their leaders over the South to support all movements for higher pension rates for veterans and their widows.

A resolution was adopted recommending the award of a

medal to Commander Richard E. Byrd, of Virginia, for his heroic endeavors in the interest of aviation.

Resolutions were adopted recommending that the appreciation of the organization be properly expressed to President Coolidge for his consent to sending the United States Marine band to the reunion; to Senator Joe T. Robinson for his efforts in behalf of those in charge of reunion arrangements; to all organizations which actively participated in the holding of the reunion; and to newspapers for the helpful publicity given the event. Suggestions that telegrams be sent to comrades Ewing, Etheridge, and Galloway, who were unable to attend the reunion on account of illness were indorsed.

## MEDALS PRESENTED

Medals were presented to Comrades E. R. Wiles, of Little Rock, and Charles T. Norman, of Richmond, for outstanding service during 1927. Medals also will be sent to three other leaders who were not present.

Following a spirited discussion on the question of raising the remainder of a fund to reclaim the Manassas battle field to make it a Memorial Park, response was made by representatives of the various State Divisions each of which pledged a quota of \$500 to the fund.

During the morning session, Mr. Hopkins made his annual report, consisting of a financial statement of the organization. He announced that the report would be published and mailed to State Commanders later.

Dr. Brough was a guest at the morning meeting and made a brief talk, lauding the Sons for their efforts in preserving the true history of the South. Miss Ruth Henderson, member of the Virginia legislature, also addressed the delegates.

## S. C. V. MEMORIALS UNVEILED

Impressive ceremonies marked the unveiling of memorials erected by the Robert C. Newton Camp, S. C. V., at Little Rock, in honor of Gen. Thomas J. Churchill and Gen. William Reid Scurry, heroes.

The ceremony in honor of Gen. William Reid Scurry was under the direction of Memorial Chapter, U. D. C., Mrs. A. J. Wilson, President, with Miss Leila Gatewood as program



chairman, who lost his life in the battle at Jenkins Ferry, Ark. He was a native of Sumner County, Tenn., but spent the greater part of his life in Texas. He served as major in the Mexican war and was in charge of several engagements of importance during the War between the States, including that which placed the Confederate flag on the bank of the Ohio River. The presentation address was given by Edmond R. Wiles, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V., and the response was by Judge Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex., a son of General Scurry and a Past Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Boys and girls dressed in costumes of the sixties, unveiled the boulder, and scattered flowers. Edwin Eagle Dunnaway wore the Confederate uniform which was worn during the war by his great-uncle, Governor Eagle. Frederick W. Sanders, Jr., also wore a replica of the Confederate uniform. Others in the group were Martha Frances Rogers, Elizabeth Eloise Wilson, Frank O'Hara, Margaret Hogan, Marjorie Johnson, Joyce Reid, Kitty Rose Terry, Carolyn Strozier, Madora Beal, Lucile Alexander, Florence Reese, and Annabelle Reese.

## TO ALL CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATIONS.

It is much regretted that a letter from Edwin R. Wiles, General Chairman of the Little Rock Reunion Committee, thanking all who have written him of their appreciation of the entertainment provided during the reunion, comes too late for publication in this number. He is gratified by the many expressions of approval, and says: "We feel that we have been fully repaid for every sacrifice made to hold this reunion in our city. It seems to have been an inspiration to all who had a part in it, and it has been the rekindling of the patriotic fires of our people, and they have dedicated their lives to the Cause anew.

## UNDER FOUR FLAGS—THE RED STICK.

BY MISS NANNIE DAVIS SMITH, BATON ROUGE, LA.

The Pelican State's allegiance has been claimed in turn by France, Spain, the United States, and the Southern Confederacy, each one's footsteps traced through place-names more or less obscure, especially by those of Indian origin, owing to different tribal dialects.

Quoting in part a careful analysis by William A. Read, Ph.D., Professor of English Language and Literature in the Louisiana State University, "Istrouma, a suburb on the northern boundary of the city of Baton Rouge, dates from the year 1700. Istrouma is thought to be a corruption of Choctaw 'iti humma,' which signifies 'Red Pole,' and Baton Rouge is said to owe its name to the fact that on or near its present site the savages erected a painted pole, either in token of mourning or sacrifice, or, what is most probable, as a boundary mark between the territory of the Houmas and the Bayougoulas. Baton Rouge, however, is merely a translation and not a corruption of the Indian source."

This recalls an incident associated with Louisiana's capital. The Anchor Line's "floating palaces" were many of them named for cities between St. Louis and New Orleans. On one of these leisurely trips down stream, passengers, by way of killing time, invaded the pilot's house, inquiring how many miles the boat had covered, how long before we'd reach port, etc., all of which the man behind the wheel answered with exemplary patience; but when a bit of wood suspended from the ceiling attracted attention and more questions followed, he bade them guess the meaning. After they gave it up, I said: "It's the Baton Rouge." "Every

one asks about this painted stick," exclaimed the pilot; "you are first to give the right answer." That a Louisianian not wholly ignorant of French should understand the symbol isn't remarkable, but our pilot sprung a surprise by informing me that his home was in Mississippi, an agreeable surprise, as apart from its being a sister State, there are ties of kindred and precious associations with Beauvoir, which, by the way, is another place-name of French origin, and, whatever changes the elements may have wrought subsequently, was an appropriate name when chosen.

## A FINE SHOWING IN AGE.

The following comes from W. Cam Hart, of Elkins, W. Va., an interested reader of the VETERAN:

"I am proud of being the son of a Confederate soldier, Calvin C. Hart, No. 1 to a gun in the battery of Capt. William McClanahan and Gen. John D. Imboden. During his lifetime my father was a subscriber to and an ardent reader of the VETERAN, and since his death I take and greatly enjoy reading it. After personal investigation, I have compiled the names and, as near as possible, the ages of Confederate veterans yet living in Randolph County, W. Va., which are as follows: Eugene Isner, Beverly, ninety-three; Addison Snyder, Valley Head, ninety-one; Charles Kelly, Huttonville, eighty-seven; George Louk (Confederate Home, Richmond, Va.), ninety; Johnson Currence, Mill Creek, eighty-five; Sans Boner, Beverly, eighty-four; James Hartman, Elkins, eighty-four; James Webb, Elkins, eighty-six; Benton Talbott, Elkins, eighty-five; Maj. Solomon Armentrout, Elkins, eighty-four (McNeil's Rangers); Rev. Stephen Lewis, Elkins, eighty; Michael Shannon, Adolph, eighty-six; David Simmons, Valley Head, eighty-four; John Stewart, Mingo, eighty-five; Isaac Vandevender, Kerens, eighty-six.

'HERE'S YOUR MULE.—Responding to a request in the May VETERAN for information as to the origin of some old songs of the War between the States, Mrs. Maynie Bond Smith writes from Oakland, Calif.: "I have a book written by George Dallas Mosgrove on 'The Kentucky Cavaliers in Dixie,' in which is given a sketch of Maj. Henry T. Stanton, Kentucky poet, and in that sketch is a reference to his writing that old song, 'Here's Your Mule.' It seems that his command had captured a rich Federal wagon train, and, as usual, the boys appropriated to their own use everything they needed. Gen. William E. Jones, in command at the time, issued an order that mules, coffee, sugar, and other spoils of war should be turned over to his quartermaster as Confederate States property, to be distributed among the troops. This order caused a vigorous kick and an indignant howl all along the lines, and inspired Major Stanton to write the funny song referred to, of which Mr. Mosgrove could recall only one line, as follows: "General Jones, here's your mule." This book was written as a tribute to the boys of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, to which he belonged, also my father, Robert L. Bond

A LIVE CAMP.—B. F. Weathers, commanding the Aiken-Smith Camp, No. 293 U. C. V., of Roanoke, Ala., writes: "Our Camp now has fifty-three members, and on Memorial Day there were thirty-five present; a fine dinner was given to the veterans. Only one death in the year past. We have placed iron markers at the graves of seventy-five Confederate soldiers buried in Roanoke Cemetery. I have been Commander of the Camp for twenty-one years; am now in my eighty-ninth year, but still active and able to work the garden, write without glasses, eat plenty, and sleep well.



## U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 233)

Mrs. B. D. Bell, of Nashville, is chairman of the Fort Donelson Monument Committee.

It has also been voted to establish a National Military Park on the battle field of Stone River, or Murfreesboro.

Four new Chapters have been recently organized. Maj. John D. Allen Chapter, at Dixon Springs; Capt. Henry W. Hart, at Carthage; Private Soldier Chapter at Nashville; and the Sam Davis Home Chapter at Smyrna. Also, two Children's Chapters, these being "Anne Carter," auxiliary to Robert E. Lee Chapter, at Nashville, and the Stone River Auxiliary to Murfreesboro Chapter.

The Chattanooga Daughters and Sons entertained the veterans with drives over the battle fields en route home from the reunion, and gave them box lunches.

[Maymie Nixon, *State Publicity Chairman*.]

## "WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The United Daughters of the Confederacy are still receiving congratulations for their sponsorship of the heroines of the sixties in "Women of the South in War Times," which also carries with it a sketch of the World War activities of the organization itself.

Probably no book that has appeared in the past decade has received so many reviews years after its original publication. Only the other day, Miss Bert Davis, distributor for the Mississippi Division, sent a copy to T. H. Alexander, author of the column entitled "I Reckon So," which appears in a number of Southern newspapers. Mr. Alexander was so struck with the character of the work that he devoted his entire space to it in honor of its sixth printing in eight years. He writes: "The United Daughters of the Confederacy are making a great drive to acquaint Southern people with their own history. One of the phases of this educational campaign is the distribution of the book 'Women of the South in War Times.' . . . There is a quiet strength and dignity in the simple recital of the heroism of the Southern women in this war-torn Southland. This recital has been admirably done by Mr. Andrews, for it is an epic tale in itself and needs no embellishment. . . . Written without bitterness, the book does not serve to perpetuate the misunderstandings of that distant era. Rather it is a valuable contribution to American history."

Again, Mrs. W. Trox Bankston, President for the Georgia Division, sent a copy of the volume to Mr. John T. Boiffelet, who wrote in the *Atlanta Journal*, after quoting approvingly the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*: "One of the most notable achievements of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is the publication of the book entitled, 'Women of the South in War Times.' A new edition, revised, of this remarkable volume has been recently issued, and a copy should be in the home of every Southern patriot, and of every American though abiding in a Northern clime."

Then again, illustrations of personal comment made by editors of publications and by publishers themselves have even more particularly shown the value of this work. Recently, the managing editor received a letter from a magazine editor who had just brought out a book which was the most violent exhortation of the Old South that has appeared in print in recent years. Evidently "Women of the South in War Times" was an eye-opener for him; and, if it were not a

violation of confidences, his letter in acknowledgment of the volume would prove of particular interest to every reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, for it shows clearly the possibilities in the distribution of this U. D. C. volume.

Since my previous writing, Minnesota has gone over the top; one district in Mississippi has gone over the top, and we are hoping for good news from the few remaining delinquent Divisions. Particularly do we hope to hear favorably of results at the conventions in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Texas.

Faithfully yours, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.  
Fairmont, W. Va.

## CONFEDERATE ARSENAL AT FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

(Continued from page 233)

The burning of the arsenal was a day long to be remembered. The angry flames, leaping from the numerous piles of debris, roared and crackled, creating terrific heat; great billows of black smoke darkened the heavens; in the bombproofs dug in the earth, where the Confederates had stored loaded shells, explosions occurred continuously, creating the impression of a heavy artillery engagement, and the bewildered old men, women, children, and negroes, whose quiet existence had been so rudely broken into, looked on in utter helplessness and affright.

In the burning of the arsenal at Fayetteville was enacted one of the last tragedies of the War between the States. Shortly afterwards, Sherman and his soldiers marched away with banners flying and bands playing, to be intercepted by Johnston's army in the battle of Bentonville, less than a month after Lee surrendered.

The march of progress has left no vestige of the arsenal property, and the city of Fayetteville, spreading westward, has changed these beautiful old grounds into paved streets and modern homes. So the old has given way to the new, yet the oldest inhabitant still feels that the chief grudge against Sherman is his destruction of the arsenal, the ornament and pride of Fayetteville.

EFFORTS FOR PEACE ON THE PART OF THE CONFEDERACY.—This subject for the U. D. C. historical work in May has brought request from M. D. Boland, of Tacoma, Wash., that those who write upon the subject will communicate with him. He is especially anxious to get any new data on the efforts made by the Confederate government to avoid war, and he will appreciate such information as is communicated through these papers prepared for the historical meetings, U. D. C. Mr. Boland is widely known for his radio talks on Southern history, and his general topic for the third series of these is "Peace or War." He can be reached at 741 St. Helens Avenue, Tacoma, Wash.

WEST NOT SOUTH.—Mrs. A. J. Mayberry, Whittier, Calif., R. R. No. 2, Box 325: "My sister and I enjoy the VETERAN very much. Our only brother was a Confederate soldier with the 2nd Arkansas Mounted Rifles, under Captain King. I love to see mentioned the names of those our beloved brother used to tell us about, for he has gone "across the river to rest under the shade of the trees." I know it will not be heaven if our dear Southern friends are not there. I am alone out here, the rest of the family being back in 'Dixie.' I like this country and have some lovely friends here, but it is not 'Dixie.'"



In renewing her subscription, Mrs. M. D. Goodwin, of San Diego, Calif., says the VETERAN "is the one paper or magazine that I want to come as long as I live, wherever I may be, for I know the information contained in it is true, and every man, woman, and child of the dear South should take it and learn the truth of their beloved land."

Mrs. Susan B. Hendrick, of Tara, Calif., writes that she is ninety-one years old and has read the VETERAN more years than she can remember.

T. E. Spotswood, Adjutant Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., of Mobile, Ala., who has been doing some good work for the VETERAN there, writes that he will "continue sending subscriptions to our great magazine as long as I live, and will endeavor to have my sons and daughters keep the good work going on after I have crossed the Beautiful River. Fifteen of our comrades have passed during the year from Raphael Semmes Camp."

Commander J. P. Purnell, H. A. Carrington Camp, U. C. V., Drake's Branch, Va., writes in renewing subscription: "I am in my eighty-ninth year, and am still able to read and enjoy my VETERAN."

In sending his renewal order, R. M. Crumley, of Bristol, Va.-Tenn., explains that he has been away on a trip to Michigan, "having married, over twenty-nine years ago, a girl who was born there. Her father was a Federal and Republican and Baptist, while I am a Confederate and Democrat and Methodist!"

J. F. Graves, of Fredericktown, Mo., sends check to "chalk me up for another year," he writes, "to your good paper, as I take it just to pass it on to a good old rebel who likes to read it after me. We have only two left in this county, and I am going to take one of them to the reunion at Little Rock if he will go."

T. C. Little, Fayetteville, Tenn., writes: "I was personally acquainted with the founder of the VETERAN, and have been a subscriber from the first. Long may it live to do battle for our cause."

TOUGH CITIZEN.—There were callers at the house, and little Charles felt that he should contribute something to the conversation. "We've had chicken four times this week," he said, politely. "Four times? What extravagance!" exclaimed one of the visitors. "Oh, but it was the same chicken," hastened Charles.—*Pathfinder*.

## Campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia

[Beginning with the First Battle of Manassas and closing with Appomattox, including Stonewall Jackson's Shenandoah Valley Campaigns]

By VIVIAN MINOR FLEMING

Confederate Soldier, and Now Member of the Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania Battle Field Park Commission

FOREWORD by DR. H. J. ECKENRODE, Historian

The author was a participant in many of these battles and has verified the account by the military records of both armies. He does not include the Peninsular Campaign, however. He explains the scientific construction of General Lee's breastworks at Mine Run, just before the Wilderness Campaign, which is said by military critics to be the finest field construction for defense that was ever used, and was the origin of the system of trench warfare which enabled the Allies in France to hold back the Germans and save Paris.

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J. R. Mathes, Lascassas, Tenn.: "I served in the Confederate army from May, 1861, to May, 1865; am now in my eighty-ninth year. I have taken the VETERAN ever since it was born, and want to read it as long as I can see."

Mrs. S. H. Copenhaver, Bristol, Tenn.: "I love the VETERAN and all it stands for. You may count me a subscriber as long as I live."

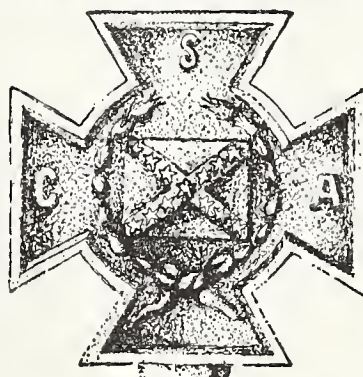
James K. P. Scott, Bachelor, Mo.: "It seems that the VETERAN gets better from year to year. . . . I want it to come to me as long as I live."

Who knows anything of the origin of those old songs, so popular in army life, known as "Mister, Here's Your Mule" and "For Bales?" The VETERAN would like to learn something of these and any other songs of the kind out of the ordinary.

Dr. T. S. Clay, Secretary Camp 756, U. C. V., of Savannah, Ga., writes that the Camp needs the following numbers to complete its file of the VETERAN, and he will appreciate hearing from anyone who can furnish these, or some of them: Volume 1, needs all the copies; 1896, September; 1900, March; 1909, March and June; 1918, December. Address him 120 East Jones Street.



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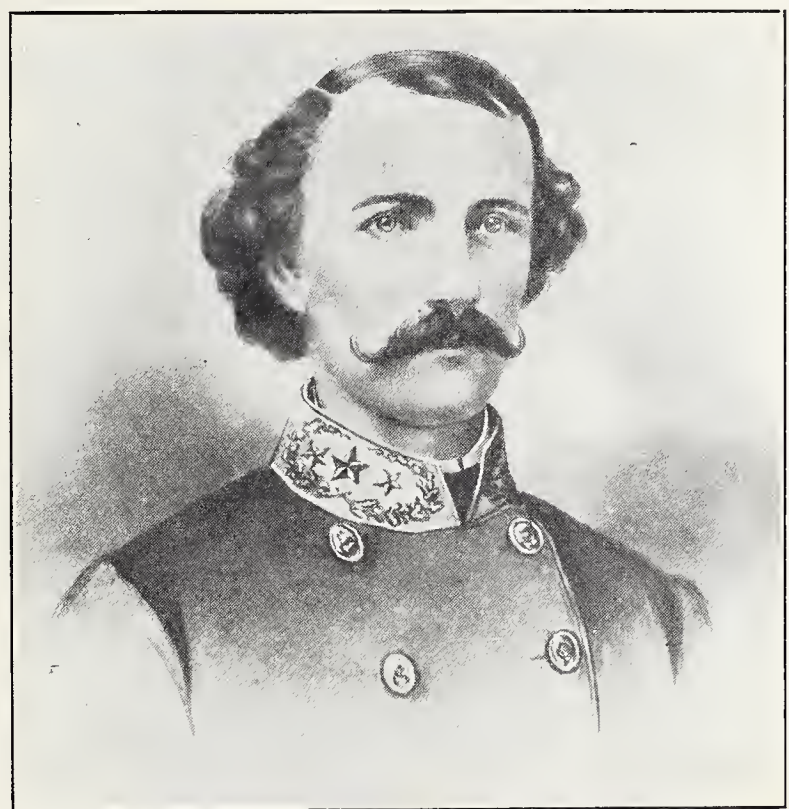
# Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXVI.

JULY, 1928

NO. 7



MAJ. GEN. THOMAS J. CHURCHILL, C. S. A.

Soldier of the War with Mexico and of the War between the States.  
Born in Kentucky March 10, 1824; died in Arkansas May 14, 1905.

(See page 250.)

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## OLD BOOKS. CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

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## ATTENTION, TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.

The granite monument erected on the birthplace of Gen. N. B. Forrest at Chapel Hill, Tenn., will be unveiled July 13, 1928. All comrades and friends are invited, and I urge every member of Forrest's Cavalry Corps to attend the exercises and share the pleasure of seeing the services of our noble leader and his invincible followers thus recognized. T. C. Little, Major General Commanding Forrest's Cavalry Corps, Fayetteville, Tenn.

## A NEW BOOK.

"The South in American Life and History," by Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, of Nashville, Tenn., is just off the press. It is a volume of studies on the South in every phase of American existence, and shows the large part which the South contributed in the building of the republic. Every Southern home should have this book and through it get better acquainted with our section of the country; and every other section can profit by its revelations. The work is sponsored by the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., and Chapters are urged to place it in their libraries. The price is \$2.20, postpaid, and the VETERAN can supply it. Order promptly of this first edition.

A. B. Cook, Ardmore, Okla., wants to get in touch with some one who was in his regiment, for the purpose of obtaining a pension. He belonged to Company E, 44th Virginia Infantry, Captain Thomas. Address Mrs. W. R. Roberts, 602 West Main Street, Ardmore, Okla.

Mrs. W. N. Woods, 1923 Fifth Street, Lubbock, Tex., is interested in securing a pension for the widow of Asa Pardee Bracken, a Kentucky soldier under Morgan. He was reared in Ohio County, near or in Cromwell, by an uncle, Bowles Bracken. Any information will be appreciated.

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*Historian of the Virginia Division of the U. D. C.*

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BALTIMORE, MD.**

George B. Neff, 404 Rust Building, Tacoma, Wash., is trying to get the war record of his father, John Neff, who, he thinks, served in Virginia, and probably under Early's command; length of service, some three and a half years.

Anyone who knows of the service of Charles Neidermier, who enlisted at Brandon, Miss., in the 10th Mississippi Infantry, C. S. A., in 1861 or 1862 will please notify Davis Biggs, Jefferson, Tex.



# 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.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

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

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VOL. XXXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1928.

No. 7. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. . . . . Gen. Thomas H. Dennis  
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. . . . . Gen. S. S. Simmons

### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

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GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. . . . . *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. J. C. FOSTER, Houston, Tex. . . . . *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. . . . . *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

ON THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY.—On the morning of May 3, a State boundary marker was unveiled on the Jefferson Davis Highway at West Point, Ga., the exercises being under the direction of the Georgia and Alabama Divisions, U. D. C. After the exercises, luncheon was served to those in attendance.

## OFFICIAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 23, 1928.

### SPECIAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. Owing to the vacancy caused by the death of Maj. Gen. A. A. Pearson, Gen. Charles Collier Harvey, of St. Louis, Mo., is hereby appointed to command the Missouri Division, United Confederate Veterans, until the next annual meeting of the State Division, with the rank of major general.

2. General Harvey will immediately enter upon the discharge of his duties and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of A. T. GOODWYN, *General Commanding*.  
HARRY RENE LEE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*.

### SPECIAL ORDERS No. 2.

1. Owing to the election of Gen. L. W. Stephens to command the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., thereby causing a vacancy in the Louisiana Division, Lieut. Col. W. T. Laseter, of Shreveport, La., is hereby appointed to command the Louisiana Division until the next annual meeting of the State Division.

2. Colonel Laseter will rank as a major general, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By command of A. T. GOODWYN, *General Commanding*.  
HARRY RENE LEE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V.*

## ROOM IN THE MISSISSIPPI CONFEDERATE HOME.

A "Paradise on Earth" is what the Confederate Home of Mississippi is said to be—Beauvoir, the old home of Jefferson Davis on the Mississippi shore of the Gulf of Mexico—and it is offered as a haven of rest for any needy Confederate veteran of the State, with his wife, or to any Confederate widow who finds her meager pension inadequate for her needs. The Superintendent of the Home, Mr. Elnathan Tartt, asks that the names of any veterans or widows who need the benefits of the Home or its hospitals will be sent to him, and he will send them application blanks to fill out. A cordial welcome awaits them at Beauvoir, and their last days will be made comfortable and happy as possible. The post office address is Biloxi, Miss.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### BY ACCIDENT OF BIRTH.

Referring to a list of Confederate officers who were of Northern birth or rearing, the list published in the *VETERAN* for February, page 49, Judge R. B. Haughton, of Hot Springs, Ark., notes the inclusion of the name of Gen. James L. Alcorn (later governor and senator), of Mississippi, in that list, and says:

"As a matter of fact, Governor Alcorn's family on both sides were Kentuckians, and their ancestors came to Kentucky from Virginia and North Carolina, of which States they were citizens back to the time that these became States. He himself was an ardent Southerner, sent his son into the Confederate army, and raised an entire regiment of Confederate soldiers at his own expense. He was actually born in Illinois, while his mother was there on a visit, but at the time his parents were citizens of Kentucky and living in that State; they were in no sense citizens of Illinois either then or at any other time."

The list referred to was given in an article by Rev. A. S. Johnson, of Charlotte, N. C., and it was not meant to class General Alcorn as a citizen of the North, but simply as having been born in that section of the country. It is interesting to know the why of this, thanks to Judge Haughton.

**DIXIE SUNG IN CONNECTICUT.**—An amusing incident is reported by a good friend, Mrs. Alexander Field, now living in Greenwich, Conn., and whose daughter is Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President of the Greenwich Chapter, U. D. C. The incident is connected with the presentation of the portrait of Father Ryan to St. Mary's Parochial School there by the Greenwich Chapter. There was a program of music and readings from Father Ryan's poems, and at the conclusion all sang the "Star-Spangled Banner." But it wasn't complete for Mrs. Field without the singing of "Dixie," for at eighty-three years of age she still has vivid memories of the days of war in the sixties. Father Murphy came to the rescue by stepping to the piano and playing the accompaniment, while Mrs. Field sang the song which means so much to Southerners, wherever they may be. Mrs. Field writes that she expected others to join in with her, but when they did not, she bravely sang it by herself, "for I had to keep up our reputation," she says. And that was no slight feat for eighty-three, when there are so very many of us younger ones who can't sing it at all. And that is the spirit of the Old, Old South, and may it live forever!

**THE VALUE OF THE VETERAN.**—In ordering a special number of the *VETERAN*, Dr. Philip Alexander Bruce, of the University of Virginia, writes: "I am very much impressed with the value of the *VETERAN*. It is hard to realize, from the character of its original contents, that the War for Southern Independence closed sixty-three years ago. It is evident that long-preserved material is still coming to light."

**WRONG CREDIT.**—The article on "White Illiteracy in the South" appearing in the *VETERAN* for June should have been credited to "G. W. Dyer, in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*," instead of the *Methodist Advocate*.

### THE ARMY THAT HAS PASSED.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

Sixty-three years ago, the Confederate soldiers laid down their arms and returned home to begin life anew. The battles they fought during four long years of bloody struggle were not half so hard as the one which then confronted them; and how they fought that hardest battle is set forth in the rehabilitation of the South and the establishment of their people. Very few of that disbanded Legion of Honor survive, and not more than three thousand attended the annual reunion at Little Rock, May 8, 1928.

The people of Little Rock had made bountiful arrangement for their entertainment, and the old soldiers were greatly pleased at the hospitable reception accorded them. Numerous committees were active in receiving them and providing for their comfort, but the snap and dash of the old men was gone. Nearly all of them are hard of hearing and are feeble in body. There was no Rebel yell to excite the people and to quicken their interest. The camp that was provided for the old warriors was several miles distant from the city, and those who attended the meetings were transported to the camp in automobiles and by street cars. The writer, like others, had hoped to meet some of those with whom he served, but they were not there. Only one man of the company I commanded survives.

The old warriors, some in groups, some singly, sat around the tents. It was a most pathetic scene. They were stragglers from an army that had passed on. They had hoped that the dreams of youth would come back again, but that cannot be—cannot be.

There was a multitude of younger persons there and thousands of women also.

When the parade had disbanded, the people remained on the sidewalks; they seemed to be waiting for something else. It was as though the curtain had failed to drop on the last act of a play, but the audience had remained.

A halo of glory hangs around the old Confederate soldier. There is something sublime in his life. As a soldier he needs no eulogy; his patience throughout privation outlasted the war itself, and his behavior in battle gave him the glory of renown. They dyed the hillsides and valleys of Virginia and Tennessee with blood, and thrilled the world with the recklessness of unrivaled war.

Imagine an army of ragged, worn-out, and starving men. The Macedonian Phalanx, Caesar's Tenth Legion, and, in later years, the old Guard of Napoleon, all types of perfection of war's human fighting machines, never fought under such adverse circumstances, never so poorly equipped, never so starved and footsore, and yet, never greater than the Confederate soldier.

Against odds overwhelming, without resources, animated by the noble principle of unselfish patriotism and devotion, the Confederate soldier, for four long, bitter years, struggled in a forlorn hope against one of the most matchless sections of the world. There was no defense in science of war or in the history, for which the South did not furnish a parallel. No heroic assault its soldiers did not emulate with success. No carnage before which her legions blanched. No victory that their courage did not guild with additional glory.

There was heroism in the very sacrifice of the Confederate soldier, and no field of battle but added, whether in victory or defeat, to the luster of his valor.

The Confederate soldier has fixed the record of the South in the field of war. He has written an epic by his achievements whose grandeur and simplicity no genius of song can



further brighten or ennoble. It stands on the page of history, matchless and imperishable, and it was the soldier of the ranks who did this.

If our men were heroes in battle, every home in the South had its heroine. Every lover of true greatness in womanhood will find in their lives the highest incentive for emulation. They left a record of loyalty and devotion that will forever remain a brilliant page in the annals of time.

## THOUGHTS ON THE REUNION.

BY THOMAS R. GORMAN, TULSA, OKLA.

Three or four years ago, when a kindly fate dropped me below the Mason and Dixon Line, I immediately began to feel the spell of the Southland creep into my being. I do not know why. It was a charm, subtle and elusive, an abstraction hard for an obtuse mind to analyze. The music of the country had an enthralling effect on me from earliest childhood. The songs of the South—and, by the way, the only songs that this great nation has ever succeeded in singing—won me early. In later youth, perhaps it was crescent fancy, eager to conjure up the romance of the land where these lyrics were born, that caused me pleasure in finding myself among the people who had discovered themselves in melodies immune to death.

I do not know why, but the first chance I had to attend a reunion of the Confederate soldiers I eagerly availed myself of the opportunity. I felt that among the survivors of so titanic a struggle I should be able to find the real heart of Dixie. I went as a total stranger, for, note, I was born in Canada, the Bride of Snow, far from the South, the Bride of Sun. I went as a prospector, seeking not material Eldorados, but as one looking for song; I went as an explorer in pursuit of lyric lands, as a knight errant questing for Holy Grails.

And I was not disappointed, except in this, that I discovered my unworthiness, being not even to the manner born. I was present at that picturesque encampment of battle- and time-scarred veterans, much like a beggar, gazing upon unattainable scenes in romantic halls where sparkling feasts are spread. Still, I realized that in such meetings the soul of the South was to be found.

In May, when these same Confederate warriors assembled at Little Rock to hold their annual bivouac, I was there, this time as a pilgrim to a now more familiar shrine. And I must say that, in my more or less prosaic existence, I have known pleasant things and pleasant places, but it remained for the thirty-eighth Confederate reunion to furnish the longest and richest canto of pleasure of my life. Every hour of each of the four days was a thrill and a pulse of enjoyment. It was not so much the things done there, nor the personnel present—all present, except their associates, were men over eighty years old—that afforded the pleasure. It was rather the invisible things one touched. One came in contact with heart strings, with the souls living behind the things of symbol. For the Confederate Veterans' annual encampment is not any more so much an occasion for fighting the old fights over, for calling up in review the battles, sieges, fortunes endured in the long ago, for recounting the moving incidents of martial strife. No, the reunion, at least it appeared so to me, is a veritable agape—a genuine love feast. The memories of bitter days survive, of course, but only as a rich lava where the sweetest flowers of warmest affection are profusely produced. The acrid gall of angry days has been changed into a wine which maketh glad the hearts of men.

I never in all my life saw, or ever dreamed of seeing, such

outpourings of love as I witnessed last week mutually displayed by these venerable Southern veterans. I beheld more loving arms wound around aged forms, more kisses pressed upon withered cheeks, more tears of joy dripping from snowy lids, than I had ever thought were available in this seemingly heartless day. So fervent were meetings I beheld, and, alas! too, so painfully pathetic were partings, that, as I looked on, I found myself more than once mopping moisture from my otherwise arid eyes.

All ages of life were represented there—sons and daughters, grandchildren, youths and maidens—accompanying their honored and honorable warrior sires. And the New South seems just as vibrant and as epical and romantic as the Old. Débutantes, coy and blushing, held the same tenderness and strength in their sparkling eyes as must have glowed in their granddames when they were wooed and won beneath Southern stars by their soldier lovers. Youths, too, seem to have inherited the gallantry and urbanity of their sires.

I would not mind having the heart and the songs of the Southland for my inheritance. I should know then why the birds warble sweet in the springtime, why the young folks roll on the little cabin floor, all merry, all happy, and bright; why older souls just a-hunger for love. I wonder why Dixie's skies are so blue, why her streams are so mystical, and her moons so haunting; why nature so lavishly spreads her pageants of floral glory over her teeming hills. I do not know. All I do know is that Dixie has stolen this worthless heart of mine, a sordid spoil indeed. And you, venerable survivors of Shiloh and Manassas, of Antietam and Fredericksburg, I blame for plundering me. I went among you merely to behold heroic warriors bivouac, and you have made me love you. And I am happy. I thank you. I should never know peace any more were this truant soul of me to be severed from your kindly clime. I'm glad I am in Dixie. I am! I am!

## ECHOES OF THE REUNION.

To the Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

I am availing myself of this opportunity to thank you each and every one who has been so kind as to write me expressing his appreciation of the manner in which the thirty-eighth annual reunion, U. C. V., was held in this city.

Everything was done that could be done to make the stay of the veterans in Little Rock a pleasant one, and, from the many expressions of approval, we feel that we have been fully repaid for every sacrifice made for holding this great reunion in our city. It seems to have been an inspiration to all who had part in it, and it has been the rekindling of the patriotic fire of our people, and they have dedicated their lives to the cause anew.

There were many remarkable features of this reunion, one of the most notable being the fact that in handling the great number of veterans, all of whom have passed the age of seventy-eight, not one received an injury, nor was there a casualty that could be charged directly to the reunion itself.

We are indeed happy to have been hosts for the South for possibly the last time to the Confederate Veterans, the Sons, and the Memorial Association. It has been the ambition of the writer for many years to see this accomplished, and now that it seems that the manner of holding the reunion has met with such universal approval, we feel fully repaid for any sacrifices we were called on to make.

I hope to meet you all in Charlotte next year.

EDMOND R. WILES,

General Chairman U. C. V., Reunion, Little Rock, Ark.



## THE VETERAN.

BY W. T. HUNDLEY, DE LAND, FLA.

We see him standing at the parting of the ways—  
 The one leads back, along which youth has sped;  
 The other, shorter of the two, ends just ahead,  
 Within the silent city of the dead,  
 Where young and old alike must end their days.

The passing years have left their furrows, clear and deep,  
 Upon the cheeks and brow once free from care.  
 The head, so richly crowned with locks of raven hair,  
 Doth now but scattered strands of silver wear:  
 And eyes, so wide awake in youth, now sleep.

In early life he heard his country's call to war  
 To which his loyal soul gave answer true  
 We know not if he wore the garb of gray or blue,  
 But this we know, that, all the struggle through,  
 He kept his face toward his guiding star.

And whether came to him glad victory or defeat,  
 His bright escutcheon was no coward's shield.  
 His glittering blade preserved on every field  
 The symbol which no valiant heart may yield,  
 And gave the world a theme for poet's meet.

Down through the years that followed war—the years of peace  
 Which none the less were years of toil and strife,  
 With duties manifold and heavy burdens rife—  
 The veteran poured the manhood of his life  
 In streams of love whose flow shall never cease.

'Tis thus we find him at the parting of the ways.  
 What tribute for his service shall we bring?  
 What panacea for pain of ingrate's sting?  
 His deeds of love and valor we will sing,  
 His "dearest meed" be "our esteem and praise."

## "SUNSET AND EVENING STAR."

BY KATHERINE C. EVERETT, DE LAND, FLA.

No other part of the day can rival the beauty and tranquility of a sunset hour in Florida. So when the Daughters of the Confederacy of De Land, wished to hold an informal service on Confederate Memorial Day, April 26, they chose a sunset service.

The busy sounds of day had died away as the newly organized Chapter and their guests and friends gathered in Oakland Cemetery. The mellow light of the setting sun flooded the land, filtering through the interlacing branches of palms and live oaks to make dappled shadows on the grass and touch to new beauty the banks of flowers piled ready for later distribution. The voices of the speakers could be heard with great clarity in the hush of evening, and the clear, thrillingly sweet notes of a thrush mingled with the voices of the human singers. The soft, blue miracle that is a Florida sky became a sheet of molten gold, and against this gorgeous background stood two Confederate veterans, G. N. Smith, of the 7th Georgia, and Morgan A. Bunch, a Georgia soldier too, as the guests of honor, supported by an honor guard of Spanish War veterans and American Legion men, and three Boy Scouts, who proudly held aloft the flags of the United States, the Confederate States, and of Florida.

A hymn, sung by all present, a few words of welcome by the Chapter President, Mrs. Lloyd Everett, and of explana-

tion of the origin of Memorial Day, and of fitting tribute to the memory of the Confederate Soldier and the American soldier of all time; a prayer, simple and beautiful, by Mrs. Dora Smith, the Chapter Chaplain, and a separating to strew flowers on the graves of all the soldier dead of all wars. Then, quietly reassembling, the throng motored out to the second cemetery, Beresford, where the Legion Commander spoke a few sentences expressing the pleasure of the Legion at being invited to participate in the Memorial observance, and Dr. Hundley made a brief address. Tears came to the eyes of his hearers with his graphic story of the poignant recollections of his boyhood, of the days of strife, of surrender, of reconstruction. He then paid tribute to the veterans with an original poem, and closed with a reading of Finch's classic, "The Blue and the Gray," after which came the benediction. Then, as the light faded and the purple shadows of a semitropic twilight fell softly, the bright blossoms brought by loving hands were laid as softly over the heroes there asleep.

Very simple, very brief the service, for night follows day here with quick steps. But there was something impressive and heart-stirring in this rendering of love and homage in the quiet of the sunset hour, to those whose earthly sun had set, that gave a depth of solemn feeling to the ceremonies, and made both young and old who had gathered to pay tribute to the heroes of the past to know that "it was good for us to have been here."

## OUR HERITAGE OF COURAGE.

[Tribute to the Confederate dead at Oakwoods Cemetery, Chicago, May 30, 1928, by J. Lester Williams, S. C. V.]

*My Friends:* We meet to-day about this hallowed spot to pay with myrtle wreaths of memory our tribute to our glorious dead.

We come not here, nor should we come, to mourn, but rather that we visit old-time friends whose unseen hands reach out to welcome us again and draw us closer to the day when we shall walk in peace with them.

Few, O, so pitifully few, of these illustrious men still walk among us in the flesh, and soon, too soon, these few remaining must answer to the Father's call, "Come home!" and, bravely smiling, they will go to muster once again with comrades who have long gone on before.

To those of us who linger on behind the memory of their heroic deeds should soften all the sorrow that we feel; for, after all, the heritage we have from them is priceless; and this world of ours is better for their having been its citizens.

No mortal tongue may fully sound the praise these men deserve, nor tell with justice all their valiant deeds. We cannot paint the lily nor the rose, nor can our homage equal what they gave.

Life leads men on from spring to winter time, o'er hill and dale, through fields of green and desert sands; the flowers bloom and afterwards they die; the sun bestows the beauty of its golden beams and then dark clouds obscure the sky; and yet men struggle onward through it all—some to success and fame.

We cannot all attain the heights, but all have their allotted work to do, and none of it in God's great plan is useless if we truly strive and striving *do*.

Here lies the proof.

The lowliest of all these noble men will live in memory till the end of time, and each succeeding generation will thrill with inspiration from these silent forms, though not a one by name may then be known to those they so inspire.

Many are the heroes sleeping softly underneath this sod



whose names to us were never known; whose hands we never pressed; whose faces we have never seen, nor have we ever listened to their slightest word; and yet we come to-day, as we and others in past years have come, and as still others through all future time shall come, to pay our tribute and to keep forever green the laurel wreaths these noble men have won.

What quality of virtue had these men to hold our constant homage through the years?

What sets apart these men from other men if not their mastery of their fears? High courage! All of us revere the men whose courage meets the tests of life and never falters even in defeat. We love clean courage, for it lifts us high and teaches us how we may live as well as how to die!

These men have left a heritage to you, to me, that we should cherish and should profit by.

None of us really live unless the world may justly say when we are gone that it is better just because we lived. And this cannot be true unless we leave behind some inspiration from the things we do.

I think, and many abler men have said, our greatest cause of failure is our fear, and that the one who conquers fear has half the battle won.

Some day we all must die, and this we know among the first stray bits of knowledge that we learn. We also know 'tis part of God's great plan, and yet so many learn to fear to die before they even learn to live. This should not be.

When evening comes and shadows close about us on our way, we do not fear to turn toward home and rest where loving hands may smooth our cares away. God knows the best. Then let us learn from these illustrious dead the secret reason why they live, though dead.

They live forever, for they knew no fear.

Why should we fear? May we not learn from them and learning live so that in future years the ones to follow us can say that we, by our courage, helped them on their way? What, after all, have we to fear? We create fears by failing to have faith. The fear of death is but another way of showing that we have no faith. If we believe the promise God has given that we shall live and shall each other see, should we not smile and welcome that last sleep that shall, some day, fulfill his promises to you and me?

\* \* \*

And so, my friends, these heroes sleep,  
Nor grief may stir them where they lie.  
The Heritage they left we keep.  
And from it learn to live—and die!

'Tis Spring again! The flowers bloom  
And underneath this greening sod  
Our Living Dead reach out to us  
To draw us nearer still—to God!

## GENERAL PEMBERTON AND VICKSBURG.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

While attending the Confederate reunion at Little Rock, I heard the stupid charge made that General Pemberton sold the city of Vicksburg and its garrison to General Grant for one hundred thousand dollars—that is to say, that Pemberton was a traitor and Grant a fool.

I was an officer in Company A, 6th Regiment, Missouri Infantry, First Brigade, Bowen's Division, and one of the Vicksburg garrison, but was wounded and left in the hospital.

I never regarded General Pemberton as great enough to handle the emergency of defense of that department, but I would never think of aspersing the memory of a man who, for forty-eight days, held at bay two of the ablest generals in the Union, with an army four times his superior in numbers, and ten times stronger in equipment than his own.

When Grant fought the battle of Baker's Creek, he had three army corps; Pemberton had three divisions, one of which never got into the fight. At Black River Bridge, Pemberton lost nearly all his artillery. Falling back into Vicksburg, he found himself in command of five divisions, two of which had suffered heavy losses at Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, and Black River Bridge. His fighting strength did not exceed thirty thousand men. Before Grant made his grand assault, he had brought up all his available forces, estimated by Confederate authorities at seventy-five thousand, rank and file. Failing to carry our works, he settled down to siege tactics by gradual approaches, but keeping up a continuous cannonade and active work by his sharpshooters. Every day brought a new roll of deaths, while our hospitals became gorged with the wounded and sick. Every night at parting it was "good-by," for we knew not if either would see the morrow. All the while, Grant's parallels came closer.

I have a blue print showing Confederate positions and each successive approach of the Union army. This is a wonderful exhibition of the cordon Grant's sappers were drawing about us. We well knew what was going on, though we could see nothing. When an approach came near enough, miners were set to work planting mines with the purpose of exploding them and blowing us up. In many places these approaches came within five yards of Confederate salients. On June 25, the siege having lasted thirty-eight days, Grant exploded his first mine. Two days later, he blew up Fort Hill. He was repulsed, but took a heavy toll in killed and wounded. Pushing his sapping and mining, he was soon prepared for scores of explosions and with near a hundred thousand men to rush our works from our upper batteries to the Warrenton Road. July 4, with its powerful appeal to patriotic endeavor, was set for the grand finale. What soldier with an ounce of brain could doubt the result had Grant's well-matured plan been put into execution? Pemberton and his advisers well knew that his small force of less than twelve thousand effectives could not withstand the shock, so wisely determined on surrender. Grant didn't have to buy, and no one knew that better than U. S. Grant.

When the Vicksburg garrison marched out after the surrender, there were a few over eleven thousand men in line. Death, wounds, and sickness account for the others of the thirty thousand that had met and repulsed Grant's first assaults.

THE COST OF WAR.—A League of Nations committee has recently issued a brochure that sets forth its findings on the World War cost. It says the war cost 37,000,000 lives—10,135,000 killed in action, 6,016,000 deaths due to increased mortality, and 20,850,000 diminished births. This takes no account of the wounded or of health damage to soldiers and civilians. The money cost is fixed at \$362,500,000,000. Can you grasp that figure? Can you picture what the fruits of a constructive use rather than a destructive use of such a sum might accomplish on this planet? We seem to grow less certain as to who started trouble, what it was all about, or what benefits it gave the world.—*Sherman C. Kingsley, President of National Conference of Social Workers.*



## THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

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

Some time back there was an interesting incident in the United States Senate. Senator Walsh, of Montana—very naturally for him and very innocent of treading on anybody's toes—said that all the members of Congress who had served in the Confederate armies had been, “technically,” “traitors and rebels.” Whereupon, Senator Blease, of South Carolina, jumped on him with both feet and declared that if anyone had said that outside of the chamber, the “Old Harry” would have been to pay. In the following I have taken occasion to write on the subject historically, examining Mr. Lincoln's premise that the Union began in 1774, and that no State could get out of that union then created, and then, passing on to the Union under the Constitution of 1789.

Our daily life of contentment and happiness has a tendency to obliterate the grounds on which the South thought the States had a right to withdraw from the Union. It is the mere right that I wish to talk about.

The colonies, having joined in a Declaration of Independence, continued to coöperate, expecting to enter into a Confederacy. A plan of confederation was framed, but it was not agreed to until May, 1781.

The second article of this Confederation is: “Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled.”

Third: “The said States hereby severally enter into a firm league of friendship with each other.”

Thirteenth: “And the articles of this confederation shall be inviolately observed by every State and the union be perpetual; nor shall any alteration at any time hereafter be made in any of them unless such alteration is agreed to in a Congress of the United States and afterwards confirmed by the legislature of every State.”

After that, by the treaty of peace with Great Britain, it was declared by the king of Great Britain that each State—naming each of them—was “a free, sovereign, and independent State.”

That confederation existed until 1787, when Virginia proposed to supplant it with a new one. This new one was to go into effect between any nine States that might ratify it. When the new Constitution was submitted to the States, eleven of them ratified it, and it went into operation between them in 1788. Under it a President was to be elected in February, 1789, by electors chosen in January, 1789. Somehow, New York did not vote in that election; North Carolina and Rhode Island did not, for they had not ratified the Constitution; so, when Washington was elected President in February, 1789, only ten States voted. Certainly, North Carolina and Rhode Island were no longer united to the other States. As to them, the Confederacy that was to be perpetual had been broken up by the other eleven States, and they were left alone.

When Virginia and New York ratified they said that “the States reserved the right to resume the powers delegated to the United States:” so likewise did Rhode Island.

And that was the general understanding. Their ratification with that declaration in it was not objected to by anyone. The right to resume the powers delegated to the Congress was exercised by the States when they broke up the confederation; and when North Carolina and Rhode Island were out of the new union, they had full sovereign powers.

Although the first confederation was to be perpetual and not subject to change except by unanimous consent, the

States, by reason of their sovereign power, could withdraw from it—and did so.

Later, when a new union was made between the States, they retained the same sovereign powers, and some so declared in adopting the new agreement, without objection; and they omitted to say that the new union was to be perpetual; and having also omitted to say that the States retained all the powers not delegated, they at once put that in the Constitution.

When the uninformed intelligence of the North ascribes to ministers of the gospel at the South, to our patriots who have been examples of high virtue and nobility of character, to the gentle ladies of the South the spirit of “traitors,” and cite Aaron Burr and John Brown on one hand, and George Washington and Benjamin Franklin on the other, the latter having said, “We must all hang together, or we will all hang separately,” I remind them that when Washington raised his flag on January 2, 1776, at Boston—the very flag he had directed Betsy Ross to make—that flag bore the ensign of Great Britain along with the colors of the Washington coat-of-arms. It was as a subject of the king that he was claiming his rights as a British subject. The citizens of the seceded States were never subjects of any State but that of which they were citizens. They owed obedience and allegiance to their States and never to any other State. Whatever obedience they owed to the government of the United States was by virtue of the delegated authority by these several States which had now been withdrawn and had ended.

## VIRGINIA'S RATIFICATION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Proceedings in the convention of Virginia, Wednesday, 25 June, 1788. Debates of the Convention.

On motion, Ordered: That a committee be appointed to prepare and report a form of ratification, pursuant to the first resolution; and that his Excellency Governor Randolph, Mr. Nicholas, Mr. Madison, Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Corbin, compose the said committee.

\* \* \*

His Excellency Governor Randolph reported, from the Committee appointed according to order, a form of ratification, which was read and agreed to by the convention, in the words following:

Virginia, to wit:

We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, duly elected in pursuance of a recommendation from the general assembly, and now met in convention, having fully and freely investigated and discussed the proceedings of the Federal Convention, and being prepared as well as the most mature deliberation hath enabled us to decide thereon, Do, in the name and in behalf of the people of Virginia, declare and make known that the powers granted under the Constitution being derived from the people of the United States may be resumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression, and that every power not granted thereby remains with them and at their will: That, therefore, no right of any denomination can be cancelled, abridged, restrained, or modified by the Congress, by the Senate, or House of Representatives, acting in any capacity, by the President or any department or officer of the United States, except in the instances in which power is given by the Constitution for those purposes; and that, among other essential rights, the liberty of conscience and of the press cannot be cancelled, abridged, restrained, or modified by any authority of the United States.

With these impressions, with a solemn appeal to the search-



er of hearts for the purity of our intentions and under the conviction, that, whatsoever imperfections may exist in the Constitution, ought rather to be examined in the mode prescribed therein than to bring the Union into danger by a delay, with a hope of obtaining amendments previous to the ratification:

We, the said Delegates, in the name and in behalf of the people of Virginia, do, by these presents, assent to and ratify the Constitution recommended on the 17th day of September, one thousand, seven hundred and eighty-seven, by the Federal Convention, for the government of the United States; hereby announcing to all those whom it may concern that the said Constitution is binding upon the said people, according to an authentic copy hereto annexed, in the words following:

On motion, Ordered, That the secretary of this convention cause to be engrossed, forthwith, two fair copies of the form of ratification and of the proposed Constitution of government, as recommended by the Federal Convention on the 17th day of September, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven.

And then the Convention adjourned until to-morrow morning twelve o'clock.

THURSDAY, THE 26TH OF JUNE, 1788.

An engrossed form of the ratification agreed to yesterday containing the proposed constitution of government, as recommended by the Federal Convention on the seventeenth day of September, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, being prepared by the secretary, was read and signed by the president in behalf of the convention.

On motion, Ordered, That the said ratification be transmitted by the president, in the name of this convention, to the United States in congress assembled.

The ratification by New York, July 26, 1788 (Stephens's History of U. S., p. 347-8):

"We, the delegates of the people of New York, . . . do declare and make known that the powers of government may be reassumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness; that every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by the said constitution clearly delegated to the Congress of the United States, or the department of the government thereof, remains to the people of the several States, or to their respective State governments, to whom they may have granted the same."

"We, the delegates of the people of Rhode Island and Plantations, duly elected, etc., do declare and make known . . . (III) That the powers of government may be resumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness"—as in the ratification of New York.

## ESSAYS—HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.\*

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS

It is a pleasure to review this very admirable contribution by the Historian of the Virginia Division, U. D. C. The essays cover *Bacon's Rebellion*, represented as the prelude or precursor of that which followed one hundred years later; *Andrew Jackson*; *Twin Patriots: Washington and Lee*; *Stratford Hall*; *Arlington*; *Raphael Semmes*; *Mosby's Rangers*; and *Sidney Lanier*; the whole making a total of about one hundred pages. Despite the total brevity, however, these essays are full of condensed information, presented most

agreeably. The author has a pleasing style and fine discrimination in the choice of material, all of which is enhanced by the use of excellent English.

A number of the papers have received prizes at the hands of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and there are notations to that effect. In this connection, it is often questioned as to whether these prizes are worth while. If the answer be that they elicit work as excellent as this, the result speaks for itself.

With regard to the historical value of these papers, the reviewer would state that while he is supposed, in a general way, to be acquainted with the subjects under discussion, Mrs. Flourney is happy in bringing out some incidents or material which he is glad to welcome as new in themselves or in their setting. To the writer the information about Arlington is most valuable and timely. He doesn't know of any such presentation elsewhere; hence, from the standpoint of something new for reading and for reference, this is to him the prize essay of the group, although by no means necessarily the most interesting.

The account of Bacon's Rebellion is admirable. It might, of course, be suggested that the time-worn comment of Governor Berkeley with regard to the lack of free schools in Virginia be omitted. That particular notation never fails of entry in the histories; and it would have been appropriate to introduce at this point its antidote, the origin in Virginia of the first schools in America, a suggestion which is, no doubt, hypercritical. Mrs. Flourney refers adequately and eloquently to the declaration of Bacon and his men to "*resist Governor Berkeley and any troops sent from England to aid him.*" For the completion of the record, or rather the argument, it might have been mentioned that the threat to send Berkeley back to England was a repetition of the threat, followed by the act, of Virginia colonists forty years before in shipping John Harvey back to England and choosing, in orderly fashion, a governor in his place by the will of the people. Both Harvey and Berkeley returned to office, but the spirit evinced by the colonists was the same in both cases. This in no wise detracts from Mrs. Flourney's appreciation of Bacon's open defiance; it merely offers the suggestion of a precedent that may have been often discussed by the later Virginians suffering under Berkeley's neglect or malfeasance in office.

In the sketch of Admiral Semmes, it might have been well to introduce the reason he assigned for the defeat of the Alabama by the Kearsage—namely, the fact that the Kearsage was armored. To an old-school navy man, this was like taking an unfair advantage of an antagonist in a duel, such as secretly substituting a sawed-off shotgun for the regulation pistol! In telling his story of the engagement, Semmes was presenting the facts and not trying to establish what is known to-day as an "alibi"; it was his sole defeat after a wonderful career on the seas perhaps unparalleled in history.

With respect to Andrew Jackson and South Carolina may be found the only possible misconception. Is it not a hyperbole to say in this connection that "Jackson struck down the doctrine of State Rights"? This affirmation, followed by qualifications, is, in the main, correct, although it apparently creates a wrong impression. Of course, Mrs. Flourney does not mean to intimate that Jackson struck down at that time the entire structure of State Rights. This basic principle, established by the founders, is being revitalized by our best statesmen to-day; and certainly no one can speak more eloquently to this point than Mrs. Flourney's talented son, an instructor at Washington and Lee University, previous winner of a Rhodes scholarship from Virginia, and one of the ablest speakers in the South to-day;

\* Essays—Historical and Critical. By Mary H. Flourney. Norman Remington Co., Baltimore. \$1.



for Mr. Flournoy is not only gifted as an orator, but he says things worth while when he speaks, both in respect to soundness of historical interpretation and in the matter of analogies between the past and the present.

Altogether, the U. D. C. is to be congratulated upon having the historian of the Virginia Division produce so excellent a series of essays; and it is pleasing to note that, to the knowledge of the writer, at least three Division historians have of late produced papers which should be of exceptional value in the preservation and perpetuation of the records and traditions of the South and its part in the upbuilding of the republic.

These essays of Mrs. Flournoy should be particularly valuable to those who wish to present reviews or offer talks on the interesting topics she has selected for this series of papers.

#### GEN. THOMAS J. CHURCHILL.

(Address delivered by J. S. Utley, Commander Robert C. Newton Camp, S. C. V., at unveiling of the memorial boulder to General Churchill during the reunion in Little Rock, Ark., May, 1928.)

Thomas J. Churchill was born on his father's farm near Louisville, Ky., March 10, 1824, of the stock which gave to the world William Henry Harrison and Robert E. Lee. He died at Little Rock, Ark., May 14, 1905, at the age of eighty-one years, and sleeps in historic Mount Holly Cemetery, where lie the remains of so many others of Arkansas's illustrious sons.

He was graduated from St. Mary's College at Bardstown, Ky., when he was only twenty years of age, and then studied law at Transylvania University. When the Mexican War broke out in 1846, Churchill joined the 1st Kentucky Mounted Riflemen as a lieutenant, and enlisted for service. In January, 1847, he was captured by the Mexicans and held as a prisoner till he was exchanged at Toluca near the close of the war.

While on his way to Mexico in 1846, it became necessary for Churchill to remain in Little Rock for a few days, during which he was entertained in the hospitable home of Judge Benjamin Johnson. While here he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Anne Sevier, the accomplished daughter of United States Senator Ambrose H. Sevier and the granddaughter of Judge Johnson. This acquaintance ripened into friendship, and subsequent events justify us in believing that when he resumed his journey it was not without hope that he would some day see her again, for, in 1848, he came back and settled in Little Rock, where, on July 31, 1849, they stood at the altar and plighted the troth which started them down life's highway together; and for fifty years they walked side by side in a beautiful love, a benediction to all who knew them.

Of this union were born six children—Ambrose S.; Samuel J.; Emily, now Mrs. John F. Calef, of Atlantic City; Mattie, now Mrs. E. G. Langhorne, of South Orange, N. J.; Abbie (now deceased); and Juliette, now Mrs. M. M. Hankins, of Little Rock.

For several years General Churchill devoted himself to plantation farming near Little Rock; but in 1857 he was appointed postmaster at Little Rock by President Buchanan, which position he held until 1861.

When the trouble arose between the States, Churchill did not wait to be called; but, buckling on his sword, he bade his loved ones good-by and joined the Confederate army, the greatest soldiery that ever went to battle. He raised the

1st Arkansas Mounted Riflemen and served until the end of the war, coming out of the struggle with the rank of major general.

It is said that General Churchill saved the day at the battle of Wilson's Creek, where he had two horses shot under him. In recognition of his services in this battle, he was promoted to brigadier general. He commanded a brigade at Elk Horn Tavern, near Pea Ridge, in Benton County, Ark., where one of the bloodiest battles of the war was fought. He was also in command of a brigade at Corinth and Tupelo in Mississippi. He next joined Gen. E. Kirby Smith in East Tennessee and was made commander of one of his divisions, in which position he made a brilliant record.

In August, 1862, he participated in the campaign in Kentucky, in which he rendered distinguished service. The Confederate Congress adopted a resolution expressing the thanks of the nation to Generals Churchill, Cleburne, E. Kirby Smith, and Colonel Preston Smith for gallantry in the three battles at Richmond, and especially for planting the Confederate flag over the capitol of Kentucky and upon the shores of the Ohio.

General Churchill's next service was at the battle of Arkansas Post, where, although he had only seven regiments and seventeen guns to oppose McClernand's forty-nine regiments, nine gunboats, and one hundred guns, he so distinguished himself that General Holmes, his department commander, said it was impossible to imagine better conduct on the part of officers and men. This battle occurred January 11, 1863, and he was captured and held prisoner until exchanged.

After being exchanged, Churchill was placed in command of an Arkansas brigade in Cleburne's Division of Bragg's army during the Tullahoma campaign of 1863, and on December 10 of that year he was put in command of a brigade made up of the 26th, 32nd, and 36th Arkansas Regiments. He was next made division commander, his force including



THE BEAUTIFUL ANNE SEVIER, WHO BECAME THE WIFE OF GENERAL CHURCHILL





MRS. M. M. HANKINS  
of Little Rock, Ark.



MRS. EMILY C. CALEF  
of Atlantic City, N. J.



MRS. E. G. LANGHORNE  
of South Orange, N. J.

## DAUGHTERS OF GENERAL CHURCHILL

his own brigade and that of Gen. J. C. Tappan; and just before the battle of Mansfield, La., he was at Keachi in command of a corps which included his Tappan Division and the Missouri Division of General Parsons. He was not at the battle of Mansfield, but he distinguished himself in a battle against odds at Pleasant Hill, La.

At the battle of Jenkins Ferry, in Grant County, Ark., Churchill commanded his Arkansas Division under General Price, supported Marmaduke's cavalry in opening the battle, and fought with gallantry until the enemy's line was broken.

On March 17, 1865, he was promoted to the rank of major general and was surrendered at Minden, La., with the troops of the Trans-Mississippi Department, at the conclusion of hostilities.

If General Churchill was great in war, he was no less great in peace. Everybody remembers or has heard of the awful nightmare of Reconstruction in Arkansas. During those dark days he was always in the lead, battling for the rights of the people. When the Brooks-Baxter war came up in 1874, he promptly took the side of Baxter and was placed in command of the State troops and rendered valiant service in behalf of good government, not relinquishing his efforts in the least until Baxter was safely restored to his position in the governor's office.

On November 12, 1874, Churchill became State treasurer, and was twice reelected to that position, retiring on January 12, 1881, to take office as governor. He was sworn in as governor on January 13, 1881. His administration was marked by as splendid a record of constructive achievement as can be claimed by any other governor of this State. It was during his administration that provision was made for the construction of the Arkansas Hospital for Nervous Diseases, for the building of the Branch Normal School at Pine Bluff for Negroes, for regulating the practice of medicine and surgery, for the establishment of the Medical Department of the University of Arkansas, for the creation of the State Board of Health, for curbing the wild orgy of railroad promotion and scandalous bond issues in support thereof,

for stabilizing the matter of overdue taxes, and for a sensible and workable policy for control of the iniquitous liquor traffic.

It is peculiarly fitting that we should honor the memory of this illustrious man on this occasion. Ever since the dawn of history men have delighted to erect enduring monuments to the memory of exalted worth. And as we stand here today on the occasion of the thirty-eighth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and observe the rapidly thinning gray line, reflect that certainly this is the last reunion that will ever be held west of the Mississippi River, and probably almost the last that will ever convene anywhere—for the youngest ex-Confederate soldier is past seventy-eight years of age—we, their sons and grandsons, deeply appreciate the honor of paying tribute to one who gave his all to a sacred cause. The example of his life will be an inspiration to us who hold dear the priceless heritage of his valor and his glory. And as in future years we come to this sacred shrine, we shall stand in silence with uncovered head, receive a fresh baptism of patriotic fervor, and go forth determined that no act of ours shall dishonor the memory of our intrepid leader.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground  
His silent tent is spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead."

And now, as Commander of Robert C. Newton Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, I dedicate this boulder to the memory of Thomas J. Churchill, illustrious patriot, distinguished statesman, kindly neighbor, loving husband and father, and loyal friend.

GOVERNOR RECTOR, OF ARKANSAS, TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—"In answer to your requisition for troops from Arkansas to subjugate the Southern States, I have to say that none will be furnished. The demand is only adding insult to injury."



## THE CITY OF PENSACOLA, FLA.

BY MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, GAINESVILLE, FLA.

Pensacola, the third largest city in Florida, county seat of Escambia County, is located in the most northwestern of Florida's sixty-seven counties, in the "panhandle" district. It is located on the "Old Spanish Trail" auto road, which will eventually link St. Augustine with San Diego, Calif., and runs through Florida shaded with ancient trees, live oaks, pines, and citrus. "Its hills suggest the Berkshires in Massachusetts, with winding streams flowing through broad valleys," where cotton, tobacco, and corn plantations yet flourish, and where the Suwanee River flows dreamily along, and visions of the Old South are yet a reality.

Pensacola is a port exceeded only by Jacksonville in importance, and is said to be one of the world's five most beautiful bays. "Germany picked this bay as its future naval base from which its fleets should dominate the Gulf, Caribbean Sea, and Panama Canal. Evidence of this was discovered during the World War, when our Alien Property Custodian at Washington sent William L. Wilson to Panama City to take possession, in the name of the United States, of the mills and property of the German-American Lumber Company."

Pensacola, the natural gateway into Florida from the west, has an equable all-year climate, which has made it a great summer resort for Alabama and Georgia people; this the North is just finding out. It rests at the foothills of the Appalachian Mountain Range, which begins at Town Point, across Pensacola Bay. It has a water front on three sides of corporate limits, giving it an unique setting; Pensacola Bay marks its southern frontage; Bayou Texas, its eastern, while Bayou Chico extends along its western boundary. "Pensacola breathes of Old Spain, glorious France, mighty Britain, of Revolutionary Days, of the Southern Confederacy, and of our great Republic." More than four hundred years is included in Pensacola's colorful history, which was the first settlement of foreigners on this continent.

Pensacola Bay was discovered by the Spaniards under Navarez in 1582, just thirty-six years after Columbus discovered the American Continent. In 1559, De Luna built on the site of Fort Barrancas, the first European settlement within the limits of this continent, calling it Santa Marie, which he abandoned in 1696. Arvilla rebuilt it and called it Pensacola, after a fortified Spanish seaport of the Mediterranean.

By the Treaty of Trieste, Pensacola became English property in 1781, and the British built Fort San Bernado. Primarily because of the first Seminole Indian War, Florida was ceded by Spain to the United States, the transfer taking place in the Plaza Ferdinand, now in the heart of Pensacola's business section. General Jackson was appointed the first territorial governor of Florida, and convened the first Florida legislature at Pensacola in 1822, in the home of Manuel Gonzales.

Pensacola is proud of the fact that it was the home town of Dr. John Gorrie, discoverer, or inventor, of the process for making artificial ice, the father of refrigeration, one of the two Floridians whose names appear in the American Hall of Fame. Pensacola is also the home town of Alvin W. Chapman, the eminent botanist, who wrote his treatise on the "Flora of the South," which was accepted by his profession as a standard work.

"Pensacola is as picturesque and typically Southern in its old section as is New Orleans. Its wide and irregular expanse of bay gives to the city rare and beautiful setting, while

in the distance rises the blue foothills of the Appalachian Mountain Range." One unique thing may be mentioned—it can be called a freak of Mother Nature, her joke—that while Pensacola lies so near the salt sea, yet the city's water supply is so soft and pure that it can be used for motor storage batteries in place of the usual distilled water.

Places of historical interest are as follows: Fort San Carlos, built in 1696.

Fort Redoubt just opposite, built a few years earlier.

Fort Barrancas, now the regimental headquarters of the Fourth Corps Area of the Coast Guard Artillery.

Fort Pickens, entrance to harbor, whose great disappearing guns and mortar batteries, the third largest in the country are well worth seeing.

St. Michael's Cemetery.

Seville Square, on which stands a historic church one hundred years old, which was built on the site of the first church built in America.

Ruins of Leslie Panton's warehouse, built before the Revolution.

Old Fort McRae, now in ruins.

The Old Navy Yard (1828), where is now maintained by our government its largest training station for aviators, with its wonderful Corry's Field for army flyers.

"Pensacola Bay is entirely landlocked, being separated from the Gulf of Mexico by Santa Rosa Island. It has a sufficient depth of water at its mouth to allow the passage of the largest vessels of commerce or war, and, after these ships have entered, there is enough deep water to afford a large number of them wide berth."

Santa Rosa Island is a low, sandy stretch of land, varying from two hundred yards to a mile in width, and extending eastward from the harbor mouth some forty miles.

Fort McRae is located on the Gulf on the west mainland, and the navy yard at the point at the east end where the shore line turns suddenly north. Two miles west of the navy yard may be found Fort Barrancas, situated to sweep the harbor entrance.

Fort Pickens is on the western end of Santa Rosa Island.

The importance of Pensacola Bay was realized at the very beginning of the War between the States, and just so soon as Florida seceded, Lieut. Adam J. Slenmer, Federal commander of Fort Barrancas, in the absence of his captain, John H. Winder, moved his force of eighty-one men—forty-six regulars, thirty ordinary seamen, and five officers—from the navy yard across the bay to Fort Pickens, which commanded the harbor entrance and the other forts.

Maj. Gen. William H. Chase, an officer from the old army, a Massachusetts man and a veteran of the Mexican War, was placed in command by Florida of its troops and Alabama troops, sent to seize all the United States property on the Florida mainland. Fort McRae, Fort Barrancas, and the navy yard were taken by Col. Tennant Lomax, of Alabama, January 12, 1861.

On March 11, 1861, Gen. Braxton Bragg was sent by the Confederate government, of which Florida was then a part, to take command of Confederate forces at Pensacola, and where he continued the work of fortification. By March 31, 1861, General Bragg had here, 1,045 men under his command, which was increased by 5,000 assigned from various States during April. In the Confederate Military History, dealing with operations in Florida, the following statement of Gen. Bragg's force is found: "Provisional forces were called out for the defense of Pensacola Harbor: 1,000 from Georgia;



1,000 from Alabama; 1,000 from Louisiana; 1,500 from Mississippi; 500 from Florida.

General Chase three times demanded from Lieutenant Slenmer the evacuation of Fort Barrancas, which was three times refused. On February 6, the steamer Brooklyn arrived off Fort Pickens with a company of artillery under Capt. Israel Vogdes and enough marines and sailors to raise Slenmer's garrison to four hundred. Because of an armistice then existing between Slenmer and Chase, head of opposing forces, Vogdes did not land his company, although he was ordered to do so by Gen. Winfield Scott, the commander in chief of the Union forces. This was about the time General Bragg assumed command until the night of April 12, after a visit of "pacific nature" by Lieut. John L. Worden, later the commander of the U. S. Monitor. The United States ships of war lying near Fort Pickens and the harbor month did not remain idle during the time "of the armed truce," but all during March maintained a strict blockade against all vessels bringing in provisions and other supplies to the Confederates, thus early the Federal Government technically recognized the Confederate government.

On April 1, 1861, Col. Harvey Brown was designated by the Federal government to take command of all United States troops in Florida and to reënforce and hold Fort Pickens.

At the time of the battle of Santa Rosa Island, the South was justified in believing that Colonel Brown had a garrison of a thousand men on Santa Rosa Island, three hundred being of the 6th New York Volunteers, known as "Billy Wilson's Zouaves," the remaining seven hundred United States Regulars. There were also four men of war near at hand to assist Colonel Brown.

For eight months the Confederate and United States forces lay inactive in their respective positions, each watching the other.

On September 14, 1861, the Federals made the first aggressive movement, sending an expedition under John H. Russell to destroy the armed Confederate schooner Judah, anchored at the navy yard. They succeeded in applying the torch, which resulted in her total destruction, and in retreating were fired upon and lost three killed and eight wounded.

General Bragg, thinking the Federals were preparing to open fire on him, decided to assume the offensive before they did and at the same time avenge the destruction of the Judah.

After a careful reconnoissance of the enemy's position by Capt. W. R. Boggs, Engineer C. S. A., and Lieut. J. E. Slaughter, C. S. Artillery and Inspector General, an attack on Wilson's Camp, the New York Zouaves, was decided upon, and the Confederate expedition, eleven hundred men were placed under the command of Gen. Richard Henry Anderson, of South Carolina, a veteran of the Mexican War, and later a lieutenant general and corps commander in the Confederate army. The main body of his force consisted of three battalions. The First was commanded by Col. James R. Chalmers, of the 9th Mississippi Volunteers, 350 men detached from the 9th, 10th, 11th Mississippi and 1st Alabama Regiments. The 2nd Battalion was commanded by Col. James Patton Anderson, of the 1st Florida Regiment, composed of three companies of the 7th Alabama Volunteers, two companies of Louisiana Infantry, two companies from the 1st Florida Volunteers, four hundred strong. The Third Battalion was commanded by Col. J. K. Jackson, of the 5th

Georgia Regiment, with a detachment from his own command and the Georgia Battalion, numbering in all two hundred and fifty men. Besides these three battalions, there was a detachment of an independent company of fifty-three from the 5th Georgia Regiment, Capt. Homer's Artillery, lightly armed with knives and pistols and carrying material to spike the enemy's cannon and destroy the camp. This detachment was under Lieutenant Hollonquist, formerly of the United States Army, then acting ordnance officer of General Bragg's command with Lieut. L. A. Nelms of the McDuffe Rifles, from Warrenton, Ga., adjutant of the 5th Georgia Regiment. The medical detachment consisted of Dr. Micks, Louisiana Infantry; Dr. Tompkins, of the 5th Georgia Regiment; Dr. Gholson, of the 9th Mississippi Regiment; Dr. Lipscomb, of the 10th Mississippi; Dr. Gamble, of the 1st Florida; with twenty men to assist them.

On the night of October 8, 1861, this force embarked on the steamer *Times* at the navy yard and was taken to Pensacola, arriving there about ten P.M. Here the troops were transferred to the steamer Ewing and barges, which the Ewing and Neaffle towed out, leaving Pensacola at twelve o'clock and reaching Santa Rosa by two o'clock, forming their lines of attack about four miles from Fort Pickens.

Colonel Wilson's camp was completely surprised, and the larger part of its men retreated to Battery Totten. Colonel Brown sent out assistance by Captain Vogdes, but he and a large part of his command were captured by the Confederates.

The general attack on the camp began about four o'clock. Colonel Anderson, in his report, says the object of the expedition was fully and completely accomplished.

This battle was the first to take place on Florida soil between the opposing factions in our great war. General Bragg characterized the battle "as a most daring and successful feat of arms."

One incident of this attack is mentioned in the writings of Sister Esther Carlotta, a Past Florida Division Historian and President: "Two brothers, William and Andrew Denham, boys not yet of age, were among Col. Patton Anderson's Florida men. In the heat of the engagement, Andrew, the elder, saw his brother fall at his feet, with a gunshot wound in the face, but, setting his teeth, he leaped over the fallen form and, with irresistible fury, led his followers against the Federals, scattering them before him and driving them like wind-blown chaff: later, when the two brothers were safely back in Pensacola, the elder said to the younger, with white lips whose quiver was no shame to his manhood: "One of us must go into another regiment; I cannot stand that again."

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"CEASE FIRING."—Some months ago there was a brilliant ceremony in one of the stately historic halls of Paris. There with a setting such as France knows so well how to stage. General Debeney pinned the cross of the Legion of Honor upon the breast of Corporal Sellier, who on that last day of the World War sound on his bugle the command, "Cease firing." Let us here and now summon all our powers of love and faith and will to preach and to promote the gospel of world friendship, and let us all with the earnestness and persuasiveness that we can command to every nation that will hear us, to every rank and order of men sound out the signal, for the sake of humanity and in the name of God, "Cease firing!"—*From the address of the bishops to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Kansas City.*



## THE CRADLE OF TEXAS LIBERTY.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In 1845, things were far from quiet down on the Rio Grande. Few Americans to-day, save those who study Texas history, realize that the Lone Star State came into the Union under entirely a different method from the development of the rest of the United States into a Union. Texas was annexed by her own wish. Texas has been under five flags, a historical distinction no other State can boast; for, first, there was the flag of Spain, with her Christianizing influence expressed by the old Missions that stretch to-day below the city of San Antonio, showing the zeal of Spain to make converts there among the Indians by linking the country with Southern California, where also remains mission life of rare beauty and colossal ideas. It really meant the civilization of the savages along industrial ideas; and, combined with the Church and monastery, also the gardens and farms, necessary to community life, where the presidio, or fort, must needs be sustained against hostile invasion.

The most famous of all the Spanish Missions is the Alamo, a word which means "cotton wood," so named for the trees that grow in this vicinity, where a semitropical climate makes life a luxury. It is said that the early Spanish fathers used asses' milk to make the cement necessary to build these monasteries or "Missions," since sand is soluble in water. The Tjah Mahal of India was built with goat's milk to liquidize the mosaic effect that there has proved the wonder of the world; and so, in America, where Moorish architecture followed in the footsteps of the Inquisitors, asses' milk was utilized, proving a great durability, as the Missions stand to-day with rare windows and long pergola porches which have withstood the gnawing tooth of time.

But the Spanish fathers in Texas were encroached upon by the French, for Galveston was early a retreat for LaFitte, the pirate; so, in course of time, the *fleur-de-lis* of France waved over the prairies; but this ensign was soon to give way to Mexican rule; and then followed the independence of the Texas Empire; and, later, the Stars and Bars—and Texas claims that the last battle of the Confederacy was fought on her soil, since news of Grant's victory was a long while in reaching the land of the rangers and ranchmen. Anyway, Texas has had a colorful history, and the slogan of Davy Crockett, the hero of the Alamo, is still heard in the land, where now the yelp of the coyote is growing remote and also the signs of the prairie dog villages—like the other semblances of original outlines, the long-horned cattle—are disappearing; but the motto of Davy Crockett resounds in this vast country from the Brazos River to the Rio Grande. There are forty-five framed emblems in the various rooms of the *Dallas News* and *Galveston News* Texas' largest papers, emphasizing: "Be sure you are right; then go ahead.—D. Crockett."

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The Alamo was but a handful of whites on the Mexican frontier in 1845. Colonel Bowie (of the famed bowie knife) was in command, while the garrison numbered such men as Bonham, of South Carolina; Travis, of North Carolina; Tapley Holland, and a few other resolute souls, like Evans and Crockett, whose names were destined to ring down the ages for resolute courage and daring such as the world has seldom seen. As the Mexicans under Gen. Santa Anna arrived, a powerful and well-equipped army for those days, the few whites in the garrison of the old church resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. So Bonham carried a message of their distress to Fannin at Goliad, but the help so needed

did not arrive in time. But Davy Crockett did, and, with two other pioneer spirits as daring as his own, helped to encourage the others to make the cost of victory high for Mexico.

The garrison of the Alamo was a motley throng, men whose lives had been adventurous, such as could not be understood in the daylight of present opportunities; but the incrustations of their frailties, like the lichens on a stone, were superficial compared to their rock-bottom worth. Rough-hewn they were, but patriotism is a lapidary that can separate the dirt and quartz and sand, transmuting, like an alchemist, alloy into purest gold. The Alamo was like most of the monasteries, lacking in strength for a regular fortification, for it spread over three acres; but the old church was built of solid masonry, and, though part of the roof had fallen in, the rear end of the building served as a magazine. There were but ten small pieces of artillery to defend this stockade against the attack of the Greasers; and also scant rations, some thirty-five beeves in all, for over two hundred and fifty men, if the siege proved a long one. There were a few women among the number—wives of frontiersmen. Bowie, the commander, lay sick on his cot, so that the active work of directing the fortification fell on Travis—and worthy he proved of the trust bestowed upon his prowess. All hands were busy, cleaning guns, molding bullets, and strengthening the walls—when three motley travelers hove in sight.

A man in a deer-skin suit and a fox-skin cap led the way; and to the challenge, whether friend or foe, his voice yelled out:

"Who be I, stranger? I am that same Davy Crockett, fresh from the backwoods, half horse, half alligator; a little touched with the snapping turtle. I can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, and slide without a scratch down a honeylocust tree. I can whip my weight in wild-cats; and, if anybody chooses, for a ten-dollar bill, he can throw in a cougar. I can hug a bear too close for comfort, and eat any man alive who opposes Texas liberty!"

When this speech, so typical of the backwoodsman of Tennessee, ended, a cheer loud and long rang out on the air—for the fame of Davy Crockett was known throughout the wilderness; so his presence cheered the little garrison within the Alamo.

It did not take Crockett long to become the soldiers' favorite. With words of cheer and comfort, he encouraged all around him; and when his store of good stories ended, for he was full of anecdotes, then Davy would seize the fiddle and play for the men, for he handled the bow with the same passionate love that he used his rifle for tackling a grizzly. And that rifle, lovingly christened his "Betsy," was destined to send many a Greaser to his doom when the brown faces came pouring into the old church.

The Mexicans were planting their batteries to prevent Sam Houston, who was at Little Washington on the Brazos, from reaching the Alamo; and Santa Anna had also fortified the approach from the Gonzales road, thus cutting off all hope of relief. All day shots had been viciously dropping into the old churchyard; and Davy Crockett's "Betsy" had more than once clicked, causing the Mexican gunners to fall by their cannon; yet the siege had already lasted nine days so that Travis knew the slow bombardment now heralded the storming of the Alamo; so, realizing that all hope was lost, he summoned the garrison, to define their position and leave it to the men's American spirit whether they would surrender or die. So he said: "I am not here to command anyone, for heroism is the result of free will." Then, stooping down, he drew with his sword's point a line on the ground, as he



added; "Now is the time given for anyone who wishes to die the death of a hero to cross this line."

With the yell, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead!" Davy Crockett leaped across; and, one by one, all of the little garrison stepped over, while tender hands lifted Bowie's cot across.

Travis shut his mouth grimly, paused a second, then continued: "Your action nerves me to greater courage. We will do and die. Had you preferred to surrender, the Mexicans would have shot you like dogs. As it is, we will make the price of victory high. Let us make the Alamo the altar of Texas freedom. When the Mexicans storm the fort, let us kill them as they come. Kill them as they storm these walls; kill them as they leap within; kill them as they kill us! Then, what matter if our lives be lost, if Texas be baptized into the creed of liberty. Posterity will cherish our sacrifice; and history will chronicle your names high where noble deeds are not forgotten!"

Already the light was breaking in the east—the day long waited for was dawning, for, on the stillness of the morn, floated the blood-thirsty "duquelo," that lone bugle note which meant no quarter; and the sound died away across the Bexar plain with a hopelessness of the immensity of space for the little handful of Americans within the old church of the Alamo, destined to become the cradle now of Texas liberty. Santa Anna was mustering his forces for immediate attack. A cordon of Mexican cavalry at a wide range encircled the Alamo, making it impossible to retreat or receive succor; and, at the same time, warding against the possibility of Santa Anna's foot soldiers running away. A regiment of Mexican infantry advanced at double quick; the guns of the Alamo flashed fire, sweeping them as dry leaves are swept before an autumn wind. The air was filled with bursting shells; the dead lay so thick, the living trod upon them. The Mexican convict recruits had been put in front and paved the way with their dead bodies; but storming the Alamo was no easy task. Now, a brigade of the flower of the army spurt forth for the low walls of the *presidio*, but the shells of the Texans tore them to pieces; and they fell back, a mere remnant, for Santa Anna's ambition was costing the Greasers dear, though his shouts of "Forward! Forward!" tried to encourage the assault. Armed with crow bars, scaling ladders, and firearms, they stormed the walls; yelling and hooting like the roar of wild beasts. "Kill them as they come!" shouted Travis, just as a ball wounded him mortally. He tottered on the rampart, his musket fell from his hand; a Greaser tried to run him through with his saber, but Travis's death cry, "*No rendirse muchachos*, (Don't surrender, boys!)" echoed down to the maddening massacre going on within the court yard as the commander of the Alamo fell—to be enrolled with Leonidas in the list of the mighty dead.

Like a swarm of locusts the brown faces came pouring into the old church. In hand-to-hand combat they fought, using their muskets as clubs. The Americans defended themselves like wild beasts, concentrated contempt shown on their stern countenances as they grappled with the foe. Swart face and stalwart form went down together. Cool and desperate, Bowie awaited them upon his cot like a tiger in his lair.

But still the Mexicans rush in—already the ground is piled with dead men; Bonham has fallen in the fray, and only Davy Crockett is left, like a giant oak battling with the hurricane. One hand clutches his beloved rifle, the other holds his bowie knife, dripping with blood. Santa Anna, thinking the struggle is over, appears upon the scene. The sight of him infuriated Crockett to frenzy. It was the white heat, the flameless, consuming fury of anthracite. With blood spurting from his

forehead, this pioneer who could whip his weight in wild cats sprang at the throat of the dictator. But sixty hands were lifted to beat him off. The Mexicans mutilated his body and spat upon it; but it mattered not, Crockett's soul had gone home to the God of the fearless and free.

The scene in the Alamo was too horrible for words; even the acequias ran with blood; but Santa Anna gloated over it. His sanguinary appetite longed for vengeance; the Texans, being dead, sufficed not, their utter annihilation alone could appease the Mexicans, many of whom were now drunk and, in mad orgy, started a fire which licked up the blood like sacrificial flame. But this funeral pyre was the beacon light of liberty—for "Thermopylae had her messengers of defeat, the Alamo had none!"

## JEB STUART'S TRIBUTE TO HIS HORSE.

[The following comes from Alexander L. Tinsley, of Baltimore, who writes: "As illustrative of the versatility of Gen. Jeb Stuart, the following stanzas to his horse, 'Maryland,' are submitted. They were composed on the spur of the moment, just after one of his famous raids, I understand, and a copy of them was given to me many years ago by my aunt, at whose home in Shepherdstown, W. Va., they were written. She was the widow of Lieut. Col. William F. Lee, of the 33rd Virginia Infantry, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Bull Run, and who had been an old army friend of General Stuart.]

I hear your old familiar neigh,  
Maryland! My Maryland!  
Asking for your corn and hay,  
Maryland! My Maryland!  
But you must wait till break of day,  
And Bob will then your call obey,  
And make you look so sleek and gay,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Upon your proud old back I'll sit,  
Maryland! My Maryland!  
When last night's bivouac I quit,  
Maryland! My Maryland!  
To use my spur I'll not omit,  
And minding ditches not a whit,  
I'll yield to you the willing bit,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

I've seen you rear that noble crest,  
Maryland! My Maryland!  
When battle brings its stirring zest,  
Maryland! My Maryland!  
When duty calls you have no rest,  
But o'er the fields from east to west,  
You yield to every hard behest,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

I feel secure upon your back  
Maryland! My Maryland!  
When danger howls upon your track,  
Maryland! My Maryland!  
You bore me o'er the Potomac,  
You circumvented *Little Mac*,  
O, may I never know your lack,  
Maryland! My Maryland!



THE SIXTEENTH TENNESSEE CAVALRY  
BATTALION, C. S. A.

[From the notebook of the late Col. John R. Neal, commanding Battalion.]

The 16th Tennessee Cavalry was organized in 1861, and consisted of four companies, as follows: Company A, Capt. W. C. Elbin, Roane County; Company B, Capt. John R. Neal, McMinn County; Company C, Capt. W. P. Darwin, Rhea County; Company D, Capt. B. T. Brown, Roane County.

From the time of their organization to October, 1862, they were under the orders of the department commander of East Tennessee, on the outpost as scouts, etc., in Kentucky and East Tennessee. In October, 1862, four of the companies—A, B, C, and D—were ordered to report to Maj. E. W. Rucker, and later two other companies—Company E, Capt. Thomas S. Rumbaugh, of Greene County, and Company F, Capt. M. Staley, of Hawkins County—were assigned to the battalion.

Major Rucker commanded the battalion with credit to himself and the command up to February 23, 1863. At this time the battalion, numbering about seven hundred men, was reorganized with the following field, staff, and company officers:

J. R. Neal, lieutenant colonel; H. W. McElwee, captain and assistant quartermaster; F. J. Paine, major; W. B. L. Reagan, adjutant.

*Company A.*—W. C. Eblin, captain; James Rogers, first lieutenant; Fred Lenoir, second lieutenant; J. C. White, third lieutenant. Eblin, Rogers, and Lenoir, becoming disabled in the campaign in Kentucky, in March, 1863, retired from the service, and T. J. Brown was appointed captain and J. A. Work, lieutenant. Captain Brown and Lieutenant Work, the latter severely wounded at Chickamauga, being disabled, retired from the service, and G. A. Montgomery became captain and was in command of the company at the close of the war.

*Company B.*—R. F. Mastin, captain; W. N. King, first lieutenant; J. T. Vaughn, second lieutenant; J. M. King, third lieutenant. Lieut. W. N. King became disabled and resigned, and B. F. Hudson was appointed lieutenant.

*Company C.*—W. P. Darwin, captain; H. C. Collins, first lieutenant; I. A. Armour, second lieutenant; John Thomasson, third lieutenant. Lieutenant Thomasson was killed September 12, 1863, in battle at Leet's Tanyard, near Chattanooga, and his brother, W. P. Thomasson, was appointed lieutenant to fill the vacancy. Lieutenant Armour was killed in the battle at Fisher's Hill, Va., in 1864. The vacancy was not filled.

*Company D.*—F. M. Murray, captain; Thomas H. Mastin, first lieutenant; ——— Campbell, second lieutenant; James Baine, third lieutenant. Captain Murray was disabled from wounds, having lost his arm, and resigned. Thomas H. Mastin became captain, and was in command of the company at the close of the war.

*Company E.*—Thomas S. Rumbaugh, captain; Thomas Williams, first lieutenant; William Williams, second lieutenant; W. P. Reed, third lieutenant. Captain Rumbaugh was killed in battle, 1864, near Morristown, Tenn., and Thomas Williams became captain.

*Company F.*—Michael Staley, captain; E. Eitson, first lieutenant; D. F. Anderson, second lieutenant; Moses Anderson, third lieutenant.

On the 14th of March, 1863, Pegram's Brigade, to which the 16th Battalion had now been assigned, left the vicinity of Knoxville, for a raid or campaign into Kentucky. The 16th

Battalion bore an honorable part in the several engagements with the enemy on this expedition, recrossing to the south of Cumberland River on the morning of March 31, 1863, having lost thirty-seven men. About the first of June, 1863, the 16th was joined by the 12th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry, under Maj. Joe W. Dally, near Monticello, Ky., and soon after Col. E. W. Rucker was assigned to the command of both battalions, now bearing the name of the First Tennessee Legion.

During the summer's operations on the Cumberland River, Colonel Rucker, by his bold and rapid movements upon the enemy, enthused a spirit of emulation and self-confidence into his officers and men, and gave a prestige to his command that was carried through the war. In July, the command was recalled to East Tennessee to resist the raid of a large body of Federals under Sanders and Byrd. In the latter part of August, 1863, Forrest withdrew our cavalry from Burnside's front to assist in meeting the advance of Rosecrans upon General Bragg's position near Chattanooga. During the battle of Chickamauga and the several cavalry engagements, immediately preceding and subsequent to the general engagements, the Legion sustained its well-earned reputation of "reliable," losing heavily in killed and wounded.

On the 17th of October, 1863, the Legion, commanded by Colonel Neal, in company with the 1st Georgia Cavalry, Colonel Morrison, the 6th Georgia Cavalry, Colonel Hart, the 3rd Confederate Cavalry, Colonel Rice, and detached portions of other commands, all under Colonel Morrison, in conjunction with Dibrell's Brigade, left the right of Bragg's army to attack the enemy under Woolford at Philadelphia, Tenn. After killing and capturing about one thousand of the enemy, and driving the remainder north of the Tennessee River, the command held the line of the Tennessee River until the advance of Longstreet upon Burnside at Knoxville, in November. During Longstreet's campaign in East Tennessee, the 16th Battalion suffered severely, especially on the 2nd of December, when Colonel Neal, with the 16th and detached portions of other commands, was ordered to harass and retard Sherman's advance as much as possible, the command being under fire the entire day. On the 21st of March, 1864, Colonel Rucker was transferred to the Department of Mississippi, and soon after the Legion was assigned to Gen. J. C. Vaughan's Brigade and constituted a part of his brigade during the remainder of the war. In the summer of 1864, the brigade was ordered to the Valley of Virginia. The discipline and self-confidence of the 16th previously acquired carried it with success through Early's terrible campaign, and the same Tennessee battle yell that they had learned in Tennessee and Kentucky was heard amid the rough hills of old Maryland and from the beautiful slopes of the great Valley of Virginia.

The 16th Battalion buried its gallant dead of the battles at Piedmont, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Darksville, Newtown, and Monocacy, and in September, 1864, the brigade was ordered back to East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia, where we were almost in a continuous skirmish or fight with Gillem and Stoneman until the surrender of Lee. After the surrender, the brigade crossed the mountains into North Carolina to join Johnston's army, and after the surrender of Johnston, proceeded to Washington, Ga., and there surrendered.

The history of the 16th Battalion would be the history of the war in East Tennessee, Kentucky, and Southwest Virginia. Its gallant dead lie buried on more than a hundred battle fields, picket posts, and skirmish lines of the war. May they rest in peace! The survivors, some of them with



one arm or one leg, are as good and true citizens of this republic as any that live between the two oceans.

[Col. John R. Neal died March 26, 1889, at Rhea Springs, Tenn., from illness contracted during the war.]

## AN ALL-NIGHT RIDE AND ITS REWARD.

BY H. D. BEALE, IN THE WEEKLY SUN.

The 12th of September, 1863, was a rare autumn day, and the Piedmont region of Virginia presented a lovely appearance, despite the close proximity of contending armies. General Lee, with his Army of Northern Virginia, was camped on the south side of the Rapidan River, with headquarters near Orange Courthouse, with the exception of Stuart's Cavalry Corps, which was picketing the Rappahannock from near its headwaters to its junction with the Rapidan. The Army of the Potomac, under the command of General Meade, was on the north side of the Rappahannock, with his cavalry pickets at every ford of that stream.

When the evening of September 12 set in, there was no expectation in Stuart's command of an advance of the enemy, and, with the exception of the details guarding the fords, the routine of camp life prevailed, and far into the night the usual games of "seven-up" or "poker" were in progress among those inclined that way, while other groups talked of loved ones far away, others engaged in camp songs, while still others sought rest and repose in sleep. Ashby's old cavalry brigade, under the command of Gen. William E. Jones, and with which this writer was connected, was camped on the road leading from Culpeper to Fauquier White Sulphur Springs.

While the night passed without exciting incident, there was a rude awakening in the early morning. Scarcely had daylight dawned when the bugles sounded "Saddle up," and the announcement was made that the enemy had crossed the Rappahannock and was driving our pickets. To an old soldier, it was scarcely necessary to explain that this meant haste and no breakfast, not even an indigestible "slapjack." The brigade was promptly moved toward the river, and soon the firing became distinct, to be succeeded a moment later by a view of the enemy in large force, against which the Confederate pickets were making a gallant but ineffectual stand. Soon artillery on both sides was brought into requisition, and the fight was becoming hot. The superior strength of the enemy was quickly developed, for they flanked the Confederates, making a withdrawal to another position necessary. And thus the stubborn contest against superior numbers raged until the Confederate forces were within one mile of Culpeper Courthouse, when it was ascertained that the Federal forces, which had crossed the Rappahannock at Welford's and Kelly's fords, had pressed General Stuart's command through Culpeper, and were then engaging him a short distance south of the town. This necessitated a westward detour on the part of General Jones, which was successfully accomplished, and the command, without serious loss, effected a junction with the left of Stuart's command a short distance south of Culpeper. Here the struggle was continued, General Stuart skillfully handling his comparatively small force, causing the enemy to proceed with great caution. The Confederate cavalry leader took advantage of every available position presented on the road leading to Orange Courthouse and Rapidan Station, rendering it necessary for the Federal commander to make frequent use of his artillery and dismounted men, despite his superior numbers.

It was perhaps within one hour of sunset, and General

Stuart had been driven to a point about five miles south of Culpeper, when an orderly dashed up to the commanding officer of Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, and delivered an order for Private Beall to report to Col. Thomas B. Massie, commanding the regiment. The order was complied with, when I was directed to report to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, commanding the cavalry corps, whose "headquarters in the saddle" were designated on a commanding eminence about one-half mile distant. General Stuart was always noted for being in the hottest of the fray, and at this time it was plain to be seen that the enemy was making it particularly warm in the immediate neighborhood where the General and his staff were gathered. Their sharpshooters were in plain view, and the shells were getting in some uncomfortably close work. To go direct would have subjected me to a raking fire, so, having an ambition to live a little longer and, perhaps, serve my country in some important civil capacity, I put spurs to my horse, disappeared from view around a convenient hill and soon reined up beside General Stuart and reported ready for duty, but not knowing what that duty was. He treated me as he treated every man, no matter however humble, with the greatest kindness, and after a brief conversation, asked me if I thought I could reach the residence of Col. A, a pronounced Southerner and an intelligent gentleman, about three miles northeast of Culpeper. Being answered in the affirmative, if permitted to select my route, General Stuart directed me to have detailed two men of my own selection as companions, and to proceed to the residence of the gentleman designated and ascertain from him, if possible, what the movement of the enemy meant—whether it was a strong cavalry demonstration or a general advance of the Army of the Potomac. With the promise to do my level best, and to report at the earliest possible hour, I bade General Stuart good day and returned to my regiment in a somewhat roundabout way in order to escape the shells which were now making the air musical, though I did not admire the melody. Reporting to Colonel Massie, I made known the order of the general commanding, and asked the detail of my cousin, Charley Wiltshire, of Company A, whose splendid horsemanship, unsurpassed dash and courage, and genial character commended him above all others of my acquaintance for the work before us. At his suggestion, Private Shepherd, of Company A, was detailed as the third man for the expedition into the enemy's lines.

At this point, I must make a digression, in order to pay a tribute to the memory of Charley Wiltshire. In boyhood we went to the same country school in dear old Jefferson County, and on Saturdays often played or hunted together. In manhood, though separated by distance, our friendship remained unchanged. Later in the war, he was desperately wounded in a charge on the enemy near Moorefield, W. Va., being shot through the thigh. His physicians said amputation was necessary to save life, but Charley said he preferred death to amputation, and successfully resisted the surgeon. The result was that in a short time Charley was again in the saddle, though for months a stout crutch was a necessary accompaniment. Afterwards he was transferred to Mosby's command, where his gallantry soon won him a lieutenancy. In Mosby's history of his command, Charley Wiltshire's name is frequently mentioned in connection with deeds of daring and personal prowess. A few days before Lee's surrender, while passing through Clarke County, he was shot and killed from ambush by a Federal soldier, who would not have dared to engage the dashing young Confederate in open, manly combat. This closed the career of as brave a man as ever drew saber in defense of a cause which he believed



to be right. What became of Shepherd I never learned, never having met him after our all-night ride. He was a man of nerve, and had the reputation of being the most successful "forager" in his command. Whether he survived the casualties of war, I know not.

But to return to our expedition. In a direct line from where the battle was then raging to the residence of Col. A was at least eight miles, but with the presence of the enemy, with its right flank thrown far out to the west, a ride of at least fifteen miles was before us before our destined point could be reached, as it was necessary to describe a half circle in moving. So just before sunset, breakfastless, dinnerless, and supperless, we left the regiment and moved westward toward the Blue Ridge, in order to steer clear of the enemy's right flank. This accomplished, we faced northeast and proceeded at as rapid a pace as possible. As the country roads did not run in the direction we were heading, we took to the fields, which brought us in frequent contact with fences and ditches. But as we were well mounted, these offered but slight impediment, and our progress was rapid. In crossing the road leading to Madison Courthouse, a squadron of the enemy's cavalry was seen but a short distance off in the direction of Culpeper, and, as events proved, they also saw us, for they made a dash at us; but our horses were fleet and we soon gave our pursuers the slip, and, moving a little farther toward the Blue Ridge, resumed our journey northeastward. Just as darkness set in, we passed through an orchard which was made fragrant by the scent of luscious ripe peaches, and to these due attention was paid, all the pockets at command being crammed. But at best this was but a temporary substitute for men who had not eaten anything substantial since the previous day, and who had been in the saddle since daylight, added to which was the chagrin of Confederate retreat.

Crossing the road leading to Sperryville, Rappahannock County, we gained the information that the force General Jones had been fighting all day was the command of Major General Gregg, and that the entire Federal cavalry force was under the command of Maj. Gen. Alfred Pleasanton, Kilpatrick, Buford, and Custer being among the subordinate commanders. The Federal cavalry had been out on the Sperryville road a considerable distance beyond our point of crossing, but late in the afternoon had retired in the direction of Culpeper. Continuing across fields and over fences and ditches, and guided by the friendly moon and stars, as well as conformation of the Blue Ridge, with the various depressions and passes of which we were familiar, we soon struck the Culpeper and Fauquier White Sulphur Springs road, about five miles north of Culpeper, and but a few miles from the camp from which we had been routed in the early morning by the intrusion of "our friends the enemy." Turning our course now toward the town, we cautiously rode until we came within the sound of voices, which proved to be a Federal picket post, although so far in the rear that the men on duty evidently thought they were out of all danger, and not subject to that vigilance which usually prevails on the picket line, particularly in an enemy's country. But these pickets were in no danger from us. We had more serious business. Col. A lived but a few miles from this point, between the White Sulphur Springs road and the road from Culpeper to Welford's Ford. We simply took the back track for a few hundred yards, and then struck for a crossroads which led to the rear of the point of our destination.

It was about midnight when we turned from the road into a cornfield, which allowed us to approach within a short distance of Col. A's residence. Going within a safe distance of

the rear fence of the lawn which surrounded the residence, we dismounted in the cornfield, and it was agreed that I should endeavor to communicate with Col. A, because of my greater familiarity with the surroundings, as I had on more than one occasion foraged around that hospitable home. Stealthily crossing the yard and passing over the rear porch on tiptoe, I almost lost my breath on discovering by the light of the moon a formidable looking dog stretched out on the porch asleep. But it was too late to retreat, so I took chances and gently tapped on the window pane. The watch dog, unfaithful for once, as good fortune would have it, slept on, having perhaps exhausted himself in barking at the Yankees, who had been around the premises all day. But if the dog slept, Col. A's good wife evidently had one eye open, for almost instantly I heard a feminine voice exclaim softly: "There's a Confederate at the window!" A second later a sash went up, and I was confronted by Col. A. My mission from General Stuart was hastily explained, and I was directed to return to cover in the cornfield, to be joined by the Colonel as soon as possible. The further information was vouchsafed that there was a guard at the front of the premises, and a camp but a short distance from the front gate of the lawn. In a few moments we were joined by Colonel A. It did not take long to ascertain what the Federal movement meant; it was a general advance of General Meade's forces. The troops which General Stuart had engaged during the day were all the cavalry forces of the Army of the Potomac, under General Pleasanton, and the second corps of infantry under the command of Gen. G. K. Warren. The latter, a distinguished officer, had halted at Colonel A's for a rest and lunch, and was then in camp but a short distance off. The rest of the army was to follow, which it did in a few days. These facts, with some detail, were committed to paper as an unsigned memorandum, and were quickly transferred to a position between my sock and the sole of my boot for better safety.

Having thus far successfully accomplished the object of our mission, we bade our friend, the Colonel, good night and resumed our all-night ride. In order to make assurance doubly sure, we struck far toward the west before turning southward. For most of the distance the ride was without particular incident, though I was unsaddled at one point in attempting to clear a ditch which was rather too much for my steed. But no bones were broken, and a remount quickly followed. It was a long, tiresome, exhausting night ride, and daylight was faintly streaking the eastern horizon when we reached the road leading from Culpeper toward the Rapidan, about one mile south of the point where we had left the contending hosts in the evening. Our idea was that hostilities had ceased about the time we left, and that we were safely within our own lines. But we missed the figure. After crossing a small stream and beginning the ascent of a steep hill, we were quickly challenged by a sharp, "Who comes there?" from a body of cavalymen, and by advancing ten steps more we were enabled to make them out as the reserve of the Federal pickets. We did not stand on the order of our going, but went at once, our speed being considerably accelerated by a volley from the party that halted us. But their aim was high, and as we were retreating down hill rapidly the leaden messengers passed harmlessly over our heads. Now came another detour to the west, and when the road was struck again we were just between the picket posts of the opposing forces, but a few hundred yards apart. Riding south, the Confederate pickets halted us, but the officer in command, Lieutenant Pendleton, of Clarke County, was an old acquaintance, and he permitted us to proceed to General.



Stuart's headquarters, which were at Rapidan Station, about four miles from the picket post and twelve miles from Culpeper. When we reached the station, Wiltshire and Shephard, tired and hungry, concluded to forage on their company quartermaster, and I proceeded to General Stuart's headquarters, on a small eminence across the railroad from the Taliaferro mansion and commanding a magnificent view on both sides of the beautiful Rapidan Valley. By this time the sun was up, and it was a splendid autumn morning. Riding direct to General Stuart's tent, I dismounted and my horse was given to an orderly to be fed and groomed.

To General Stuart I made verbal report of the success of the expedition, and drew out the written memorandum, which he eagerly perused. After a brief conversation, he had a short consultation with his adjutant general, and in a little while one of his staff rode rapidly off in the direction of Orange Courthouse. Then, turning to me, General Stuart asked if I had eaten my breakfast. When informed that I had been a stranger to solid food for thirty-six hours, he ordered his cook to prepare breakfast for me. That I got away with a "square meal" I need hardly say, particularly to old soldiers who could eat a half dozen meals a day and still vow they "hadn't eaten anything for forty-eight hours." Breakfast over, General Stuart again engaged me in conversation, and was profuse in expressions of thanks for the prompt and satisfactory manner in which our mission in the rear of the enemy had been discharged. Noticing my exhausted appearance, for I had been in the saddle over twenty-four hours, he ordered a robe spread before the fire used for cooking breakfast. I well recollect that the late Rev. Dabney Ball, who was on General Stuart's staff, spread the robe and kindly bade me take a morning snooze. It required no rocking to put me to sleep. With recollection of duty at least faithfully discharged and the approval of the great cavalry captain of the Army of Northern Virginia, I soon dropped into a sleep, both sweet and refreshing, from which I was aroused an hour or two later by the tramp of horses near by, when I saw Gen. Robert E. Lee, the great Confederate chieftain, mounted on his famous iron-gray war horse, in earnest conversation with General Stuart. A moment later General Stuart called me, and I was introduced to General Lee. He questioned me closely, reread the memorandum, looked me squarely in the eye, and then placing his hand on my shoulder said: "Young man, you have done a good night's work. I thank you." This was the proudest day of my life, though I may have felt a little more of a flutter about my heart when a certain black-eyed girl in the "Hill City" finally said "yes" after my importunities of two long years.

When introduced to the great general, I measured six feet even in my stocking feet, but the gracious recognition seemed to augment my stature several inches. Later in the day, when I went to take leave of General Stuart with a view of again reporting to my command, to my great surprise he told me to consider myself permanently detailed for scout service under his direction; that I could go to my company, but need not be subject to company duty, and that Major McClellan, his adjutant general, would take my address and send for me when wanted. This was done, and when General Stuart was killed at Yellow Tavern, I was on scouting duty for him on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, watching the movements of the Federal troops. My associates in that enterprise were Capt. Thomas D. Ranson, later a prominent lawyer of Staunton, Va., and John W. McCleary, a wholesale boot and shoe merchant of Baltimore, both men of approved courage and intelligence.

## RUTLEDGE'S BATTERY OF ARTILLERY.

A recent request for some information on the service of a member of Rutledge's Battery of Tennessee Artillery has brought out an interesting letter written by another member of the battery after it had been sent from Nashville, where it was organized, into East Tennessee, and in this letter is given a list of the commissioned and noncommissioned officers. In Volume 5 of the "Photographic History of the War" there is given a group picture of some of the officers, and with it the statement that these are "the officers of Rutledge's Battery, Company A, 1st Tennessee Light Artillery," the picture being "taken at Watkin's Park, Nashville, in the latter part of May, 1861, just after the battery was mustered in. The cannon for this battery were cast at Brennon's Foundry, Nashville, and consisted of four 6-pounder smooth-bore guns, and two 12-pounder howitzers. During the first year of the war the battery took part in several engagements and two notable battles—Mill Springs, or Fishing Creek, and Shiloh. Because of promotions and heavy losses, the battery was merged, at the expiration of the year for which it had enlisted, with McClung's Battery, and its history after that time is the history of that battery."

But it is the history of Rutledge's Battery in that first year that is now asked for, and there must be some survivors to give an account of its experiences. "Captain Rutledge was promoted to be major of artillery, and assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. Leonidas Polk; First Lieutenant Falconet became a captain in the cavalry service; and Second Lieutenant Cockrill was appointed first lieutenant and assigned to duty in the ordnance department." What became of the other officers and men is not stated, but it is presumed that they gave good account of themselves in the service with McClung's Battery. The inquiry referred to has to do with the service of C. B. Bellsnyder, who is given as one of the noncommissioned officers of the Battery at the time the letter was written, and any information on his further service will be passed on to the inquirer. This is the letter:

"CAMP CUMMINGS, NEAR KNOXVILLE, TENN., August 7, 1861.

"James O. Griffith, Esq.,

"*My Dear Friend:* As our company left the Nashville depot on the morning of the 20th ult., the day preceding that ever memorable Sunday at Manassas, amid the good-bys and blessings of friends, I have not forgotten the hearty grasp of your hand, and the request that I would write, and my promise to do so. I doubt whether I will have a more favorable opportunity than is afforded to-night, though the rain pours down in torrents, filling the ditch around my tent, the water occasionally breaking its bounds, wandering over the floor in search of level places to rest itself, which are rather hard to find on these East Tennessee hillsides. Nothing is better calculated than camp life to develop one's ingenious resources, and cause to be turned to good account things which would elsewhere be passed neglected by. I believe a hypochondriac in our camp would soon be made cheerful. We have none, however.

"George T. has just poked his head out and extended me a polite invitation to swim down and see the sparkling rivulets winding through his tent, upon which the light of his tallow candle sportively plays; now a chorus rises from another tent, led by Lang, the jubal of our camp:

"And now the day is over,  
We'll all sit down in clover;  
No one shall be a rover  
Till morning's twinkling star."



"Blessed patriot boys! Reared under roofs alike impervious to rain, scorching heat, or bitter cold—scarcely ever having a wish ungratified—braving now the storm, and bearing cheerfully the hardships common to camp life, remembering the kindness of those left behind, as rose-tinted shadows in the firmament of the past.

"Our trip hither was not entirely devoid of incidents, though it was of accidents. The treatment we received along the road was of the most pleasing kind. Old men and old women, young men and blooming maidens, greeted us at every depot, and all along the road, throwing bouquets, with inspiring mottoes attached, luscious apples arranged in rows on sticks and strings, and many other delicacies, into the cars as we passed. Flags were presented, blessings invoked, and many things done to evince the strong sympathy they felt for the cause in which we were engaged.

"All this from East Tennesseans surprised us. We had been misled. I saw but one Union flag between Chattanooga and Knoxville, and that was in the hands of some person who stood behind a house. From what I saw then and have seen since, I think the Union strength over here is estimated too highly. General Zollicoffer's proclamation appeared in the *Knoxville Register* this morning, and it has been eagerly sought after to-day. Just the thing; kind, conciliatory, but plain, pointed, and firm. I have heard many whose position and talents entitle their opinion to weight and respect express the belief that General Z. is exactly the man for his position in this portion of the State.

"Some excitement was occasioned in Knoxville and vicinity yesterday by the authentic telegram that the Hon. T. A. R. Nelson had been taken prisoner in Virginia while endeavoring to pass through to Washington. Maynard, you know, is also gone. Last Sunday I attended the Presbyterian Church in Knoxville, of which he was formerly an elder. The minister alluded in his prayer to the rumor which had that morning reached the city, and very devoutly prayed, if it was true, that he might never again pollute the soil of his adopted State, which he is now endeavoring to betray into the hands of her enemies. I did not endeavor to repress a devout amen.

"Our battery is now complete, save a caisson or two, which Captain Rutledge will bring with him from Nashville when he returns. A list of the officers are: Arthur M. Rutledge, captain; E. F. Falconnet, first lieutenant; Mark S. Cockrill, lieutenant; Joseph E. Harris, lieutenant; J. C. Wheeler, lieutenant; George E. Purvis, sergeant major; R. P. Griffith, quartermaster. Sergeants: George W. Trabue, Frank Johnston, H. C. Hallam, J. B. Lang, C. B. Bellsnyder, J. J. Hadley. Guidon, Pillow Humphreys. Bugler, W. J. F. Turner. Gunners—Alfred Smith, Sylvanus Avery, Henry Duffin, John H. Lumsden, Jo Murry, James Nelson. Chiefs of Caisson: Albert Hugley, Harry Martin, William McLe-more, Brad Nichol, Joseph H. Hough, Fred Hadley.

"We have been here two weeks—have a pleasant camp, good water, and an excellent drill ground. The horses are fast becoming accustomed to the firing of cannon, and the gunners have done some target shooting which would have been creditable to more experienced marksmen and made sad havoc among an army of Yankees. The men are well drilled, anxious to see service, and will, I fear not, acquit themselves like Tennesseans when the hour arrives, whether it finds them up here in the mountains of their own State, in Virginia, or elsewhere farther North, wherever they meet their country's foes.

"Our officers received the testimonial of your remembrance, and drank a cordial welcome, a long life, and eminent use-

fulness to the *Union and American*, yourself, and those associated with you. They are all well and in fine spirits. Some of them will write occasionally when anything transpires of interest to you or your readers. We expect to leave this place very soon, and may not encamp where thrilling scenes will be enacted.

"The rain has ceased to fall, except in large drops from the trees; the clouds are being rifted away, giving place to the stars that twinkle as brightly as though they have had their faces washed by the shower, promising bright sunshine and dry tents to-morrow—boons to the soldier. Good-night. Truly, J. E. P-s."

### DREAMS BENEATH THE PINES.

BY WILLIE NORMAN POE.

Beneath some ancient pines I lay,  
Whose slender stems like clustered columns rose  
In wide cathedral isles; while in the distance,  
Shining white in the sun's bright morning rays,  
The pillared porch of a once stately home  
Which, even in its beautiful decay,  
Leaves open wide its hospitable doors,  
As if to welcome home some long-lost traveler.

Long years have passed, and other epochs, other wars,  
Have writ themselves with heavy hand  
Upon the pages of our history.  
Yet there it stands, a monument to that dear cause  
Which still has power to dim the eye, and footsteps pause,  
As near this old deserted home we dream  
Of other days. Then flickering sunbeams seem  
To change the scene as by a magic wand,  
And where an empty casement shows,  
A dainty curtain flutters, and a climbing rose  
Fouches the hair of that fair Southern lass  
Who, leaning from the window, waves farewell  
To those three soldier brothers as they pass  
Forever from her sight away.

And as they go the pine tree's music overhead  
Whispers a prophecy of times to come  
When dreams are done and hopes are dead.

Then once again, with eyes that watch and yearn,  
I see her standing, waiting still for their return,  
While overhead the music of the pines,  
And near the violets and the honeysuckle vines  
Perfume my dreams with odors sweet and rare,  
As sighing, wistful music fills the air.

\* \* \*

O, long, long since in lands of peace,  
Where struggles end and sorrows cease,  
Have they journeyed on together as they journeyed here,  
Spoken sweet words of welcome, words of cheer?

\* \* \*

Only the shafts of sunlight through the trees  
The sound of wind among the clustering pines.

That social lines were observed among the slaves is instanced by the following reply of a slave to her mistress's question as to why her brother had not come to the Christmas dance. "La, Missus, he cyant come here to parties, being hired out where he is to po' white fokes."—*Dixie Book of Days*.



## GEN. BEN McCULLOCH.

(Written by his nephew, the late B. M. Hord, of Nashville, Tenn.)

Ben McCulloch was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., November 11, 1811, of Scotch-Irish ancestry. His father, Maj. Alexander McCulloch, was a veteran of the wars of 1812-15, participating in the battle of New Orleans, and was aid-de-camp to General Coffee in the campaign against the Creek Indians. He moved to West Tennessee when that portion of the State was very sparsely settled and known as the Western District of Tennessee. There were no school facilities, but fortunately Major McCulloch owned an extensive library for that day, of which young Ben was a diligent and retentive reader, but the wild country, the abundance of game, and a close and intimate association with the sons of Davy Crockett, and with the famous Tennessean himself, stimulated a natural love in young McCulloch for woodcraft, hunting, and shooting, qualities in which he excelled and that were valuable to him in after years in his border warfare with the Indians and Mexicans on the Texas frontier and battle fields of Mexico. When Texas was making a fight for her independence of Mexico, the adventurous spirit of young McCulloch, encouraged by his older friend, Col. Davy Crockett, prompted him to cast his fortunes with this little band of patriots. A severe illness prevented his meeting with Crockett in Texas, or doubtless he would have been, with his friend, a member of the heroic garrison massacred in the Alamo. At the battle of San Jacinto General Houston gave him command of a piece of artillery. It was McCulloch's first experience with a gun of this kind (he afterwards became an expert in the use of all kinds of firearms, and as such was sent to Europe by the United States to examine and report upon all the most improved weapons of war); but he fought his little gun at San Jacinto, advancing "hand to front" after every discharge, until within less than a hundred and fifty yards of the Mexican lines, when Houston, at the head of his little army, rushed by him on a charge that routed the Mexicans. "For conspicuous gallantry," General Houston promoted the quiet and modest young Tennessean on the field to first lieutenant of artillery. The battle of San Jacinto established the Republic of Texas, and McCulloch was elected a member of her Congress. After peace was proclaimed, he settled at Gonzales to follow his profession of surveyor, but his time was about evenly divided between surveying and, as captain of a company of Rangers, fighting Indians and Mexicans, who were constantly depredating on the settlers. When hostilities opened between the United States and Mexico he promptly joined, with his company of Rangers, the forces under General Taylor, with whom he served until the close of the war, winning a national reputation as a gallant soldier, and from that sturdy old warrior, General Taylor, the rank of major with the encomium of "a bold, daring, successful scout and desperate fighter," and in his official report of the battle of Buena Vista he says: "The success of the day was largely due to the information furnished by Major McCulloch."

He was a member of the first legislature that assembled in the State of Texas; was appointed by President Pierce marshal of the Eastern District, a position he held for nearly eight years; but when a bill passed Congress in 1855, creating a new cavalry regiment, so brilliant and successful had been his services in the war with Mexico that, notwithstanding he was a civilian, a strong pressure from all parts of the country was brought to bear upon the administration for his appointment as colonel of the regiment. The friends of Gen. Albert

Sidney Johnston were also pressing his claims for the same position. In the life of this great soldier, written by his son, Col. William Preston Johnston, he says: "That gallant and popular partisan leader, Maj. Ben McCulloch, was vehemently pressed for the same appointment (colonel of the 2nd Cavalry), but it was Gen. Johnston's good fortune to have in the Secretary of War (Jefferson Davis) a friend who had known him from boyhood and who esteemed him as high as any man living. . . . McCulloch, not having received the rank of colonel, refused the rank of major tendered him. He had been a gallant and enterprising leader of partisan troops, and deserved well of his country. His nomination for major was a high compliment, as he was the only field officer selected from civil life."

It was indeed a high compliment to McCulloch's ability as a soldier, for this regiment was officered by Albert Sidney Johnston as colonel and R. E. Lee as lieutenant colonel. W. J. Hardee (appointed to the majorship declined by McCulloch) and George H. Thomas were the majors, and from its subordinate officers came more distinguished generals on both sides in the War between the States than any other regiment in the United States army. Mr. Davis, as Secretary of War, and later as President of the Confederacy, was averse to appointing anyone to high military rank in the field who was not a West Pointer or who had not demonstrated his ability to command; but he had, as colonel of a Mississippi regiment, served in the same column with McCulloch under General Taylor in the Mexican War and was familiar with the services he had rendered. On the bloody and hard-fought field of Buena Vista, after victory had been won, he unwound his own sash from his person and tied it on McCulloch in appreciation of the gallant services he had rendered that day. And in evidence of his appreciation of McCulloch's ability, the first commission as brigadier general issued to a civilian in the Confederate States army, and among the first issued to anyone, was to Gen. Ben McCulloch, of Texas. In fact, at the time this commission was issued there were but four officers in the Confederate army, in the field, who ranked him—Gens. A. S. Johnston, Joe Johnston, Beauregard, and Bragg. The commissions of Gens. R. E. Lee and Ben McCulloch as brigadiers bear the same date, May 14, 1861.

Of these distinguished generals, only A. S. Johnston and Ben McCulloch were killed in battle. Both fell early in the war—McCulloch at Elkhorn or Pea Ridge, March 7, 1862; Johnston a month later almost to a day, at Shiloh, April 6, 1862, and both under strikingly like circumstances: both at the flood tide of victory, and the troops of both defeated after they fell; but McCulloch, before he fell, had fought and won, at Wilson's Creek, the most complete and decisive victory over the Federal generals Lyon and Siegel that up to that time had been fought west of the Mississippi.

McCulloch was as magnanimous as he was brave. After declining the rank of major in the 2nd Cavalry, President Pierce appointed him, with Governor Powell, of Kentucky, Peace Commissioner to Utah to settle the troubles then existing between the Mormons and the United States. The 2nd Cavalry, under Col. A. S. Johnston, was sent to support the demands of the Commissioners. After returning from his successful mission a friend of Colonel Johnston's, writing him from Washington, says: "Ben McCulloch told me yesterday that he was rejoiced that you had been appointed, instead of himself, colonel of the regiment, as, from close observation in Utah, he believed you were the best man that could have been sent there." ("Life of A. S. Johnston.")



He was wonderfully magnetic. The assembled convention that passed the ordinance of secession in his State commissioned him to collect as soon as possible a force sufficient to capture the United States garrison at San Antonio. Such was his popularity that within less than three days, at his call, eight hundred men had assembled, and the garrison, under General Twiggs, with all of its ordnance and supplies, surrendered without firing a gun. He shrank almost to timidity from notoriety, never wore a uniform or insignia of rank of any kind, except a star on his hat, but was scrupulously neat in his dress, and when killed had on a suit of black velvet.

Texas, as yet, has failed in honoring the memory of one whose name adds luster to the brightest pages of her glorious history; one who with strong arm and matchless courage helped to hold aloft the wavering lone star flag of an unborn republic; one who stood in the shock of battle from Matamoros to Buena Vista that she might join the sisterhood of States; one who, at her behest, led her gallant sons to victory beneath the battle flag of the Confederacy, and, on the bloody field of Elkhorn, in front of his victorious legions, yielded up the life that he had gallantly risked a hundred times for the honor and glory of Texas. No more deserving or heroic dust rests beneath her historic sod than that of Ben McCulloch, yet no monument marks his resting place save a block of Texas granite, placed there by his nephew, Capt. Ben E. McCulloch, bearing the words: "Brigadier General Ben McCulloch, killed at Elkhorn, Ark., March 7, 1862, aged fifty years. Patriot, soldier, gentleman. He gave his life for Texas."

#### THE FIRST SOLDIERS' HOSPITAL.

BY ANNE WARREN JONES, HISTORIAN BELLINGER PHELAN  
CHAPTER, U. D. C.

When the grim thunders of Manassas rolled through the land and the dogs of war were loosed in their fury, God alone could help the women of the North and South then.

At Montgomery, Ala., the "Cradle of the Confederacy," lived Mrs. Carnot Bellinger, a woman of noble Anglo-Saxon ancestry, so modest yet so consecrated to the cause of her country that she came out from the seclusion of her happy home in 1861 to busy herself with every phase of war work which presented itself. Needles flashed in that Ladies Aid Society at Montgomery where the Southern Confederacy was being formed, and prayers arose and were knit into socks and stitched into gray jackets and comforters. They realized, those women of the sixties, that war meant sickness, wounds, and—death. They talked of these things and endeavored to build bridges ahead of their crossing. This question came to them one morning: "Suppose a sick soldier, a stranger, should come into our town to-day, what would become of him?" Instantly every mother's heart cried out: "Give him to me." "I'll nurse him!" "I'll care for him." "But suppose he had some loathsome disease? What of an operation, and then complications?"

Soldiers must be cared for, and the practical side of the question struck the fine common sense of Mrs. Bellinger, and her busy brain kept time with her busy fingers all that morning at her post as President of the Aid Society. She finished her task at the sewing rooms, thoughtfully entered her carriage and thought the question out as she drove home slowly. She felt this was her problem. When she reached home, her husband noticed her preoccupation and troubled expression, and inquired the cause. Out tumbled her words of confidence to him who had ever been her strength and comfort in time of trouble. Sympathetic and helpful, Dr. Bellinger proved his

belief in his wife's plans "to aid the coming needy and sick soldiers," telling her she was welcome to put her wounded soldiers in the new four-room cottage down the avenue, which had just been finished for her house servants. Mrs. Bellinger knew that these house servants would be eager to help her and the cause. Jupiter and his family were beloved and trusted slaves of the Bellingers, family servants whose welfare was identified with that of their white folks.

Next day at the sewing rooms, Mrs. Bellinger announced to her sister workers that she had secured from her husband a shelter for the sick and wounded defenders of the South who might come to Montgomery, but the hospital must be furnished, maintained, and a nurse and staff of physicians secured. How the tongues and fingers flew that day! Under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society the call was sent out that day through the press, and the offer made for those soldiers who needed care and attention to come to Bellinger Heights, where they would find a home and receive all care and assistance. We find in the printed columns of the *Weekly Advertiser* of June 15, 1861, under the heading,

#### THE LADIES AID SOCIETY.

"Pursuant to resolutions and previous announcement, the Association met at their rooms, Friday, June 14.

"The meeting was largely attended, and much important and interesting business transacted, as the following extract from their proceedings will exhibit; but it is proper here to state, however, that there arises no necessity in these times of trouble that the patriotism of our ladies does not prompt them to meet as far as comes within their particular sphere. Incidents illustrating this are constantly transpiring; sick soldiers may sometime be in our midst, either going to or returning from the seat of war, and our ladies have determined that they shall be properly cared for while in their midst. To carry out this benevolent intention, Mrs. Bellinger generously offered the use of a house containing four rooms for a hospital for sick soldiers. Such a liberal offer as this but reflects the Christian benevolence, humanity, and genuine patriotism of this amiable lady, and many a sick soldier may rise to call her name blessed."

#### EXTRACTS FROM PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY.

"The Committee appointed to examine the house offered by Mrs. Bellinger reported favorably, and by a unanimous vote the use of the house was accepted and the thanks of the Association returned to Mrs. Bellinger. On motion, it was unanimously

"Resolved, That Mrs. Bellinger be released from the Executive Committee of the Association and be elected to the Presidency of the Ladies Hospital for sick soldiers. Carried.

"The following Committees were appointed:

Committee for procuring nurse for hospital, Mrs. F. M. Gilmer, Chairman; Mrs. William Henry Smith, Mrs. D. Henry, Mrs. Harriet Andrews."

This committee selected a Mrs. Walton, a French woman, who was placed in charge of the hospital, where she served most efficiently until her death. She was succeeded by a Miss Anderson.

The Committee for soliciting donations (either money or furniture for hospital): Mrs. William Knox, Sr., Chairman; Mesdames Given, John Baker, Dubose Bibb, Thomas Judge, Reeves, Gerald, P. Masters; Mrs. Morgan, President of the Prattville Association; Mrs. Burch, President of the Fort Deposit Association; John Powell, John Elmore, William L. Yancey, I. Roberts, J. H. Ware, Dabney, William B. Bell,



G. McGehee, William Taylor, W. H. Jackson, B. A. Blakey, M. Micon.

"The following Hebrew ladies will act with the above committee: Mrs. Hausman, Mrs. Weil, Mrs. Leyman, and Mrs. Maas.

"Whereas the physicians of the city have patriotically offered their services to the sick soldiers, the association accepts their services in the hospital; and constitutes them, or any one of them, a committee to determine upon the proper subjects to be received and entered upon the hospital lists."

From the *Montgomery Advertiser*, is found the following information: "A general meeting will be held next Monday morning, the 17th, at the serving rooms at eight o'clock, at which time it is desirable that those who give donations in furniture will be kind enough to have them at the Association rooms. The following articles will be thankfully received: Bedsteads, bedding, comforts, sheets, pillows and cases, chairs, tables, washstands, wash basins, towels, soap, brushes of all kinds, and anything that will contribute to the comfort of sick soldiers."

From another issue of the *Montgomery Advertiser*, is found the following, under head of "Physicians' Meeting":

"At a meeting of the physicians of the city, held on Wednesday evening, June 19, 1861, Dr. William O. Baldwin, presiding, the following preamble and resolutions were offered by Dr. Weatherly and unanimously adopted:

"Whereas the ladies of Montgomery, with a zeal and patriotism worthy of the highest commendation, have made arrangements (June 14) for the establishing of a soldiers' hospital, and have indicated a desire to avail themselves of the services of the medical profession of this city, therefore, be it,

"Resolved: 1. That we, the physicians of this city, do organize a society with a president, vice president, and secretary, for the purpose of rendering said services in an effectual and systematic manner.

"2. That this society shall meet every Monday evening, at which time it shall be the duty of the president to appoint two or more members for the service of the hospital during the ensuing week.

"3. That a committee of three be appointed by the president to lay before the Ladies Aid Society the proceedings of this meeting and to confer with them in regard to such other arrangements as they may propose."

Dr. William O. Baldwin was elected president, J. S. Weatherly, vice president, and Dr. E. Norton, secretary.

The chair appointed Drs. Weatherly and Giudrat as physicians for that week, Drs. Gaston and Duncan, the committee to meet with the ladies, and Drs. Norton and Fowler to confer with the physicians not present relative to their co-operation.

The following list of physicians, while not complete, with their assignments at this meeting, may be of interest:

June 19, 1861—Drs. Weatherly and Giudrat.

June 26, 1861—Drs. Gaston and Morton.

July 5, 1861—Drs. Fowler and Seelye.

July 13, 1861—Drs. Hill and Duncan.

July 19, 1861—Drs. Hill and Duncan.

July 30, 1861—Drs. Oliver and Jackson.

August 5, 1861—Drs. Hannon and A. A. Wilson.

Thus was organized the South's first effort to care for her sick and wounded. Though the first blood of battle was spilled upon Virginia's soil, yet the Old Dominion did not take the first systematized effort in hospital organization.

How busy were the good women of Montgomery, how

eagerly their hands gathered together everything necessary for the comfort of those who represented to them their country's wounds.

At last, there came a poor sick fellow—straggling, suffering, toward his home—a burden on the fighting machine then making ready for Manassas. He reached the rooms of the Ladies Aid Society, and was taken to the Soldiers' Hospital Home at Bellinger Heights. Weeks of suffering followed, and weeks of care given to this soldier, and others who quickly followed. When convalescing this soldier, Glover by name, a Mississippian, wrote home to his mother: "Do not be anxious about me, I am not in a hospital, I am in a Soldiers' Home." The ladies in charge, hearing of this statement, were so delighted over "a dream come true" that they named their shelter, "The Soldiers' Home."

In September, 1861, we find the following description of a "Visit to the Soldiers' Home" by a representative of the *Montgomery Advertiser*:

"The hospital buildings are situated on an elevated and romantic spot of ground, about a quarter of a mile from the central portion of the city, adjoining the residence of Dr. Carnot Bellinger, and overlooks the city and surrounding country. The fields immediately around the houses, are covered with a beautiful growth of grass, interspersed here and there with shade trees, and present to the mind a feeling of relief and hope for the suffering soldiers. But when we add to this a snug cottage residence, with clean beds and floors free from stain or dirt, and see the pains of the soldiers alleviated by the constant attendance of our best physicians, the soothing care of an excellent matron, aided by the kind ladies of the city, it does appear that this is truly a Soldiers' Home to which all may come and be provided with the same care as if they were surrounded by the family physician, mothers, sisters, and brothers.

"This hospital is under the supervision of the Ladies Aid Society, and Mrs. Bellinger, its president, lives near by, ready to lend assistance whenever needed. It should be remembered that this hospital accommodates the soldiers not only of Montgomery, but of Alabama and all other States. Among the devoted women who formed the band of the Soldiers' Home, and served as an officer, was Mrs. Judge Phelan, whose heart, as was Mrs. Bellinger's, agonized over the fate of her sons at the front with Lee, two of whom were killed in battle."

During the war, Dr. Bellinger's health failed, and he was compelled to go to Mobile, Ala. Mrs. Bellinger, of course, went with him, and so the presidency of the Hospital Board passed to "Aunt Sophie Bibb," who remained in charge until the coming of the Yankee army to Montgomery in 1865.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article was contributed for the C. S. M. A. Department, but was too long for that space. The editor, Mrs. Townes R. Leigh, adds the following: The C. S. M. A. of Alabama has an association named for the Bellingers, and two daughters of that line are now active workers in the General C. S. M. A., while an active Chapter U. D. C. is named for "Sophie Bibb," honoring her name and work at Montgomery, the first capital of the Confederacy.]

THE BEST OF IT.—A group of Legionnaires were touring Ireland after the Paris convention. The guide overheard one praising the grandeur of the ancient castle they were approaching and the beautiful grounds they were passing through. "Yes, but wait," he advised. "This isn't the half of it. We're approaching from the rear. Wait till ye see the back of it from the front of it."



*"GEORGIA DAY" IN GEORGIA SCHOOLS.*

BY MRS. KIRBY SMITH ANDERSON, MADISON, GA.

The entire month of February was given over to the celebration in Georgia of the one hundred and ninety-fifth anniversary of the landing of James Edward Oglethorpe at Yamacraw Bluff, on February 12, 1733. Before the month was a day old, the State press was extolling Georgia's past glories, present accomplishments, and future possibilities, and in the history of Georgia there has never before been the whole-hearted expression of loyalty and love and pride as was displayed in the schools in the patriotic and civic organizations, and by the people as a whole.

Nine years ago the Georgia legislature passed a law providing "that the 12th day of February in each year shall be observed in the public schools of the State, under the name of "Georgia Day," and, in part, said: "And it shall be the duty of the State schools annually to conduct on that day exercises in which the pupils shall take part, consisting of written compositions, readings, recitations, addresses, or other exercises, relating to the State and its history and to the lives of distinguished Georgians. When said day falls on Sunday, it shall be observed on the following Monday."

The 12th fell on Sunday this year, so Monday was celebrated as "Georgia Day." Intense study of Georgia history and Georgia resources was featured by the public schools for the month of February. Early in January, Dr. M. T. Duggan, State Superintendent of Education, had literature and pamphlets about Georgia distributed to all the schools.

The Atlanta schools, at the suggestion of Superintendent Willis A. Sutton, used the Georgia motif throughout the work for the month; all the teaching was around the theme of Georgia. In history, politics, civic, and statecraft, a galaxy of heroes and eminent statesmen were studied; in science, literature, music, and art, Georgians were taken. During the month, the radio programs were given by the school department featuring Georgia history. Pilgrimages were made to the shrines of famous Georgians. The entire past history of the State was carefully reviewed.

From this study, each student was to decide how he or she could best develop the forces and products of the great State. Each pupil was required to formulate a creed to govern his or her life in order to make Georgia a still greater and better State.

Books about Georgia were arranged on special shelves in the libraries, and a veritable storehouse of information was available for research work.

All of the educational institutions, patriotic, and civic organizations of the State ably assisted in celebrating Georgia's birthday month.

The Georgia Division, U. D. C., besides special programs by Chapters, sold small Georgia flags, according to their custom, thus making of the occasion "Georgia and Flag Day," the proceeds from the sale of flags to be used for the Helen Plane Educational Fund—that is, for the purpose of assisting young women in securing a college education, and it is open to all who are descendants of Confederate soldiers.

With all of these potent forces focused on the success of the undertaking, is it any wonder that the schools were one hundred per cent in celebrating Georgia's birthday?

On Saturday, the 11th, Alexander Stephens's birthday was the occasion of State-wide interest. The plaster replica of the recently unveiled statue in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., was presented to the State. The presentation exercises at the city auditorium in Atlanta were preceded by a great parade. The wax statue of the "Great Commoner"—

Georgia's illustrious son and the Vice President of the Confederate States of America—now reposes in the State Capitol.

Due to the nation-wide attention given the recent unveiling of the statue of the Great Commoner in Statuary Hall and the State-wide celebration of his birthday, the Essay Chairman of the Georgia Division, U. D. C. selected "Alexander H. Stephens" for the subject for writing essays in the schools of the State in the annual essay contest. While the contest is open to girls and boys of the high schools in Georgia, many Chapters offer prizes to pupils in all the grades that will write essays, and in this way we are anticipating one hundred per cent in writing essays for 1928.

Prizes offered by the Division are eagerly sought by all, as they range from six-weeks campships to gold medals, and the Chapter sending in the greatest number of essays wins the Selden Banner. Each Chapter offers a U. D. C. medal or five dollars in gold for best essay written in the local school.

In the State a lively contest was in progress from January 18 to February 8 to increase the use of Georgia products. Twenty-five dollars was offered for the best menu submitted for a "Georgia Products Dinner." Every loyal Georgian was urged to serve a Georgia Products Dinner on New Year's Day and the first Sunday in every month of the year. The prize dinner menu was so temptingly given that no one could resist testing it out. Here is a poem that brings in the celebration of the day and the use of Georgia products:

## GEORGIA'S BIRTHDAY.

Old Georgia's had a birthday,  
And she's feeling mighty proud  
Of every little candle on her cake;  
And folks all over Georgia  
Are singing strong and loud  
Her praises, till the very forests wake.  
With sweet potato pudding,  
Roasted possum, pumpkin pie,  
And a thousand other things that she can raise.  
Now, honest—what's the logic  
Of her taking second place?  
Here's for Georgia! Long and happy be her days!

So hurry up there, Susie,  
Get the turnips and the beets;  
And Johnnie, you cut off the turkey's head;  
And, Mary, fix the lettuce,  
The tomatoes, and the nuts,  
And bring a dozen apples that are red.  
The celery is crisping,  
The rice is in the mold;  
Jennie, put the pie crust in the pan;  
We'll fix our Products Dinner  
And we'll make Old Georgia proud  
By using things she grows just all we can.

A REUNION AT THE REUNION.—One of the most faithful attendants on the Confederate reunions is Mrs. I. Lewis Clark, of Chattanooga, Tenn., notwithstanding her eighty-four years. And the reunion at Little Rock will ever be a bright spot in her memory, for it was there that she met an old friend, Mrs. N. D. Hawkins, of Washington, D. C., whom she had not seen since their friendship was formed at Abingdon, Va., where the latter was a student at Martha Washington College and Mrs. Clark was a worker in the Church. Mrs. Hawkins attended, fifty-eight years before. A conversation in the lobby of the Hotel Marion at Little Rock led to the recognition, and two hearts were made happy.



## MEMORIES OF GENERAL LEE.

BY DANIEL GRINNAN, RICHMOND, VA.

The following letter, written sixty-one years after the event by an older Confederate soldier to a junior comrade in arms, tells a pleasing anecdote about Gen. Robert E. Lee. Both comrades are living in this city, and the letter was intended to preserve a casual conversation between them. Each is blessed not only with good health, but with an accurate recollection of those stirring times of war. At that time, in the summer of 1864, Col. George Percy Hawes was serving as a courier for Col. Thomas H. Carter, noted for his bravery and his skill as an artillery officer. No guns in the army of Northern Virginia were more efficiently served than Carter's Battery. Colonel Hawes, as a small boy, sixteen years old, had entered the service as a courier for Colonel Carter, who was a kinsman of General Lee, and he became a much-beloved member of the Colonel's military family. Colonel Hawes, now eighty-two years old, gave to the cause that fiery zeal and high courage that was to be expected of him, mere lad that he was. No greater encomium could be pronounced upon him than that he had Colonel Carter's full confidence not only during, but after the war. Major Carter, as a soldier and as a citizen, was made of the finest stuff. At that time in 1864, he was a lieutenant commanding a battery of the Richmond Howitzers, which he had joined in 1859. He served throughout the entire war, and could always be counted on to do all that it was humanly possible for a cool, brave man to do. It was he who fired the heavy gun, June 10, 1861, that opened the battle of Big Bethel, and he can take the map of that battle engraved in this city by Baumgartner, and show on it the very gun of Randolph's Battery that he then fired. Major Carter is one of the few surviving officers of the war who knew General Lee and whom General Lee knew, and at this day he can narrate conversations that he had with General Lee and directions that Lee gave him on the field of battle. Gifted with a fine memory, nothing is more entertaining than to hear him narrate those details of battle which cannot be found in books. For many years, Major Carter has been serving as sergeant of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, beloved and respected by old and young alike.

This is the letter.

"RICHMOND, VA., August 12, 1925.

"*Dear Percy:* I am certain you must think by this time that the subject of our conversation in the Law Library some time ago had passed entirely out of my mind, and I must admit you had good reason for thinking so. The conversation referred to had for its subject the occasions on which, during our connection with the Army of Northern Virginia, we had had the good fortune to observe the appearance and demeanor of Mars Robert, its great commander, both on the march, in bivouac, and in the fierce heat of battle.

"I remember with great vividness seeing you in the summer of 1864, when Gen. L. Hancock came across the James River with the hope of surprising the Confederate forces operating on the north side. Our line extended from the range of hills on which the Libby House was situated eastward toward the Charles City road. The assault upon our lines was so determined that it brought Mars Robert from Petersburg to 'see about it.' He was mounted on 'Traveller,' and rode directly behind the line of the breastworks occupied by the 3rd Company Howitzer Battery, and dismounted at the Libby House, which was a short distance from where the Battery was posted. As the Battery was not

firing at the time, I walked up to the Libby House to get a closer view of 'Mars Robert.' He was standing in the porch with several of his staff about him. You were there as courier for Col. Thomas H. Carter, mounted on your flaxen-manetail-mare, on which I had often seen you dashing across the field with dispatches or orders.

"Around the house just at this time there came waddling one of the fattest little pet dogs I ever saw. 'Mars Robert,' catching sight of the dog, called to you: 'Percy, don't you think he would make good soup?' By this time the skirmishers had opened fire, and I hastened back to my battery and soon commenced firing.

"This is a small incident, but it shows how calm and serene a mind General Lee possessed, when, on the 'perilous edge of battle,' he could engage in such playful remarks to one of his soldiers.

"You had a better opportunity than anyone I know to come into intimate contact with our Great Leader, and to observe on many different occasions the manner in which he bore himself, and if I were of an envious disposition (which I trust I am not), I would envy you the priceless memories you must forever carry in your mind of our Great Captain.

"Your old friend and comrade,

"MAJ. HENRY C. CARTER, *Of the Richmond Howitzers.*"

"To Col. Percy Hawes."

## FELL WITH HIS FLAG.

The following account of the heroic death of a young boy was found among the papers of the late Milton A. Candler, and was put in form for publication by Comptroller General William A. Wright, of Atlanta, from which this is taken:

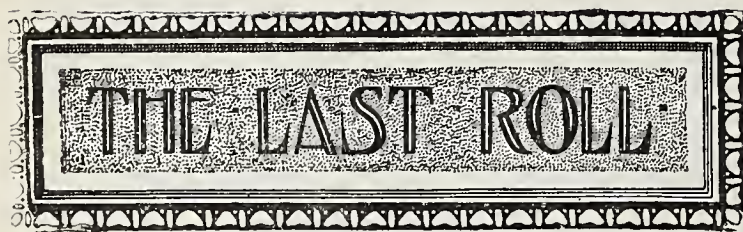
The battle flag of the 44th Georgia Regiment, captured at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va., May 10, 1864, was taken from the color bearer, Thomas J. Dingler, a young Spaulding County farmer boy, possibly twenty-one years of age. He belonged to Company E, 44th Georgia. Late on that May day of 1864, ten selected Yankee regiments were hurled against Doles's Georgia Brigade. They ran over the Confederate line, and for a few minutes held part of the Confederate position. Gordon reinforced Doles and the Yankees were driven back.

Thomas J. Dingler, carrying the flag, was assailed by those of the Yankee line who first came over the Confederate ditch. He fought back a number of them who had surrounded him, all trying to secure his flag, but they plunged their bayonets through him until he fell. But he fought to the very last and clung to his flag. When his body was found after the fight, witnesses state that he had received fourteen bayonet wounds, and he held tightly clutched in each hand fragments of the flag. With these precious fragments of the emblem of Southern rights, this hero was buried in his old gray suit on Spottsylvania's bloody field. No tongue or pen can rightly picture this thrilling scene, the heroic death of a humble Confederate soldier.

(Contributed by Mrs. Lena Felker Lewis, from the historical files of the Agnes Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Decatur, Ga.)

COMPLETELY LOST.—Two men who had traveled were comparing their ideas about foreign cities. "London," said one, "is certainly the foggiest place in the world." "O, no, it's not," said the other. "I've been in a place much foggier than London." "Where was that?" asked his interested friend. "I don't know where it was," replied the second man, "it was so foggy!"—*Youth's Companion.*





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

"In trouble, doubt, and haunting fear  
Of sorrow's starless sea,  
O comrade, if in doubt and gloom,  
God keeps amid the wrecks of doom  
An ark that waits for thee."

#### VIRGINIA COMRADES.

Henry C. Gibson, a gallant member of Company D, Mosby's command, died at Leesburg, Va., on March 23, at the age of eighty-seven years. He was a gentleman as well as soldier, whose comrades always admired him for those virtues which won the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He was a director of the People's National Bank of Leesburg. He was born at Airmount, and was a life-long resident of Loudon County. He is survived by two sons, both of whom are physicians, and a daughter.

Lieut. Frank A. Rahm, of Mosby's command, died at the Lee Camp Confederate Home, of Richmond, Va., on March 20, aged eighty-four years. He was a student at the Episcopal High School of Alexandria, Va., at the outbreak of the War between the States, and left school immediately to join the Richmond Howitzers. Later, when Colonel Mosby organized his command, Comrade Rahm placed a substitute in the Howitzers and enlisted under Mosby, where his intelligence and gallantry soon won for him the rank of lieutenant. The funeral services were conducted at the Home by the rector of Monumental Episcopal Church, and members of Templar Lodge A. F. and A. M. attended the burial, which was in the family section in Hollywood Cemetery.

In addition to the above, I give the name of other members of Mosby's command who have died within the last year, as follows: L. E. Biedler, A. E. Manyett, L. F. Walker.

[Channing M. Smith, Mosby Camp No. 110, U. C. V.]

#### MAJ. JOHN MORGAN MCGEE.

John Morgan McGee, son of James L. and Susan J. McGee, was born January 7, 1838, near Paris, Monroe County, Mo. He joined the Confederate army in August, 1861, and served to the close, surrendering at Van Buren, La., in June, 1865.

He was married to Miss Mollie M. Smith in November, 1870; and to this union a son was born, but lived only a brief while; his wife died in 1874. His second marriage was to Miss Armilda E. Rupard, in October, 1881, and to them were born four sons, his wife and three sons preceding him in death.

Comrade McGee died at Paris, Mo., on April 11, 1928, and was laid to rest in the Pleasant Hill Cemetery, near Paris. Funeral services were held at the Methodist Church, of which he was a devoted member, and the burial rites were in charge of the Masons, of which order he had been a member for many years.

#### MAJ. VICTOR GROSJEAN.

An interesting figure in the life of Louisiana has passed with the death of Maj. Victor Grosjean, at Shreveport, on March 25. He had been identified with the press of North Louisiana for more than a half century, and his pen had been used as an influence for good throughout.

Victor Grosjean was born in New Orleans, April 27, 1844, the son of Victor and Henrietta Nagel Grosjean. He was reared and educated in that city, but the death of his father when he was but thirteen forced him to assist his mother in the responsibilities of the home. But he had a thirst for knowledge, and used his spare time to add to his education. When the war came on young Grosjean enlisted in Company A, Louisiana Guards, April 16, 1861, and this was the second company to leave New Orleans for the fighting area. Later he was with Dreux's Battalion at Pensacola, Fla., and subsequently under General Magruder in Virginia. At the end of his term of enlistment, he rejoined as a member of Fenner's Battery, and was later assigned to the West Feliciana Rifles, under Colonel Allen, who became governor of Louisiana in one of the stormiest periods of its history. From July, 1862, young Grosjean was engaged in every battle of his regiment through the strenuous campaigns in Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, and Mississippi, fighting gallantly to the end. His regiment surrendered to General Canby at Meridian, Miss., May 12, 1865, and he returned home to take up the fight for existence under reconstruction. After a brief experience in business, he entered the newspaper game in New Orleans, but, his health becoming impaired, he located in Shreveport, where he first engaged in farming, then again entered journalism, first being associated with the *Shreveport Standard*. He helped to found the *Caucasian* about 1890, which was established to represent white supremacy, and his pen was always used as a mighty instrument for right and justice and civic good. He was in the crusade against the Louisiana Lottery, and fought as valiantly in the campaign for prohibition in his parish.

Major Grosjean was married in 1872 to Miss Alice S. Tory, of Algiers, La., and after her death in 1926 he sold his newspaper interests and retired on account of impaired health. He is survived by four sons and two daughters.

#### JOHN M. HEIGHE.

John M. Heighe, born in Baltimore, January 29, 1842, died in that city on March 22, 1928, after a long period of failing health, though engaged in his law practice almost to the end.

Comrade Heighe was one of those sons of Maryland who gave their service to the Confederate cause. He went South in September, 1862, and joined Company K, 2nd Virginia Regiment, participating in the battles of Sharpsburg and Antietam, Md. Returning to Virginia, he joined Company A, 1st Maryland Regiment, commanded by Col. Ridgely Brown, and took an active part in the many engagements his command fought in the Shenandoah Valley. When General Lee went into Pennsylvania, Company A, of the 1st Maryland, was detailed and sent to General Ewell as bodyguard and to serve as scouts. After the battle of Gettysburg, they were at Hagerstown, Md., where there was some severe fighting with Federal cavalry, which was between Lee's army and the Potomac River. He also participated in the battle of Winchester, which was hotly contested, and where General Rodes and several other officers were killed.

Comrade Heighe was a gallant soldier, and none was more faithful to the Confederacy. He is survived by his wife and two brothers.

[John T. Ridgely, Sykesville, Md.]



## MARK M. RODEFFER.

Mark Mayberry Rodeffer, Lovettsville, Va., died on Sunday, April 1, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ada V. Stone, of Washington, D. C., after a short illness.

Comrade Rodeffer was born at Woodstock, Va., November 5, 1838. In 1858, he traveled on horseback to Jackson, Miss., where he lived until the outbreak of the War between the States. When Mississippi seceded, he was among those who rallied at once to the cause, for he had already enlisted in the army there before Virginia cast her lot with the South.

He served first under Gen. Braxton Bragg, taking part in the bombardment of Fort Pickens, Fla. Being transferred to the army in Virginia, he served in Stonewall Jackson's "foot cavalry" at the battles of McDowell, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Middletown, Kernstown, Winchester, and Chancellorsville.

At the battle of Culpeper Courthouse, he was twice wounded and sent to the emergency hospital at Staunton, where he recovered from his wounds. Prior to this he had been captured by the Federals, but escaped before being imprisoned.

During the latter part of the war he was a member of Chew's Battery of Artillery, fighting at Gettysburg. This battery was a unit of the celebrated Stuart Horse Artillery, and he served with it until General Lee's surrender.

On February 27, 1868, Comrade Rodeffer married Miss Mary Catherine Souder.

For about ten years after the war, he was a resident of Cedarville, Warren County. In 1877 he moved to "Brookdale," his home near Lovettsville, where he engaged in farming. His wife died in 1915, and of late years he had lived at the homes of his children.

Comrade Rodeffer was ever loyal to the principles for which he had fought in the sixties. As a member of Clinton Hatcher Camp, U. C. V., of Lovettsville, no occasion was complete without his presence; or, if unable to attend, not complete without his manuscript speech.

He is survived by seven children, five daughters, two sons, also twenty grandchildren.

The funeral service was conducted from the Lutheran Church, at Lovettsville, with members of Clinton Hatcher Camp in attendance.

## FRANK M. JONES.

At just a little past the ninetieth milestone, the last call came for Frank M. Jones on April 30, at his home in Palestine, Tex. For many years he had been Commander of the John H. Reagan Camp, No. 44, U. C. V., at Palestine, ever interested in matters of Confederate interest and the welfare of his comrades of war times. He enlisted with the Montgomery Grays, Company G, of the 6th Alabama Regiment, in 1861, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia during the first twelve months of the war. His two brothers, Thaddeus and Silas Jones, were also with this regiment. Later, he reënlisted and joined Waddill's Artillery, with which he served to the end. He was severely wounded in the battle of Baker's Creek.

Comrade Jones was born in Morgan County, Ga., and went to Palestine, over fifty years ago, and was in railroad employment there for many years, retiring after fifty-one years of service.

The burial services were conducted by the Knights of Pythias, with a large attendance of friends and relatives. He is survived by his wife, to whom he was married in Alabama in 1865. No better loved or more widely respected citizen ever lived in Palestine, and his going was widely deplored.

## WILLIAM THOMAS WILSON.

William T. Wilson, a resident of Nashville, Tenn., for the past six years, died at his home in that city on April 19, aged eighty-six years.

Comrade Wilson was born at Beech Grove, Coffee County, Tenn., the son of Thomas Watkins and Nancy McBride Wilson, and it was from that county that he entered the service of the Confederacy, enlisting at the age of nineteen with the 17th Tennessee Infantry. The latter part of his service was with the Army of Northern Virginia. He was always actively interested in matters pertaining to the Confederacy and his surviving comrades in arms. At Tullahoma he was an appreciated member of the Bivouac, and a faithful attendant on the reunions as long as his health permitted.

After the war, young Wilson entered the mercantile business at Murfreesboro, where he was married to Miss Margaret Cunningham. Shortly afterwards, he returned to Beech Grove and was elected circuit court clerk of Coffee County, when he removed to Manchester. He served several terms in this office, and then as county trustee, then took up the study of law and practiced successfully at Tullahoma, where he had also conducted a mercantile business for a short time previously. He served two terms in the Tennessee General Assembly as representative from Coffee County. His health gave way many years ago, necessitating his retirement from practice.

Comrade Wilson was a devout Christian and Church worker since early manhood, and had served the Churches in Tullahoma and Hendersonville as ruling elder, transferring his membership to the First Presbyterian Church at Nashville on taking up residence there. He is survived by his wife, four sons, and a daughter, also by three grandchildren.

## LIEUT. D. Z. GOODLETT.

On the 29th of April, after many months of suffering, the spirit of D. Z. Goodlett passed from its earthly habitation into the land of eternal day. He was born in Calhoun County, Ala., in 1836, and thus had reached the great age of ninety-two years. He was a boyhood friend of the immortal John Pelham, of whom the greatest general of all time said: "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young."

In the early days of 1861, Comrade Goodlett went to Talladega County, Ala., and assisted in organizing the 1st Alabama Infantry. He was elected first lieutenant of Company D, April 1, 1861, and saw active service in the Western Army until the fall of Port Hudson, when, with other officers, he was sent to Johnson's Island, where he suffered terribly with cold and hunger until the close of the war. Returning to Alabama, he was later elected sheriff of Calhoun County; after giving up that office, he was elected tax collector of the county and held that office until he retired voluntarily in 1908, after twenty-four years' tenure.

For many years he was a member of Camp J. B. Martin, U. C. V., of Jacksonville, Ala., and with his going there remains only one member of that Camp. The writer was closely associated with Comrade Goodlett, and can testify that he never knew a finer character. He was a man among men, loved and respected by every one, a man who, perhaps without knowing it, practiced the golden rule. I fear we shall never meet his like again.

Though born and reared in Alexandria, Calhoun County, Comrade Goodlett had lived in Jacksonville for fifty years. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters.

[H. F. Montgomery, Adjutant Camp Pelham, Anniston, Ala.]



LOUIS SUMMERS.

Louis Summers, poet laureate for Camp Winkler, U. C. V., of Corsicana, Tex., died on March 14, 1928, at the home of his daughter Mrs. George Tucker, after an illness of several weeks. He was a Confederate soldier, enlisting in Company H, 8th Georgia Regiment, and served throughout the war. A native of the State of Georgia, born near Atlanta, and possessing all the chivalry, of a true Southern gentleman.

Not only was he a perfect representative of the gallant gentleman of the South, but a real soldier and one who gladly answered the call of his country, making the sacrifice and enduring the hardships of war.

Despite his eighty-five years, his memory was remarkable, enabling him to be the most interesting and entertaining member of the Camp with his readings of his own compositions of prose and poetry, which were always a special delight to his hearers. He was proud of his four years' service in the infantry, and his mind was rich with ideas and beautiful words with which to clothe his war-time experiences.

He was rightly named "Summers" for he was the embodiment of the sunshine and gentle breezes of summer. His nature was kind and sympathetic, always cheerful and optimistic.

Louis Summers had been a resident of Navarro County, Tex., for forty-two years, and had won the respect and admiration of a wide circle of friends.

The South has lost a brave soldier and Camp Winkler a faithful member. He was a welcome visitor to the U. D. C. Chapter of Navarro County, and received great pleasure from attending the annual reunions of Confederate Veterans.

We shall miss him greatly. Now we can only try to emulate those traits of character—to imbibe those principles which contributed to the making of his striking personality.

[Mrs. W. A. Hammetts, Adjutant Camp Winkler, U. C. V.]

CAPT. J. C. HEAD.

One of the most prominent and beloved citizens of Leachville, Miss., was lost to that community in the passing of Capt. J. C. Head, early in April, after a short illness. He was from an old Georgia family, and was born in Americus May 1, 1846. He served the Confederate cause as a member of Company I, 13th Georgia Regiment, and shortly after the war he located in Greenville, Miss., where he was engaged in planting and other enterprises. In 1912, he removed to Blytheville, where he had large cotton interests. Giving up his farming operations in 1920, he went to Leachville, and had been in business there with his grandson, though not actively engaged for some time.

Captain Head was a devoted Christian, a member of the Methodist Church, faithful in attendance and always dependable. He had been a member of the board of stewards for several years, and resolutions passed by the board express their sense of loss in his going, and the whole community feels that his years of residence there made it a better place.

Captain Head died in a Memphis hospital, and his body was taken back to Greenville and laid to rest with the loved ones there. He is survived by two daughters and two sons.

Writing of his old friend, W. A. Everman, of Greenville, says: "Another of General Lee's immortal army has crossed over the river to join the majority of his comrades. I knew him well, and he talked most interestingly of his experiences in the Confederate army. He was only nineteen when the war ended. On one occasion, General Lee said: 'The world has never seen nobler men than those who belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia.' How true."

REV. SEABORN CRUTCHFIELD.

Rev. Seaborn Crutchfield, a lieutenant in Morgan's command, died at his home in Phoenix, Ariz., on June 26, 1927, at the age of ninety years. He was born March 15, 1837, in Monticello, Ky., on the Cumberland River, and he enlisted with John H. Morgan as a member of Company I, 6th Kentucky Cavalry, serving from the beginning to the end of the war, and was advanced to the rank of lieutenant. When Morgan made his wonderful escape from prison after the capture at Buffington Island, Ohio, young Crutchfield was one of the men who also escaped, but was recaptured and held to the end of the war.

Returning to his home in Kentucky, he married Miss Ellen Harris, of that State, and to them were born four children. Two years after his marriage, he took his family to Texas, located on a farm, and studied for the ministry, preaching in that section for fifty years. On account of his wife's health, he moved to San Bernardino, Calif., where she died in 1907. Three years later, he went to Arizona, preaching all over the State, and there was married to Miss Lillian Caldwell, of Greenville, S. C. She died in 1917, and in 1920 he was married to Miss Esther Schroll, a native of Kentucky, then living in Phoenix, and she survives him.

Comrade Crutchfield was a man of fine mentality and wonderfully active almost to the last, driving his car and indulging in his favorite recreations of hunting and fishing. His hip was broken in a bad fall and caused his death two months later. Always cheerful and friendly, he won the love of all with whom he came in contact, and with his going "a brave warrior fell."

WILLIAM T. DAVIS.

On the morning of May 7, W. T. Davis, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of Erwin, Tenn., answered a sudden call and put on immortality. Though in his eighty-seventh year, he was still interested in the affairs of his country and devoted to the memories of his beloved Southland.

"Uncle Bill," as he was known by young and old alike, was born in Washington County, Tenn. (now Unicoi), July 22, 1841. When the War between the States was declared, he enlisted, May 1, 1861, in Company B, 26th Tennessee Infantry; was captured at Fort Donelson, Tenn., and in prison seven months in Indianapolis, Ind.; was exchanged September, 1862. He was in the following battles: Murfreesboro, Elk River, Wartrace, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, in Tennessee; Ringgold, Resaca, New Hope Church, McLemore's Cove, Kenesaw Mountain, in Georgia, and in other battles. Was wounded at Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., June 22, 1864, and was in the hospital at Columbus, Ga., five months; had hospital furlough when General Lee surrendered. He returned to his home near Erwin, Tenn., and on December 31, 1873, he married Miss Sophronia Seaton, of Greene County, to whom were born three daughters and four sons who survive him, with their mother.

Two days before his death, "Uncle Bill" signed twelve papers for the W. T. Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, this Chapter being named in his honor. He was a Presbyterian ruling elder for years, and a few years ago he was elected life elder. He was also a Shriner and Odd Fellow.

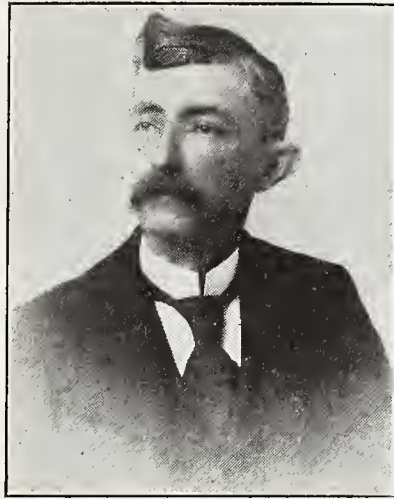
The South has lost a loyal friend, the State an upright citizen, and Erwin a man who stood foursquare to every test that showed forth the man. The Rosalie Brown Chapter will miss him deeply. We say: "Good-by, Uncle Bill. You have left a rich inheritance in the example of a noble life."

[Mrs. Rosalie B. Brown, Honorary President, Rosalie Brown Chapter, U. D. C., Erwin, Tenn.]



## P. A. BLAKEY.

Another true and tried Confederate veteran has crossed over the river and now "rests under the shade of the trees" with the immortal Stonewall Jackson and the great majority of his comrades of 1861-65. Comrade Blakey was born in Perry County, Ala., February 21, 1844. The family moved to Texas in 1856 and settled in Cherokee County, where he grew to manhood. He died at Alto, Cherokee County, Tex., at the home of his niece, Mrs. M. H. Howard, on April 1, 1928. He served in the War between the States in the Trans-Mississippi Department, as a member of Company K, 4th Texas Cavalry, Gen. Tom Green's Brigade.



P. A. BLAKEY

He lived several years of his life at Mount Vernon, Tex., where he was Commander of the Confederate Camp at that place, and he took great interest in keeping his Camp in good shape. He was a frequent contributor to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for many years. He leaves no family, never having married, but in addition to his niece, Mrs. Howard, of Alto, he is survived by one brother at Woodville, Okla., and one at Mount Vernon, Tex. His oldest brother, A. A. Blakey, served with the Texas troops in the Army of Tennessee, and was killed at Spanish Fort, or Fort Blakely, near Mobile, Ala., in March, 1865.

Comrade Blakey was a very moral man, a devoted member of his Church, of the Baptist faith.

Peace to his ashes, and honored be his name.

[J. A. Templeton, Adjutant Camp No. 1555 U. C. V., Jacksonville, Tex.]

## WILLIAM GRIFFITH CARITHERS.

On May 22, 1928, Comrade W. G. Carithers passed away at his home in Athens, Ga., at the age of eighty-two years.

He was born in Walton County, near Monroe, Ga., February 6, 1846, and was quite a young boy at the beginning of the War between the States. He enlisted, however, in the latter part of the conflict, and was in the army most of the last two years, in Company D, 2nd Georgia Cavalry.

He was associated with Gen. Joe Wheeler and General Allen, acting as courier a large part of the time in South Carolina, North Carolina, and was at the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

After the surrender, he returned to his home in Walton County, and then entered school at Martin Institute, Jefferson, Ga.

He married Miss Mary Lutitia Jackson on February 2, 1871. Five children were born of this union, two of their sons having died several years ago. Mr. Carithers is survived by his wife, two daughters, Miss Elizabeth Carithers, Athens, Ga., and Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Cambridge, Mass. She is the founder and former President of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., and Past Corresponding-Secretary General, U. D. C.; also one son, Herschel Carithers, of Athens, Ga., who was sergeant in Company G, 2nd Georgia Infantry, in the Spanish-American War. There are four grandchildren and one great-granddaughter also.

Comrade Carithers was ever loyal to the Confederate cause, and attended the reunions as long as he was able to do so. He served as adjutant of Cobb-Deloney Camp, U. C. V., at Athens, for a number of years.

He was an invalid a long time prior to his passing, being confined to a rolling chair; but he was noted for his cheerful spirit and breathed his last while laughing and talking with a friend, although he had been ill just a week in bed.

He joined the Baptist Church when a young man and was baptized in the Appalachee River near his old home in Walton County, Ga.

He was laid to rest in the picturesque cemetery of Athens, Ga., near the Oconee River, May 23, 1928.

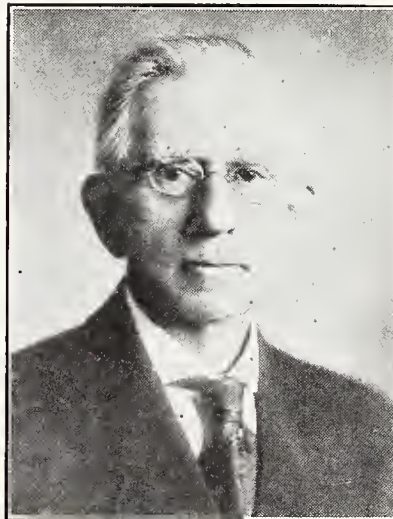
## SOUTH CAROLINA COMRADES.

The following members of James D. Nance Camp, No. 336, U. C. V., of Newberry, S. C., have died since last Memorial Day. George C. Riser, Company E, 3rd Regiment South Carolina Volunteers; R. T. Caldwell, Company A, 4th Battalion South Carolina Volunteers; M. M. Harris, Company E, 3rd Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers; W. H. Sloan, Company F, 14th Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers; W. R. Elmore, Company I, 3rd Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers; H. M. Bowles, Company F, 20th Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers.

[M. M. Buford, Adjutant.]

## GEORGE W. SIRRINE.

In the list of our deceased brothers whose departure we lament, your committee begs to refer with emphasis to the passing of our greatly esteemed Camp Commander, George W. Surrine, a member of Harvey Scouts, C. S. A., who for a number of years discharged the duties of that official position with eminent efficiency and enthusiasm.



GEORGE W. SIRRINE

As a member and competent leader of our Camp, he was ever thoughtful, prompt, and diligent in all the work pertaining to the organization. In the transaction of all business, as well as in all personal relations with his old comrades, he was always courteous and

impartial. Although a very young soldier in the Confederate army, he manifested the spirit of unflinching courage, devotion, and self-sacrifice throughout his military career. His interest in the reunions, both State and general, of the Confederate veterans never waned. He was ready to travel without regard to labor and expense, to render willing service in maintaining and perpetuating the honor of the Southland and the principles of the Southern cause of 1861-65. In view of his high character as a citizen, his zeal as a patriot, his fidelity and usefulness in relation to Camp Pulliam, and his unfailing kindness toward his old comrades whenever possible, we hereby put on record our sincere regard for him personally and our appreciation of his faithful service as Commander of our Camp.

[Committee: R. W. Sanders, Alex McBee, Greeneville, S. C.]



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

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Chatham, Va.

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MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . *Second Vice President General*  
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Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. . . . . *Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. . . . . *Registrar General*  
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MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. . . . . *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. . . . . *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* The sparkle of a dancing river under the blue of a cloudless sky, the strains of martial music, the waving of banners, perfume of countless roses, the gleam of the red and white of the Confederacy—the reunion in Little Rock!

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, as well as for earlier and for belated arrivals, there was for each traveler the cordial clasp of a welcoming hand and the warmth of a friendly smile.

Nothing was left undone which would increase the comfort and welfare of the veterans. Every convenience was provided for them and their health and happiness had been carefully considered.

The President General and the Executive Committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy were most graciously entertained; breakfasts, luncheons, teas, a garden party, receptions, and dinners were given in their honor. A compliment to an official is an honor to each member of an organization, and in the name of the many thousand of women of the U. D. C. we extend the deepest appreciation of the many courtesies extended by the State of Arkansas, the Arkansas Division U. D. C., the Chapters of the organization, the Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Chapters of the United States Daughters of 1812, and by the very many individuals and various committees connected with reception and entertainment of those who count it their greatest honor to bear the name given long since to the Daughter of our honored President of the Southern Confederacy.

It is fitting that the annual reunions should come in the same season with the observance of Memorial Day; that having assisted in making easier and happier the attendance of the veterans, frequently made the going of some possible, having given to these heroes of a "cause" that *lives* a pleasure, whose memory is their greatest happiness, until merged in the joy of anticipating the next reunion. Having done this, we turn to the graves of those who are gone and garland them with the flowers of a reverent Southland.

In Virginia, May 30, is by legislative enactment Memorial Day. It was spent by the President General in Lynchburg as the guest of the Old Dominion Chapter; two Crosses of Military Service were presented by her, at the request of the Chapter, at the conclusion of the very beautiful services; an elaborate luncheon was given in her honor by the Chapter at the Virginian Hotel.

Could those whose resting place in "God's Acre" we have adorned with roses speak to us from realms immortal, we fancy that they would give into our keeping, asking that it be to us a sacred trust, the feeble wife, the devoted sister,

those who should be to us as our mothers of the Confederacy. Are we failing in our trust when we do not give of our substance and fulfill our obligation to the fund that is administered by the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Committee?

Some years ago a resolution was adopted by a convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy by which each Chapter was requested to contribute \$1 annually to this fund; a later convention increased the amount to \$2; this action has not been rescinded.

Pages 231, 232, minutes of Charleston convention carry pledges aggregating \$5,882 for this work, and comparatively few of the pledges have been paid. That the beneficiaries might not suffer from the delay in redeeming the pledges, it has been necessary to borrow from the fund for current expenses. I earnestly commend this to the attention of every member of the organization. Let it not be said of us, they asked us for bread and we gave them a—promise.

Recently an application came to us, and in the space provided for giving means of support, the applicant had written "U. D. C." The dear old lady in her age, poverty, and distress had no other resource except the Chapter in a far Western State and the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund.

*The Mrs. Simon Baruch University Prize.*—The largest single donation that has come to the organization is the gift of \$12,000 of Mr. Bernard Baruch, of New York, in memory of his mother. Through this most generous and munificent gift, the prize bearing Mrs. Baruch's name was established. The first award of this prize was made in 1927. The report of the Committee, Mrs. Arthur Jennings Mif Lynchburg, Va., chairman, pages 149–151, Charleston Minutes, is most interesting.

Mrs. Jennings writes that the Chicago University Press will publish the essay which received second place in the contest.

The second award will be in 1929, and all essays must be in the hands of the chairman not later than May 1 of that year. For all details regarding the competition please communicate with Mrs. Jennings, 2200 Rivermont Avenue, Lynchburg, Va.

June 3, the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the birth of the President of the Confederate States of America, was spent in Alexandria, Va., where a Cross of military service was presented Admiral Richard H. Jackson, U. S. N. This Cross was awarded by the Charleston convention, and the President General was authorized to make the presentation. It would have been presented January 19, 1928, but Admiral Jackson was called away from Washington on official business.



The exercises were held in Lee Camp Hall, Confederate Veterans, where a most impressive address commemorative of President Davis was delivered by the Rev. D. Delaney, of the First Presbyterian Church, Alexandria.

## IN MEMORIAM.

While the Executive Committee was in session in Little Rock, May 7, intelligence of the death of Mrs. John W. Tench, Gainesville, Fla., was received with many expressions of sympathy, and respect and love for Mrs. Tench. Her death occurred May 5. Until the accumulation of years prevented, Mrs. Tench was a regular, an interested, and a most valuable attendant at all conventions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She served most efficiently on many committees, was an outstanding member of the Committee on Rules for Crosses of Honor, was, 1913-1916, the Custodian of Crosses of Honor, and was elected Honorary President 1909 in Houston, Tex., by a unanimous vote, eloquent tributes being paid her by Miss West, Mrs. Raines, and the President General, our beloved Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone. A telegram of sympathy to the Florida Division was sent by the Executive Committee, with a floral expression of our high regard.

*Our Heritage*, the official organ of the Mississippi Division, carries in its May issue a notice of the death, May 15, 1928, of Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, Honorary President, U. D. C. We regret that no earlier notice of this was given us. It is our great desire that the organization be represented officially at the funeral and an expression of sympathy be sent the family of each of these revered women, upon whom we delight to bestow, as the only testimony of our affectionate recognition of service well done, of duty faithfully performed within our power, the distinction of Honorary President.

Mrs. Eggleston was the widow of Capt. John Randolph Eggleston, an officer of the historic Virginia, known before its capture by the Confederates as the Merrimac. She was the first editor of the official organ of Mississippi and gave it the name, *Our Heritage*, and her work as the organizer of many Chapters in the Mississippi Division gave her the distinction of being called the Mother of the Division.

May I ask, in concluding this letter, that each member of the organization take with her on her summer vacation the best wishes of the President General, and may each one return to the first meeting of her Chapter in the autumn with fresh enthusiasm, with greater inspiration, with increased zeal for the work, to which she is pledged by her signature to the application for membership in this organization, which has for its emblem a star, and for its motto, "Pray, Dare, Think, Love, Live."

May you be true to each word, and may the Light of the Star direct us!

Very cordially,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

### "FAINT ECHOES FROM THE REUNION."

*Arkansas.*—I had hoped that some gifted pen would report on the great reunion that added fame to our "Wonder State," but who could handle such a stupendous subject? You drive out to the park and there you find an enthusiastic group of gray-clad soldiers picturing the battle of Shiloh, or Gettysburg, or the taking of Vicksburg. There, another group is absorbed in the oratorical powers of some more gifted than the rest, discoursing on the merits of Al Smith or Herbert Hoover. Again, strains of music attract you and

you find an old-timer pouring out his soul through the strains of "Turkey in the Straw," or "Arkansas Traveler," while his hearers relieve their enthusiasm by tripping the light fantastic toe or "cutting the Pigeon Wing," while the whole atmosphere is a quiver with the martial strains played by the numerous bands that have come from North and South to add to the joy of this festive occasion.

This is but a small part of the wonderful scenes. The gaily bedecked cars with beautiful girls at the wheel are whirling parties of sight-seers to the various points of interest around our lovely city, while the many clubhouses and grounds are alive with gorgeously dressed girls with their gay-clad attendants, viewing the well-kept grounds, or dancing like mad to the inspiring music that thrills you at every turn. Here, hot coffee and sandwiches are served by dignified matrons, who are just as eager to serve as those lovely fairy-like maidens serving ice-cold punch and cakes in flower-decked booths everywhere! The dinings, the banquets, the receptions, and occasions of entertaining fill every hour, but are too numerous to give an account of.

Just ask the blessed old veterans, and I think they will agree that, from the first arrival to the end of the Grand Parade, there was nothing left to wish for!

[Mrs. William Stillwell, Publicity Chairman.]

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*California.*—Confederate Veterans and their friends were entertained at a beautifully appointed luncheon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Brown, of Los Angeles. This was the regular monthly meeting, at which delegates were elected to the U. C. V. reunion at Little Rock, Ark.

Commander S. S. Simmons, of the Pacific Coast Division, U. C. V., spoke most fittingly of the splendid achievements of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the fast-thinning line of Confederate veterans. Other honor guests were Mrs. L. R. Thorpe, Honorary Life President of the California Division; Mrs. Brooks Butler McCall, Acting Vice President of the Division; Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglas, Mrs. Herbert Schick, Mrs. M. L. Stannard, Mrs. James Westpheling, Mrs. Lucile Gibson Pleasants, who sends greetings and a message to her veteran father of Tennessee, by one of the California delegates of the same regiment; Mrs. W. P. Mahood and other Presidents of local Chapters were present; and Mrs. Brown, who, as Past President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, distinguishes herself as a gracious hostess of the old Southland.

The McAdoo Chapter, of which Mrs. Patrick G. Henry is President, entertained the veterans last month with a specially planned program at the Women's University Club House. Many visiting Daughters were special guests at this meeting.

[Mrs. Emma Wilson Whitlock, Chairman Publicity and Subscriptions.]

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*Connecticut.*—On the ninety-fourth anniversary of his birth, the Greenwich Chapter, U. D. C., presented to St. Mary's Parochial School a portrait of Father Abram J. Ryan, the famous poet-priest of the South. The presentation was made by Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President of the local Chapter, and the picture was received by Father Donnelly in behalf of the school. The program consisted of a sketch of Father Ryan's life, readings of his poems, and the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner and Dixie.

Father Ryan, it was shown, was distinguished as an orator, lecturer, musician, essayist, and poet. The following tribute was paid him: "He brought his offerings to the twin altars



of Religion and Patriotism and laid them there humbly and devoutly in the spirit of self-consecration, of loyalty and of adoration."

[From "Channelside," Greenwich, Conn.]

\* \* \*

*Florida.*—The month of April was outstanding in the year's calendar for memorial programs and observance of April 26, Confederate Memorial Day. Chapters throughout Florida exceeded past records in commemorating this date, one of the objects of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The State, by act of the legislature, observes the day by the closing of all banks in Florida and American flags are placed on the streets of the cities. By request of Mrs. Franklin L. Ezell, Division President in her home city, Leesburg, the Confederate battle flag was also displayed from the flag staff in City Park, at the City Hall, under "Old Glory," in loving memory of those who went upon the battle field because of their conviction of duty, honor, and love of home and native land.

Several group meetings have been held in the past months, and a large meeting of the Third Brigade District was held in Tampa, with Tampa Chapter as hostess, Mrs. Mack Hawkins, President.

Mrs. W. S. Gramling, of Miami, Vice President of this District, sent out the invitations jointly with the Hostess Chapter to all Chapters in the Third Brigade.

A feature of the occasion was the address of the Division President, Mrs. Ezell, who spoke of vital issues of the Division interests, and she brought out the expressed loyalty of Florida Division to all decisions of the general organization. Mrs. Lloyd T. Everett, of De Land, is organizing President of the new Chapter there, the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, which gives promise of a very active group of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Florida Division is growing in numbers and strength and all departments are carried forward by the active directors and chairmen.

[Mrs. F. L. Ezell, President.]

\* \* \*

*Kentucky.*—The Fifth District meeting, U. D. C., was held April 28, in Covington.

Miss Anna Fugate, President of the Mrs. Basil Duke Chapter, welcomed the guests, and the response was given by Mrs. John H. Cleland, Custodian of Flags.

Mrs. W. T. Fowler, State President, in an interesting way told of the work that had been accomplished and planned for future growth.

Miss Nannie D. Clark, Second Vice President and Director of the C. of C., reported one new Chapter, the Robert E. Lee Auxiliary to the William Layson Miller Chapter, at Millersburg.

Miss Anna Fugate, President of the Mrs. Basil Duke Chapter, has obtained permission to make an old-fashioned flower garden in Devou Park, in the grounds of the Protestant Children's Home. This Chapter will furnish seeds, bulbs, plants, and plans, while the children are to take care of the garden. Mrs. Charles Furber, Fifth District Chairman of Gardens, and who has a most beautiful garden of her own, will furnish many of the bulbs and plants, some of which will be named as memorials, and the name of the garden will be a memorial. This is a beautiful idea, linking the heroic past with the hopeful future, besides the benefit to the children. Interesting reports were made by committees and Chapters.

The Fourth District meeting was held May 17, at the First Presbyterian Church, Danville. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. J. B. Nichols, Acting President.

Reports of Chapters and committees showed splendid work

accomplished. The district has gone over the top twice in the sale of the book, "Women of the South in War Times." Fifty dollars to the Kentucky Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., was donated by the Division.

Reports from the Boys' and Girls' Division were given at this time. Seven scholarships were reported filled and three open. Information concerning all scholarships may be had by writing to the State Director.

[Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, Publicity Chairman.]

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*Louisiana.*—Louisiana Division is gratified over the marking of historic spots in Louisiana by various Chapters. In Baton Rouge, Joanna Waddill and Henry Watkins Allen Chapters marked the place which first surrendered, now the old State University grounds. This was peacefully done by Major Haskin, of the Union Army, to Governor Moore, of Louisiana, a short while before the State seceded.

Shreveport Chapter is placing Memorials in Fort Humbug; Kate Beard Chapter, in the Battle Park of Mansfield; Camp Moore Chapter, of Tangipahoa, at Camp Moore; T. O. Moore Chapter, of Alexandria, at Forts Randolph and Benlow; and Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of New Orleans, in the Jefferson Davis Memorial Parkway in that city.

Other Chapters are marking graves of Confederate dead, particularly the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Lake Charles.

[Mamie Graham, Editor.]

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*Maryland.*—The semiannual meeting of the Maryland Division met in the old Senate Chamber of the State House in Annapolis. In this room General Washington resigned his commission in the Revolutionary Army. The governor of Maryland greeted and welcomed the Daughters to the State capital. All nine Chapters were represented, and reports of much good work were given. The Division Board has formed the Georgia Bright Relief Fund for needy Confederate Women in Maryland.

A handsome Confederate flag is to be given by the Division as a memorial to Mrs. Giraud Wright, Maryland's first President, U. D. C.

The annual election of officers of Baltimore Chapter No. 8 took place at the meeting on May 10. The monthly meetings, inaugurated by Mrs. Henry J. Berkley, newly elected President, are proving most successful, and the membership is increasing.

Our Division President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, is rejoicing over the fact that her daughter, Mrs. McLean, has presented the Maryland Division with Confederate twins, masculine and feminine gender. We extend our congratulations and hope they will grow up in the society as energetic as their grandmother.

Colonial Day at Annapolis was most enjoyable and a very beautiful affair, the coöperation of all societies and the townspeople being very pronounced. President and Mrs. Coolidge, as well as several governors and high military officials were present. Many of the U. D. C. were costumed in old Colonial gowns and mantles. They also took part in the tableaux at the old residences, and were entertained at St. John's College, the Governor's Mansion, and the old Brice House.

The Bradley T. Johnson Chapter, Mrs. James Westcott, President, gave a most successful card party at the handsome home of the President in Guilford.

The Company A, First Maryland Cavalry, Chapter, of old Ellicott City, sends a report of two well-attended meetings this year. This Chapter is composed of Howard County people, scattered over quite an area. Mrs. John Lawrence Clark is the capable President of this young Chapter.



Many of the Col. William H. Murray Chapter, of Annapolis, Mrs. Elliott Burwell, President, were in evidence on Colonial Day, and reenacted the Revolutionary period both with their old brocades and charming manners.

[Marion Lee Holmes, State Editor.]

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*Massachusetts.*—A notable feature of the annual meeting of the Boston Chapter was the bestowal of the Cross of Service upon Leland Jordan, Jr., United States Navy. In making the presentation, the President, Mrs. Frederick L. Hoffman, explained that this Cross is a military decoration bestowed by the United Daughters of the Confederacy upon men of lineal Confederate descent who served honorably in the active service of the United States army or navy during the World War. Commander Jordan has a distinguished Southern ancestry. His maternal grandfather, Samuel F. Perkins, fought all through the war and served as captain part of the time. Gen. Robert E. Lee was his grandfather's first cousin, and his great-great-grandmother, Leanna Lee, was a sister of "Light Horse Harry" Lee. Commander Jordan has a splendid World War record and for his duty aboard the U. S. S. Little, he received the Navy Cross from the Secretary of the Navy.

Mrs. F. L. Hoffman retiring President, presented a beautiful silk Massachusetts State flag to the Chapter. Mrs. C. B. Taylor is the newly elected President.

Dr. A. W. Littlefield and Dr. N. M. Flynn, our two Massachusetts Confederates, had already given a brass flag stand, and Mr. Nat Poyntz, our Kentucky veteran, had presented a large Confederate flag. At the April meeting, our Florida Confederate veteran, Mr. Edward Clifford Brush, discovering that the Chapter lacked a flag staff, promptly ordered one to be purchased at his expense.

The \$10 prize for the best essay on "What Caused the War between the States," offered by Mrs. Hoffman during her administration, was won by Mrs. James M. Head.

[Alice McNew Wiley, Historian.]

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*Ohio.*—The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Cincinnati, held its May meeting at the home of Mrs. Ben. F. Close. Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, President of the Division reported that permission had been obtained to place a Lee marker on the Dixie Highway in the State of Ohio, site to be selected later.

This Chapter held memorial exercises on "Texas Day," and the program consisted of music, literature, and history of Texas.

[Mrs. L. G. Rice, Editor.]

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*South Carolina.*—During the month of May four very splendid meetings were held and each one of these was really a convention of one day in itself.

The slogan of the addresses of the State President, Miss Marion Salley, Orangeburg, was "Increased Membership." "Get all the members you can, reinstall all you can, and hold to all you can."

Memorial Day, May 10, was one hundred per cent observed, with interesting programs.

Several all-day Chapter meetings were reported, at which picnic dinners were spread, some Chapters not only entertaining veterans locally, but of the entire county.

On Memorial Day, the I. D. Barron Chapter, of Rock Hill, presented twelve Crosses of Service, the Lancaster Chapter eleven, and the Beaufort Chapter, one.

Mrs. John London, Director of Ridge District, is suggesting to Chapters of towns and cities that, as far as possible, all

graves of Confederate veterans in rural cemeteries be marked, for this may prove a way to organize new Chapters, and also to get new members.

There is no better way of investing money than in cash prizes and medals, these being offered in high schools all over the State by Chapters, this being a very splendid channel of preserving the true history of the Confederate period, also of impressing on the minds of the students what is the true history.

These presentations were made publicly at commencement. In the Johnston High School is a large and handsome picture on each side of the auditorium stage, one that wonderful and inspirational picture of our Saviour at twelve years of age, the other of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and the school library holds many pictures of Confederate heroes and celebrities.

[Mrs. Zena Payne, Publicity Director.]

\* \* \*

*Tennessee.*—While on a recent visit to Nashville, our Division President, Mrs. Lowndes Turney, of Chattanooga, was most elaborately entertained by the Gen. W. B. Bate Chapter with a reception which included members of Chapters of

(Continued on page 278.)

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

MRS. JOHN H. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

*U. D. C. Topics for July.*

Confederate Money—Financial Policy.

*C. of C. Program for July.*

Make a study of the city of Pensacola, Fla.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.

### HISTORICAL PAPERS.

*Dear U. D. C. Members:* There are in the hands of the Historian General numbers of excellent papers submitted in the various essay contests. They have been held by her thinking perhaps they could be used to help some Chapter program, where the Chapter was not in close touch with a good library.

There does not seem to be a demand for help of this kind, so these will be returned if the writers will send postage for them. An average paper will require about six cents, unless the writer should want them registered, when the fee would have to be sent also.

These papers would add to any State Historical Evening, all are full of good material, and, in some instances, material from unusual sources.

Many people have more leisure in summer than any other time, and if there are those who would like to compete for the essay prizes, a list may be had upon application to the Historian General.

Cordially,

C. O. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., 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. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*  
7900 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.  
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*  
Montgomery, Ala.  
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
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.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

## INTERESTS OF THE C. S. M. A.

*My Dear Coworkers:* With the summer days upon us, and the varied activities to which we find ourselves committed adjourned for the season, we look forward with eager anticipation to the quiet hours, free from the strain and stress incumbent upon the present-day living. The long summer days give opportunity for thinking and planning for work of next year, and in doing this, may we not largely plan to put forth our best efforts in the Junior Memorials? If an organization exists in the Association, make it the strongest factor of endeavor; if there is no Junior Association, make it the first duty of the fall to get the children together for organization. Vacation days are the best days to bring to the attention of the children and interest them in our work. Call your small meetings a "party," and interest will at once be aroused. A few games and the simplest of refreshments, served informally, will please them most. Tell them a short story of the world's greatest soldier and leader, the "Idol of Dixie," the peerless Robert E. Lee, and if you are yourself interested in the work you will gain the interest of the youthful minds.

The perpetuation of any work depends upon the coming generation, and the glorious history of our Southland, never excelled, must be preserved. In olden days, before the time of the written language, the minstrel told the story of the proud heritage of his people to his children, and they to their children's children, over and over, the same stories repeated until, as the child grew to maturity, the history of his people was a veritable part of his life, so deeply was it enshrined in his mind and heart. Let us follow the example of the minstrel and tell the glorious history until history shall repeat itself; then will come the compensating thought that we have done our bit, and that, in passing through this stage of existence, we have not left a blank memory behind, but have so written the salient facts of our people into the hearts of their descendants that it cannot perish, but will go down the ages.

Are we to sit idly by and have the children of our Southland taught that our cause was not just because it did not succeed, and have Lincoln deified to them, portrayed as the deliverer of his people, saintly in his prayer life, a martyr to the cause which he espoused, a father to his people, and a true factor to the world, while our Christian leaders are painted as usurpers, untrue to the nation, and disloyal to their country?

## MEMORIAL DAY.

The observance of Memorial Day throughout the South holds its place in the hearts of the people as if it were but yesterday that demonstrated the need of caring for the sacred mounds, scattered over hill and plain, of soldiers of immortal memory, whose courage rose with conviction that the cause for which they sacrificed was a just cause. May this token of a people's appreciation ever be enshrined in the hearts of this land, where failure of success left no bitterness, only faith in the decision of the Divine Creator.

Miss Hodgson writes that New Orleans had, as usual, most beautiful exercises, where monuments were wreathed with garlands and the graves heaped with flowers, and above and around all the battle flag lent its note of highest loyalty. Marietta, Ga., celebrated with interesting exercises, and Mrs. Mattie Lyon, President of the Ladies' Memorial Association, also President of the local Chapter, U. D. C., cherishes the history and traditions of the South with a fervor of devotion that never allows opportunity to escape when honor can be bestowed upon those who stand as standard bearers of the cause. From Memphis, Miss Phoebe Frazer writes of most inspiring exercises, despite the steady downpour of rain and the absence of their beloved President and our honored Vice President General, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, whose loyalty and devotion has kept her at the helm of the two organizations, C. S. M. A. and U. D. C. Mrs. Bryan, though unable to attend the exercises, is reported as improving. Mrs. D. D. Geiger, President of the Huntington, W. Va., Ladies' Memorial Association, writes that most interesting exercises were held by their Memorial Association, and plans are afoot to organize a Junior Memorial Association in the near future.

From Mrs. J. J. Yates, State President, of Asheville, N. C., comes a most interesting letter telling of the activities so successful in Asheville; and full of enthusiasm regarding the holding of the next reunion and our C. S. M. A. convention in Charlotte, also pledging her best efforts toward the organization of a Memorial Association there, which would have the honor of being hostess to our convention.

Atlanta, as usual, had a wonderful day. The mile-long parade preceding the exercises at the cemetery passed through thoroughfares packed with a multitude of her populace, who are always interested in this tribute to Southern bravery. Hollins N. Randolph made a most inspiring address, and the base of the Confederate monument, one of the very oldest



in the South, was piled high with beautiful floral designs sent by kindred organizations and friends. Mrs. William A. Wright, Life President, carries out each year the beautiful symbolic custom of decorating each grave of a Confederate veteran with a Confederate flag in addition to the flowers scattered over the graves. Truly, this hallowed custom, so typical of the fervid patriotism of this people, grows dearer and more sacred as the years roll on.

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The many friends of Miss Rutherford, our dear Historian General, will be interested to know that while she continues ill, with some bright, happy days and others filled with suffering, she does not forget the friends, and is always eager for news of them. As the shadows lengthen, may the radiant light on the other shore grow brighter.

Our dear Chaplain General, Giles B. Cooke, sends a loving message of hope and cheer to his many friends. While greatly disappointed that he could not be with us at Little Rock, we join with him in prayers that he may be able to make the journey, nearer his home, to Charlotte next year.

## LITTLE ROCK RESOLUTIONS.

The memory of the charming hospitality and gracious cordiality of the people of Little Rock during the recent reunion lingers like the fragrance of her wonderful roses, and the fact that adequate recognition of our profound gratitude and appreciation failed, through some unforeseen cause, to find full expression through the press of the city has been the source of deepest regret. That the resolution committee, Mrs. D. D. Geiger, Miss Phoebe Frazer, and Mrs. James R. Armstrong, lent their best efforts to adequately express some part of the fullness of our hearts in beautifully written resolutions, which were read before adjournment of the convention, and received with a rising vote of thanks, attests the fact that the resolution committee had performed a loving service in a manner most acceptable to our delegates, and we hope yet to be able to locate and give the publicity so well merited.

All good wishes.

Mrs. A. MCD. WILSON.

Cordially yours,

President General C. S. M. A.

## AT THE LOUISIANA CONFEDERATE HOME.

A real beauty spot is Camp Nichols, the Confederate Home of Louisiana, located in New Orleans, and it gives the comforts of home to the Confederate veterans spending their last years within its confines. Those whose wives are living are made all the happier by having their life companions with them, this having been the rule for a number of years.

Every veteran in the Home has an interesting record because he was a Confederate soldier, but one of these is here mentioned especially. William Henry Pascoe, a striking and familiar occupant of a rolling chair in the infirmary, is sought by all, from Governor Simpson to the most humble of visitors. He is always dressed in a spotless Confederate uniform, and not only his attire, but his general appearance and bright, cheerful countenance attract every one to him. He went to Louisiana in 1866 from Mississippi, Wilkinson County, where he was born, November 18, 1846. He served under General Forrest until the close of the war, and afterwards practiced law until his health gave way. Since entering the Home, Mr. Pascoe has been called the "Poet of the Camp," for he likes to write verse, some of which he presented to his good friends, of the U. D. C., of whom is Mrs. L. U. Babin, of Baton Rouge, President of the Louisiana Division, who is always an interested visitor.

## MRS SARAH DABNEY EGGLESTON: IN MEMORIAM.

(Tribute by Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough given at the Memorial Service of the convention of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., 1928.)

Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, who fell asleep on Sunday, May 15, 1927, in her eighty-ninth year, was for many years beloved Honorary President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Honorary President of the Mississippi Division, holding a like office in the Tennessee Division and the Kirby Smith Chapter, of Sewanee, Tenn.

She was born on November 4, 1838, near Raymond, Miss., at Burleigh, the Mississippi home of her father, Thomas G. S. Dabney, the "Southern Planter" of Mrs. Susan Dabney Smedes' exquisitely told story of rural life in the Old South.

She was married during the War between the States to Capt. John Randolph Eggleston, an officer of the historic iron-clad Virginia (Merrimac). She spent most of her time in her native State until the last few years of her husband's life, when they made their home in Sewanee, Tenn. Although advanced in years, she was ever active in all human interests, and always held a place of honor and affection in her community.

A devoted churchwoman, her foremost activities were devoted to Christian work and to the promotion of Church missions at home and in the world. Richly endowed with intellectual and spiritual gifts, she was a valued contribution to every circle which enjoyed her fellowship.

Her absorbing social interest centered in the history of her beloved South and the stirring war period, the years of her young womanhood. During this time of dire want, her hands were ever ready to do the tasks that fell to them, and she considered her task unfinished if she did not knit a sock a day for the soldiers. When the World War came on, she did her "bit" in every way and again took up her knitting. Although eighty years of age at the time, she knitted seven hundred socks for the English and American soldiers. Her work was so perfect, and so many socks came from this one woman, the secretary of King George sent her a note saying the king thanked her for her good work and appreciated her tireless energy.

When the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., was organized, she at once became an active worker in that cause. Every daughter knows how loyal and devoted she was to this work. She was instrumental in organizing so many Chapters she was given the name of "Mother" of the Division. She was the first editor of *Our Heritage*, the official organ of the Division, and gave it the name it now bears.

In these activities, as in household ministries, Miss Lelia Dabney, her sister, had been her devoted and loving companion through life, and almost in death, for she, too, fell asleep before the flowers had faded on her sister's grave. They were both types of the beautifully cultured life of the olden time.

The Mississippi Division mourns the loss of this faithful member, so highly esteemed for her loyalty to our cause. She has left an example of character, sympathy, and devotion more valuable than spectacular achievement.

The motto of her family was, "Faithful and Grateful," and in all her life's work she was ever true to that motto. Her memory will ever be revered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy as one of its most beloved Southern women of the sixties. We may truly say of her,

"To live in hearts we leave behind,  
Is not to die."



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

EDMOND R. WILES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

MAJ. JERE C. DENNIS, Dadeville. . . . . Alabama  
DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock. . . . . Arkansas  
JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill. . . . . *Central Division*  
ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C. . . . . *District of Columbia and Maryland*  
S. W. FRY, 150 Green Street, Eastern Division, New York, N. Y.  
JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee. . . . . Florida  
DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah. . . . . Georgia  
J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington. . . . . Kentucky  
JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.  
ROBERT E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis. . . . . Missouri  
ALBERT C. ANDERSON, Ripley. . . . . Mississippi  
J. D. PAUL, Washington. . . . . North Carolina  
E. RIDDLE, Oklahoma City. . . . . Oklahoma  
A. D. MARSHALL, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington  
Pacific Division.  
REID ELKINS, Greenville. . . . . South Carolina  
JOHN HALLBERG, Chattanooga. . . . . Tennessee  
E. S. MCCARVER. . . . . Orange  
CHARLES T. NORMAN, Richmond. . . . . Virginia  
DR. ROBERT K. BUFORD, Charleston. . . . . West Virgin a

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## RESOLUTIONS AT LITTLE ROCK REUNION.

### SPECIAL APPRECIATION.

Whereas the good soldiers prefer to fall in the very thick of battle, and history calls such a soldier courageous to a superlative degree; but the finest type of courage and the noblest sacrifice is that of the soldier who, far from the battle front, toils and endures that future generations may see in its original simplicity the glorious tradition of its ancestors. In our own ranks we have many such noble heroes, but none so deserving and so truly noble as Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief of the organization. Whereas Major Ewing has sacrificed money, time, and his health in the tedious and long-drawn-out battle in connection with the acquisition of the Manassas Battle Field Park. We are reliably informed that Major Ewing is now desperately ill, and may continue so for a long period of time, said illness brought about largely because of the forgetfulness of self in his winning fight in order that the sacred spot upon which the Confederate soldiers won undying fame might be passed on for the pleasure and education of future generations; therefore be it

*Resolved:* 1. That the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, express to Major Ewing, in so far as mere written words can do, their sincere thanks and appreciation for the great work in what he has accomplished in preserving the Manassas Battle Field to posterity.

2. In order that Major Ewing may have the satisfaction of knowing that each delegate present sends a personal message, it is requested that each delegate sign his name to this resolution, and that the original be sent to Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Ballston, Va., and a copy be given to the Associated Press.

### LIGHT HORSE HARRY LEE.

The ancestors of George Washington and Robert E. Lee were neighbors in Westmoreland County, Va., which historic section is redolent with their memories. The father of Robert E. Lee, "Light Horse Harry," was one of Washington's favorite generals in the Revolutionary War, and was serving in Congress when Washington died; he was one of America's most polished orators, and Congress selected him

to pronounce the funeral oration at the Washington Memorial Exercises in 1799. It was on this notable occasion that he coined the phrase, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," which epitaph then and ever since expressed the universal estimate of the Father of our Country.

There was a strain of George Washington's blood in the Lee family, traceable in the clearly connected lineage in England; moreover, Mrs. Robert E. Lee, the wife of the idol of the Confederacy, was the great-granddaughter of Martha Washington. At the close of the War between the States, General Lee became President of Washington College, an institution which was endowed by George Washington, and it was while custodian of this trust, which George Washington had bequeathed to the American people, that Lee's spirit winged its flight to join the ranks of other immortals and "so sepulchered, in such pomp doth lie, that kings for such a tomb might wish to die."

Thus there is a definite line of consanguinity and close intertwining of careers between these two exalted characters, linked by blood, allied by ties of marriage, and inseparably united in the Valhalla of great figures, whose fame is a precious heritage and whose illustrious achievements and stainless character forever will exalt our nation and glorify our annals.

It is, therefore, peculiarly fitting that we who revere the memory of Robert E. Lee and hold in sacred homage the hallowed fame of George Washington, should declare our earnest indorsement of the projected celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Washington; therefore be it

*Resolved,* That New York Camp, No. 985, Sons of Confederate Veterans, give its unqualified indorsement and tender its ardent support to the Bicentenary Washington Commission created by act of Congress to prepare plans and a program signaling the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Washington;

*Be it further resolved,* That these resolutions be engrossed and be formally presented for ratification and concurrent action by the convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at its annual meeting at Little Rock, Ark., in May, 1928.



## SEYMOUR STEWART.

Whereas in the course of human affairs men are moved to service and public work through many and conflicting motives. This has been true of this great, patriotic, and historic organization. Many brilliant and worthy Sons of the South have served as leaders of this organization, but none of these has served with greater zeal or a more exalted sense of duty than the late Seymour Stewart, Past Commander in Chief. No one connected with the organization ever had less of selfish ambition and personal interest in the life-long devotion he gave to the Sons of Confederate Veterans; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, go on record in this testimonial to the late Seymour Stewart, because we have lost a comrade, a friend, and a sincere Southern patriot. His precious memory should be preserved and handed down along with the glorious tradition of the greatest army the world ever knew.

## LEE HIGHWAY.

Whereas in convention assembled, at Richmond, Va., in 1922, the United Confederate Veterans adopted the idea of building a Transcontinental Highway to the memory of Robert E. Lee, and at the same time approved of the work that had been done in laying out and in naming the Transcontinental Highway for Gen. Robert E. Lee, traversing the States of New York, Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California; and, whereas the said highway has been and is being under construction to hard surface, and, from all reliable information at hand, it will be completed within less than two years, so that the interstate and transcontinental traveler can pass over it the entire year; and whereas the Memphis Camp of the Confederate Veterans passed a resolution in the early part of 1928, in which knowledge was taken of the numbering of the interstate and transcontinental highways jointly by the United States and State governments, which was and will obscure, if not entirely obliterate, the name and thereby defeat the purposes for which the said highway was originally organized; and whereas said resolution was sent as a memorial to the annual convention and reunion in Little Rock, which is now in session, with every assurance that it will be passed; therefore be it

*Resolved*: 1. That we, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in conjunction with the Daughters of the Confederacy, accept this responsibility with great pleasure, at the same time assuring the Confederate soldiers that we will look after the marking and beautifying of this highway, so as to ever keep alive and fresh before the public the name of the great hero for whom it was named,

2. That we appreciate the statement made in the Memphis memorial that numbering of the interstate and transcontinental highways may destroy the name Robert E. Lee and for that reason, as well as our love for his great name and matchless labors, we consider it our duty as Sons and Daughters to use our best endeavor to keep it alive.

## MERIT OF WORK BASIS OF REPRESENTATION.

*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed by this convention to determine whether or not some system of recognition, based upon merit for work actually done, be adopted for future basis of proportionate representation of various Camps, and to report such recommendations as said committee may deem fit to our next annual reunion.

## RESOLUTION OF APPRECIATION.

Whereas Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States of America, in expressing his regrets at being unable to accept an invitation extended him by the United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Confederate Veterans to attend the sessions of the thirty-eighth annual reunion, held in Little Rock, Ark., May 8-11, 1928, portrayed a most wonderful and magnanimous attitude toward the South, and especially toward the fast-fading lines of those who wore the gray; and whereas the attitude of the United States Congress in making an appropriation to defray the expense in sending the United States Marine Band officially to us on this occasion, without a single dissenting vote and without objection, so beautifully reflects the altruistic spirit that dominates the nation's thoughts and demonstrates to the world that we as a nation stand one and inseparable under the "Star Spangled Banner" for a united democracy of the people, by the people, and for the people that shall not perish from the earth; therefore be it

*Resolved*, that the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, in the War Memorial Building in the City of Little Rock, Ark., express our unanimous and heartiest appreciation:

1. To President Coolidge for his most gracious letter in reply to invitations both from the Veterans and the Sons to be the guest of the United Confederate Veterans and allied organizations now in convention assembled.

2. To Congress for its action in sending to us the United States Marine Band to further cheer, comfort, and make happy the scattered remnants of the Southern armies.

3. To Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Senator T. H. Caraway, and to each Congressman from Arkansas, singly and collectively, for their splendid work in securing the passage of this bill through Congress.

## LOUISIANA PENSION BILL.

Representative S. O. Shattuck, Calcasieu, is loudly praised because his Confederate bill, providing for back payment to the Confederate veterans of Louisiana was passed without a single negative vote. His plea for the Confederate veterans and their widows stated that it was a just obligation the State owed her former soldiers. The bill provides reimbursement of \$210 back pensions to Confederate veterans and their widows.

Representative Tandy T. Webb, Ouachita, was a co-author of the measure.

## "A TROPHY OF WAR."

The following letter, sent to the Historian General, U. D. C., Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Louisville, Ky., has been referred to the VETERAN for publication in the hope that the original owner of the book referred to, or some connections of the family, may see the notice and get in communication with the writer. The letter says:

"I have a volume of Cowper's and Thompson's poetical works which was taken to Vermont some time during 1861-65. On the fly leaf is written: 'Mrs. Carolina M. Barton, from her affect. Brother, Sam C. Marne,' and also the name, 'Joseph M. Barton, Shady Oak, February 29, 1860.' If there are any members of this family still living, I would be only too glad to send the volume 'home.' I thought perhaps your records might give some clue to the owners. Very truly yours, Mrs. J. C. Fortiner, Brawley, Calif., Box 113, Route C."



## U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 273)

neighboring towns, and she was also complimented by many other lovely courtesies. She visited the Home for Confederate Veterans, where thirty-one of our brave soldiers are happily and contentedly spending their remaining years.

The three Chattanooga Chapters—Gen. A. P. Stewart, Gen. Frances M. Walker, and James H. Hagan—served breakfast and lunch to the veterans en route home from the reunion at Little Rock, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans entertained them with drives over the battle fields and Lookout Mountain.

Our Division President was entertained recently at luncheon by the Sam Davis Home Chapter, of Smyrna, at the home of the boy hero, Sam Davis, which has been purchased by the State and will be kept as a shrine to the illustrious lad; and it will be of wide interest to the public concerned in historic research and incidents and relics of the War between the States. The State is now building a road nearly three miles long to connect with the Dixie Highway, and thus the home will be accessible to tourists.

A bill has been passed by Congress for a National Park at Fort Donelson; also one at Stone's River near Murfreesboro.

Four District Conferences have been held during the past year. At Collierville, with the Second Vice President, Mrs. B. M. Cowan, presiding; at Murfreesboro, Mrs. C. W. Underwood, First Vice President, presiding; and at Johnson City with Mrs. Eugene Monday, presiding.

[Maymie Nixon, Publicity Chairman.]

\* \* \*

*Virginia.*—Increased activity prevails among the Chapters in Virginia Division, reports showing that they are working with renewed enthusiasm.

Mrs. William Allen Roberts, who assumed the office of President this year, is endeavoring to make this the best and the fullest year of all in the history of the Division. Her first official act was attendance upon the exercises incident to the returning of the Confederate flag which floated over the capitol in Richmond while that city was the capital of the Confederacy, and which was hauled down by the Federal army when it entered the city following the evacuation. During her stay there, Mrs. Roberts was the guest of her cousin, Hon. Harry Flood Byrd, governor of Virginia.

News comes from the William R. Terry Chapter, at Bedford, of the purchase of one hundred and twenty Confederate flags of correct design, which will be used for decorations on Memorial Day and other occasions. While many of the Chapters own a large number of flags, this is perhaps the largest order for those of correct design that has yet been given.

Roanoke Chapter, William Watts Chapter, of Roanoke, and Southern Cross Chapter, at Salem, are making plans for the erection of a marker on the Highway between Roanoke and Salem.

Mary Custis Lee Chapter, at Lexington, is giving an entertainment which depicts the founding and establishing of the Jackson hospital and the first operation performed within its walls.

This hospital is the building occupied by General and Mrs. Jackson when they lived in Lexington, and which has been preserved by the Mary Custis Lee Chapter as a memorial to them.

Suffolk Chapter recently held a tag day for the benefit of the Lee Chapel and Mausoleum Fund.

District meetings have been held throughout the Division.  
[Anne V. Mann, Editor.]

## BOOKS WANTED FOR LIBRARIES.

Writing of her work as Chairman of Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries, Miss Elizabeth Hanna says:

"Some time ago the Librarian of the American Library in Paris wrote me that while they had quite a collection of historical works on the South, they needed more representative works of fiction and more of the works of our best poets. I should like to supply that need. In addition to the works of Lanier, Timrod, Ryan, and Hayne, I want the poems of Dr. Ticknor, Samuel Minturn Peck, Howard Weeden, Margaret Junkin Preston, and others of the same or earlier period. And I want some of Gayarre's works, as 'Creoles of History' and 'Romance,' and anything by William Gilmore Simms.

"It is astonishing how much there is of beautiful poetry and interesting fiction in the literature of the South, especially the literature of earlier days, about which we Southern people know so little."

Copies of books in this list she would like to place in our home and foreign libraries. For home libraries—

Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General. By his son, Dr. W. M. Polk.

"Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist. His Letters and Speeches. By Dr. Dunbar Rowland.

The Peaceable Americans, 1860-61. By Dr. Mary Scrugham.

The Destruction of Columbia, S. C. A valuable pamphlet. By Mrs. Parman, President Wade Hampton Chapter, U. D. C.

Jefferson Davis, His Life and Personality. By Gen. Morris Schaff.

Causes That Led to the War between the States. By Dr. J. O. McGehee.

Recent books very desirable for both home and foreign libraries are:

The Real Lincoln, last edition, containing much new and important data.

Horton's History of the Great Civil War. Third and latest edition, revised by Miss Mary D. Carter and Lloyd T. Everett.

Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Jacquelin Ambler Caskie.

Jefferson and Hamilton. By Claude G. Bowers.

## ARE YOU PROUD OF YOUR HERITAGE?

Was your ancestor in the War between the States in any capacity—soldier, sailor, cabinet officer, senator, congressman, postmaster, or judicial? Was he promoted for gallantry or on the Honor Roll of the Confederacy?

If you wish to know, I am in position to find out, and if located, can certify to same, giving reference that cannot be refuted.

If interested, write to me for terms, etc.

John C. Stiles (lieutenant colonel National Guard, State of Georgia, retired), Brunswick, Ga.

## LECTURES ON THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

From Rev. Frank F. Whilden, 509 Duke Avenue, Columbia, S. C.:

"Being one of a small number still living of those who witnessed the burning of Columbia, February 17, 1865, it is my desire to tell my story of that fearful night for the truth of history, especially to high-school pupils, history classes, and U. D. C. Chapters. I make no set charge, but ask for my expenses, and will accept any amount offered me for my work. Correspondence solicited."



**A CRY THAT HAS ECHOED  
THROUGH THE AGES.**

The cry of the leper—outcast, unclean! A soul-wracking, melancholy cry that has resounded in the halls of time since Egypt was young and the pyramids were but a dream.

"If thou wilt thou canst make us clean," pleaded the lepers when the Man of Galilee walked among them nearly 2,000 years ago. And in his great compassion he laid his hands upon them and gave them comfort.

But even in this advanced age the agonized cry of the leper is raised, unheard, lost on the winds of the sea and stifled by the loneliness of far-off islands where millions of lepers this very hour are living a walking, breathing death. Actually, millions there are—men, women, and helpless little children who never should feel the hand of leprosy. Thousands of these are under the American flag in the world's greatest colony at Culion in the Philippines.

And yet, these exiled and forgotten millions are suffering and dying needlessly. It is astounding but true that leprosy is curable. In five years more than 1,000 of the milder cases have been cured at Culion, and the patients returned to their homes. Now, only money is needed to provide increased personnel and equipment at Culion so that a perfected cure may be given to the lepers of the world. This was

Leonard Wood's dream and it was he who asked the American people for help, just before his death.

"If thou wilt thou canst make us clean." Yes, the same old prayer, but this time it is addressed not to the Man of Galilee but to you. You can help rid the world of leprosy—stamp it out for all time—by simply sending your check to aid the heroic men and women who have buried themselves among the lepers and are devoting their lives to this great task.

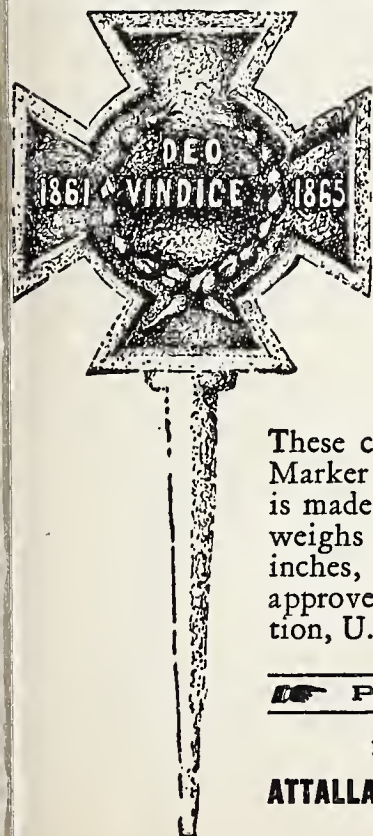
Interesting information on this subject may be obtained by writing the National Chairman, Gen. James G. Harbord, or, better still, send your check to the National Treasurer, General Samuel McRoberts.

Address all communications to Leonard Wood Memorial, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

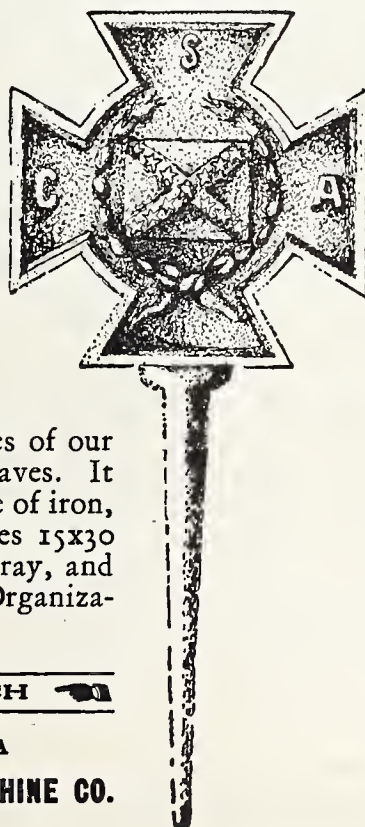
L. B. Duke, of Benton, La., asks for any information on the service of Bonner Duke, who enlisted from Georgia, but he does not know what command.

GRANDDAUGHTER (being lectured).—"I seem to have heard that the girls of your period 'set their caps' at men."

DISAPPROVING GRANDMOTHER.—"But not their kneecaps."



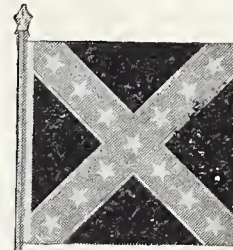
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**FOREWORD by DR. H. J. ECKENRODE, Historian**

The author was a participant in many of these battles and has verified the account by the military records of both armies. He does not include the Peninsular Campaign, however. He explains the scientific construction of General Lee's breastworks at Mine Run, just before the Wilderness Campaign, which is said by military critics to be the finest field construction for defense that was ever used, and was the origin of the system of trench warfare which enabled the Allies in France to hold back the Germans and save Paris.

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**205 Church Street**

Alfred Sweeney, Tuscumbia, Ala., is trying to get a much-needed pension, and wishes to hear from any comrades who can testify to his service in the Confederate army. He enlisted at Fayetteville, Tenn., and belonged to Childs's Company, 22nd Tennessee, Nixon's Brigade; was mustered out after the battle of Franklin. He is now eighty-two years old.



## THE THREE GENERALS



THIS HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING OF "THE THREE GENERALS" has been advanced in price to \$10.00, but the VETERAN can still furnish it for a limited time at the old price of \$7.50. It is a splendid example of grouping, and the likenesses are excellent. This picture is most appropriate for presentation to schools, libraries, as well as for the home. It is 18x22 inches in size. Order from the VETERAN.



# Confederate Veteran.

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28

VOL. XXXVI.

AUGUST, 1928

NO. 8



**"THE LITTLE GENERAL."**

Robert E. Lee IV, who unveiled the statue of his great-grandfather at Stone Mountain, is here shown in the Confederate uniform which he wears as a member of the staff of Mayor Walker, of New York City. He is a manly little fellow of five years. (See page 298.)





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Mrs. M. A. Barnett, 707 North Robinson Street, Oklahoma City, Okla., wishes to hear from anyone who served with her husband, William Barnett, in Company G, 32nd Tennessee Regiment, or who knew of his service. He enlisted at Franklin, Tenn., in the fall of 1861, and was captured at Fort Donelson, and in prison six months at Camp Morton, Indianapolis; was exchanged at Vicksburg in September, 1862, and later served in General Buckner's Division. Any information will be appreciated.

Mrs. Lizzie Smith, Caldwell, Tex., is trying to find some one who knew of the service of her husband, James Rhett Smith, as a Confederate soldier. He was born in Alabama, and enlisted at Selma, Ala., at the beginning of the war, and served through the whole period, losing an arm at the battle of Seven Pines.

Miss N. W. Sevier, of Savannah, Tenn., writes of a poor widow in that community who has some Confederate money she would like to sell, and anyone interested is asked to write her about it.

Mrs. Newt Reynolds, of the Wayside Home Chapter, U. D. C., at Millen, Ga., has this to say of the VETERAN: "Our Chapter subscribes to the VETERAN, and we find it a great help in our work, especially so since some of the official program material is published each month."

Robert Warren, Hondo, Calif., inquires for any survivors of the old 28th Tennessee Cavalry, Col. Jordan Hayes. He served in Company C, under Capt. John P. Henley, and later the captain was named Sanders. I am from Pelham, Grundy County, Tenn., and in the army was known as "Brad" Warren. Would be glad to hear from any survivors of my old regiment.

J. A. Templeton writes from Jacksonville, Tex.: "I shall always remember the historic old city of Nashville, as it was there that I came so near to losing my life in the falling of the stairway in the Zollicoffer Barracks (Maxwell House) in 1863, causing the death of a number of Confederate prisoners held there. Would like to hear from any survivor. Am now in my eighty-fourth year."

Alfred Swiney (Sweeney), of Tusculumbia, Ala., is trying to get a much-needed pension; he is now eighty-two years old. He served in Childs's company of Colonel Nixon's Brigade, 22nd Tennessee, enlisting at Fayetteville; was mustered out just after the battle of Franklin. He asks that any comrade who can testify to his service will please write to him.

WANTED.—Copies of the VETERAN for January and February, 1893. Good price will be paid. Address T. S. Clay, Camp 756 U. C. V., 120 Jones Street, Savannah, Ga.

## HERE IS THE NIGHT.

What though the day was full of weariness,  
With many a jarring sound and fretful sight,  
Here is the night.  
Whatever went before here is an hour  
Of pure, clear dark, with peace on wood and hill;  
And every flower folded honey-cool,  
Brimful of starlight, and the winds all still.  
The day went hard, and with to-morrow's light  
May come new care; but by the tender grace  
Of God's good thought there falls a little space  
Of dusk and dew and dreams—  
Here is this night.

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

WHERE IS THIS MONUMENT?—A letter comes from Charles S. Weller, of Mitchell, S. D., about a monument somewhere in the South which made a deep impression on him, but he cannot remember where it was. It was the statue of a Confederate soldier in his worn and faded uniform, with shoulders drooping, feet faltering in the worn-out boots, and carrying a broken-locked gun, empty cartridge case, and empty haversack. The inscription read: "There is victory in defeat," and it was "erected to the memory of the — County boys, who successfully defended their home city against the attack of Federal troopers," etc. Anyone recalling such a monument will please communicate with Mr. Weller, or with the VETERAN.

GOOD WORK.—W. F. Quin, ex-Commander Alabama Division, S. C. V., sends a club of subscriptions from Fort Payne, Ala., and writes: "Last week I went before the DeKalb County Chapter, U. D. C., and made a plea for subscriptions to the VETERAN with the result that I secured five subscribers among the members." And this good friend had previously sent a club from the Camp of Sons there. He was pleased by the interest manifested by the U. D. C., and says he will continue to try to get subscribers for the VETERAN.

Maj. Gen. T. J. Appleyard, commanding Florida Division, U. C. V., Tallahassee, Fla., remits five dollars on subscription account, and says: "The VETERAN is getting better all the time."



HARRY RENE LEE, *Adjutant General.*



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### SAY NOT "GOOD-BYE."

The Grim Reaper has been busy among the leaders of our great Confederate organization of late, and in the few weeks since the reunion at Little Rock, Ark., many places have become vacant in our official ranks. First of these may be mentioned Gen. Felix H. Robertson, of Texas, the last general officer of the Confederacy and one who has been of the leading spirits of the U. C. V. In this number of the VETERAN is given a sketch of Gen. Henry M. Wharton, commanding the Maryland Division, U. C. V., whose passing has taken one of the youngest and seemingly most vigorous in our Confederate ranks. Gen. Hal T. Walker, of Alabama, former Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., has also joined his comrades on other side, after some years of failing health. Of the Division Commanders, the list has been lengthened by the passing of Gen. T. P. Lamkin, of Alabama; Gen. A. A. Pearson, of Missouri; Gen. D. W. McLaurin, of South Carolina. And another Department Commander of former years is lost in the passing of Gen. Charles B. Howry, of Washington, D. C., who once commanded the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V.

To these friends and comrades tribute will be paid later in sketches of their lives published in the VETERAN. To them we say not "Good-Bye," for their spirits will abide with us, and in the brighter day of the hereafter we hope to greet them with a glad "Good morning!"

### AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL FORREST.

The name and fame of Nathan Bedford Forrest have been further recorded for future generations by the erection of a monument at his birthplace, the little community of Chapel Hill, in Marshall County, Tenn. In a humble home there the great Wizard of the Saddle was born one hundred and seven years ago, and on July 13, 1928, his natal day was commemorated by the dedication of this monument which perpetuates the fame of a great soldier.

Fitting exercises attended the dedication, beginning in the morning of the 13th and concluding in the afternoon, when the monument was unveiled in the presence of many hundreds of spectators, some of them special guests of the occasion, all of whom were welcomed to the community by Mayor W. T. Hurt, and on behalf of the county by J. N. McCord, of Lewisburg. Addresses were made by Hon. Ewin L. Davis, representative in Congress from this district, who was followed by Mrs. J. A. Hargrove, of Chapel Hill, on behalf of the U. D. C., in accepting the monument. Some of the other speakers were Gen. T. C. Little, for the Confederate Veterans; Col. Joel B. Fort, of Nashville, Scott Davis, a veteran of Forrest's Cavalry, and Charles Moss, of Lewisburg.

Special credit for the erection of this monument goes to Mrs. J. A. Hargrove, President of the U. D. C. Chapter at Chapel Hill, who started the movement some three years ago and had worked untiringly to its completion, ably assisted by other Daughters of the Confederacy there and friends. By their efforts the site was secured and an appropriation made by the State of Tennessee to thus honor a son who had honored his native State by his great services in time of war and in the days of peace. A splendid tribute was

paid to Forrest in the address by Judge Davis, not only as a soldier, but as "a man of unimpeachable integrity, high moral courage, and constructive citizenship."

Music and readings appropriate to the occasion made the exercises complete, and the day was one of the most interesting that the old community of Chapel Hill has ever known. The tall granite shaft will ever cast its shadow over the place which once enshrined a little babe destined to immortality.

### A CONFEDERATE MONUMENT—AND WORTHY SENTIMENT.

Some time ago an inquiry was received from Charles S. Weller, of Mitchell, S. D., concerning the location of a Confederate monument which he had seen in his travels through the South and which had made a deep impression on him. He described the monument as being on the Dixie Highway, in the center of a town, and crowned by the statue of a Confederate soldier, "his cap shoved to the back of his head, showing a lock of matted hair on his worried, wrinkled brow; shoulders drooping, knees bent, feet faltering in his worn-out boots. In his hands carrying a broken-loaded gun; on his back an empty haversack; at his belt an opens empty cartridge case—the figure listlessly trudging back to a war-wrecked home." On the base of the statue was the inscription, "There is victory in defeat," and "Erected to the memory of the County boys, who defended their home city." etc.

Anyone who can identify this monument will please communicate with the VETERAN as well as Mr. Weller.

Though not able to locate the statue response was made to Mr. Weller's letter, and in his reply he thinks the statue must have been somewhere in Tennessee, and says his travels had been through Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, mostly on the Dixie Highway. He also says:

"During my journey in the South, I learned much and gained a new viewpoint, thanks to the kindness and patience of the fine, grand old men to whom I talked. I have reached the age of appreciation that comes with the half century mark; I know what I owe to the prior generation. God bless them all! Last May I attended our Decoration Day, a custom established by the warm-hearted women of Columbus, Miss., when they gave tears and flowers for the blue, and flowers and tears for the gray. Four boys in blue and one in gray were there. Not so many years ago two hundred and seventy boys marched to our sacred acres on Decoration Day. Time is the divine healer."

A CORRECTION.—From H. L. Grady, of Apalachicola, Fla., comes a correction of the statement made by Mrs. Townes R. Leigh in her article on Pensacola, Fla., in the VETERAN for July, that Pensacola was the home town of Dr. John Gorrie, discoverer or inventor of the process of making artificial ice, the father of refrigeration, one of the two Floridians whose names appear in the Hall of Fame. Pensacola is also the home town of Alvin W. Chapman, the eminent botanist, whose treatise on the flora of the South was accepted by his profession as a standard work." Of this Mr. Grady says: "I doubt that either of these distinguished men was ever in Pensacola. Their home was in Apalachicola, and it was here their work was done. Dr. Gorrie's statue is in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C." For this inadvertent error, Mrs. Leigh asks that thanks be extended to Mr. Grady, from whom she had gotten much material for her article, and in some way she confused the places of their constructive work.



## THE DISBANDED LEGION OF HONOR.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

Thirty years is the average life of a generation. Within that time, there is almost an entire change in the population of a town or city or community. Death plays the greatest part. Removals come next, and of the rest the children have grown to be women and men. I was ruminating about this, because yesterday I asked an old comrade how many of the members of his company survive. He pondered for a moment, and said: "Thirty-five years ago, I could call the roll of thirty in my company, but now, I am the only one living. They are all dead, and when a man dies, he drops out of thought or recollection. Only great or notable men are remembered." He spoke in a low monotone, like the murmur of a river, and I felt like Diogenes carrying his tub. He was like a shell that had been left lying on the shore. One time he was full of romance and desperate courage, but now, he was a part of a nation that had suffered great things. I said to him: "No one is so desolate but some heart, though unknown, responds unto his own." He said, "No, I have nothing left, I can only wait," and he smiled. I thought how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong. What a pleasure it should be for all of us to seek out the old men and put some sunshine into their hearts, to give them a smile, if no more.

I thought it would be interesting to our people to ascertain how many Confederate soldiers are living. There were about six hundred thousand enlisted during the war, a little less than that. If the governor of every Southern State would ask each county sheriff to make a list of Confederates in his county, the number could be almost correctly catalogued.

I have before me a report of the Pension Board of Louisiana, made a few days ago, which shows there are now three thousand four hundred and nineteen on the Louisiana pension rolls, of which eight hundred and sixty-five are veterans and two thousand and fifty-four are widows of veterans. There were three thousand six hundred and nine on the rolls a year ago. One hundred and ninety veterans died in Louisiana in 1927. Allowing that there are one hundred Confederate veterans in Louisiana who are not on the pension roll, if added, it would show that there are now living in Louisiana nine hundred and sixty-five Confederates; but there are not one hundred veterans in Louisiana who do not draw a pension. We can, therefore, safely say that there are not a thousand Confederate soldiers in Louisiana.

There were eleven States in the Confederate government, but Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri each gave a few regiments to the Confederacy. Take Louisiana as an average, the number of Confederate soldiers living cannot be more than twelve thousand.

I read recently a statement in a New York paper that the death rate of Union veterans during 1927 was nearly twenty-five per cent, while the average death rate in the entire country is about ten per cent per thousand. We must realize, therefore, that within two or three years a Confederate soldier will be an object to look at. But the Confederate soldier can be grave and yet tranquil, for he fought for the glory of the old South. May I urge, therefore, that the governor of each Southern State ascertain how many Confederates reside in his State. Let the world know how few remain.

Let us keep them in mind, the glory of their achievement during four years of military struggle against heavy odds. War never dimmed by defeat, nor does it fade with the passing of years. The South of to-day and all of its people cannot honor them beyond their deserving, and I trust will never cease to pay tribute of sweetest gratitude and affection.

## PATRIOTS DOWN THE LINE.

An interesting occasion was the dedication of a marker placed at the grave of James McElwee, soldier of the American Revolution, under the auspices of the Nancy Ward Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Chattanooga, on the afternoon of May 26, 1928, ninety-six years after his death. The grave is on his farm at the mouth of King's Creek, near Rockwood Landing on the Tennessee River, five miles from the town of Rockwood, Tenn. On the marker is inscribed:

JAMES M'ELWEE,  
SOUTH CAROLINA MILITIA  
WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.  
1752-1830.

Capt. William E. McElwee, grandson of James McElwee, who delivered the address at the dedication, is now ninety-two years of age. He was a soldier of the Confederacy, a captain on the staff of Gen. C. L. Stevenson, and surrendered at Bentonville, N. C.

The military record of the McElwee family of Tennessee shows the transmission of that spirit from generation to generation, for no war of our country has been fought without a representative of the name in the ranks or in command. It is interesting to follow this strain all down the line.

William McElwee was a soldier of the Revolution, with sons—James, William, and John—in the same command.

James McElwee, of South Carolina, to whom the marker was placed, enlisted at the age of forty years, July 4, 1776, with the South Carolina Regiment; was in several engagements with the British in the Carolinas, and for nine months was a prisoner of war on a British ship. It is told that when the prisoners were ordered to salute the king of Great Britain, James McElwee refused and went aloft and cried, "God save George Washington and the American colonies!" on which the commander released him from further imprisonment.

His son, James McElwee, enlisted under Col. William Campbell against the British at King's Mountain, Musgrove's Mill, and Guilford Courthouse, in addition to having served under Shelby against the Indians. He was one of the five commissioners to lay out the town of Knoxville on the Tennessee River.

William McElwee, son of James McElwee, born June 26, 1798, was the first white child born in Roane County, Tenn. He served in Captain Bacon's company in the brigade of Gen. Hugh Lawson White, under Gen. Andrew Jackson, against the Indians in Alabama.

Hugh White McElwee and William E. McElwee, sons of William McElwee, served in the Confederate army in the War between the States, the former as captain and assistant quartermaster of the 16th Tennessee Cavalry; was promoted to chief assistant quartermaster under General Rucker, and later Gen. John C. Vaughn's Brigade. William E. McElwee enlisted in the 26th Tennessee Infantry, was elected lieutenant, and later was captain on General Stevenson's staff, in command of engineers.

Thomas Brown McElwee, youngest son of James McElwee II, and his two sons, William and James, were soldiers of the Union army in the War between the States.

Though no descendants of the McElwee name are known as soldiers of the War with Spain or the World War, they were there in other names. One of these was W. J. Nixon, of Chattanooga, who was first lieutenant in the 3rd Tennessee Infantry in the Spanish-American War, and Frank King Boyd in the World War. There were doubtless others of these descendants enlisted from other States.



COMMANDER OF THE MARYLAND DIVISION,  
U. C. V.

The passing of Gen. Henry M. Wharton, Commander of the Maryland Division, U. C. V., which occurred on June 22, removed one of the youngest of Confederates and a man widely known for his eminence in his varied life work. In that was embraced his service as soldier and his work as lawyer, author, and a widely known evangelist of the Baptist Church. He was born in Culpeper County, Va., September 11, 1848, and before he was sixteen years of age he became a Confederate soldier.

In a sketch of his service, furnished by Dr. Wharton for the *VETERAN* of February, 1925, it is told that he first joined the Signal Service, and was located in the winter of 1864-65 between Petersburg and Richmond on the Appomattox River. When General Lee retreated, the men of the Signal Service were placed in regular line and, instead of flags, were furnished with muskets, and thus followed General Lee. Dr. Wharton was with General Lee at the surrender, then returned home, and, though not seventeen years of age, he soon began the study of law. He attended the University of Virginia and upon graduation began the practice of law, in which he continued until he was twenty-five years of age, when he entered the Baptist ministry. He was ordained in 1873, and was pastor of the Baptist Church at Luray, Va., from 1874 to 1880. In 1881, he went to Baltimore as pastor of the Lee Street Church, which he served until 1884. Two years later he founded the Brantley Memorial Church, which grew to be the largest Protestant Church in Baltimore. In 1899, he resigned the pastorate to become an evangelist and lecturer, but ten years later he resumed his old charge and was identified with it at the last.

Dr. Wharton established the "Orphanage" in 1882 and the "Whosoever Farm" in 1884, and his charitable work was known in many directions. As an author, he had written many books on religious work, and he compiled and edited a collection of "Songs and Poems of the Confederacy," and for ten years he edited the *Evangel*.

Dr. Wharton has been one of the prominent figures at Confederate reunions, and he was honored by the appointment as Chaplain General as one of the last acts of General Halde- man when Commander in Chief, U. C. V., and the appointment was confirmed by his successors, Gen. James A. Thomas and Gen. W. B. Freeman. When the Maryland Division, U. C. V., was created, Dr. Wharton was made Commander of it and had so continued. He was married to Miss Lucy Kimball Pollard in 1893, and is survived by wife and children.

CAPT. HANNIBAL LEGETTE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Hannibal LeGette was born March 10, 1840, in Marion County, S. C., to a family of prominence and wealth. His parents were Capt. David LeGette and Martha Richardson LeGette. After attending the schools near his home, he was a student at the Cokesbury School and Wofford College. Before his education was completed, however, South Carolina seceded from the Union, and he hastened to offer his services in defense of his State. He enlisted in Capt. M. B. Stanley's company, and thereupon served for some months on the islands near Charleston.

His regiment was ordered to Virginia in the spring of 1861 and saw service there during the summer. He contracted typhoid at the front and was ordered home for his convalescence, when he suffered a relapse and was very ill.

He had originally enlisted for only twelve months, but

just as soon as he recovered, he reenlisted for the duration of the war. As sergeant in Company L, 21st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, he was afterwards promoted to the captaincy of his company. This command was stationed in the defense of Charleston until in May, 1864, it was sent to Virginia on an earnest appeal from the War Office. When he reached there, his command became immediately engaged in the battle of Fort Walthal Junction, a desperately contested engagement. His color bearer was soon shot down, and, grasping the falling banner, Captain LeGette urged his men to follow him, but, alas! he, too, soon fell desperately wounded and was borne from the field. He was taken back to his South Carolina home, where he received the tenderest ministrations that love could suggest, but continued to languish until July 2, 1864, when he passed away. He was a member of the Methodist Church, and was laid to rest in the cemetery of the venerated Centenary Methodist Church.

Captain LeGette was a gifted and an exemplary young man, a gallant soldier, and a capable and heroic officer.

He received his death wound while wearing his fatigue suit, and the jagged hole in the front of his coat is in mute testimony of his gallantry.

[Mrs. M. LeGette Oliver, a sister.]

IN MEMORIAM: MAJ. E. W. R. EWING.

A great loss has been sustained by the Sons of Veterans in the passing of Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief, whose death occurred on June 26, after some months of ill health. He was prominent as an attorney of Washington, D. C., and widely known for his participation in Southern activities, especially in connection with the Sons of Confederate Veterans and as President of the Manassas Confederate Battle Field Park. In the latter work he had given his life almost, and doubtless his zealous interest in that great undertaking, and the worry incident thereto, had overtaxed his strength to exhaustion.

Major Ewing was born in Acadia, Lee County, Va., the son of Capt. Hix Ewing and Mary E. C. Woodward. His education was received at Morristown District High School, Cumberland College, the University of Virginia, Chicago Law School, the University of Southern Minnesota, and a special course in the George Washington University. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, he volunteered and in the service rose to the rank of major; and he also gave service in the World War.

As an author, Major Ewing has to his credit several volumes on the war period and the incidents leading up to the war, among which are "Rebellion and Secession," "Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision," "The Hayes-Tilden Contest," and "Clan Ewing of Scotland and America," "The Pioneer Gateway of the Cumberlands," and other works of this character.

He was a member of many organizations in the national capital and in Virginia—Masonic, patriotic, and fraternal—as well as social. He was the founder of the Manassas Confederate Battle Field Park, Inc., an extensive educational and charitable organization designed to preserve that famous battle field, and as its president and director he devoted much of his time in late years to working on that enterprise, notwithstanding the state of his health. He was not able to attend the last convention of the Sons of Veterans at Little Rock, but that organization has coöperated in the work of financing the enterprise at Manassas, which brought relief from that worry. The work that he had started there could well become the great work of this organization.



## THE CONFEDERATE DEAD AT FAIRFAX, VA.

While the thinning ranks of the gallant men who fought in the armies of the South for the preservation of their homes and for a cause that was right makes the numbers attending Memorial Day services smaller each year, the ideal weather at Fairfax, Va., this year, and the preparations by the Fairfax Chapter, U. D. C., for the entertainment of the veterans of Marr Camp, U. C. V., made the last occasion one of the most pleasant in years. Hon. R. Walton Moore presided for Commander Robert E. Wiley, and later told of the part taken by Fairfax soldiers and the county. Hon. George L. Browning, of Orange, was the orator of the day, and gave an interesting story of the campaigns of Lee and Jackson and of their wonderful military genius which is acknowledged the world over.

Following the ceremonies, the graves of the Confederate dead were strewn with flowers, which were also placed about the base of the monument as the band played and taps was sounded. A bountiful dinner was then served to the veterans at the town hall.

Marr Camp has now but thirteen members on its roll, and eight of those were present, as follows: W. S. Ball, Nelson Follen, L. R. Houchins, James M. Love, George K. Pickett, Dr. Charles F. Russell, H. H. Swimley, and Robert Wiley. Those absent were: H. J. Cross, C. E. Davis, H. C. Hatcher, J. M. Hutchison, George H. Williams. A list of the one hundred and thirty-eight members who have passed on before was read.

The following poem was written by Miss Mary Millan, daughter of the late W. R. Millan, who served in the 4th Virginia Cavalry, as a tribute to the "Confederate Dead at Fairfax, Va.":

Each year when Nature robes in green  
This mound of sacred dust,  
We come to scatter flowers here  
For those whose cause was just.

These heroes gave their precious lives  
For a cause that's now called "lost,"  
They gave their all for Southland  
And counted not the cost.

Once more we stand upon this spot  
And brush away a tear,  
So few there are who wore the gray  
Who come to answer "Here."

"They're passing down the Valley  
These men who wore the gray,"  
These heroes of the Southland  
Full soon will pass away.

And though they pass to heavenly homes,  
With heroes known of old,  
Each year upon this hallowed day  
Their brave deeds will be told.

As long as mountains kiss the skies  
And rivers reach the sea,  
Our Southern hearts will not forget  
These men who followed Lee.

## MEMORIAL SERVICES ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Interesting exercises were held on Sunday afternoon, June 3, at the cemetery on Johnson's Island where are buried Confederate soldiers who died there as prisoners of war in the sixties. These services were held under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Johnson's Island Chapter, of Sandusky, and a special feature of the exercises was the address by Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, President of the Ohio Division, U. D. C. who gave the history of that long-forgotten place of burial, and told how the list of names had been preserved by two Ohio girls in the seventies. In strolling over the island, these girls, a Miss Johnson, daughter of the former owner of the Island, and Elizabeth Morrison, discovered these graves of Confederate soldiers and copied the names from the crude wooden slabs which had been placed over them at the time of burial. A plot of the graves was made, and the list of names preserved, and in after years this list was used to mark the marble headstones.

Mrs. Porter also told of the assistance that had been given in restoring the cemetery and in carrying out these Memorial Day services in that lonely spot by the people of Sandusky and the civic organizations of the city, and the picture sent shows some of those who helped to make the occasion a success. Among those who attended the services was M. M. Parsons, of Attica, Ohio, who was a guard at the Johnson's Island prison for two years, and he had many interesting recollections of that prison for Confederate officers.

A wreath of flowers sent by Mrs. William A. Wright, of Atlanta, Ga., was placed on the Confederate monument in the cemetery in memory of her husband, who was a prisoner there for eleven months during the war, but had the good fortune to survive its hardships and after the war did his full share in restoring his beloved South.

The invocation and closing prayer were by the Rev. Donald Wonders. An address was delivered by Dr. A. J. Funnell and a reading was given by Miss Charlotte Atwater Devine. Music was by the Sandusky High School Band. The graves were decorated by the Sea Scouts of Sandusky, and a salute to the dead was fired by a squad from the American Legion.

## INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS.

From George H. Hubbard, Orange, Tex.: "The June number of our loved VETERAN carries a list of distinguished sons of North Carolina, but no mention is made of the only one with whom I had any personal acquaintance, Gen. June Daniels. In my boyhood he spent his vacations on his plantation in Louisiana, and I learned to know and like him. One writer in this number gives a history of the 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' and, in speaking of the composer, says: 'Where he came from or where he went no one knows.' Harry McCarthy was an Irish vocalist and comedian, sometimes called the 'Irish Nightingale.' He was touring the South and West in 1860-61 as a one-man entertainer. He was an educated, polished gentleman, as well as a fine musician. I have never heard anyone render Mrs. Norton's 'Irish Emigrant's Lament' with more feeling and pathos than Harry McCarthy. Among his humorous songs I remember one, the chorus of which was, 'Trust to luck, trust to luck; stare fate in the face; your heart will be easy if it's in the right place. 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' was set to the music of the 'Irish Jaunting Car.' While a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island, Gen. M. Jeff Thompson wrote, and McCarthy set to music, that one-time popular ditty, 'Georgia Militia Grabbing Goober Peas.' His suffering while a prisoner crushed his spirit so that he rarely smiled, and I think he returned to Ireland in 1867."



## THE LEE HOMES IN VIRGINIA.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

There are in Virginia three elegant manors associated with the Lee family—the Lees of Stratford, the Lees of Ditchley, and the Lees of Arlington, all of whom are from the same parent stock, united by many intermarriages.

The Lees built houses that were to endure, for Ditchley, in Northampton County, the home of Hancock Lee, is one of the finest examples of colonial durability; while old Stratford still presents the most solid foundation as typifying the endurance of the Lees of Westmoreland. Here were born Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee and Robert E. Lee—in the right wing of the house, which is shaped like a huge H. This great home was built with money that was a present to Thomas Lee from Queen Catherine's private purse, for his home had been burned and his wife, known as "the divine Matilda," barely escaped with her life and her child. He had wedded the daughter of Philip Ludwell, governor of North Carolina, and she had received a dowry of six hundred pounds from her father and grandfather, Benjamin Harrison. Her daughter Matilda married Governor Henry Lee, known as Light Horse Harry, then passed out, leaving him the estate of Stratford; and to his second marriage, to Anne Carter, of Shirley, was born Robert Edward Lee, who married the daughter of the owner of Arlington.

Arlington belonged to George Washington Parke Custis, who was called "The Child of Mount Vernon," for his father died at Yorktown, so he was reared by his grandmother, Martha Washington, wife of the President. At Arlington he entertained LaFayette on his memorable visit in 1824, and here was married his only child, Mary Randolph Custis, to Robert E. Lee, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Meade in the Arlington house. General Lee was educated in Alexandria, Va., and at West Point, N. Y., and his courtship occurred at Chatham, the Fitzhugh home near Fredericksburg, Va. The Arlington estate was left to Mrs. Lee by her father and entailed to her oldest son, George Washington Custis Lee.

As the man of conscience, courtesy, chivalry, and with the noblest ideals of sublime duty, Lee is the embodiment of all that stands for the sentiment of the chivalry of the Old South, for he inherited all the noble ideals of knighthood which had come down in his veins from a lineage that accompanied Richard the Lion-hearted on his crusades to the Holy Land. The Lees came to Virginia in the reign of Charles I, from Shropshire, England, where their estates were known as "Litchfield" and "Ditchley." Richard Lee, the son of the fifth baronet, was the first white man ever to settle in the Northern Neck of Virginia. His wife is believed to have been named Hannah Hancock. In 1641, he patented one thousand acres, and, later, Sir William Berkley granted him four thousand acres in Westmoreland. His portrait by Sir Peter Lely is still preserved, and shows a man of great physical attraction as well as strength of character. This Richard Lee, true to the House of Stuart, later went to Breda and invited the exiled Charles II to come and reign in Virginia—for he was Secretary to the Council and empowered to issue this invitation, which gave Colonial Virginia the motto: "En dat Virginian quartam" (Give Virginia the fourth place—along with England, Ireland, and Scotland). Hence, from the genesis of the days at Jamestown until the curtain rang down at Appomattox, the people of Virginia felt confidence in the Lees as leaders. Two of the Lees, Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot, signed the Declaration of Independence, while "Light Horse Harry Lee" composed the beautiful

tribute to General Washington, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," adding, "God left him childless so he might be the Father of his country."

When Robert E. Lee, on April 20, 1861, set out for Richmond, the ties with Arlington were forever sundered, save as treasured memories. He was profoundly touched when the State of Virginia selected him as her defender, and said: "I would have much preferred had the 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."

This was General Lee's first and last speech; henceforth history was to speak for him. Virginia looked to Westmoreland to furnish her Washington for the Revolution, and turned again to Westmoreland for her Robert E. Lee for the crisis of the War between the States. Through the Custis marriage, the two families, Washington and Lee, were linked in union; and the heirlooms of Martha Washington fell to Mrs. Robert E. Lee, but they are scattered—some in the National Museum, some at Lexington, Va.; and a few retained as priceless mementoes by the family. Miss Mary Custis Lee, eldest daughter of General Lee, gave some of the china which the Society of the Cincinnati presented to General Washington to President Woodrow Wilson, and he left it as a part of the White House furnishings when his term expired. To her funeral President Wilson sent beautiful calla lilies as his tribute to the "Daughter of the Confederacy." She was buried from Epiphany Church, Washington, D. C., during the World War; and Secretary Baker walked with Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court (a Louisiana Confederate soldier), as two of her honorary pallbearers, while the venerable Dr. McKim, also a Confederate veteran and over eighty years of age, read the simple service of the Episcopal Church. Her brothers, Gen. W. H. F. Lee and Capt. Robert E. Lee, left children; but Dr. George Bolling Lee, of New York City, is the only living grandson of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and the little Robert E. Lee III, son of Dr. Lee, is the only male descendant of the great Confederate leader of this generation.

George Washington Parke Custis died in 1857, leaving it in his will that all slaves belonging in his family should be freed five years from the date of his death. This made the date of their emancipation fall in 1862, when the shadow of war so interfered with all that had been previously planned that the question has often been propounded as to whether the executor of his will, who was Gen. Robert E. Lee, carried out these instructions. So search was made in the Chancery Court of the City of Richmond. The document was found showing that Gen. Lee freed two hundred slaves. This valuable document is now in possession of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. Gen. Robert E. Lee was a devout Christian, confirmed in Christ Church, Alexandria, in 1853, where a simple cross and crown in marble (exactly like the one to Gen. George Washington in the same edifice) bears testimony.

An Act of Congress, approved March 4, 1925, authorized the Secretary of War to restore the beautiful old manor to its former glory, but the failure of Congress to make the necessary appropriation has as yet prevented the fulfillment of this sentiment. It is estimated that it will take \$100,000 to repair Arlington house and to secure the furnishings for the same period as its Custis-Lee era; for the real furniture and possessions of the family are scattered beyond recall. It was the idea of the Michigan congressman who fathered



this bill that Arlington should become a shrine like Mount Vernon, but when Ravensworth, the home of Gen. W. H. F. Lee was later destroyed by fire, priceless heirlooms went up in flames. Many other obstacles stand in the way, for the Arlington house has long been used as the office of the National Cemetery's superintendent, so that a new structure for that purpose would have to replace it. The restoration of the lawn is simply an impossibility, for there are tombs of officers of the United States army and navy and other distinguished people—such as L'Enfant, the engineer who planned the city of Washington, D. C., all over it.

When the casualties of war made necessary that a burial ground be established on the Virginia side of the Potomac, it was due to Meigs and Lincoln that Arlington was selected. Seeing some bodies on their way to the National cemetery at the Soldiers' Home of Washington, Lincoln ordered them interred at Arlington, which then began the great movement that focused attention by both North and South on the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Now, there are sections for the Federals, Confederate veterans, Spanish War veterans, and World War veterans; and beautiful monuments make it the Mecca for travelers from all over the world, for it is truly a "Westminster Abbey" on the Virginia hills, where glory encircles the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, whose bivouac is decorated by every Foreign Commission that visits America.

In his book, the "End of an Era," John S. Wise says: "Of Lee's military greatness, I shall not speak; of his moral greatness, I need not . . . the man who could stamp his impress upon a nation and die without an enemy such a man, such a heart, such a soldier, is beyond the power of human eulogy."

## WHIRLIGIGS OF TIME.

BY MISS NANNIE DAVIS SMITH, BATON ROUGE, LA.

That the South made history and the North wrote it (untruthfully) is realized by a generation too busy for research work, so octogenarians, reminded of the duty they owe posterity, are doing their endeavor.

Closely associated at Beauvoir with my beloved grand-uncle, Jefferson Davis, I regret not recording then and there incidents he related—humorous frontier experiences and personal adventures of which there is possibly no written evidence. An amusing anecdote had Mexico for its setting. General Taylor's favorite war horse having vanished mysteriously from securely locked stables, "Old Rough and Ready" was making the air blue with imprecations and dire threats, when Colonel Davis undertook to recover the missing steed in twenty-four hours, if given a free hand. That native Mexicans are expert thieves is an established fact. Aware also that a father confessor's influence was unbounded, Colonel Davis told the shepherd of this flock that, by way of reprisal, his horse might be taken unless General Taylor's was returned at once. Secrets of the confessional are never betrayed, but next morning the borrowed steed was in his stall.

A very remarkable story was about a woman who, disguised as a man, fought under the Stars and Bars. Seeking an interview with President Davis, she told him that her husband and a brother being her only ties, she had enlisted and fought with them till both were killed, and fearing, if wounded, her sex would be discovered, she asked an honorable discharge and the privilege of serving as nurse in a hospital. That heroic woman was from Louisiana, my native State.

After our boys answered the call to arms in 1861, I visited relatives on their plantation in Mississippi, where several girl friends assembled and enjoyed long horseback rides.

Returning from one of these excursions, we raced a steamboat, when, to our surprise, cheers went up from gray-clad men on deck, to which waving handkerchiefs responded; later newspaper clippings informed us we had welcomed the "Jeff Davis Guard." Those gallant Kentucky volunteers never came our way again, and of the carefree group they cheered, I alone survive.

Safely lodged in a hilly region, watered by springs and bayous, I shall never forget my first experience of levee protection when the Mississippi River went on a rampage. As ladies in those primitive times didn't travel without an escort, my father intended coming for me, but, in that anxious period, New Orleans fell, and Uncle Joe Davis, whom I was visiting, moved to Vicksburg. When a steamboat hurrying up stream stopped at Hurricane, waves dashed over the levee, submerging a plank on which we walked aboard.

I gave a wide berth to New Orleans during "Beast" Butler's reign, whose infamous proclamation and penchant for silver spoons won undesirable notoriety. Another outward sign of loyalty was his attack on the Church, imprisoning ministers who refused to pray for Lincoln and the invaders of our soil. Straightway, Father Mullen, the beloved war priest, bade his flock, kneeling in silent prayer when he did, to pray for Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy.

A funny thing happened when Father Mullen was arraigned before Butler charged with having refused to bury a Federal officer. "A mistake, sir, I'd cheerfully bury the whole Yankee army," the fearless priest replied. After the war, rumor said that Ben Butler contemplated revisiting New Orleans. The "Beast" didn't return, however, neither did he return those historic spoons, prized presumably as souvenirs. In the wake of progress, old landmarks have been removed, some of them destroyed, but St. Patrick's Church, Father Mullen's stronghold, is still in evidence.

Brierfield, President Davis's home, and his brother's adjoining plantation were plundered in approved Yankee fashion, valuable books, furniture, even marble mantels carried off, and ornamental oaks, the growth of years, were wantonly destroyed. A beautiful marble bust of little Samuel Davis was saved by his old nurse, Betsy, who buried it before the vandals arrived. This same Betsy had been Mrs. Davis's much-indulged waiting maid. At a hotel where they boarded, Mr. Davis told his wife: "My dear, I am mortified. If you need wine, order it by the bottle sent to your room." "What do you mean? I don't need wine," she replied. On an itemized bill appeared glasses of choice beverages, whereof the maid had evidently partaken *ad libitum*. Angrily her master exclaimed, "Woman, this is too much. Never come near me again! I set you free—go!" "I ain't gwine nowhar," Betsy calmly assured him. "You's my marster an' you's got ter spote me." So much for "the white man's burden," imposed on our Southland by Great Britain and New England. The following is another instance of freedom rejected under very different circumstances. A slave who risked his own life in saving one of my ancestors from drowning, declined an offer of liberty and transportation to Africa. According to Daddy Fortune's story, he was chief of a warlike tribe, had been captured long years ago, and brought here by slave traders; there would be no one to welcome his return, he said, and he elected to remain with his white friends. I remember Daddy Fortune in helpless old age being tenderly cared for by my maternal grandmother, Madame Guibert, who told me many interesting truths, none more thrilling than Grandfather Guibert's escape from San Domingo—but that's another story.



*TWO ILLUSTRIOUS ROBERTS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.*

[Extracts from address by Josephus Daniels, June 19, at the unveiling of the Confederate Memorial Marker on the site of the battle of Plymouth, N. C.]

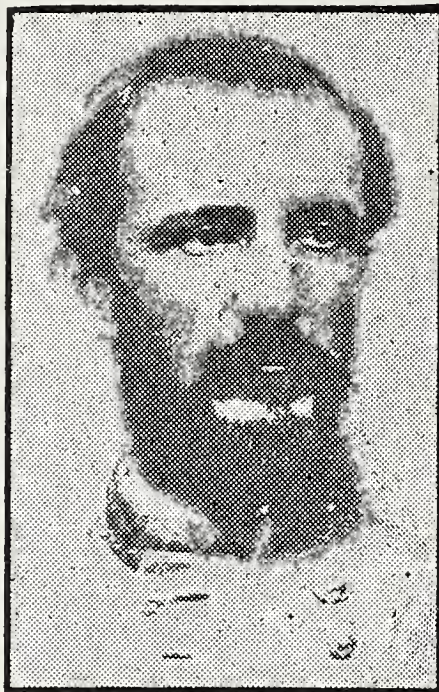
"Look about you" was the advice given in response to the inquiry as to the architectural achievements of Christopher Wren. His cathedrals and other stately edifices, patterns for the best of all time, stand as permanent memorials of the most illustrious of his profession.

If the man from Mars would seek to learn how the Confederate army, poorly equipped and poorly fed, kept at bay superior forces for four long years, the answer would be: "Look at the character, resourcefulness, and courage of the men who led the armies and who followed them in battle."

Every army is judged by the oncoming generation, not by its victories or defeats, but by the spirit and life of its personnel. By that standard the battalions of the South have stood the test of threescore and more years. While the survivors of those who wore the gray cannot take their sons and grandsons to Gettysburg or to Appomattox and say, "Upon these battle fields we overpowered our opponents and carried our standards to victory," they can, indeed, point to success after success, won against superior odds, almost in the very shadow of the national capital and on a hundred fields of battle. Among these splendid victories that attest to the glory of the brave men who achieved stands out in bold relief the battle of Plymouth. It is fitting, therefore, that to-day those of us who were babes in arms when the war drums throbbed or have since come to maturity, should stand with the thin line of the immortals with bowed heads, in honor of the victors of Plymouth, as there is unveiled here a memorial to their valor and their victory. As we turn back the pages of history to the never-to-be-forgotten conflicts of the sixties, we rejoice "to hear the truth about the past and hold debate about the present with knowledge and without passion."

Many battles surpassed the one waged and won here by Southern troops in May, 1864, in the number of troops or in far-reaching results. It has, however, one distinction that is without parallel in that the victory was esteemed so highly by President Jefferson Davis that he promoted the officer in command by telegraph to the rank of major general. It was the only promotion made directly by President Davis on the field of battle during the Confederate war. The military officer who was the victor here, and was thus honored, was one of the two Roberts who were brothers in looks, brothers in character, and true brothers of winning distinction without losing the grace of modesty and the rare virtue of freedom from pride or boasting.

The "Marse Robert" of the Confederacy was the only



GEN. ROBERT F. HOKE

officer in an army distinguished for the lofty character of its generals who stood higher in the affection and admiration of his soldiers than Robert F. Hoke, hero of the battle of Plymouth. The privilege was never mine to see Robert E. Lee in the flesh. I remember being thrilled as Woodrow Wilson told how, as a boy, looking admiringly upon Lee, he felt a presence superior and elevated. But I have seen many portraits and statues of Lee, the one at Gettysburg standing out in dignity and resignation on the bloody battle field where the tide of Southern courage and sacrifice rose highest, illustrating poise and taking responsibility even though "some one had blundered." I have read most stories of his life and can understand and in some measure enter into the hero worship that possessed his soldiers. I stood once in the chapel at Washington and Lee University, and near the recumbent statue of the leader of the Confederate forces I sought to interpret some lessons of his life to the youths awaiting their diplomas. As I gazed upon that majestic statue, perfect in everything except the life blood coursing through the veins, he seemed so very near that I almost looked to see another Pygmalion and Galatea miracle when the illustrious president of that college would rise and give his benediction to the graduating class. Though dead, he still lives at Lexington and in every part of the world where Christian chivalry is exalted and emulated.

Just as Miltiades was voted by all his contemporary generals to be the first among military chieftains, so the noble captains courageous of the Confederacy, even the sturdy Covenanter and matchless fighting Christian, Stonewall Jackson, felt themselves great as they gave highest honor to Lee. The victor of Plymouth was our North Carolina Robert, Gen. Robert Hoke, second only to Lee in poise, in equanimity, in virtue, and magnanimity, the latter the loftiest of human virtues. If you ever saw Lee you have seen Hoke. If you ever talked with Hoke, you have been in the light of Lee's company. No two men, not of blood kin, ever looked so much alike, and they were kin in spirit. The resemblance was not remarked upon when Lee, feeling the necessity of recovering the coast section which the superior Federal navy had taken the largest part, in capturing and holding, sent Hoke here to the difficult task. Hoke then was twenty-seven years old. In peace times a man twenty-seven years old is regarded by those of riper years as little more than a stripling, just getting his gait. War is a business of youths. Napoleon preferred soldiers under twenty. He thought they had a daring to the point of rashness, if not recklessness, deemed essential in charges to capture the enemy's fortified positions. Age is wont to be prudent. Youth throws prudence to the winds. The allies in 1918 complained that the American and Australian soldiers were so impetuous and daring they unduly exposed themselves to the enemy. But wars are always won by those who dare more than experience advises.

Lee knew that taking Plymouth, as the key to recovering the Albemarle section and afterwards recovering the territory adjacent to Pamlico Sound, was a job for a soldier who had won his spurs. He picked the youthful Hoke, quiet of manner with a will of steel. Hoke had seen enough service to give him seasoned judgment, and he had enough of the dash required for the victory he won here in the battle of Plymouth. He had something else that is essential in a leader of men, particularly on the field of battle, the confidence of his men in his courage and his judgment. Only soldiers possessing these qualifications, plus the love of their soldier comrades, could be a fit commander when officers and men



are alike men under fire. It was somewhat different in the World War, when the far-flung battle line stretched from the North Sea to the Adriatic and officers gave their commands from dugouts by telephone, though there is never any real difference in men. Even in the World War, it was the comrade spirit that won love of the soldiers for an officer, even though the old-time common danger made the ties stronger between them.

It was when he had grown older that Robert Hoke of maturity resembled the Robert Lee of the sixties. About the same build, the same close-cropped beard turning into gray, the same kindly eyes, the same reserve of alertness, the same quiet manner and the same refusal to make merchandise of the reputation won in war—those were the things that made these two Southern Roberts so much alike. They were brothers, too, in assuming responsibility and in overlooking the lapses of others. In that respect, though not in others, they were like Old Hickory, who always said: "I take the responsibility." Lee and Hoke assumed it, without even proclaiming it or asking approval. Of the oneness of spirit of each of these two Roberts it may be said, to quote what Aycock said of Lee:

"He never seemed to be conscious of any desire for the commendation of man. His whole career is founded on the single word 'duty,' and, having done his duty, what others said, what others thought, what misinterpretations might be made to his own hurt, seemed never to concern him; but he was always anxious that every other person connected with his enterprise should have full praise for any unusual merit exhibited by him. This trait of character approaches the fulfillment of the law, the whole law, which is briefly comprehended in this: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

Being once asked what suggestion he would offer to young people, our North Carolina Robert replied: "Strict attention to all duties of life." Here you have the two Roberts stressing the fundamentals of character and success. If that advice should be followed by the youth of to-day, to-morrow, and all the to-morrows, succeeding generations would give to the world more Lees and more Hokes.

The War between the States over, Lee returned to the schoolroom to teach and guide the sons of the men he had led in battle. And he taught them to honor their parents and to respect the cause and glory in the courage of the men who wore the gray. At the same time he taught them to love the flag of the reunited country, to remain in the South, and to rebuild its fortunes in a Union which they should help to make indestructible. He was sincere in his renewed love for the reunited republic from the moment he recognized that the Southern Confederacy, as a separate entity, could not be established. It was due to his wisdom and moderation that Virginia escaped the rigors of Reconstruction which rained upon other Southern States.

The terrible struggle over, Hoke returned to his home in Lincoln as Lee rode Traveller to Richmond, his Arlington home having been confiscated and converted into the burial place of Federal soldiers. It was years after his death that Congress reimbursed his family and there is now being constructed a memorial bridge over the Potomac connecting the Lee home overlooking the national capital, with the Lincoln memorial and the Washington monument, suggestive of the lasting greatness and national pride in these illustrious Americans—Southerners all. If it be given to those who have gone before to know what transpires on this sphere, how the hearts of these two Roberts, particularly Robert E. Lee, must have been cheered when the monument to the Con-

federate soldiers, buried in Arlington, hard by the men they had met as worthy foes in battle, was unveiled. And erected on ground doubly dear to the Lees and the Custises, linking together the great soldier of the Revolution and the great soldier of the sixties.

"Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Love and tears for the blue;  
Tears and love for the gray."

General Hoke, laying down his sword for all time, returned home and to the cultivation of the soil, the occupation of his ancestors, and to the farm upon which he had been reared. He had, before the call to arms, engaged in farming and mining and manufacturing. As he rode back home after Lee's surrender, he immediately planted a crop, and cultivated it that summer with the horse he had ridden as he directed the movements of armies. If horses could talk, I wonder what would have been the remarks of that charger, accustomed to the boom of cannon and the bursting of shell, as his rider—sans spur, sans sword, sans uniform—guided him down the corn rows. He must have felt as would the lion harnessed to a dump cart, feeling a sort of indignity in falling from military glory to the menial task of the plow horse. He probably had somewhat the same feeling as to his loss of proud position as a neighbor of General Hoke's felt about the general's position as he observed Hoke, covered with dust, guiding the plow along the furrow. One day, in the summer of 1865, as General Hoke was plowing his field with the horse he had ridden in war, a man driving by hailed him and asked:

"Ain't you General Hoke?"

The general reined up his horse and answered: "Yes."

The man asked: "Ain't that thar the horse you rode in the army?"

"Yes," answered the general.

The man looked at him in wonder, incredulity, and amazement a moment, then throwing up his arms, cried out, "God Almighty," and rode off.

It seemed to him too incongruous for words that the general who had ridden his charger in a score of engagements, giving commands and winning victories that brought him promotion to the highest rank in the army, could be the same man who was plowing a corn field. It did not seem incongruous to General Hoke. It was the duty of the moment, and he cultivated his crop with as little thought that he was doing anything beneath his dignity as he never paused to think of his power to command. Later, he turned to mining and to other business. He never offered for office, never made any appearance in public gatherings, never attended a reunion of soldiers, and, as the snow that never melts fell upon his head, found happiness in the quiet of home and association with a few friends. He kept these without capitulation. I deemed it an honor and a privilege to be admitted to his confidence and, more than once, to find guidance in public affairs from his storehouse of wisdom. Public position would have been honored by his acceptance, but he left honors to others, never withholding frank counsel when it was sought. As he had no ambition for office, he had no passion for making money. He loved to develop mineral resources, and secured a competence, but beyond that he allowed no love of riches to deny him the repose and quiet life which he had earned. When President McKinley tendered him the position and rank of major general in the Spanish-American War, General Hoke said his fighting days were over unless his country



really needed him in a crisis. He did not regard that war as such a crisis as would compel his altering his fixed mode of life.

Such was the man who won victory here at Plymouth and to whom and to whose associates on land and sea we are gathered to do honor to-day. We could all wish that a portion of their spirit of courage and sacrifice in patriotically bringing about the most marvelous recuperation in history might fall upon our own and coming generations.

#### WITH THE VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

BY D. B. EASLEY, SOUTH BOSTON, VA.

In the February VETERAN, I read with much interest the sketch of the services of Captain Douthat in the Army of Northern Virginia, also the account of the battle of Seven Pines, by Robert W. Barnwell, Sr., I have no fault to find with Captain Douthat's article, except I don't think he did justice to that rain the night before the battle of Seven Pines. Armistead's Brigade, of Huger's Division, had marched from Petersburg that day and was camped, without tents, among some small pines. With great difficulty, we got a fire started with dead pine twigs, none as large as a finger and by feeding both the top and bottom of the skillet with them, we were trying to bake some biscuit, when the rain put out the fire instantly. I grabbed a stick and lifted the lid and told every man to get a biscuit. I was the last of four, and mine was swimming.

He also explains something that I never understood about the battle of Gettysburg. Armistead's Brigade was not only in the center, but behind the other two brigades. I saw the flag of the 15th Virginia about ten feet to the left of the 14th at the stone fence, and another about ten feet to its left whose number I did not get, and neither was of Armistead's Brigade. Kemper's Brigade evidently struck infantry before reaching the stone fence, and we did not. Other accounts state that Pickett went in about 4,500 strong, and mustered about 2,000 next day, taking no account of the fact that Corse, who was not in the fight, came in that night with about 1,500 men.

I was captured at the stone fence, but have heard invariably from those who were not that the three brigades in the fight numbered about five hundred men. At any rate, every field officer in the division was killed, wounded, or captured, except Maj. Joseph Cabell, who would have commanded the division had Pickett been killed.

I wish I could agree so nearly with Mr. Barnwell. Huger called for help about the time McClellan was landing on the Peninsula, and actually got about 5,000 men from Magruder just before he needed them most. I was with Company H, 14th Virginia Infantry, and we were on the river the day the Virginia (Merrimac) sank the Congress and Cumberland; otherwise we might have seen the fight from a distance. We stopped at Suffolk under Loring, so he must have had two divisions. We did nothing. We must have been from five to seven miles below Richmond, and near where the battle started on May 29, 1861. We started early and saw no troops of any sort except Armistead's Brigade, and crossed no bridge, but some wet weather drains one hundred or more yards wide, and did not see Huger till we passed the battle field. We passed certainly not more than one-fourth of a mile to the right of the firing, and then halted, then moved on a little and halted again, and so on during the day. Part of the time Huger was sitting in our company talking to our captain. We did not leave the road, and must have gone several miles past the firing, which sounded as if we were cut off from Richmond.

I think Mr. Barnwell must be wrong as to the time the bat-

tle started. We made no stop till we passed the firing, and being already some miles below Richmond, must have been the nearest troops to where the battle started. About night a courier, or aide, came for us, and we went back at double quick, and as I stopped at the well said to be at Casey's headquarters to fill my canteen, it got so dark that I had difficulty in finding my company, not two hundred yards off. We must have passed the battle field long before twelve, and the double quick back was, I think, the longest I took during the war. A blind man could have gotten into that battle if he had wished to before twelve o'clock from our position, and as Huger repeated the maneuver during the Seven Days' fight, failing to occupy Malvern Hill, although only sixteen or seventeen miles from Richmond, and no other duty for the six days was assigned him, we parted company without any regrets. He got our division cut up there, but I was not with him, being wounded June 1, at Seven Pines. I would like to describe Armistead's part in that fight, but a man very near eighty-four is a poor scribe.

#### THE STATE OF ALABAMA AND PORT OF MOBILE.

BY MRS. M. E. CURTIS, HISTORIAN ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

The first white people to set foot upon what is now the State of Alabama were the Spaniards, in 1540, under Hernando De Soto, the adventurer, in search for gold.

The name "Alabama" was from its great river, and the river was so named by a tribe of Indians, the Alabamas. The land was part of a grant made by Georgia to the United States government, April 24, 1802, for a consideration of \$1,250,000, and included what are now the States of Mississippi and Alabama.

Alabama was admitted into the sisterhood of States on December 14, 1819, and it has existed under five flags—Spanish, English, French, United States, and Confederate. It has also had five capitals: St. Stephens (territorial seat of government), 1818; Huntsville, 1819; Cahaba, 1820; Tuscaloosa, 1826; Montgomery, 1846.

Alabama was for many years a battle ground for the Indians, the battle of Maubila (Mauvila), the bloodiest in all history, having been fought by De Soto against the tribe known later as the Mobilians, October 18, 1540. The Indians were finally overthrown by Gen. Andrew Jackson at the Battle of Horse Shoe Bend, in 1814.

Mobile, founded by Jean Baptiste Le Moyne Sieurs De Bienville in 1702, belongs to the aristocracy of American cities and traces her record through the famous old names of her streets. Each of the five flags which waved over the city has left an indelible trace on the names in the city.

The oldest streets in the city, Dauphin, Royal, Conti, and Government, bear their original French names, although these were changed under the Spanish rule. When the Spaniards lost power, the old names were resumed.

The first street to be named in Mobile was Conti, which was named for De Conde, a French prince of the royal house. He was a popular hero in France at the time Mobile was settled. A short time afterwards, Dauphin street was named for the Dauphin of France, and immediately became the principal street of the town. Royal Street was then named as a tribute to the reigning family of France, but was long known by the popular name of "Rue de Tournee." For a long time these three streets were the only ones in the settlement, and then Government Street was added. It was originally "Gouvernement" Street, and was named because most of the early civic officials had residences on this block.

Other streets were founded as the city spread, and the



names of the saints were utilized. St. Louis, the first street to take the name of a saint, was known as Monlouis Street; others were St. Francis, St. Michael, St. Joseph, and St. Emanuel. Conception Street was named because the first cathedral of the Immaculate Conception was located on this street.

The advent of the Spaniards is recorded in the streets. Led by Bernardo Galvez, the young governor of Spanish territory at New Orleans, the troops of Spain captured Mobile, and Galvez's name was placed on Conception Street. Dauphin Street was renamed St. John's; Conti Street was renamed St. Peter's. The names of streets which bore the patron saints of France were changed. Thus, St. Michael became St. Jago; St. Joseph became Orbonne; St. Emanuel became St. Charles.

The streets in this section, bound by Church, Joachim, St. Louis, and the river, formed the original town. Beyond this limit, historians say, was woods and swamp. Most of the Spanish names were dropped when the town became English, but Joachim was retained, after the "saint" was dropped.

The English period and the early American period is shown in the names of Congress, State, and similarly named streets. One other relic of the Spanish rule is retained in Eslava Street, named for Miguel Eslava, who was keeper of the king's account at Mobile for the king of Spain.

The town now became thoroughly American, and, as the limits extended, the names of the various states and popular leaders were adopted for the streets. Hamilton, Jackson, Monroe, and other streets were named for generals and Presidents. Then the names of States were utilized. Mobile originally had a Maine Street, a Massachusetts Street, a New Hampshire Street, and others. This remained in effect until 1861. When War between the States was declared, the names of these streets were changed. Maine became Palmetto; Massachusetts became Charleston; New Hampshire became Augusta; New York became Elmira; Vermont became Texas; Pennsylvania became Montgomery.

Mobile, with its white-pillared porches and cool piazzas screened with roses, wistarias, and honeysuckles, preserves all the outward evidences of the subtle influence called by Du Maurier "the infallible efficacy of gentle birth," a characteristic of its social aspect which the city at the mouth of Mobile River has maintained under the rule of five successive flags—yes, six, counting the feathered standard of the aboriginal owners—their homes were almost as much upon the waters of the river and the bay as upon the land. And their fleet of a hundred or more long canoes was so constantly in motion that the totem of the tribe—The Terrapin—was equally as appropriate as the name of their capital town, Mauvillia, which signified "The Paddlers."

In January, 1861, Alabama seceded from the Union to join the Confederate States of America, and on February 18, 1861, Jefferson Davis was inaugurated President of the Confederacy on the portico of the State capitol at Montgomery, and the spot on which he stood has been marked by a bronze star, placed by the loyal daughters of the South.

Alabama played a glorious part in the War between the States. Many of her loyal sons gave their homes and fortunes, and some their lives, for the cause they held so dear. The women, too, were loyal, even the children did their bit, as we see in the instance of Emma Sansom, the little country girl living near Gadsden, who immortalized her name by leading General Forest through a ford of Black Creek, thus enabling him to halt the march of Col. A. D. Streight toward Rome, Ga.

## THE PORT OF MOBILE.

Mobile, until the phenomenal rise of Birmingham, the Magic City, was the largest city of Alabama. In 1702, the French, under Bienville, established the original site of the city on Mobile Bay, at the mouth of Dog River, and built there Fort St. Louis de la Mobile, in honor of his sovereign and in the name of the Indian tribe occupying the land. In 1711, a more desirable location being sought, he established a permanent colony at Fort Conde, the present site of the city located on the west side of Mobile River, where it empties into the bay of the same name.

Upon this beautiful bay, a somewhat treacherous body of water, which opens upon the Gulf of Mexico, was fought a celebrated battle, August, 5, 1864, Admiral Buchanan commanding the Confederate fleet, Admiral Farragut the Federal fleet. The entrance to the bay was guarded by two forts—Morgan and Gaines—which had been seized by Governor Moore, of Alabama, when he felt sure the ordinance of secession would be passed. Of this battle, Admiral Porter, one of the distinguished commanders of the North, said (as quoted in Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government"): "Most of the Southern ports fell into our possession with comparative facility; and the difficulty of capturing Charleston, Savannah, Wilmington, and Mobile was in a measure owing to the fact that the approaches to these places were filled with various kinds of torpedoes, laid in groups, and fired by electricity. The introduction of this means of defense on the side of the Confederates was for a time a severe check to our naval forces, for the commanders of squadrons felt it their duty to be careful when dealing with an element of warfare of which they knew so little, and the character and disposition of which it was so difficult to discover. In this system of defense, therefore, the enemy found their greatest security."

In the Mobile navy yard was built the first successful submarine vessel in the world, the cigar-shaped submarine Hunley that sank the huge Federal steamship Housatonic, though in performing the then novel feat she went to her own destruction. Also built in the Mobile navy yard, which was an extension and part of the Confederate navy yard at Selma, up the river, were the ships Morgan, Gaines, and Selma, and the ram Tennessee, all of which were engaged in the battle of Mobile Bay on August 5, 1864.

President Davis, in his book, makes this comment upon the battle of Mobile Bay: "The unequal contest was decidedly creditable to the Confederacy. The entire loss of the enemy, most of which is ascribed to the Tennessee, amounted to quite three hundred in killed and wounded, exclusive of one hundred lost on the sunken ironclad, making a number almost as large as the entire Confederate force."

In Mobile once officiated as priest the well-beloved Father Ryan, immortal author of "The Sword of Lee" and the "Conquered Banner," "The Flag of Erin," and "A Land without Ruins."

To-day, the port of Mobile thinks only in terms of the future. Business is the watchword, double-quick is the stride of the awakened town, and among its many industries and places of prominence may be mentioned the following: Cochrane Bridge spans the widest gap in the historic and popular Old Spanish Trail Federal Highway between St. Augustine, Fla., and San Diego, Calif. In one of the small parks in the center of Government Street, near the river, are to be found mounted an old cannon from Fort Morgan and another from Fort Charlotte. Just west of those cannon will be found the statue of Admiral Raphael Semmes in



Bienville Square, with its beautiful irregular live oaks. Mobile has a paper mill, hardwood lumber plant, overall plant, pine lumber plant, veneer plant, meat packing plant, turpentine cup plant, structural steel plant, foreign commerce, sea foods, cotton mills, railroad shops, naval stores, fertilizer plant, dye wood and tanning extract plant, black strap molasses plant, cigar box veneers, ornamental floor tile, roofing plant, creosoting plant, banana boats, cement pipe plant, Spring Hill College, Convent of the Visitation, McGill Institute, Barton Academy, and many churches, the Government Street Presbyterian Church, which is nearing the century mark, is regarded as one of the most interesting examples of Greek architecture, not only in the city, but in the entire South. It is believed that the church was designed by Dr. W. T. Hamilton, the first pastor of the Church.

The three styles of Greek columns can be seen in the church. The exterior columns are Ionic, the gallery columns are Doric, and the pulpit columns Corinthian. The indented or coffered ceiling is also unique, and, like the arch over the pulpit, is thought to be without a duplicate in this country. Two beautiful Tiffany altar vases are the only ornaments.

Another interesting feature of the old church still preserved is the old slave gallery.

It is interesting to note that the Mardi Gras Carnivals, celebrated throughout cities of the South, originated at Mobile.

Statistics compiled in the office of the collector of customs showed the value of export commerce for the calendar year 1927 as \$44,964,596, and the value of imports as \$8,276,452 making a combined total of \$53,241,048. Mobile thinks only in terms of the future—an old city with new ideals and opportunities. Business is the watchword, double-quick is the stride of the awakened town. To adapt a phrase from the striking remarks of Mr. Clarence Poe, of North Carolina: "If the test of a section is not where it stands, but how it is moving, then Mobile, with all Alabama, is undoubtedly progressive."

The business activity of the city, the crowded shipping of the harbor really distract the eye from the natural beauties of the bay, which rivals in charm its near neighbor on Mississippi Sound, the fair Pascagoula Bay. Yet here are the same wondrous effects of water and sky, varying from day to day, changing from hour to hour—though loveliest, perhaps, at dawn, when the moon of splendid passing night, low hanging on the western horizon, silvers the crest of every wavelet on that side of the bay, while the eastern ripples are turned to burnished gold as fast as they are touched by flaming shafts flung wide by heralds of the approaching king of day. Small wonder that Mauvilla worshiped the sun.

#### MUSICAL LIFE OF THE SOUTH,

BY MARY PRIDEMORE, VICE PRESIDENT GEN. ROBERT E. LEE CHAPTER, U. D. C., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The part the South has contributed to the music of our American nation has never been fully told. The histories of American music have been written chiefly by Northern and New England authors, who naturally laid stress on the music of their own sections, with which they were familiar, and have failed to collect statistics of the musical life of the Southern people. Yet it is undoubtedly true that while in the early days the music of the Puritans and Pilgrims was confined strictly to religious singing of hymns, and secular music was considered frivolous and sacrilegious, the Southern colonists

were enjoying concerts and operas, because here there was no such religious and musical prejudice.

These colonists, such as the Cavaliers of Virginia and the Huguenots of Carolina, although in a barbarous land, were by no means barbarians themselves. Many were educated and refined, and no doubt some were musically cultivated, so that as soon as room was found on the small vessels coming over from England, we find mention made in old inventories of imported organs, violins, and harpsichords.

According to statistics found in old eighteenth century newspapers, the first large musical activity of artistic significance in America was developed in Charleston, S. C. Indeed, the first song recital in America took place in Charleston on February 26, 1733. And Charleston has also the honor of organizing the pioneer musical society of America, the "St. Cecilia Society," organized in 1762. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, writing of a Southern journey in 1773, describes the music of a concert given by this society as "grand, especially the bass viol and French horns." President Washington, in his *Journal*, speaking of a visit to Charleston in 1791, wrote that he went to a concert.

Savannah, Ga., also had a remarkable musical life for her size. In 1766, the *Georgia Gazette* mentions the "usual benefit concert of music," and, in 1796, a "grand concert of symphony, song, and concerto." And in Virginia, Williamsburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg, Alexandria, Norfolk, and Petersburg, all had music at an early date. General Washington, in his ledger, noted his expense for concerts at Williamsburg in 1765 and 1767. Fredericksburg had a concert advertised in the *Virginia Gazette* for January 10, 1784, a concert by the Harmonic Society, which proves an organized activity.

In New Orleans, in 1791, was established performances of opera which have continued more or less ever since. It was the first American city to establish opera permanently, and while this French opera was not of as high class as the New York opera of to-day nevertheless it has certainly been of the greatest importance in the musical life of the nation. These facts have been itemized in order to show the unpopular contention that the South had a comparatively rich and ripe musical experience before New England found it in her conscience to open a very ready ear to secular music.

After the Revolution, music, and good music, was the ordinary enjoyment of the plantation household. Many planters brought teachers from abroad, and the young Southerners were trained on the harpsichord, piano, violin, cello, flute, and guitar. Voices also were trained by these foreign teachers. Perhaps nowhere in America at that time was there so vivid an enjoyment of the best that music has to offer, and this love of music was continued up to the War between the States. When that war came, and the national tragedy was at hand, the cultured men who could have made the music were shouldering the muskets. There were no men to spare, and none, men or women, with leisure to express themselves musically.

After the war, the South, of course, was too utterly impoverished to support the fine arts. There was little music of any kind. The decade and a half of carpetbag rule was a time of suffering and struggle, and there was no leisure or money for music. Therefore, taste naturally declined under these conditions, so that when traveling companies found their way South again it was the music of a lighter strain that was heralded.

But for the past several decades musical intelligence has again been spreading throughout the South, and while the opera has deteriorated in New Orleans for the last eighteen



years, the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York has been coming to Atlanta for a season of one week, giving as many as eight operas during each season. The Chicago Opera Company has also entered the Southern field, and is permanently established in our next-door neighbor, Chattanooga, where they give a season of opera every February; and other lesser opera companies tour the South each year.

All the great artists tour our Southern States and give concerts in all the larger cities. Then there have arisen schools of music in the large cities of the South, conservatories and choral societies, and organizations for ensemble playing. A few cities in the South have their symphony orchestras. Converse College for Women, in Spartanburg, S. C., holds a festival of music every spring, in which local chorus and orchestra combine with great artists to make a festival of high rank. Our own city of Nashville, a live educational center, has much music in connection with her colleges and schools.

Of the composers the South has produced, a few of the outstanding may be mentioned. Louis Moreau Gottschalk, born in New Orleans, was the first American composer to win European notice in composition and performance. Frank Van Der Stucken, of Texas, is one of the South's most eminent composers. Dr. Lowell Mason, the father of American Church music, while he was born in Massachusetts, may be partly claimed by the South, as he spent his youth and young manhood in Savannah. Stephen Collins Foster, whose genius with its wit and ending was so similar to Poe's, may also be claimed, in a way, by the South, for his compositions are modeled on folk songs of plantation type, although he was born in Pittsburgh, but of Virginia parents. His tender songs such as "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and many others, caught from the lips of the darkies and molded into ballad form, will probably ever exercise a masterful influence.

Lily Strickland, of South Carolina, E. L. Ashford, of Nashville, Tenn., Leslie Loth, of Virginia, Roy Lamont Smith, of Chattanooga, Tenn., David Guion, of Texas, and John Powell, composer and pianist, of Virginia, are only a few of the South's modern composers who have taken their places in the ranks of the foremost American composers.

Of the famous war songs of the South, "Dixie," the Southern song par excellence, though composed for a minstrel show by an Ohio man, Dan D. Emmett, the Southern soldiers, simply because they liked it, sang it into the heart of the Confederacy. The South paid her debt for Dixie by providing the music for the most popular song of the Union soldiers, "Glory Hallelujah," or "John Brown's Body," which was composed by William Steffe. "The Bonnie Blue Flag" is of Southern origin, both words and music. It was composed in New Orleans by Harry McCarthy. It is told by one historian that when the Federal soldiers were in New Orleans, "Parties of ladies, upon balconies of houses, would turn their backs when soldiers were passing, while one of them would run to the piano and play "The Bonnie Blue Flag" with the energy that lovely woman knows how to throw into a performance of that kind. Southern ownership in "Maryland, My Maryland" is vested only in the words, written by James Randall. The music is taken from an old German folk song.

The special gift the South has made to the musical world is in the array of artists she has produced, such as Clara Louise Kellogg, of South Carolina; Minnie Hauk, of New Orleans; Carrie Bridewell, of Alabama; Alice Neilson, of Tennessee; John Powell, of Virginia; the Metropolitan star, Mary Lewis, of Arkansas; and quite recently our own city has

produced the Metropolitan singer, Joseph McPherson; and the latest prima donna, Grace Moore, comes from the little town of Jellico in East Tennessee.

In writing a history of Southern music, it would be very incomplete if we left out negro music, as the nearest approach to American "folk music" is that played or sung by the negroes of the Southern States. Indeed, the quaint melodies and fascinating rhythms of the beautiful negro spirituelles constitute a rich field of melodic material for future composers. Such eminent American composers as Gottschalk, Chadwick, and Percy Grainger have already used these themes for important compositions.

It is not likely that any considerable part of this negro music was brought from Africa, as many suppose. Where, then, did he get his music? We all know the negro is a born copyist, and it is highly probable that the stuff out of which his songs are composed was imported raw material of Scotch, Irish, and English songs which came to the South with the early colonists and have disappeared except in this form. However, it is impossible to determine how much is simply the result of primitive uncertainty of tone and how much is African, for that the negro has a latent musical gift cannot be denied.

In singing the spirituelles, often one of the chorus acts as leader and gives a line or two by himself, the chorus coming in with the refrain. The negro is very sensitive to rhythm and his time is sure to be accurate. The spirituelles are sometimes minor and sometimes major, occasionally a mixed mode is employed. Common time is usual, grace notes, quaint postponement of accent, and gliding attacks abound, and all gain strong character from the sweet voices and emotional gestures of the singers. The words are often highly imaginative, as the negro is intensely superstitious and emotional, and, when his supply of lines gives out, or his memory fails, he resorts to improvisation. Sometimes the improvised lines will be given in turn by different ones in the chorus who have the faculty of inventing them. There is a pathos in these spirituelles that is appealing, and while a quick ear is more common than tunefulness, the effect produced by the singing of a great number, always in unison, so quickens the hearer's pulse or moves him to tears that defects are forgotten. It is almost unnecessary to state that the vulgar ragtime and "coon songs" and "jazz" of the concert hall and minstrel show are decadent types, and bear little relation to genuine negro melody.

Of outstanding negro musicians mention may be made of the Fisk Jubilee Singers, who have gained international reputation, touring the United States many times and making several trips to Europe, and who raised \$150,000 for the University. Also the composer, Harry Burleigh, who has composed many beautiful songs, many of which are modeled on the spirituelles; and the famous tenor, Roland Hayes, of Chattanooga, of whom, when he was in Germany last year, the German critics said, sang German "lieder" so beautifully perfect that if his skin were not black they would think him a German.

Writing from Fairfax, Va., Robert E. Wiley says: "I am reminded that sixty-six years ago to-day, June 26, 1862, we opened up the seven days battles around Richmond, Va. The company to which I belonged went in with fifty-five men, and before the sun went down on that day, there were only nineteen of us left whole of the company. Of course, many others were killed and crippled from other commands but I heard of no loss in any one company which measured up with our loss on that day."



## SOME HISTORY AROUND RUSSELLVILLE, TENN.

BY REBECCA DOUGHERTY HYATT.

Could there be a more historic setting for a monument to a military body than Russellville, Tenn., an old town that has been building history since those far-away days when stage-coaches rumbled through its only street? The days when the old Riggs Tavern radiated hospitality to such celebrities as Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, the Prince Louis Phillippe, afterwards king of France, and many others of noteworthy importance?

What reveries of a past age come with each step through this old town, what traditions and romances are associated with these old landmarks, landmarks whose preservation would be priceless to posterity! We have many interesting accounts that have not been recorded in history.

Russellville has furnished soldiers for every war. Indeed, Russellville was settled on land granted by an appreciative government for services rendered in the War of the Revolution. These soldiers were ancestors of our present-day citizens. James Roddy won his commission as colonel for bravery in the battle of King's Mountain. He settled here on his large estate and married a daughter of William Russell, for whom our village was named. Colonel Roddy was one of the signers of the first constitution of the State of Tennessee. He was a devout Baptist and, there being no place of worship in the vicinity, he offered his house for this purpose, and there in the big living room, Richard Rice, a colleague of Judson, the first missionary to India, addressed a large audience of Tennessee's pioneers, soliciting means for the maintenance of missionaries. His house may still be seen across the way on the old trail which led from the Carolinas toward the west. This old estate, after Colonel Roddy's death, was purchased by Mr. Graham, of Tazewell, and has since been known as "Hayslope."

Another soldier, David Coffman, an officer, was granted four hundred acres of land for his services in the Revolutionary War. His house of hewn logs, built a century and half ago, still houses his descendants. Near by stands the log church house which was the second Baptist Church to be organized in what is now Tennessee. And William Donaldson, another Revolutionary soldier, settled on a land grant adjoining that of Colonel Roddy. And Capt. William Cock, Joseph Anderson, and many others who lived in this settlement fought against the soldiers of the king. Is it surprising, then, that sons of these valorous men would follow "Old Hickory" through the bloody battles of the Horseshoe Bend and of New Orleans? Nor that, in 1846, fifty-seven of Russellville's sons were mobilized on this very ground, following the colors to fight for their country, and marched triumphantly into Mexico City? In this struggle some gave their lives, others won honors. Private Caswell returned with the commission of brigadier general. During the War between the States, General Caswell was killed at Caswell Station, near Knoxville. His old home may still be seen here. In the bloody days of the sixties, Russellville, to a man, arose to do battle, divided between the Blue and the Gray. In the war with Spain, the men of Russellville did honor to their country.

And, again, is it surprising that a soldier of Russellville should receive decorations from five of the allied nations in the World War and the highest recognition that is possible for his own country to bestow, the Congressional Medal?

But it is our purpose to-day, as Daughters of the Confederacy, to do honor to the soldiers of the War between the States, the soldiers in gray. The Army of Tennessee was encamped in 1863 and 1864 along this highway, then an old

field, and whose guards stood picket night after night under these very chestnut trees, while down in the big old barn cavalry horses stamped impatiently and batteries were planted in readiness for action. General Longstreet, with his staff, had headquarters here in the village. General McLaws was in quarters at the old Roddy house at Hayslope, while General Kershaw was at Greenwood with his staff.

In placing this marker, it is our purpose to honor all soldiers of the Army of Tennessee who came this way and to keep fresh in the minds of future generations the valorous deeds of these men who wore the gray. No braver soldiers have the wars of earth ever known, these men in the Army of Tennessee. In history we follow them through the hardest-fought battles of the War between the States.

During trying years following the departure of this army, Russellville had her hardships. Russellville was a rendezvous, alternately, for both Federal and Confederate troops. During the winter of 1862, Major Fairfax granted protection to the cows at Hayslope on condition of receiving a gallon of milk daily for his eggnogs. When General Bryan and his staff moved into the house, they brought a bounty of rations, and there was no lack of food at first; later, it was sadly different. The last winter it was no unusual sight to see ragged, bare-footed soldiers huddled together for warmth in the big barn, living on a ration of one ear of corn a day, which they parched and soaked in water before eating.

During the retreat of the Federals from Bull's Gap, the Confederates formed a line of attack and charged on the graveyard hill. Generals Breckenridge and Basil Duke pursued the enemy down the Morristown road and such



MARKER AT THE CAMPING PLACE OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE IN 1863 AND LITTLE BETSY ADAMS HYATT, WHO UNVEILED THE MARKER



ceeded in taking ammunition and other army supplies and in capturing many prisoners. In the conflicts in and around this section, many were killed and wounded. The beautiful old brick church here and Bethesda Church were converted into hospitals where women nursed the sick, cared for the wounded, and furnished their own linens for winding sheets for the dead. These men who fell, though their voices were stilled, must have cried out that such wars would come to pass no more. The Russellville women dug the graves and buried the dead of friend and foe alike, where side by side in peace lie the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray.

"Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment Day  
Under the roses the Blue,  
Under the lilies the Gray."

## OLD MIDWAY CHURCH.

BY MRS. W. M. WATSON, O. C. HORNE CHAPTER, U. D. C., HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

Midway Church, built on a wooded knoll, commands a southern view of the beautiful Coastal Highway which passes through the lower part of Liberty County, Ga. A big old live oak, festooned with Spanish moss, mingles with giant pines to form a setting, fringed with feathery gray cypress trees, for the beautiful, lofty-spired white buildings which is the renowned Midway Church.

The building is made of heart wood, still tough and sound, and it is painted white inside and out. The pews have old-fashioned swinging doors, and the high pulpit has steps leading up on each side. The gallery is built around the three sides, amphitheater style, and was used in olden times by the slaves. The old melodeon has been converted into a handsome table, which occupies a place in front of the pulpit.

Much of the natural beauty of the surroundings of Midway Church has been left, with the result that the charm of a period long gone and almost forgotten, except for historical records, has been held captive for the eyes of the present generation.

Midway has ever proved a fertile field for the historian, while a wealth of romance in both song and story has been handed down through the years. The minute books of the Midway Society, which date back from the year 1754, contain much interesting data concerning the old church and the early colonists. A number of these books have been placed with the Georgia Historical Society for safe-keeping.

It was on March 30, 1630, that the ancestors of Midway Church people after "a day of prayer and fasting and a sermon," sailed from Dorchester, England, in their chartered vessel, the Mary and John, reaching the harbor of Nantucket, May 30, 1630. They established a colony in Massachusetts, which they named Dorchester, in honor of their old home back in England.

After five years they became dissatisfied and many removed to Dorchester, Conn. Here they remained for sixty years, when some moved on to find new fields. Always their departure was preceded by prayers and religious services. At this time a request came to Dorchester, Conn., from some Puritan element that had settled in South Carolina for some one to come and "minister to them in holy things," and a small band, organized as a Church, and led by their pastor, the Rev. Joseph Lord, set sail for South Carolina.

Stephens's "History of Georgia" says: "They were the first missionaries that ever left the shores of New England."

There was something morally sublime in the spectacle which they presented. It was not the departure of one minister, or of one family, but of a whole Church.

This band of men settled, in 1696, on the banks of the Ashley River, about eighteen miles above Charleston, and named the place Dorchester in honor of their former homes.

This colony remained at Dorchester, S. C., fifty-six years, when the unhealthfulness of their location, the narrowness of their land, the increase of their population, and the tendency of the younger members of their community to remove in order to make more profitable settlements, caused them to come farther south, where they secured sufficient tracts of land for their extended plantations.

They secured 32,550 acres of land on the Midway River in the Colony of Georgia, and, on December 6, 1752, Benjamin Baker and family and Samuel Baker and family arrived and commenced a settlement. Other families followed, and, in 1754, seventeen families came, including that of their pastor, Rev. Mr. Osgood.

The Church records show that there were thirty-eight families and five single persons in 1771. Following the arrival of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Osgood, a log church was erected on Midway Neck, where the venerable Midway meeting house now stands, and the first sermon was preached there June 7, 1754.

They soon held a meeting for the purpose of forming a covenant and also to plan a more convenient house of worship, which was built in 1756. The land for the church building was deeded by Mr. John Stevens and wife, and the contract for sawing the lumber (by hand) was given to Mr. James Maxwell.

Special rules were adopted covering rights to vote, privileges, choice of seats, etc., and a "Book of Rights" kept all amounts paid.

This church building was burned by the British under Colonel Prevost in 1778.

With all of her sons who were able to bear arms, serving in the Revolutionary War, the church burned, the farms destroyed, their pastor, Rev. Mr. Allen, imprisoned (and, in trying to escape, drowned), the community was almost broken up for a time; but we find this sturdy, unconquerable people returning in 1782, and in 1792 they built the present church on the same spot as that burned.

Nearly two centuries have passed since then, and in these years the deeds of the descendants of that stanch band of Puritans have become indelibly linked with both State and national history.

No other Church in America has given to the world so many men and women prominent in all walks of life. As the radio broadcasts the voice, encircling the globe as far as the wave lengths go, so has the mighty influence for good gone out from this Church over and around the world, even unto the heathen countries of China, Japan, Korea, and Burma, of the Orient.

From the membership of this Church many other Churches have been organized, hence the name, "Mother of Churches." Midway has long been known as the "Mother of Ministers," having given to the world eighty-six ministers of the gospel.

The first Georgian elevated to the position of bishop of the M. E. Church was the grandson of James Andrew, one of the original settlers of Midway. Dr. Mell (Baptist), who was professor of ancient languages at Mercer, 1842-55, afterwards chancellor of the State University, was born at Midway and baptized in this church. Rev. Abiel Stevens, also a Baptist, was born and baptized here and went as a missionary to Burma, in 1836.



The Rev. Edward Axson, father of the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, was born and reared here, while his father, Rev. I. S. K. Axson, was a minister at Midway.

John Quarterman, who bears the wonderful record of having among his descendants twenty-four ministers, seven foreign missionaries, and eight professors of note, besides many others of distinction, was one of the original settlers.

To Joseph and John LeConte, brothers of world-wide reputation as scientists, born and reared there, does the University of California at Berkeley owe its present renown. The Rev. Thomas Goulding, of this colony, invented the first sewing machine in 1842, antedating Elias Howe by a few years; but as he did not get patents out, the honor went to Howe.

Without doubt, the St. John's Parish (which is in Liberty County) was the cradle of the most intense Revolutionary spirit.

Not accepting the conditions of the convention which met in Tondies Long room at Savannah, Ga., July, 1774, the committee from St. John's withdrew, and later sent their own delegates to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, so it came about that this colony had two of its members, Lyman Hall and Button Gwinnett, as signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Five counties—Screven, Stewart, Hall, Gwinnett, and Baker were named after her illustrious sons, who lie sleeping in the cemetery at Midway.

Here also we find the grave of Hon. John E. Ward, who went to China as United States Minister in 1859, and was the first American or English minister or minister of any other nation to visit Peking and hold council with the officials of that great empire.

In the center of this beautiful cemetery is the \$10,000 monument erected by the United States government to the memory of Revolutionary Generals Screven and Stewart. The latter was the great-grandfather of President Roosevelt.

On the left is a small monument of the great philanthropist, John Lambert, who died December, 1786. His will reads in part: "I bequeath to the Church and society one silver tankard and two communion cups." The yearly income of his estate was for charitable, religious, and educational work, "or wherever any good, pious purpose may be answered in the Church of Midway." Although this fund has been much reduced in the one hundred and thirty-eight years, this community is still being benefited by it.

In 1865, the cemetery was used as a slaughter pen and the church as a slaughterhouse by Sherman's army. Fortunately, the church was spared, but the homes were all burned and the plantations wrecked. The people scattered, many remaining in their summer residences in the villages of Walthourville, Flemington, and Dorchester.

Smaller churches were built in each of the villages and the doors of the old church were shut and the records closed, except where annually the descendants and friends meet on April 26 and have memorial services in the old church, bringing a basket dinner and enjoying the reunion of relatives and friends. After the memorial address in the afternoon, wreaths of flowers and evergreens are placed on the graves of the Confederate dead.

A moss-grown brick wall, five feet thick, incloses Midway Cemetery, where lies twelve hundred dead. It has been said that in all America there is no other spot of its size where sleep so many illustrious dead.

"Eternity alone will be able to reveal the good done by that one Church and community."—*Stacy*.

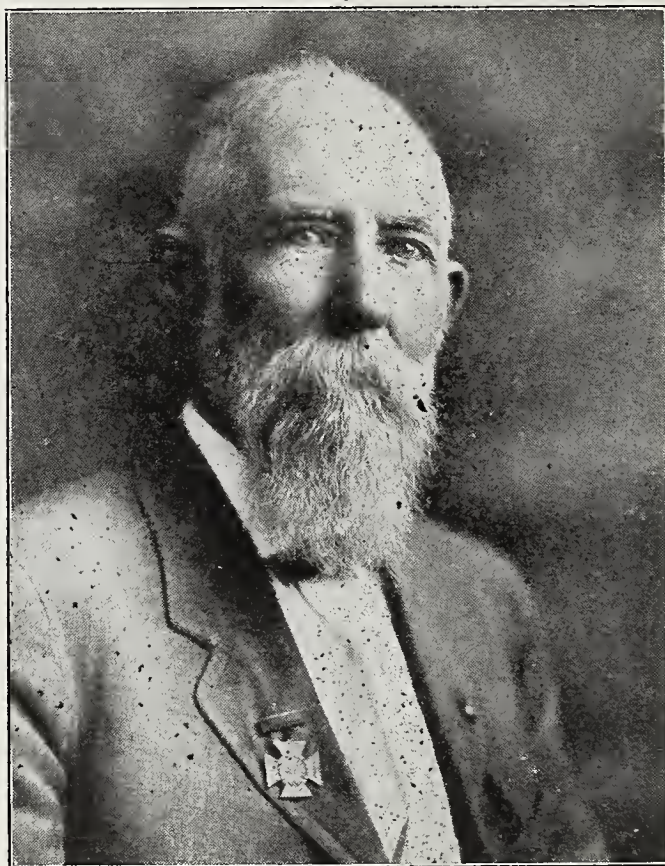
## OUR VETERANS.

BY MILDRED PUGH PRESCOTT, LETCHER, LA.

Come, let us welcome them, cheer them with might,  
Brave stars of strength in our country's dark night!  
Look backward and see them in martial array,  
Duty called and Hope beckoned them on to the fray.

But few now are left us of all the great band  
Who suffered and fought for our Southern land;  
To these brave and true in homage we bow,  
And in thought place a laurel wreath over each brow.

Then, come! Let us greet them with music and cheer!  
Dear veteran soldiers, while they are here.  
Too soon, alas! will Time's chilling breeze  
Call them to rest "'neath the shade of the trees."



GEN. F. A. HOWELL

The Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., Gen. F. A. Howell, was a private of Company F 11th Mississippi Infantry, from August 18, 1861, to July 3, 1863, when he was wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and disabled for further service in the infantry; but in August, 1864, he joined Company A, 6th Mississippi Cavalry, and served until the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865. In 1893, when the Holmes County Camp, No. 398, U. C. V., was organized at Lexington, Miss., he was elected its Adjutant and has been annually elected to the same office ever since. In October, 1927, he was elected without opposition to Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., after having served six years as Commander of the 1st Brigade, Mississippi Division.



## THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF MISSOURI.

BY MRS. BERNARD C. HUNT, COLUMBIA, MO.

The origin of the Confederate Home of Missouri can be traced to the year 1882, when two associations were organized in St. Louis, the Confederate Soldiers of St. Louis, Incorporated, and the Southern Historical and Benevolent Association.

At the State encampment of the Confederate Veterans held at Higginsville in 1889, it was decided to build a Confederate Home for the less fortunate veterans. On August 17, 1889, the Confederate Home Association was incorporated with Thomas J. Portis, President. The Executive Committee met the following January, 1890, and decided on the location. They purchased the Grove Young farm of three hundred and sixty-five acres, located one mile north of Higginsville, in Lafayette County. This farm is one of the finest and most fertile in Missouri, according to the United States Soil Survey. The Committee paid \$18,000 for the farm, the necessary amount being raised by citizens of Lafayette County. Strangely enough, but nevertheless a fact, a Union soldier gave \$5,000 to this fund.

For more than a year a State-wide financial campaign went on and was declared a great success, for on April 17, 1891, the first building was completed, and Julius Bainberge, seventy-eight years old, was admitted as the first inmate. From the date of his admission to June 26, 1893, sixty veterans had been enrolled, with the average age of sixty-four and one-half years. Capt. Mark Belt was the first superintendent of the home.

The first officers of the association now turned the affairs over to a new board, with James Bannerman of St. Louis, president; Harvey W. Salmon, of Clinton, vice president; and T. W. Cassell, superintendent.

Missouri had at this time fifteen congressional districts, and it was thought advisable by the board to have an executive committee made up of one responsible man from each district. The duties of this committee were to be twofold—first, to solicit and collect money for buildings and maintenance; second, to help place eligible veterans and their wives in the institution. In three years they collected \$70,000. Associated with Mr. Bannerman in this great task of financing and establishing the Home were many fine and capable men, among them Maj. Henry A. Newman, Huntsville, and Capt. W. P. Barlow, St. Louis, who gave liberally of time and money.

About this time there was organized in St. Louis the first Southern Women's Organization. On January 27, 1891, this organization was named "The Daughters of the Confederacy," and Mrs. Margaret A. E. McLure was chosen President. Mrs. A. C. Cassidy conceived the idea of such an organization. Its complete aim and purpose was to give to St. Louis women the opportunity to aid in the erection of the Confederate Home of Missouri. At this first meeting, ninety-seven women were present and it was held in the parlors of the Southern Hotel. It was decided to hold a strawberry festival at once. This proved a wonderful success, clearing \$597.65, of which \$52 came from the "most popular young lady" contest, and \$167 from the auction of a cake.

At the Home the cottages were now being completed, and this band of Southern women assumed the duty of furnishing four of them at a net cost of \$395.05. In addition, they gave \$255.88 for furniture for the main building, making a total of \$650.93 expended from the proceeds of the strawberry festival. This was the first of their activities, and they have never ceased.

To this band of women was given the privilege of naming four cottages, which they honored with the names of Gens. John S. Bowen, W. Y. Slack, M. M. Parsons, and Henry Little, respectively. The ladies of Knox County, who had made a fine contribution, were allowed to name the fifth cottage in honor of Gen. Martin E. Greene.

The next move to raise money was a voting contest for the most popular young lady in Missouri. Miss Belle Morris, of Mexico, won the gold medal. This contest netted \$701.30. The Pattonville Cooking Club, a St. Louis County Auxiliary, presented the St. Louis organization with a check for \$1,025.

Many attempts had been made to induce the women of Missouri to organize auxiliary societies to the Confederate Home Association under the general name of "The Daughters of the Confederacy," these organizations to report their work to the main organization and deposit their money with it, so that in the annual report the entire work of all the women could be consolidated and the money used to erect the main building. The cost of this building had been estimated at \$30,000, and with eighteen auxiliaries and ten Ladies' Societies to work, it was resolved that the women build the main building and leave the endowment fund for the men to raise. The treasurer's report showed \$11,618.06, and the Ladies' Societies, \$4,339, making a total of \$15,951.61, over one-half of the required amount.

The main and central building was given to the Home by the Daughters of the Confederacy. It is a two-story brick Colonial building, typifying the architecture of the South with its spacious verandas and broad, sweeping porches. The outside trimmings are of stone. The veranda is two stories high and covers the entire length of two sides of the building. Beyond the large entrance hall, and to the right, is a beautiful room dedicated to the memory of Gen. John S. Marmaduke and Capt. William Robinson McLure, son of Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, of St. Louis. In this room is a very handsome clock, the gift of "Mother McLure," said to be one of the handsomest in our State. The parlor was dedicated to the memory of ex-Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson, war-time governor, and was furnished by the Daughters from Hannibal and Marshall.

J. B. Legg, of St. Louis, was the architect of the building. He donated all his plans and specifications to the board.

Cottage Row was beautifully and thoughtfully laid out. All of the cottages were built on lots 100 by 200 feet. All had three rooms, front and back porches, nice grassy front yards, and excellent plots for vegetable gardens. It might well be noted here that one of these cottages was given by citizens of Quincy, Ill.

Beside the cottages erected by the Association, a number were built by Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy and named in honor of distinguished soldiers. The imposing chapel was built by ladies from Lafayette County at a cost of \$1,200.

The formal dedication of the Confederate Home was held on June 9, 1893, when Rev. P. G. Robert, rector of the Church of the Holy Communion in St. Louis, formally presented, on behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the main building to the Confederate Home Association. Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, known to all as "Mother McLure," was a dear, sweet, and charming Southern lady in the early eighties, who gave much of her time in helping to provide comforts and necessities for the "boys" at the Home.

In the first official report made by Superintendent Cassell, dated June 20 to December 31, 1893, he stated that he had taken in fifty-five members, making a total of one hundred and fifteen at the Home on January 1, 1894. During these



months, \$8,013.67 was collected from various sources. Women from Saline County started the movement of fostering a library, and in this same report were listed 1,453 books and magazines. During the year 1894, much work was done and improvements made on the grounds and buildings. A picket fence was built around the main building and a macadam drive, 435 feet long and ten feet wide, laid in the main avenue.

Fruit and shade trees were set out and much small fruit started.

In 1898, at Fayette, Mo., the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was formed with four Chapters. Mrs. R. E. Wilson was the first President. The second convention was held at Higginsville on May 10, 1899, at which the following Chapters were represented: St. Louis, Fayette, Lexington, Kansas City, and Higginsville. The two principal activities of this convention were, first, to acquire possession of the Confederate Home Cemetery; second, to appeal to the legislature and to the school boards for the true teaching of history in the Missouri schools.

On November 1, the Missouri Pacific Railroad designated the Confederate Home a flag station. This was greatly needed and appreciated by the veterans and their friends. In May, Mrs. R. E. Wilson, President of the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who often visited the Home, saw that seventy-five suits were needed, and on September 10 each veteran received a new outfit.

During the year, two thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight visitors were registered at the Home. Some few were probably mere sight-seers, but in the main, these guests were in loving sympathy with this great project. In the Superintendent's report for the first six months of 1895, we find that money was becoming harder and harder to procure. Missouri land had been hit hard financially by crop failures. Plans were then made by the Board to have the Executive Committee solicit and collect funds at the School District elections. Through this method, \$15,237.86 was raised. Again, on June 3, 1895, the United Daughters of the Confederacy from Higginsville served refreshments to more than one thousand visitors in the dining room of the main building, clearing \$600, which they gave to the Maintenance Fund.

The Home was now badly in need of a hospital. The United Daughters of the Confederacy of St. Louis, realizing this great necessity, paid for its erection. The hospital was a two-story frame building with eleven rooms, a large veranda, two bath rooms, and stationary wash basins with hot and cold water, at a cost of about \$4,173.86. All of the fourteen cottages were now furnished and occupied. In 1896, the finances were growing very low. The veterans over the State who were instrumental in the building of the Home were rapidly growing old and becoming physically unable to carry on yearly campaigns for funds. At the same time, each year saw a larger enrollment, necessitating more money for maintenance. At the time of the fifth annual report, there were one hundred and thirty-two inmates. During this financial panic of 1896, many Chapters gave money directly to the Home to assist with the maintenance—St. Joseph, Sedalia, Sweet Springs, Hannibal, Liberty, Cape Girardeau, Jefferson City, Higginsville, Odessa, New Madrid, and St. Louis. Total expenditures at the Home from August 26, 1890, to May 31, 1895, were \$83,468.27. The United Daughters of the Confederacy gave \$31,033.41, making a total of \$121,092.90.

The Board now considered mortgaging the Home in order to procure money, but some of the members felt that some-

thing else should be done, as the number of applicants was rapidly increasing and it was growing more and more difficult to secure enough money by private subscriptions to run the institution. As the mortgage plan very evidently would afford only temporary relief, many influential citizens and ex-Union soldiers advised the Board to appeal for help to the next session of the State legislature.

Consequently, on June 1, 1897, the State of Missouri, by the Act of legislature, approved by Gov. Lon V. Stephens, took over the Confederate Home, with the entire farm and the buildings, consisting of one main brick building, one ten-room superintendent's home, fourteen cottages, two farm houses and improvements, and one chapel. The State assumed all financial obligations with the understanding that it was to be used as a Confederate Home as long as one eligible veteran or his wife wished to stay at the institution. The two and one-half acres in the cemetery were not deeded over until August 17, 1904, by the Confederate Home Board to the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Prior to this, the Daughters paid for an iron fence around the cemetery, the cost of which was \$816.60. There are now six hundred and sixty-five veterans and veterans' wives buried in the cemetery.

We have had many good and capable superintendents. George E. Patton served from 1897 to 1900; N. H. Kavanah from 1901 to 1902; J. L. Pace from 1913 to 1920. F. H. Chambers, who came to the Home in 1921, is still our superintendent, doing a fine work.

On June 2, 1906, the Missouri Division unveiled the Confederate monument in the cemetery. This monument, which is built of solid granite, cost \$5,000. The upper part is carved and each corner protected by a column, and the whole covered with a granite roof. The monument is a reproduction in solid rock of the Thorwaldsen Colossal Lion. In one of his strong paws is the seal of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with the striking motto,

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet  
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Below the seal is the legend, "In Memoriam" of the Confederate dead. On the back of the monument are the words: "Erected by the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Gloria Victes. 1865."

Since 1897, one thousand four hundred and forty-three inmates have been admitted and cared for, and at the present time, 1928, we have one hundred and seventy-two in our family. The general conditions at the Home have always been very satisfactory and are especially so just now under the loving care and direction of Superintendent and Mrs. Chambers.

Many persons who have visited Confederate Homes in other Southern States have said that Missouri's Home ranks first and is the best one in the entire country. Many permanent and worth-while improvements have been made in the past ten years. We now have our main building, two men's dormitories, a ladies' home, a beautiful new hospital with modern equipment, commissary, greenhouse, church, fourteen cottages, a superintendent's home, and a number of farm buildings.

In January, 1925, the Confederate Home Board, Superintendent F. H. Chambers, and Mrs. Hugh Miller, Division President, appeared before the fifty-third General Assembly asking that ninety-two acres of the Home farm be set aside for a memorial park to be dedicated to the valor of the Confederate soldiers. The bill passed both the Senate and the House without a dissenting vote and was later signed by



our Republican governor, with the understanding that the Board of Trustees at the Home was to manage this State property, to accept endowment money, the earnings which are to be used for maintenance of the park without cost to the State. Over \$20,000 has already been given to this endowment fund.

The park is located directly south of the main avenue. A more beautiful location, with rolling knobs, shining lakes, winding drives, trees, shrubs, and flowers could never have been selected for a park. Before the landscaping was begun, this piece of land was most unkempt and unsightly. What could be more beautiful for the veterans and the women at the Home than this lovely acreage, which they may watch growing and blooming, reminder of the fact that the Daughters of Missouri are working to honor their Confederate veterans?

Immediately after the final designation, our State President put on a campaign in the Division to secure trees and shrubs for the park. That year there were sent to the park one thousand four hundred and sixty-nine pieces of shrubbery. I wish right here to compliment Superintendent Chambers and Mr. Hilliard Breuster, our landscape gardener, both of whom have given their time and labors to the Confederate Park of Missouri. Without them, this park could never have reached its present state of completion. Mr. Chambers, with his local farm labor working under the direction of Mr. Breuster, set out and cared for every tree, shrub, and plant that has been sent to the park by the Daughters and the friends of the institution, without one cent of cost to the Daughters.

During the first year of this program of improvement, hundreds of native trees were planted, and seven artificial lakes were made, which have since been taken over by the State Fish Department and stocked with fish. The largest of these lakes is stocked with bass and is used by the veterans for recreational fishing.

At the State convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy held in October, 1925, the Division voted to adopt the work of the Confederate Memorial Park. In 1926 and 1927, under the direction of the Division President, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, three thousand six hundred and seven trees, shrubs, and plants were sent in the first year, and two thousand three hundred and nineteen—together with \$443.50—during the second, making a total of more than seven thousand three hundred trees and shrubs and flowers which the Daughters of Missouri have sent to the park during the first three years.

At the last State convention, held in October, 1927, the Division voted to put the park on a strong financial basis by voting a fifty cent per capita tax for five years. This amount, it was estimated, will cover the cost of completing the landscaping and the purchasing of all needed trees, shrubs, and flowers. Our President, Mrs. C. B. Faris, says that every dime will be in by October on this year's quota, permitting the work of tree and shrub planting and beautifying to go forward. By this new plan, the Division will have about \$1,100 to spend each year for five years on this project.

We Daughters in Missouri are very proud of the Confederate Home and of this beautiful park. Ours is the only Division which has sponsored such a memorial. We feel that as time goes on and this beautiful landscaped park, with its circling drives and shaded lanes, comes to its full maturity, it will express increasingly our love for these veterans and our reverence for the memory of those who have gone. A more fitting memorial could never have been planned, located

as this one is directly along the side of our beautifully kept Confederate Home and Cemetery.

Our Home is situated on No. 63 Highway, which runs the full length of the south side of the park and will very shortly be concreted. It is also just five miles from the world-famous No. 40 Highway across Missouri. As a member of the Missouri Division, I extend to every member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy who crosses Missouri an invitation to stop and see our Confederate Home, and let the Missouri Division *show you*.

## HEROES IN GRAY.

BY REV. W. W. PINSON, D.D.

From under the battle cloud, bearing their scars,  
With escutcheons as fair as the radiant stars,  
Shot-torn and saber-hacked heroes in gray,  
Time-worn and war-weary, greet us to-day.  
Let us press the scarred hands that grappled and fought  
And honor forever the deeds that they wrought.

They paid their round price for the chaplet of fame,  
Which they worthily wear without boasting or blame;  
They fawn for no guerdon, they blush from no shame,  
They grudged not the hunger, the hardship, the pain,  
The ice in the trenches, the blood on the plain;  
The ages will reckon the valorous cost  
Of the glory they won in the struggle they lost.

When they folded the flag with a sob and a tear,  
They turned to the homeland with courage and cheer,  
To work without cringing—they'd fought without fear;  
And there's light on the hearthstones and hope in the sky  
Of the homes of the Southland that never shall die,  
Because of the valor that wields without dread  
The weapons of toil in the battle for bread.

With deeds to remember and wrongs to forget  
They're dreaming of glory awaiting us yet  
And helping to win it, as erst they have won  
A glory as stainless and white as the sun.  
Undismayed in life's battle, they scorn to repine;  
At the drum tap of duty they fall into line.

Too brave for regretting, too noble for spite,  
They wait the fair verdict of justice and right  
That forever must win over malice and might,  
And the meed of the brave from the hearts of the true  
Unstinted they pay to their brothers in blue.  
They live for the battle-scarred country they love,  
And would die for the flag floating proudly above.  
Then uncover and stand! They are passing, make way!  
And lift a loud cheer for the heroes in gray!

THE LAST SLAVE SHIP.—Who knows anything of the last ship which brought its burden of human cargo to the shores of America? Comrade B. H. King, of Fort Meade, Fla., sent a short communication to the VETERAN some time ago to the effect that "the last slave ship to enter an American port was the Wanderer, and that her last port of entry was Savannah, Ga., in 1858, with a cargo of blacks from the coast of Africa. He says the Wanderer was built "down East," and that captain and crew "had the smell of codfish." That the Wanderer was a large schooner, built for speed, and carried a gun on her forward deck, and that with her large sails she could walk away from any ship of war. An interesting article could be written on this part of "the forgotten past," and the VETERAN would appreciate it.



### MISSOURI TROOPS IN THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX., COMPANY A, 6TH MISSOURI INFANTRY.

In the spring of 1863, all those Missouri soldiers who had followed Price and Bowen across the Mississippi River, except the 2nd Cavalry, were consolidated into one division. This was made up of the 1st Cavalry, dismounted; the 1st 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th Infantry regiments; and four 6-gun batteries, to wit: Wade's, Guibor's, Landis's, and Lowe's. The fighting strength of all was about 5,500 men. Two regiments of Mississippians were added and helped make up two brigades. Col. F. M. Cockrell was assigned to command one and Brig. Gen. Martin Green the other. Maj. Gen. John S. Bowen was given command of the division.

General Bowen had commanded the 1st Missouri Regiment the old State Guard, and was considered, and was, one of the ablest commanders in the department. At the time of this reorganization, the division was in cantonment at Jackson, Miss. Grant was already opening his campaign against Vicksburg. Defeated in his attempt from the Yazoo and the bayous, he was now preparing to send his army down the west side of the river, cross to the east side and attack from below. Grand Gulf was believed to be his objective, so, early in March, General Bowen was ordered to proceed to that point and fortify the bluffs overlooking the river there. This work was hardly put in shape when scouts posted at Hard Times, five miles above Grand Gulf, reported a fleet of gunboats and six transports coming down the river. This fleet anchored just above the bend, at Hard Times, to await the movements of the Federal army.

April 29 dawned, and Grant was ready. At 9:30 A.M. the Federal fleet opened on our batteries and kept up a steady fire until 4:30 P.M., when it retired to anchorage at Hard Times. When night fell, convoying a fleet of six transports, protected by cotton bales, the armored craft steamed down opposite our batteries and renewed the attack. Not a light was exposed on any gunboat or transport, and the fire of our batteries was directed at flashes of the Federal guns as they poured in their fire; or the sound of escaping steam. Some of our shots struck, but seemed to do no serious damage, for when day came, we saw them all anchored or tied up at Bruinsburg, ten miles below.

General Bowen, divining that Grant would immediately cross his army to the Mississippi side and advance on Port Gibson, ordered General Green to move out to meet him and hold him in check until he could make disposition for battle. From Grand Gulf, a road to Port Hudson passed about two miles west of Port Gibson. It was on a ridge traversed by this road that Bowen formed his line, composed of the 1st, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Missouri and Tracy's Brigade. The Missourians held the left where the heaviest fighting was done. Owing to the difficult nature of the ground to the front, a distance of nearly a mile separated Bowen's two wings. The same distance separated Grant's two wings.

Green encountered the Federal advance at a little after one A.M., May 1. Owing to the weakness of his force, he could only carry on obstructive tactics, which he did with his usual tact and courage, but had little show against Grant's rapidly increasing numbers. Grant was fearful lest the garrisons of Port Hudson and Vicksburg might be hastening to Bowen's support and was anxious to destroy Bowen before aid could arrive. Directing McClernand to occupy the ridge on his left, he advanced the rest of his army against

Bowen's little group of less than 5,000 men. Bowen resisted gallantly, but soon realized that the battle would go against him. He then sent a courier to Grand Gulf, where the 2nd and 6th regiments were on guard, and called Colonel Erwin to his aid. The situation that confronted Bowen was this: To retreat, he must fall back to Port Gibson and cross his army and artillery train over one narrow suspension bridge, then cross another before he was safe. It would, therefore, be necessary to make a diversion by a sudden attack on Grant's left of such importance as to call a halt of Grant's advance, already under preparation.

Erwin was soon on the road, rejoiced at being summoned to action. The battle front was nearly nine miles away and the sun almost torrid in its heat. The regiment never went more eagerly to battle, and was on the ground in a little more than an hour. Arriving, we marched rapidly to the left in full view of a Federal brigade in line about four hundred yards away. This maneuver was to create the impression that Bowen was reënforcing his left wing. Then, falling back under cover of dense woods, we faced about and double quicked to the extreme right. Here we found a section of artillery slowly shelling the woods, and General Tracy's brigade in line, but idle. Erwin formed on Tracy's left, then moved forward to develop the enemy's position. He soon flushed a line of blue-coated men, ordered a charge, and drove them from the field. He then discovered a strong force on his left and, by a rapid change of front, prepared to attack that. In making this move, an unusual thing happened. The terrain was very uneven and covered with bamboo vines, underbrush, and briars. In crossing a small branch, the two wings of the regiment became separated. The right under Lieutenant Colonel Cooper had inclined to the left, the left, under Erwin, to the right. The result of this accident was that as each wing undertook to restore liason, they went farther apart.

The left wing, climbing a steep hill, found confronting it the 6th and 7th Missouri Federal Regiments, awaiting our topping the crest. Fortunately, their position was discovered, and we halted behind a natural parapet, from whence we could deliver effective fire, while well protected from theirs. But even this was too slow to suit our intrepid Colonel, and he made up his mind to charge. Before advancing, however, he wanted the coöperation of Tracy's brigade. Calling to me, he instructed me to convey his compliments to General Tracy, explain his intention, and request his support. After delivering this message to General Tracy, I was to go to the battery in our rear and ask its commander to cease firing when the movement commenced. I hurried to where Tracy had been, but was informed by one of our stretcher bearers that he had retreated some ten minutes before my arrival. I then went to look up the battery, now silent, and, upon reaching its former position, was informed it, too, had departed, by a staff officer who asked what I was doing there and what command I belonged to. Upon hearing my explanation, he said: "Why, Sergeant, your regiment has fallen back. I saw it down the road yonder in full retreat; not fifteen minutes ago." "Sir," said I, "you must be mistaken. That is my regiment over yonder still fighting." I cannot be mistaken," he said. "I distinctly remember your flag, the 6th Regiment of Missouri Infantry, and my advice to you is to get away from here, for this yard will be swarming with the enemy in ten minutes. Our whole army is falling back." He was so positive, I took his advice. Picking up what stragglers I could, I reached the bridge crossing the Bayou



Pierre. Stopping a moment to rest, and hearing a body of men in quick march I looked back and saw Colonel Erwin and what was left of his command coming down the road. When we got across the bridge, we found Lieutenant Colonel Cooper and the lost right wing. What had happened was this:

When I had started to look up Tracy, Lieutenant Capelle was directed to proceed to the right, locate Lieutenant Colonel Cooper, and bring him into alignment for coöperative action. Capelle didn't find Cooper, but did discover an active movement of Federals advancing to turn Erwin's right and take him in flank and rear. This situation was quickly explained to Erwin, who now realized that he was in immediate danger of being surrounded. To extricate his men, it was necessary to retreat, and to do that safely required strategy. Calling his company commanders about him, he explained his plan. He said: "When I give the command to charge, which I shall do in tones loud enough to be heard by the enemy, throw your men into column and take them to the rear. Captain Oldham, of Company A, will take the lead and pick his course." He gave the command, and while the enemy was waiting for the Confederates to come over the top of the hill they were scampering to the rear as fast as they could go. Debouching into an open field necessary to cross, attention was called to a line of Federals drawn up on a ridge, not a hundred yards away under whose fire the Confederates must pass. So, it was necessary to dispose of these. Erwin didn't hesitate. He ordered: "By the left flank, march!" This order threw the column into battle line and converted the movement into a charge. Dashing straight at the surprised enemy, yelling and firing as they went, they drove him off the ridge, then, facing about, reached the woods beyond the field with a loss of about thirty men. Erwin then proceeded to cross Bayou Pierre, and regain the army assembling there.

Clearly, Erwin's regiment had been played as a pawn of sacrifice and had saved the army from capture. When he made his attack on Grant's left, he threw such a scare into McClernand, that that officer hastened a courier to Grant stating he was being attacked by a superior force and his flank was in danger of being turned. Grant, just starting to push Bowen, halted the movement until he could take a measure of McClernand's peril, and this enabled Bowen to get across the bayou and burn the bridge. For his distinguished service that day Colonel Erwin was promoted to a brigadiership, but was killed before his commission was sent out of Richmond.

(To be continued.)

## INCIDENTS OF A RAID UNDER STUART.

BY J. CHURCHILL COOKE, COMPANY G, 4TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, in which Burnside was badly beaten, that general retired and one Joe Hooker was put in command of the Army of the Potomac. He tried "On to Richmond" through the Wilderness, in Spottsylvania, and fought the battle of Chancellorsville, where he got badly whipped. Then one General Pope was put in command, and he made his boast that "his headquarters were in the saddle." That soon got to our ears, and so Gen. J. E. B. Stuart made up his mind to try to see if that was true. General Stuart found out that Pope's headquarters—that is his wagons and horses—were parked at a station called Catletts on the Gordonsville and Alexandria Railroad, about fourteen miles beyond the town of Warrenton in Fauquier County. We were camped at the time either in the upper part of Orange County or the lower part of Fauquier County. Early one

morning "boots and saddles" was sounded and we were soon on the march.

Our brigade was composed of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Virginia regiments. The 5th Regiment commander, Col. Tom Rosser, was in the lead, and the 4th Regiment, which was mine, came next, the others following in regular order. We marched all day, and late in the evening reached the town of Warrenton. My regiment halted just as we were going through Warrenton, and my company, the Hanover Troop, stopped just opposite a grocery store. A little old Jew (and I bless him to this day) came out, bearing two plates piled up, one with smoked dried herring and the other with apple pie. As he came by me, I made a grab with one hand and got a handful of fish, and with the other I got a handful of apple pie, I rammed the fish in my knapsack, but I put the pie in a much safer place. We were soon on the move, and just out of town we halted in an open field. It was getting very late; the sun was almost down. There was muttering of thunder in the west, and very soon a heavy cloud came up and the rain came pouring down. But we moved off and after marching a long while, orders came down the line for us to keep very quiet, so on we went with no sound but the splashing of the horses' feet in the mud and water. It was then pitch dark; one could hardly see the men and horses in front. For a while all was perfectly quiet, and then bedlam broke loose. Far to the front such a yelling and firing of guns and pistols. Orders came for my regiment to hasten to the front, and off we dashed in the dark, not knowing where we were going, nor did we care much, so that we got in the row. It was the 5th Regiment that had started the rumpus. They had gotten right in the middle of Pope's headquarters and caught the Yankees all asleep. When we got up, most of the fun was over, but as much as I hated the enemy, I could but feel sorry to see those poor, half-clad people running about, only to be cut down or shot down as they tried to escape.

My company was at the head of the regiment on the march, and we halted near General Stuart. Just then Colonel Rosser rode up and said to General Stuart: "General, I have been giving them hell." General Stuart ordered Capt. W. B. Newton, of my company, to take four men and cut the telegraph wire. Captain Newton ordered the first set of fours to follow him, and I was one of the four. Going to the railroad not very far off, we fell in with several men from the Gloucester company. They had in the *mélee* gotten separated from their company, which belonged to Rosser's Regiment. They went with us to the railroad, which we struck at a high embankment. All this was being done in black darkness, but the flashes of lightning were very vivid. By crawling up to the top of the railroad embankment, we could see, by the lightning, a line of Yankee infantry drawn up with guns ready, not five hundred yards off. Captain Newton would never order one of his men to do what seemed to be certain death, but would call for volunteers; so he called for some one to climb a telegraph pole and cut the wire. There was some hesitation, but soon one of the Gloucester men with us jumped off his horse, and said, "I will go," with the remark that "Gloucester had never backed down yet." So up he went, and was at the top of the pole trying to cut the wire, which was an impossible thing to do with a dull saber, when there came a very vivid flash of lightning. The Yankees, seeing him, fired a volley right across where we were. The little fellow came down with a thump, and we made sure he was hit but he rolled down the embankment and jumped up saying: "I am all right." We then went back to the company and by that time things had quieted down.



We had gotten right in the middle of Pope's headquarters, wagons, and tents. Some of Colonel Rosser's men had set a number of wagons on fire, which lit up the whole country. I got permission to go where these wagons were burning to see if I could get some plunder. The wagons were all loaded, with two fine horses tied behind, ready to start out the next morning. I passed one where a North Carolina soldier was trying to get the cork out of a bottle. I made some remark to him, and when he said, "I can't get the d— cork out," I suggested that he strike the neck on the wagon wheel, which he did, and the contents of the bottle flew all over him. He dropped the bottle as if it was hot. I said to him: "You are the biggest fool I ever saw. That is the best drink you ever tasted." It was champagne. He said, "There is plenty more in here," and handed me out a bottle, which I took and went on. I found a wagon with two fine horses tied behind. I selected the best looking one and changed my saddle from my horse; but I had no idea of losing my regular riding horse, so I tied the halter strap to a ring in my saddle so as to lead him out. Then I climbed up on the top of the wagon and, with my pocketknife, cut a slit in the canvas cover about a yard long, and there was a large trunk. By hard work I threw it down and when it fell it struck the wheel, and broke open. I got down to see what was in it. It was the truck of an officer of high rank. I pulled out handsome uniform coats, pants, old army cockade hats, etc. All of these I threw aside, for I wanted nothing blue. Then I came across the underwear, the finest I ever saw. As fast as I gathered up two or three, I tied them to my saddle. I was rich. I had plenty of dry goods to last for many a long time, but, being greedy, I kept digging in that trunk and at last I found my "evil genius," a very handsome flask about half full of what looked like "whisky." To be sure what it was I sampled it, and it was fine old stuff.

I forgot to mention one very elegant article I found, a splendid pair of field glasses in a case with strap. I put the strap around my neck. I thought I had enough, so mounted my new horse and started back to join my company. I hadn't gone far when some one called me, and it was Lieutenant Wingfield, of my company. He was standing over a ten-gallon runlet of whisky, from which he had knocked the head, and he asked if I wanted some. I answered in the affirmative and took out the flask I had found, unscrewed the top and handed it to him, which he filled and handed back.

I was sitting on my horse, with the reins hanging loose, and was in the act of screwing the top on the flask when the Yankees came up under cover of the darkness and poured a volley right into us. My old Yankee horse made one jump and over a wagon pole he went. The halter strap to my lead horse broke, and the horse I was on ran away right into some thick bushes and trees and everything that could scratch and tear, and for a long time I couldn't gather up my reins. While he was ripping and tearing through the bushes, one stirrup leather broke and I came very near going off, but finally the horse stopped. All this was in the pitch dark. I had no idea where I was. I thought to take an inventory of my plunder to see what I had left, and there was absolutely nothing left on my saddle. The bushes had swept me clean. The field glasses around my neck were all that was left of my great riches, but I was thankful to be alive. While trying to locate myself, I heard somebody moaning and groaning as if in a pit or well. I called to know who was there, and a pitiful voice came back that it was Harvey Finny, and he begged me to help him. Finny belonged to the Powhatan Troop, which was in our regiment. By that time daybreak was just coming on and I could see a little. This horse had

stopped just on the brink of a deep gully, and Finny's horse had thrown him into it. I tied my old Rip and slid down to where Finny was. Poor fellow, he was flat down in the mud and couldn't move. I got him up by hard work on level land, put him on my horse and carried him back some distance. Soon the cavalry command was coming by and when his company came along I turned him over to them. The men told me my horse which I had lost was in the 6th Regiment and that Captain Rosser had him. I was delighted to know that and made up my mind to get him back. It was some time the next day, or later, that my regiment and the 6th were camped close together. I went to look for my horse and soon found him, but I had to do some hard begging to persuade Captain Rosser to give him up. Finally he agreed to if I would bring the Yankee horse I had captured. But when I got back to my company I found that all captured horses had been turned over to the quartermaster.

We captured between three and four hundred prisoners, among them a woman soldier, dressed just like the men. We brought off all the wagons not destroyed and a number of fine horses.

[Contributed through Mrs. A. F. Hargrave, Historian U. D. C., West Point, Va.]

#### TO THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH

In renewing his subscription, James W. Hiscocks, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes:

"Let me quote something which I recently read and which seems to me to be a good message to the people of the South, especially those who think 'bygones should be bygones' and that it is improper as well as useless to try to correct errors in history.

"In the much-discussed book, 'Mother India,' by Katherine Mayo, I found the following: 'With one of those low-cast men, become rich, respected, and politically powerful, I sat in private conference, in the city of Madras. A little, vivacious person he was, full of heat and free of tongue. "Will you draw me a picture of a Brahmin?" I asked. He answered—and these are his actual words, written down at the moment: "Once upon a time, when all men lived according to their choice, the Brahmin was the only fellow who applied himself to learning. Then, having become learned, and being by nature subtle minded, he secretly laid hold upon the sacred books and secretly wrote into those books false texts that declared him, the Brahmin, to be lord over all people. Ages passed, and gradually, because the Brahmin only could read and because he gave out his false texts that forbade learning to others, the people grew to believe him the earthly god he called himself and to obey him accordingly."'

"Now, to show the application of the lesson:

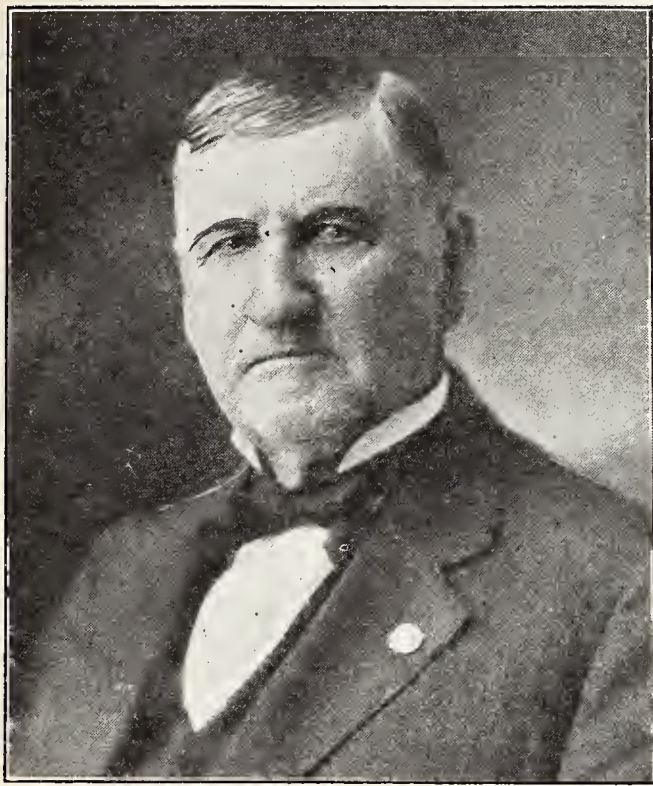
"Once upon a time, when the War between the States was over, the New England Yankee was the only fellow who applied himself to history writing. Then, having undertaken the task of writing the history of the then recent war, and being by nature subtle-minded, he secretly wrote into those books false texts that declared him, the New England Yankee, to be lord over all the people of the country. Years passed, and gradually, because the New England Yankee only wrote history, and because he gave out his false texts that forbade the teaching of the truth to others, the people of the South as well as the North grew to believe him the earthly god he called himself and to obey him accordingly.

"Hoping that the next year will be a banner year for the VETERAN, and for the advancement of the truth of Confederate history, I am——."



## COMRADES OF WAR DAYS.

Thirty years had elapsed since their previous meeting when chance brought together again Col. Nathan Deatherage, of Richmond, Ky., and his old comrade in arms, John Fox,



COL. N. B. DEATHERAGE

who lives at Marion, Kans., where the meeting took place. They are two of the only four survivors of their company, and it was sixty-six years ago that they joined a Kentucky company together and served under John H. Morgan.

"Uncle" John Fox, as he is known to hundreds of friends at Marion, is now past ninety-two years of age, and Colonel Deatherage is eighty-four, though his picture here does not so indicate. He is Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., and also one of the trustees of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley.

Writing of their experiences in war, Colonel Deatherage says: "We joined the Confederate army at Richmond, Ky., and were under Colonel Chenault in the 11th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command. We started on that famous raid from Tennessee about July 1, 1863, through Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, about a thousand-mile ride. My colonel was killed July 4, 1863, and also my captain, Alex Tribble, and several of my company and regiment at Green River Bridge, near Columbia, Ky.

"Comrade Fox was not on the noted Morgan raid, he having been made manager of the wagon train. We had fights nearly every day, one at Lebanon, Ky.; crossed the Ohio River at Brandenburg. We rode night and day, and never dreamed once that Morgan would be captured. We were ahead of the Yankees and thought we could ride faster than they could. Most of the command was captured at Buffington Island, Ohio, but I was captured at Cheshire, Ohio. We were first sent to Columbus, Ohio, and then to Camp Douglas, about the 20th of August, 1863, and we were kept on about as little food the last year as men could live on,

and when we started on our journey for exchange, heaven will not be any sweeter to me than the day we left prison. We went through Grant's army on the Potomac River, and saw what looked like 50,000 blue coats. The Yankees looked fat and their horses were fat; and when we crossed over into the Confederate lines, the few soldiers we saw were thin in flesh, their clothes worn out, their horses thin. We landed at Richmond, Va., on March 2, 1865, and I saw more men on the streets of that city than I saw in the army, their heads and arms and legs all wrapped up, all disabled.

"The war did not last long after we got to Richmond, as General Lee surrendered on the 9th of April. When the soldiers started home in every direction, it was sad to meet them. No one knew what would be his fate after he got home. I had not seen Fox for twenty months, but we came together at Mount Sterling, Ky. He was riding, and he never let me ride one step. I got used to walking and could keep ahead of the cavalry, about 750 old soldiers in the gang. The day after we got to Mount Sterling, we were put on horses bareback, and about one hundred and fifty men who had been in prison were sent to Lexington, guarded by a company of negroes, and then discharged. We got to Lexington about the 1st of May, 1865, and that ended the last day of our service for the Confederacy.

"Now I am hale and hearty at the age of eighty-four, and do all I want to do in the way of farming; have been to thirty-five of the thirty-eight reunions of the U. C. V., and don't want to miss one in the future."

An interesting article appeared in the *Marion (Kans.) Review* in regard to the meeting of these comrades after thirty years' separation, and there were many questions passing between them and many reminiscences of war service retold. "Uncle John's" hearing is not so good as it once was, but his memory is remarkable as to incidents, places, and dates of war happenings. Needless to say that this meeting will be a fond memory for each of them.

## WHERE STONEWALL JACKSON FELL.

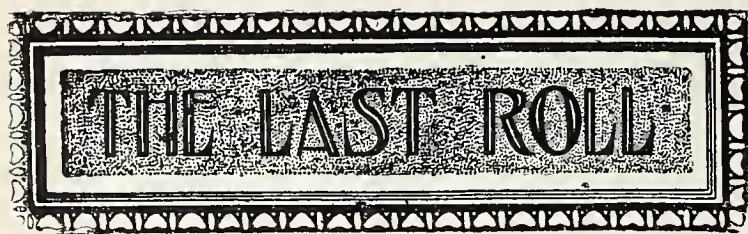
BY ALBERT SPEIDEN, MANASSAS, VA.

'Mid the hills of old Virginia,  
Off from the beaten way,  
Is a spot to the memory dear  
Of the wearers of the gray.  
'Twas there on that fateful evening,  
After a day of shot and shell,  
The South received a mortal blow  
When Stonewall Jackson fell.

The sun seemed to reach its zenith,  
On the dear old Southern Cause;  
Though in splendor it had risen,  
Now its ascent seemed to pause.  
Clouds arose and hovered near,  
And forebodings dark did dwell  
'Round the spot that fateful night  
Where Stonewall Jackson fell.

More than threescore years have passed  
While the full moon overhead  
Sheds the same effulgent light as in those times  
As when Jackson his troopers led.  
The pine trees swaying in the breeze  
Still a solemn requiem swell  
O'er that sacred, hallowed spot  
Where Stonewall Jackson fell.





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

"Only a little while of walking with weary feet  
Patiently over the thorny way, that leads to the golden  
street.  
Suffer if God shall will, and work for him while you may,  
Calvary's cross to Zion's crown, is only a little way.  
Only a little while for toiling, only a few short days  
And then comes the rest, the quiet rest, Eternity's endless  
praise!"

P. L. LANKFORD.

Peter L. Lankford, pioneer settler of Lauderdale County, Tenn., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. A. Loyd, near Henning, on June 19, at the age of ninety years. He was born April 11, 1838, near Brownsville, in Haywood County, the son of J. D. and Patty Lankford. "Uncle Peter," as he was known, was loved wherever known. He was a son of the Old South, and no truer son ever gave allegiance to section, State, and county. He was a gentleman and scholar, an honorable, sincere man, his life dedicated to the principles which stood for the best in manhood.

Enlisting at the beginning of the War between the States, Peter Lankford served with Company K, 9th Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Division, Army of Tennessee, under Forrest and Joe Johnston, throughout the war, an honorable and valiant soldier of the Confederacy. He was wounded at the battle of Shiloh. The war over, he returned to his home and had been active in the progress of his community, his county, and State ever since. While in his teens, Lauderdale County had become his home and there he became one of the most prominent citizens of the county, ever devoted to its interests and advancement.

In December, 1865, he was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Thun, who died in 1907. To them were born a son and seven daughters, and five daughters survive him, with a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

"Uncle Peter" was converted early in youth and joined the Baptist Church, and was active in its work until his death. He will be remembered as a quiet, unassuming, Christian gentleman, and his going was widely felt. Henning and Lauderdale County will miss this noble character, his kindly words and gentle deeds.

GEORGE W. HARPER.

George Washington Harper, one of the substantial and most highly respected citizens of his community, died at his home in Pendleton County, W. Va., on May 9, after a short illness. He was one of the few veterans of the Confederacy remaining in that county, having served with Company C, 62nd Virginia Regiment, and he was noted for his bravery and strict adherence to duty during his service and for his patriotism and good citizenship thereafter. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Anna Whitecotton, and by one son and a daughter.

[W. C. Hart, Elkins, W. Va.]

M. C. TRIBBLE.

Moses Collins Tribble, a highly respected Confederate veteran, affectionately known as "Uncle Mose," died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. G. C. Jordan at Scobey, Miss., on April 2, 1928. He was born near Grenada, Miss., and spent his youthful days on the farm, going to school all he could. He enlisted in the cause of the Confederacy in 1863 at Grenada, Miss., serving with Company D, 1st Mississippi Battalion, Featherston's Brigade. He was slightly wounded at Nashville, Tenn., and was sent to hospital at Grenada, Miss., but soon returned to service, and was later in a good many skirmishes and battles, and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C. Returning to his home in Yalobusha County, Miss., he engaged in farming, and so continued until his health failed about a year ago. His greatest pleasures were in meeting his Confederate comrades, and he seldom missed a reunion, until his health failed. He enjoyed every page of the VETERAN.

He was married to Miss Mary Hester White in May, 1878; she died in 1890. To them were born three sons and two daughters, all surviving him.

He had been a consistent member of the Missionary Baptist Church since young manhood, a leader in devotional and song services, and served as Church clerk for a number of years. As husband and father, he was true and devoted, kind and considerate.

It just seems as though he has gone to a reunion, and we are awaiting his return. His memory lives with us.

[Mrs. L. C. Field.]

JOHN WESLEY DEATON.

John Wesley Deaton was born near Raleigh, N. C., February 24, 1839. Fifty-seven years ago he was married to Miss Mary Tedford at Sulphur Springs, Tex. He died at Enid, Okla., May 9, 1928 and was buried at Sentinel by the side of his wife, who passed away four years ago.

He served the Confederate army with Moland's Battalion at Iuka, Miss., and was later attached to Gen. N. B. Forrest's brigade, and was in Company I, of an Alabama regiment, serving in all four years.

He was a man of the old school and possessed that courtly manner which has been the distinction of Southern civilization. He leaves a career of duty performed to God and country, a high example of splendid citizenship, imbued with intense patriotism and devotion to the best interests of his State and reunited country. He was a loyal Confederate, loving the "old boys," as he called them, and holding in sacred remembrance "the storm-cradled nation that fell."

The summons came suddenly, was merged into death so gently, and the transition into that "blessed sleep from which none ever wake to weep" was very peaceful.

For this Confederate veteran we break the alabaster box of our affection, and in its fragrance embalm his memory.

[Mrs. J. W. Maring, Past President George Edward Pickett Chapter, U. D. C., Enid, Okla.]

J. B. HINDS.

J. B. Hinds, generally known as "Grandpa Hinds" by his friends in Chickasha, Okla., died in that city on May 28. He was born in Wayne County, Ky., November, 1837. He served the Confederacy as a member of a cavalry company (unknown) of the State; was captured near Springfield, Mo., in 1863. He was laid to rest in Rose Hill Cemetery at Chickasha, survived by his wife, three sons, and three daughters.

[J. S. Downs, Chickasha.]



## CHARLES M. MILLER.

Charles McIvaine Miller died at his home in Keyser, W. Va., June 4, 1928, in the eighty-third year of his age.

He was born near Goochland Courthouse, Va., December 31, 1845, the son of Narcissus W. and Kitty Anderson Miller. Having the good fortune to be born in a family of whose ancestry he could justly be proud, he was reared in an atmosphere of culture and hospitality characteristic of that type of old Virginians.

In the eighteenth year of his age, November, 1863, just after the Gettysburg campaign, Charles Miller, after obtaining his father's consent, took up arms in defense of his native soil, joining the 2nd Company of Richmond Howitzers, 1st Regiment of Virginia Artillery, 2nd Corps, A. N. V. He participated in all the battles of the campaign of 1864; in front of General Grant from the Wilderness to Richmond, with General Early in the late summer and fall in the Valley of Virginia, and back again to the breastworks between Richmond and Petersburg in the retreat of the army in the closing scenes of 1865. In the bloody battle of Sailor's Creek, close to Appomattox, the 2nd Howitzers went in with one hundred members and in less than two hours, by capture, wounds, and death, their number was reduced to forty-four. Of this number surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox was Charles Miller. It is worthy of note that this young man should have passed through all these battles and surrendered without even a slight wound.

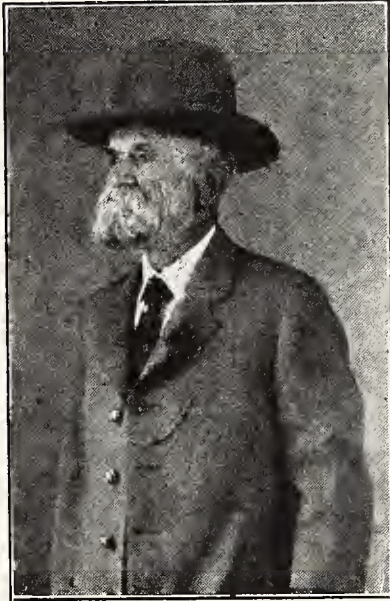
On the battle field of Cold Harbor, he was baptized from a rusty tin cup by Rev. William Page, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and afterwards was confirmed by the late Bishop Johns of Virginia, at Goochland Courthouse.

At the close of the war he began and never ceased his diligent study of every phase of that bloody conflict from events leading to the rise of the Confederacy to its downfall. From his intensive study evolved many articles to newspapers and magazines by "Rellim," that were widely read as coming from one of authority.

After the war he lived in Virginia and was one year in Houston County, Ga., and in that time studied in Taylor's Creek Academy, conducted by Dr. Charles Morris.

In 1873 he went to Scranton, Md., as personal representative of Gen. Joseph R. Anderson to survey and sell his estate of fifty thousand acres of land in Garrett County. In June, 1875, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Lansdale, in Baltimore, Md., and they resided in Scranton until removing to Keyser, W. Va., in the fall of 1911. To them were born six daughters, five of whom survive him. His wife died in 1920.

Comrade Miller was a member of the vestry of St. Matthews Church, Oakland, Md., for a period of thirty-eight years, holding in that time perhaps every office accorded a vestryman, and he served with the faithfulness and love of a real Churchman.



CHARLES M. MILLER

In the churchyard of his beloved St. Matthews Church he lies awaiting the resurrection, and, as he has said of loved friends gone before, so it may be said of him:

"Father, in thy gracious keeping,  
Leave me now thy servant sleeping."

## COMRADES OF WEST TENNESSEE.

Capt. P. P. Pullen, of Paris, Tenn., reports the loss to Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of that place, in the passing of several comrades during late months. Of these was T. M. Vaughn, who served with Company A, 46th Tennessee Regiment. He lived near Buchanan, Tenn., with his children, of whom he had five sons and two daughters, his wife dying some years ago.

John James Bowles, born in Henry County, Tenn., January 15, 1841, died at the home of his son near Elkhorn on April 21, survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, serving under Forrest and taking part in many notable engagements of that famous command. When the war closed, he returned to his native county, married, and reared a splendid family; he was a successful farmer and good citizen.

## BENJAMIN E. JOBE.

The final roll was called for Benjamin Evans Jobe, aged ninety-one on June 11, at Galveston, Tex., and he was laid to rest by the side of his companion of sixty-two years, in Maplewood Cemetery at Paris, Tenn.

Benjamin Evans Jobe was the son of Elihu and Mary Smith Jobe, pioneers from North Carolina, who settled in Rutherford County, Tenn., early in the last century, where Comrade Jobe was born on the 24th day of November, 1837. He was reared on a farm, but was engaged in mercantile business in Murfreesboro during the exciting presidential campaign of 1860. Being an Old Line Whig, he cast his first vote for Bell and Everett. Their platform was "The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws." But after Tennessee withdrew from the Union he cast his lot with his beloved State, enlisting in May, 1861, in Company C, 18th Tennessee Infantry, with Col. J. B. Palmer, afterwards brigadier general. His first battle was Fort Donelson, which was surrendered by General Buckner. He was carried North to a military prison, from which he escaped, made his way South, and joined Wheeler's cavalry just in time to be in Bragg's advance into Kentucky, and was at the battle of Perryville. His command covered Bragg's retreat from Kentucky. He took part in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and all important engagements with Wheeler's cavalry.

His older brother, L. A. Jobe, served in the 14th Mississippi. His younger brother, Dee Jobe, served in the 20th Tennessee and was executed by the Federals as a spy.

## FRANK M. WARREN.

Frank M. Warren was born in Edgefield County, S. C., June 21, 1843, and died on May 16, 1928, at his home in Johnston, S. C. On April 1, 1861, he left school and enlisted in Company B, Hampton's Legion. His company was first commanded by Captain—afterwards General—M. W. Gary, as infantry, but was mounted later and served as cavalry until the war ended. Early on the morning of April 9, 1865, he was captured while on picket duty and imprisoned at Farmville, Va. His horse and equipment were taken from him, and after being paroled, he made his way home on foot. On March 20, 1870, he married Miss Huldah Tompkins, who survives him.



## DR. OLIN WEAKLEY.

Dr. Olin Weakley, beloved physician of Davidson County, Tenn., died at a Nashville hospital on July 14, after an illness of several years.

Dr. Weakley was a member of an old and prominent Tennessee family, the son of Dr. B. F. and Mary E. Weakley, born in Williamson County on July 1, 1843. When he was four years old the family moved to Davidson County, where Dr. Weakley lived until his death.

Dr. Weakley enlisted in the cause of the South at the age of eighteen and saw active and valorous service throughout the war. He joined the company of Gen. George Maney, which was composed of young men of East Nashville and its adjoining communities.

Soon after enlistment, he was sent to Virginia, where he saw services in the first battle of Manassas. Later he was on the staff of Gen. William B. Bate, and took part in nearly all the engagements of the war, including the battles of Chickamauga, Nashville, and Franklin. He surrendered with his company in South Carolina.

Returning home after the war, young Weakley took up the study of medicine and graduated from the University of Nashville. His many years as a practicing physician endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

In November, 1871, Dr. Weakley married Miss Lunette Pennington, who survives him. Shortly after marriage they moved to the farm in Pennington Bend, where they lived for more than fifty years. He was a member and official of the Methodist Church for more than fifty years and took active interest in affairs of his Church and had great pride in his remarkable attendance record.

Dr. Weakley was always a strong Democrat and kept himself well informed on all political affairs. He never failed to attend an election. For a number of years he was a member of the county board of education.

Dr. Weakley is survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters, also three grandchildren, three brothers and a sister

## R. M. CHEEK.

Tom Green Camp, No. 72, U. C. V., of Abilene, Tex., has sustained another sad loss in the death, on June 12, of Comrade R. M. Cheek, a faithful and devoted member. He became ill on the return trip from the reunion at Little Rock last May, and was taken from the special train at Fort Worth by his nephew, Fred Clark, and two weeks later his daughter took him home to Abilene, where loving hands and hearts ministered to his wants until death claimed him. His body was taken to Weatherford, his old home, and laid beside that of his wife, who had preceded him in death but a few months.

Comrade Cheek was born in Union County, Miss., July 18, 1847, and was thus eighty-one years old. At the age of fourteen, he ran away from home to join the Confederate army. His father had already gone to the front, and he opposed the enlistment of his son and told him to return home. But the boy only joined another command, Company B, 7th Texas Cavalry, and served through the war gallantly, taking part in many battles. He was an ardent and enthusiastic Confederate veteran, and attended all the reunions except that at Tampa. The U. D. C. of Weatherford presented him with the Confederate Cross of Honor, which he wore with pride and cherished as a treasure.

Surviving Comrade Cheek are five sons, three daughters, fourteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

[R. A. Miller, Commander; J. J. Robertson, Adjutant.]

## JAMES AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

James Augustus Harris was born in Russell County, Ala., December 27, 1846, and when about sixteen years of age he enlisted in the 17th Alabama Infantry Regiment, serving with this regiment three years and six months. He was then transferred to the Signal Corps, Pinto Battery, in Mobile Bay near Pensacola, Fla., and after a year of service here he rejoined his old command, General Shelley commanding, and served until the surrender in Virginia. His early manhood was spent in Alabama, coming to California in 1903 and finally locating in San Diego, where he died, April 27, 1928. Surviving him are his wife, a daughter, and two grandsons, all of San Diego.

Thus has passed on a noble, simple soul, knowing only the kindly smile, the friendly word that has made this world the sweeter for his having lived in it. His greatest satisfaction was found in really living the maxim, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days," taking his reward not in the material return, but in the love and loyalty of his fellow man and in the peace that comes with that last "Well done."

We made him a floral pillow, the old battle flag of the Confederacy, and we covered him over with the Stars and Bars; and so he rests 'neath the flags he served so loyally.

Sleep on, gentle spirit,  
Sweet rest through the night;  
Peacefully sleep till the Dawn  
Wakes the world with its light.

[Contributed by Maude Ann Marker, of the Maj. Hugh G. Given Chapter, U. D. C., San Diego, Calif.]

## MILES ANDERSON CORNELIUS.

After a long and useful life, Rev. Miles A. Cornelius died on July 6, 1928, at his home in Dallas, Tex. He was born in Alabama, in 1846, and had just about completed eighty-two years of mortal life.

He enlisted in the Confederate Army, and was assigned to Company G, 12th Alabama Cavalry under Gen. Joseph Wheeler, and served two years.

A few weeks before his death he wrote a complete list of his company from memory.

After the war he taught school in Alabama, and also served one year as county superintendent of Etowah County. He served two terms in the legislature from Cherokee County.

Ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1872, from that time he was active in pastoral and missionary work until three years ago when his health failed.

In 1902 the family moved from Cherokee County, Ala., to Mont Calm, Tex., and where he resided for twenty-five years. For the past few months, he had made his home in Dallas.

Surviving are his wife and eight children.

## ISAAC N. TOBIAS.

Isaac N. Tobias died at his home near Manning, S. C., on May 23, 1928, in his eighty-sixth year, survived by his wife and four daughters, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

In 1861, he went into the Confederate army as a volunteer, serving with Company I, 23rd South Carolina, and was later transferred to Company K, 6th South Carolina Regiment. In his service he took part in many hard engagements, but came through without a wound; he was one of those at the last with General Lee. He was the youngest of six brothers,



all of whom served in the war, one of whom was killed, another died, but four returned home and helped to rebuild their beloved South; he was the last to go and had lived a very active life until about two years ago, when his health began to fail.

Comrade Tobias served as coroner for Clarendon County for twelve years. He was a subscriber to the *VETERAN* and enjoyed reading it as long as he could read anything.

## B. L. STEVENS.

B. L. Stevens, one of the oldest and best-known citizens of Boykins, Va., died on June 8, in the eighty-fifth year of his age after an illness of a few days, though in failing health for years.

At the age of eighteen he joined the service of the Confederacy at the very outbreak of the war and remained in its ranks until Lee's army surrendered at Appomattox. Then he walked the entire distance back to Southampton, to take up his duties where he had left them when called to arms. He enlisted in Capt. John Beaton's company, Mahone's Brigade, Anderson's Division, and fought in the battle of the Crater, in the Wilderness, and was at Appomattox at the end.

His wife, who was Miss Lurany Cox, of Whitehead's Church, survives him. They had been married sixty years. Seven children were born to them, two sons and two daughters surviving, with twelve grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Through their long life together, Comrade Stevens and his wife were members of the Boykins Baptist Church, and he was one of the few surviving members of Urquhart-Gillette Camp, U. C. V., of this county.

Funeral services were held at Beechwood Cemetery, where he was laid to rest.

## J. S. RHOADS.

J. S. Rhoads, born in Jasper County, Miss., December 11, 1841, died at the home of his son near Hardesty, Okla., on the night of June 5, aged eighty-seven years. His illness had continued over a year. He was a pioneer of Texas County, Okla., and a member of Camp Metcalfe, U. C. V., of Guymon. He was a volunteer of 1861, serving with Company D, 14th Mississippi Regiment, Lowry's Division, and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., under Joseph E. Johnston.

In 1865, Comrade Rhoads was married to Miss Elizabeth Sanders, and of their eight children, seven survive him—four sons and three daughters. Soon after the war, he went to Texas, living in different parts of the State, and for seventeen years he served as deputy sheriff of Comanche County. Later he went to the Indian Territory, finally locating in what has since become Texas County, Okla., where he made his permanent home.

After funeral services from the Methodist Church the burial was conducted by the Guymon Lodge of Odd Fellows in the cemetery at Hartville. He was a man of decided strength of character, loved and respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

## ANDREW J. LINDAMOOD.

Andrew Jefferson Lindamood, Commander of the William Terry Camp, U. C. V., of Wytheville, Va., died there on January 13, 1928, at the age of eighty-two years. He was born November 27, 1845, and enlisted in the Confederate army in March, 1864, at Bull's Gap, Tenn., and was then in

service to the end of the war. He served with Company C, 51st Virginia Infantry, Wharton's Brigade, and participated in several battles, the first of which was at New Market, in May, 1864. From New Market, the command was ordered to Richmond, Va., for thirteen days, and then sent back to Blue Ridge, from there to Lynchburg, and then to Salem, into Maryland and to near Washington, D. C. He was wounded on July 24, 1864, and was at home until the following November, then went into winter quarters until March, 1865. The entire command was captured on the 12th of March, and placed in prison, where they were held until the 15th of June, 1865, when the oath was administered and he was allowed to go free. His life since the war had been that of a constructive citizen.

## WILLIAM E. SPAIN.

William Emmett Spain, son of the late James and Mary Butler Spain, was born in Petersburg, Va., November 22, 1847, but had lived a number of years in Southampton County, near the Sussex line, at the time of his death, which occurred recently at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. A. Summons. Fifty-seven years ago he was married to Miss Rebecca Hill, of Emporia, Va., who died in 1916, and to this union were born nine children, five of whom are living—three daughters and two sons, with twenty-seven grandchildren, three great-grandchildren, one brother. R. T. Spain, of Littleton, Va., is also left.

In the War between the States Comrade Spain fought under Com. Bob Chamberlain, Richmond; First Lieutenant Fitzhugh, Fredericksburg; McIntosh Battalion, 1st Army Corps, Col. W. W. Owen, serving four years from the time of his enlistment. He was a member of Urquhart-Gillette Camp, Franklin, Va. This community has now but three veterans of the Confederate army—E. R. Reese, Sr., John I. Turner, W. R. L. Cobb, Sr.

Funeral services were held from the home, with burial in the family plot at Oak Grove M. E. Church, of which Church he was a faithful member.

## "AULD LANG SYNE."

BY MRS. T. J. WILSON, TYLER, TEX.

Should Southern soldiers be forgot  
And never brought to mind?  
Should Southern soldiers be forgot  
In days of Auld Lang Syne?

For Auld Lang Syne we meet,  
For Auld Lang Syne,  
To crown each grave with roses,  
For Auld Lang Syne.

They sleep their last long sleep to-day  
In the land they loved so well,  
And of their deeds of valor great  
We should to others tell.

We'll shed a tear for those we loved,  
The boys who wore the gray,  
And hope to meet them all again  
Where there's one eternal day.

ALWAYS HELPFUL.—The following comes from Mrs. Newt Reynolds, of Millen, Ga., who says: "Our Chapter subscribes to the *VETERAN*, and we find it a great help in our work, especially so since some of the U. D. C. program material is published each month."



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*  
Chatham, Va.

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga. . . . . *First Vice President General*

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . *Second Vice President General*  
186 Bethlehem Pike

MRS. MADGE D. BURNEY, Waynesboro, Miss. . . . . *Third Vice President General*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. . . . . *Recording Secretary General*

MISS MARY L. G. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn. . . . . *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. . . . . *Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. . . . . *Registrar General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. . . . . *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. . . . . *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: The delegates who were in Charleston on the Sunday preceding the opening of the convention last November enjoyed the very great privilege of having part in the inspiring services conducted at St. Philip's Church by the Bishop of South Carolina. To these members of our organization the tidings of the death of Bishop Guerry must have recalled those services, and we can but feel a strong personal loss in his passing. For the poor, demented man who ended his own life immediately after fatally wounding the Bishop, our thought should be to echo the Bishop's words: "Forgive him; he knew not what he did." Greater faith hath no man than this.

\* \* \*

The *Evening Star*, Washington, D. C., on May 29, 1928, contained the following item: "Officials of the War Department are in a quandary over the execution of an Act of Congress, approved May 15, 1928, directing the Secretary of War 'to provide for the removal of the Confederate monument and tablets, erected by the United States, from Greenlawn Cemetery, Indianapolis, Ind., to Garfield Park, Indianapolis, and appropriating \$3,000 for that purpose.' The Act of Congress providing for the removal of the structure makes no reference to the graves, and War Department officials question their authority to reinter the bodies of the soldiers in Garfield Park, or to disturb the graves in any way under the terms of the Act."

Our attention was called to this very serious situation by Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, who is ever on the alert in the interest of the Confederate veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Letters were written immediately to Senator Claude A. Swanson and to Col. U. S. Grant, of the War Department, and their replies follow:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., June 19.

"Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President General, U. D. C.

"My Dear Mrs. Merchant: I am just in receipt of a letter from the Secretary of War, in which he states, as follows: 'This Act makes no provision for the removal of the bodies of the soldiers. The monument for which removal is provided by the bill marks the burial place of 1,616 Confederate soldiers and twenty-two citizens who died while confined in the Federal prison at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind. The remains of these soldiers were originally buried in a section of the Greenlawn Cemetery in which the United States did not possess title to the ground occupied by the graves, and it was necessary to remove them to the present Confederate section of the cemetery which is owned by the United States. Due to the method in which they were buried and the fact

that their remains had to be removed to a new location, it was found utterly impossible to identify the individual graves in the new section. Six bronze tablets were, therefore, placed upon the monument showing the names and commands of the 1,616 Confederate soldiers reported as having died at Camp Morton.

"I assure you it is a pleasure to secure this information for you and to serve you whenever I can.

"Very sincerely yours, CLAUDE A. SWANSON."

Our letter to Colonel Grant was referred to the office of the Quartermaster General for reply, and under date of June 27, Gen. B. F. Cheatham gives the identical information contained in the letter of Senator Swanson, and adds: "Steps are being taken to remove the monument as required by the Act of Congress referred to, but the remains will not be disturbed in making the removal."

I deeply appreciate the interest of these gentlemen, distinguished in the service rendered their country, one in the halls of Congress, the other on the field of battle, both worthy sons of Confederate soldiers.

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Your attention is earnestly directed to a circular recently issued by the Third Vice President General in the interest of the Father Ryan Memorial. Mrs. Burney gives a list of the pledges made for this purpose at the Charleston convention, and announces that the cost of the window, the legend, and all expenses incident to the unveiling will be approximately \$850. If the pledges are paid and the Children's Chapters donate the small amount requested of them, the window can be unveiled before the next convention and all payments in connection with it made. Mrs. Burney asks the hearty cooperation of the Division Directors and of each C. of C. Chapter, that the work may be carried to early completion.

\* \* \*

A letter occasionally comes from Chapters using the Dixie film. Mrs. Isley, President of the Chapter at Snow Hill, N. C., writes enthusiastically of the picture, saying that "it would be a fine thing if every U. D. C. Chapter could show it to the people as an educational project." Information may be secured from Yale University Press Film Service, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

\* \* \*

A very greatly appreciated invitation was received from the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities to attend the exercises incident upon the unveiling of a tablet at Blackwell, London, June 30, 1928.

This tablet is placed in, or near, the spot where, on December 19, 1606, the "adventurers" sailed in three goodly



ships, the Sarah Constant, the Goodspeed, and the Discovery, for the voyage resulting in the establishment of the first permanent English settlement in America. The recognition of this historical fact is a great achievement for the splendid women who have been working for years for the acknowledgment of this priority. It affects not only those of Southern birth, but every lover of the establishment of historic truth. When the authorities in England were first approached for permission to place the tablet commemorating the beginning of the United States, the representatives of the A. P. V. A. were told that there were no such ships, and that the Mayflower carried the first permanent English colony to America!

Lady Nancy Langhorne Astor, a member of the A. P. V. A. and of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, also a native of the county which is my home, was requested to represent the President General at the unveiling of the tablet.

\* \* \*

Those who contributed to the observance of Memorial Day on Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio, will be gratified to know that there was a larger attendance this year than ever before. Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, President of the Ohio Division, writes that the exercises were most beautiful.

You will recall that a wreath was sent in the name of our organization to the funeral of Gen. Felix H. Robertson, of Texas. Mrs. Powell, President of the Mary West Chapter, of Waco, writes that these flowers were preserved by an artist; that they have been placed under glass in an antique bronze frame, inclosing also a photograph of General Robertson, and that this case has been placed in the Texas Museum, with a copper plate bearing this inscription: "Gen. Felix H. Robertson, youngest general of the Confederacy; donated to the Confederate Museum, Austin, Tex., by the Mary West Chapter, U. D. C., Waco, Tex."

## CREDENTIALS.

It is with profound regret that I have received the resignation of Mrs. Dolph Long as chairman of the Committee on Credentials.

For the past eighteen months Mrs. Long has given her time and ability to the work of this Committee, rendering the organization valuable service, and with rare tact, excellent judgment, and keen discretion has conducted the business of the office.

At our urgent request Mrs. L. U. Babin has consented to accept the chairmanship made vacant by Mrs. Long's resignation. We are fortunate in obtaining Mrs. Babin's acceptance and most grateful to her for serving the organization. Mrs. Babin's address is 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

Very cordially, MAUDE MERCHANT.

## U. D. C. SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Education Committee is pleased to announce the listing of two tuition scholarships since the publication of the Education Circular in April. One is at the University of Georgia, value \$85, procured through the efforts of Mrs. Walter Grace. The other is at Erskine College, Due West, S. C., granted voluntarily by Rev. R. C. Grier, the president of that fine old institution of the A. R. P. Church in appreciation of the work in education being done by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Both scholarships are available for the session of 1928-29, and Division chairmen are requested to give publicity to these at once in order that they may be filled.

MRS. R. D. WRIGHT,

Chairman U. D. C. Education Committee.

## A REQUEST FROM THE EDITOR.

Dear Division Editors: Please send your notes by the first of each month and report outstanding happenings only, as the entire U. D. C. Department is only four pages. All notes are to be typewritten, and please make them as concise as possible, in order that all may have place. It is deeply regretted that several reports have to be held over this month, but those so held will have first consideration in September.

Oklahoma recently sent in six subscriptions to the VETERAN. Let us all try to get some.

Yours for the VETERAN, MRS. L. U. BABIN, Editor.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

Alabama.—The annual convention of the Alabama Division was held in the hospitable little city of Opelika, on May 1-4. Never has the Division been so beautifully entertained as under the capable management of the general chairman, Mrs. J. M. Burt.

Under the leadership of our efficient President, Mrs. R. B. Broyles, the work has advanced along all lines. Her report was unusual in that she had spent much time in cheering the veterans, visiting Chapters, and in daily correspondence with Chapters.

Mrs. M. E. Curtis, Historian, very proudly displayed the Raines Banner, which our Division captured at the Charleston general convention. Her report showed that Alabama would make a splendid report again this year.

Mrs. Bashinsky, Alabama's scholarship mother, as usual, gave a most excellent report, showing that last year our funds helped to keep eighty-three boys and girls in school.

The crowning feature of the convention was the unveiling of a huge boulder placed by the Georgia Division on the Jefferson Davis Highway on the Georgia-Alabama line. After the unveiling the guests went to Lanette, where the citizens served a barbecue to over four hundred people. Much credit is due Mrs. B. B. Ross, our chairman of Jefferson Davis Highway, for her untiring efforts in making this event an unsurpassed success.

On account of the nearness to Auburn, the home of the Polytechnic Institute, the faculty and the Admiral Semmes Chapter entertained the convention at a luncheon on Wednesday. Many pleasing compliments were paid the U. D. C. for the educational work it is accomplishing. One very important feature of the business session was the appointment of a committee to divide the State into districts and to formulate plans for holding district conventions. The first was held in April, in Fayette, in the western part of the State.

A silver cup was given by Mrs. Ida King Sorsby, the originator of Alabama Day, to be awarded each year to the district making the best record on observance of Alabama Day.

The convention will be held in Mobile in 1929.

[Annie F. Daugette, State Editor.]

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Arkansas.—I have little else than greetings for our dear VETERAN this time, for this reason: Our Chapters have ceased their activities for the summer. They have earned a vacation! 'Tis truly good to know how diligent the Daughters of Arkansas Division have been! The year's work is very satisfying—Committee reports all in, scholarships placed, subjects for essays distributed, pledges met, and many Chapters have a goodly sum in the treasury to begin fall activities.

Memorial Chapter, of Little Rock, "bears the palm" for calling a meeting after our "school had closed" to "vote in" a number of new members, this giving them the summer to fill up their papers and be ready to enter into our activities



when business begins in the fall. This is forehandedness truly, and I am proud to report it.

[Mrs. William Stillwell, Publicity Chairman.]

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*California.*—Following are the new officers of California Division for 1928-29, elected at the State convention held at Pasadena, May 10-11, 1928: President, Mrs. Milton LeRoy Stannard, Los Angeles; First Vice President, Mrs. A. L. Lockwood, Fresno; Second Vice President, Mrs. Walter Brame, Oakland; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Hughes Garr, Los Angeles; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Gertrude Montgomery, Santa Ana; Treasurer, Miss Katherine Burkett, San Jose; Historian, Mrs. F. B. Harrington, Los Angeles; Registrar, Mrs. E. F. Scattergood, Los Angeles; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Sally Daingerfield, Madera; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. J. R. Kemp, San Francisco; Parliamentarian, Mrs. J. D. Hodgen, Berkeley; Director C. of C. Chapters, Mrs. V. V. Samples, Oakland.

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*Colorado.*—The Colorado State Division convention was held at Pueblo, May 9-10, and none ever opened more auspiciously than did the 1928 convention. Delegates and visitors were present from every Chapter in the State. A board meeting was held at the home of Mrs. H. P. Vories, after which a "get-acquainted tea" bound the officers and delegates closer together in the bonds of friendship.

At the historical evening, Mrs. L. C. Ramsey displayed the Confederate flags and gave a talk about each, and a most interesting program followed.

The business sessions were full and interesting. The convention was presided over by Mrs. William Barber, and Mrs. Alonzo Fry was elected to succeed her. The sixteenth convention adjourned, thanking all the past efficient officers and pledging their support to the new.

[Mrs. L. C. Ramsey, Editor.]

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*Georgia.*—On May 2, Georgia and Alabama united in unveiling the boulder erected to mark the Jefferson Davis Highway. This huge granite boulder, "as solid and as lasting as the principles for which the South fought," is erected on the spot between West Point, Ga., and Lanette, Ala., through which the great Highway passes.

The impressive ceremonies on this occasion were conducted by the Georgia and Alabama Divisions, U. D. C., and it has been estimated that nearly a thousand people from Georgia and Alabama attended the unveiling.

The boulder came from the Pine Mountain quarries at Lithonia, Ga., and was presented to the Georgia and Alabama U. D. C. by Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Mason, owners of the quarries. The bronze tablet on the boulder was presented by the Alabama Division.

The presentation address was made by Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, of Montezuma, First Vice President General. Gov. Bibb Graves, of Alabama, accepted the boulder on behalf of the State of Alabama.

B. C. Milner, engineer of the State Highway Department of Georgia, accepted for Georgia on behalf of Governor Hardman, who was unable to be present.

Miss Emma Farr, of West Point, Ga., and Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn, Ala., directors of the Georgia and Alabama Divisions, respectively, for marking the Jefferson Davis Highway, placed wreaths on the boulder for their Divisions.

Greetings were extended by Mayor Phil Lanier, of West Point, and by Mayor R. W. Jennings, of Lanette. Hon. John N. Holder, Chairman of the Georgia Highway Com-

mission, and Chairman Woolsey Finnell, of the Alabama Highway Commission, also extended words of greeting.

Music was furnished by the Glee Club of the West Point High School and by the Lanette Band.

[Mrs. Lena Felker Lewis, Editor.]

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*Illinois.*—Stonewall Chapter No. 1038, of Chicago, celebrated the birthday of Hon. Jefferson Davis with a luncheon program June 8, at Sheridan-Diversey Dinner House. Chicago Chapter and Camp Robert E. Lee, Sons of Veterans, were guests of Stonewall Chapter.

The speaker of the day was Rev. J. Furman Hebert, pastor of Austin Congregational Church, Chicago. His subject, "Jefferson Davis," was finely presented, displaying much study into the wonderful character of the able Southern statesman.

Mr. Hebert is a native of South Carolina and a member of Camp Robert E. Lee, Sons of Veterans. There was also a beautiful musical program.

[Mrs. Walter M. Smith, Editor.]

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*Massachusetts.*—At the grave of a Confederate soldier at Mount Hope Cemetery, the U. D. C. ritual was read by Mrs. E. W. Ware, First Vice President of the Boston Chapter, who placed a wreath upon the grave.

Deer Island Cemetery was visited by Mrs. C. B. Taylor, President of the Boston Chapter, and Mrs. R. H. Chesley, representing the Cambridge Chapter. The ritual was read by Mrs. Chesley and wreaths placed by Mrs. Taylor, in behalf of the Boston Chapter, upon the grave of Edward J. Johnston, a Confederate soldier, and also upon the Mound of the Union Soldiers and Sailors.

The U. D. C. and G. A. R. held a joint service at Deer Island.

[Mrs. O. F. Wiley, Editor.]

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*North Carolina Division.*—The outstanding event of importance to the North Carolina Division is the recent marking of two historic places in this State. The marking of the Confederate arsenal in Fayetteville by the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter U. D. C., brought together a distinguished assemblage. The presentation was made to the city of Fayetteville by Mrs. John H. Anderson, chairman of the Marker Committee, and the chief address was by Gov. A. W. McLean. Greetings were brought by various organizations over the State, and a luncheon was served the visitors by the local Chapter. Many interesting recollections of this historic place were brought out by the placing of this marker.

On June 19, a tablet was unveiled at Plymouth, N. C., commemorating the battle of Plymouth, May, 1864. Again, this was erected by local people, the Scotland Neck Chapter, joining in the ceremonies. The history of this battle was reviewed, and the story retold of how the North Carolina Pam Albemarle destroyed the Federal fleet in Albemarle Sound. Grandchildren of the builder of the Albemarle and of her commander unveiled the tablet.

The Enfield Chapter recently erected a beautiful memorial fountain in that town, to the memory of their Confederate and World War soldiers.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Charlotte, has, during its thirty years of existence, enrolled upon its membership more than five hundred women, with three hundred still on its list. The Chapter has never shown deeper interest in the objects of the U. D. C. than it does to-day. Besides being a banner Chapter in Division work, this Chapter has its special local work the entertaining at a monthly luncheon of the



members of the local Camp of Veterans, and employs a custodian to care for their veterans' meeting place. The other Charlotte Chapter is the Gen. James H. Lane Chapter, and though composed of younger women is most active in U. D. C. work.

The chairman of Education has filled all the scholarships which will be vacant for September. Besides the twenty-three scholarships offered by this Division a recently endowed scholarship of \$3,000 has been given by Mrs. S. D. Craige, of Winston-Salem, as a memorial to her Confederate father, the late P. H. Haines.

The newly organized Chapter of young women in High Point is doing fine work. This second Chapter of High Point is named in memory of Laura Wessen, who gave her life in nursing the smallpox soldier victims who were in the hospital of High Point during the war.

The Johnston Pettigrew Chapter of Raleigh was recently entertained in the Hall of History at the State capitol by the director of this interesting place, Col. F. A. Olds, who gave a most entertaining talk to the Daughters, illustrating it with objects which show North Carolina's part in the four years of the Confederacy. The large collection of flags, uniforms of all branches of the service and objects illustrating home life during the war, were all studied with interest.

Many members of the Division will participate in the annual reunion of the North Carolina veterans at Tarboro, August 7-10. The William Dorsey Pender Chapter will assist Mrs. John H. Anderson in the presentation of her pageant, "Women of North Carolina in the Sixties," which will be given for the entertainment of the veterans. As the Spirit of History, Mrs. Anderson will narrate stories of these heroines, the parts being taken by Edgecombe County women. These "heroines" will make merry in an old-time square dance to old-time tunes played by old-time fiddlers. The figures being called out by that young and gallant veteran, Samuel S. Nash, of Tarboro.

State-wide recognition through the press was given to the observance of June 3, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, and the Chapters are working now for the beautification of North Carolina's part of the great memorial to this leader of the Confederacy, the Jefferson Davis Highway.

[Mrs. John H. Anderson, Editor.]

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*Ohio.*—The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Cincinnati, conducted a most interesting program June 3. Mrs. Wilmer Crawford spoke on Jefferson Davis. Mountain songs, transferred by ear and tongue through long generations, though never put on paper, were sung to the accompaniment of the dulcimer by Miss Marie Wheeler, of Paducah, Ky. The singer was in mountain costume, hand woven. Her dulcimer differed in nothing of its primitive construction from the instrument played upon by the music makers of the Old Testament, a model of which is said to have been brought from Jerusalem by the first crusaders. The program was held at the home of Mrs. James Burton Doan.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter held the last meeting of the season at the home of Mrs. George White. Reports showed that the Martha Berry School scholarship of \$1,000 is complete; that the Chapter had participated in the expense of sending a veteran to the reunion in Little Rock, Ark.; had contributed its per capita tax to the erection of the Robert E. Lee memorials on the Dixie Highway through Ohio; and that the treasury is on a secure footing.

This was Alabama Day, and a delightful Alabama program was given.

[Mrs. L. G. Rice, Editor.]

*Oklahoma.*—The twentieth annual convention of the Oklahoma Division met in Ardmore, June 12-15, 1928, with the President, Mrs. Hettie, Work presiding. Reports showed a successful year. Two girls were helped in school; all Chapters had responded to the Chapters' Home Fund. The Division will pay for one hundred copies of "Women of the South in War Times." A Cross of Military Service was bestowed on Freeman Galt. Memorial Hour was conducted by "Mother Hester," Division Chaplain, who is ninety years old. Directors on committees for the general organization asked all Chapters to respond before the general convention in November.

As is the custom in Oklahoma, the Confederate Veterans and the Sons held their convention at this time, and among the social features were a ball, a reception at the Confederate Home, and a garden party by the American Legion Auxiliary.

Mrs. George Dismukes, of Chickasha, was elected President of the Division.

[Mrs. G. L. Bradfield, Editor.]

\* \* \*

*Texas.*—The Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., of Waco, observed its fortieth anniversary June 16, 1928. The Mary West Chapter, U. D. C., prepared an interesting program for this milestone in the history of the Camp. The chief honoree, around whom the program revolved, was the Commander of the Camp, Mr. C. L. Johnson, a charter member and Commander for nearly forty years.

Mrs. J. B. Powell, President of the Chapter, exhibited a picture of Gen. Pat Cleburne, and gave a sketch of his life and war history, of how he fell in one of the hottest engagements at Franklin, Tenn. A splendid program was rendered.

Daughters of the Confederacy, can we do enough for these old veterans that are passing out of our sight so rapidly? The time will soon come when not one will be left to tell the tale. We must keep the fires burning on the altar, keep fresh the memories of the South, the sacrifices of our mothers and the heroism of our fathers.

[Mrs. J. B. Powell, Editor.]

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

MRS. JOHN H. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

#### U. D. C. Topics for August.

Educational Institutions in the South, 1860, 1890, 1920.

#### C. of C. Program for August.

Make a study of the port of Mobile, Ala.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., 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. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
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.  
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REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

## SUGGESTIONS FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*My Dear Coworkers:* A few thoughts for your earnest consideration are brought you in the hope that they may find responsive echo in your hearts and let you drink yet more deeply of the blessedness of giving to others and sharing with the less fortunate some of the many blessings which have come to your own homes. If you should be so situated as to be unable to go out in person, remember that "the pen is mightier than the sword" and send a few lines to some other shut-in—for there is joy in remembrance.

### OUR CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.

The fast-diminishing ranks of the active workers who kept the home fires burning while the heroes of the Confederacy were battling at the front reminds us of an opportunity for service which will gladden many who are shut in and many others who, because of advanced age, are too feeble to take the necessary exercise involved in an attempt to plan an outing for themselves. Many of them—in fact, most of them—are in an impoverished condition and are denied the enjoyment of the modern comfort and pleasure of an automobile ride. In giving happiness to others, we ourselves gain happiness, and the suggestion that our C. S. M. A. members seek out these dear old mothers and give them the joy of sharing in your pleasure will bring a rich reward. A day spent in the quiet of the woodland beside some rippling stream, with the simplest of refreshments suited to their needs, would give them a pleasure to be remembered. Take your young people along and let them learn from the lips of these makers of our history some of the many wonderfully inspiring incidents in their lives. Put these dear women on your calendar of thought for these delightful summer days, and send them flowers from your garden as often as possible, invite them to your home for a glass of iced tea or lemonade, and, above all, let them feel the pulse of human kindness which always finds a responsive throb, and you will have somewhere a reaping that will bring a glorious harvest.

### WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Being anything but a pessimist, and standing upon the beautiful traditions and high ideals of the Old South, present conditions arouse only the gravest fears for the future welfare of our beloved Dixie. Are we "selling our birthright for a mess of pottage" and drifting with the tide on the shoals of

modernistic ideals? A heritage that embraced lofty traditions, a cultural life unsurpassed in beauty and dignity seems to be disintegrating, and is being replaced in large measure by the fast living of a fast age which contact with the lower element of foreign life in the late military struggle seems to have absorbed, not the elevating and uplifting influences, but much that was proved pernicious. Standing as our memorial work does for the perpetuation of the influences which brought to our people the admiration and indorsement of the Western World, it behooves us to concentrate all our powers in the effort to turn the tide that would give place to the demoralizing, jazzy music and dance; to encourage in every possible way modesty in dress and deportment; to discourage cigarette smoking among our women and girls and the banishment of the hip-pocket flask and indulgence in drink habits and narcotics that have been brought to our very doors from the underworld of the home and foreign centers of the world, and are leaving their blighting effects already upon the larger commercial centers of our people.

Earnestly praying that these conditions may have your interest and prayerful consideration, and with every good wish for all that concerns each fireside and home circle touched by our devoted and loyal workers, I am

Cordially and faithfully yours,

MARGARET A. WILSON,  
*President General, C. S. M. A.*

### C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Our Southern Memorial Day was observed with fitting exercises in many communities of every State of the South, and some of the reports coming in will be interesting to readers of this department. Mrs. D. D. Geiger, President C. S. M. Association of Huntington, W. Va., writes as follows:

"The Confederate Memorial Association of Huntington, W. Va., observed Memorial Day with beautiful and impressive services. Although the day was cold and gray and the lowering clouds finally developed into a penetrating drizzle, it did not dampen the interest of almost two hundred men and women who found their way to lovely Spring Hill Cemetery on the evening of June 3, to commemorate that fierce struggle of the sixties. The services were conducted in front of the Confederate monument, the graves having



been beautifully decorated with flowers and flags. A quartet of the leading artists of the city gave several beautiful numbers.

"Rev. W. P. Hooper, pastor of the Highlawn Presbyterian Church, gave the principal address of the day."

The following comes from Miss Sue Walker, of Fayetteville, Ark., President of the Southern Memorial Association of that place:

"The usual features of Memorial Day were carried out with the efficient officers of the day in charge. Appropriate music, solemn invocation, beautiful flowers, the aged veterans, and all the touching associations of these annual reunions awakened anew our love and loyalty and inspired us to 'carry on' so long as life shall last. In the procession to the Confederate cemetery the Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Southern Memorial Association, U. D. C., American Legion, Spanish War Veterans, D. A. R., were represented in decorated cars. The speaker specially stressed loyalty to the Constitution by the South.

"The dignity of the ceremony on the hillside was added to by the decorations which had been placed on each grave and on the monument in the center of the whole plot. Tiny Confederate flags and clusters of rambler roses were on each grave, and the central monument also was draped with strips of bunting bearing the Confederate insignia. The flowers were placed on the graves as the opening part of the ceremony at the cemetery, while the crowd stood in respectful silence. The special choir sang 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and the band played during this part of the service.

"Judge George Stockard gave an inspiring address, which pictured the 'Glories of the New South' and the great privilege which is ours in being citizens of this great section and country."

The countless friends of Miss Rutherford are rejoicing with her in a happy birthday on July 16, the occasion bringing loving messages from every part of our Southland, and flowers in evidence everywhere just testifying to the great love and enduring honor felt for one of the South's greatest women.

A card from our dear Chaplain General, Rev. Giles B. Cooke, is pleasing evidence of his mental alertness and gratifying physical condition. Our prayers follow these two beloved fellow workmen, whose strong Christian example is uplifting and a righteous example to be emulated.

## THE C. S. M. A. OF COLORADO.

BY MRS. W. O. TEMPLE, EX-PRESIDENT, DENVER, COLO.

At the invitation of Mrs. Sarah T. Boyd, a native of Savannah, Ga., a number of Southern women met at her home in Denver, on April 7, 1920, to organize a Chapter of the C. S. M. A. Thirty-three charter members were enrolled and the following officers elected: President, Mrs. W. O. Temple; First Vice President, Mrs. Sarah T. Boyd; Second Vice President, Mrs. John H. Campbell; Recording Secretary, Mrs. T. R. Benefiel; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. McElvain; Treasurer, Mrs. L. C. Smith; Historian, Mrs. L. C. Ramsey; Poet Laureate, Mrs. W. R. Marshall.

Knowing that the C. S. M. A. originated the work of looking after the graves of our Confederates, we immediately began to locate the graves of our Confederate dead in the four cemeteries of Denver. We found there were thirty-nine (since increased to about fifty-five), and on May 30 our committees decorated their graves with Confederate and Ameri-

can flags and evergreen wreaths. This has been our custom ever since. On April 26, our Southern Memorial Day, we have a memorial meeting, with a Southern program, but we consider it best to decorate the graves on the National Memorial Day.

Although we organized with thirty-three members, we have only about a dozen who are active at present. Some have died, some moved away, and, as in most organizations, some take very little interest in our work, which is almost all "up hill." Considering our few workers, we have accomplished some things worth while.

As quite a number of the graves were not marked at all and were very difficult to locate, we began to use the small iron markers, but finding them hard to keep in place, we now use a small granite marker, properly inscribed and costing approximately \$25 each. So far, through the efforts of our organization, we have been instrumental in placing thirteen markers.

We send flowers to the sick and to the funerals of our veterans. We contribute monthly to the support of one of our veterans, who is eighty-seven years old, and we are ever ready to do all possible along this line. We paid the traveling expenses of one of our veterans to the U. C. V. reunion in Tennessee, in 1921, his native State. The pleasure he experienced more than repaid us for our efforts.

When the request was sent out for books to send to a library in Paris, France, seven volumes were contributed by different members of the Chapter.

As our yearly dues are only one dollar, we have to raise funds in many ways—by card parties, by raffling of various articles, such as bed spreads, luncheon sets, cakes, and even a Rhode Island Red pullet.

We have a constitution and by-laws, and meet at the homes of the members. Since our organization, we have had four Presidents—namely, Mrs. W. O. Temple, Mrs. S. T. Boyd, Mrs. Lillie B. Copeland, Mrs. John Traylor. Mrs. Copeland served us for four years, and we wished to make her President for Life, but she would not consent, so at our last annual meeting she and Mrs. Boyd were elected Honorary Presidents. Our officers at present are: President, Mrs. John Traylor; First Vice President, Mrs. Frances Karnes; Secretary, Mrs. T. R. Benefiel; Treasurer, Mrs. L. C. Smith; Historian, Mrs. L. C. Ramsey; Poet Laureate, Mrs. W. O. Temple.

We are anxious to get the records of the following Confederate veterans in order to mark their graves: Joseph R. Tullos, Thomas J. White, Martin V. Jackson, and Robert Witt. Any information relative to them would be highly appreciated.

We were grieved to lose by death this year one of our honorary members, Mrs. Eloise Lee Colburn, a native of Tennessee, born in 1844, the daughter of Thomas Jefferson Dobyns, colonel 2nd Regiment, 3rd Louisiana Battalion, Polish Brigade. She married Edward L. Colburn, who served with Company B, 23rd South Carolina Regiment. Mrs. Colburn was a typical Southern lady, and is greatly missed by our Southern organization.

We were delighted to be represented by one of our members, Mrs. John H. Campbell, as our delegate to the convention in Little Rock, Ark., in May of this year, and regretted that our other delegate could not attend. This was Mrs. Robert Lee Cochran, formerly of Kentucky. Mrs. Campbell gave a most interesting account of the convention at our last meeting and made us realize how much we missed in not being present.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

EDMOND R. WILES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Adjutant in Chief*  
 JAMES F. TERRELL, JR., New Orleans, La. . . . . *Inspector in Chief*  
 J. S. UTLEY, Little Rock, Ark. . . . . *Judge Advocate in Chief*  
 Dr. George R. Tabor, Oklahoma City, Okla. . . . . *Surgeon in Chief*  
 W. D. JACKSON, Little Rock, Ark. . . . . *Quartermaster in Chief*  
 CLIFTON RATCLIFF, Oklahoma City, Okla. . . . . *Commissary in Chief*  
 REV. JOHN DURHAM WING, Winter Park, Fla. . . . . *Chaplain in Chief*

## EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

EDMOND R. WILES, *Chairman*. . . . . Little Rock, Ark.  
 N. B. FORREST, *Secretary*. . . . . Atlanta, Ga.  
 R. G. LAMKIN. . . . . Roanoke, Va.  
 ALBERT C. ANDERSON. . . . . Ripley, Miss.  
 J. EDWARD JONES. . . . . Oklahoma City, Okla.  
 JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY. . . . . Wichita Falls, Tex.  
 JESSE ANTHONY. . . . . Washington, D. C.

## COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN.

ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, *Historical*. . . . . Lynchburg, Va.  
 A. W. TABER, *Relief*. . . . . Austin, Tex.  
 J. L. HIGHSAW, *Monument*. . . . . Memphis, Tenn.  
 JOHN H. ROBERTSON, *Memorial*. . . . . Oklahoma City, Okla.  
 JOHN ASHLEY JONES, *Textbook*. . . . . Atlanta, Ga.  
 LUCIUS L. MOSS, *Finance*. . . . . Lake Charles, La.  
 DR. MATHEW PAGE ANDREWS, *American Legion History*. . . . . Baltimore, Md.

COL. W. McDONALD LEE, *Rutherford*. . . . . Irvington, Va.  
 JOHN ASHLEY JONES, *Stone Mountain*. . . . . Atlanta, Ga.



## DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke, Va. . . . . Army of Northern Virginia  
 ALBERT C. ANDERSON, Ripley, Miss. . . . . Army of Tennessee  
 J. E. JONES, Oklahoma City, Okla. . . . . Army of Trans-Mississippi

## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

MAJ. JERE C. DENNIS, Dadeville. . . . . Alabama  
 JOHN L. CARTER, Little Rock. . . . . Arkansas  
 JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill. . . . . Central Division  
 RUFUS W. PEARSON, 1130 Barr Building, Washington, D. C. . . . . District of Columbia and Maryland  
 H. B. GRUBBS, 320 Broadway, Eastern Division, New York, N. Y. . . . . Florida  
 JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee. . . . . Georgia  
 DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah. . . . . Georgia  
 J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington. . . . . Kentucky  
 JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport. . . . . Louisiana

W. F. RILEY, SR., Tupelo. . . . . Mississippi  
 EDWARD C. FISHER, 6219 Pershing, St. Louis. . . . . Missouri  
 DR. G. R. TABOR, Oklahoma City. . . . . Oklahoma  
 A. D. MARSHALL, Pacific Division. . . . . Seattle, Wash.  
 REID ELKINS, Greenville. . . . . South Carolina  
 JOHN HALLBERG, Chattanooga. . . . . Tennessee  
 E. S. MCCARVER, Orange. . . . . Texas  
 CHARLES T. NORMAN, Richmond. . . . . Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## INTERESTS OF THE S. C. V.

IN MEMORY OF MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, HISTORIAN IN CHIEF.

It is with a deep feeling of sorrow that the Commander in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, announces the death of Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief, which occurred June 26, 1928, at his home at Ballston, Va. He died in the discharge of his duty, and, like the grand and noble soldier that he was, at his post. He it was who saved to the people of the South the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park.

Major Ewing, due to illness, was not with us at the thirty-third annual convention, held at Little Rock, Ark., May 8-11, 1928, but the convention unanimously adopted a resolution of sympathy, which was signed by each delegate present.

To his family is extended the sympathy of our organization, and say that your sorrow is our sorrow, your bereavement our bereavement, we mourn with you.

Let his memory be cherished by you, and let each and every Camp in a fitting way hold such service in his honor as may be fit and proper.

Due to the great distance from Little Rock to Washington, D. C., the Commander in Chief regrets that he is prevented from attending the funeral of our beloved comrade; however, Col. W. McDonald Lee, of Richmond, Va., Past Commander in Chief, Comrade Elton O. Pillow, Commander of the District of Columbia and Maryland Division, and Comrades John A. Chumbley and F. R. Fravel, Past Commanders of the District of Columbia and Maryland Division, are hereby designated as his official representatives to attend the funeral, and they will take such action and so represent the Sons of Confederate Veterans as will indicate the deep grief felt by the members of the confederation.

A copy of this order is being sent to the family of the late Maj. E. W. R. Ewing.

## CONVENTION OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

The opening ceremonies of the thirty-third annual convention of the Virginia Division, S. C. V. were held in the large and handsome City Auditorium at Portsmouth, Va., on June 19-21. This meeting was a joint assembly of vet-

erans, Daughters, and Sons, held under the auspices of the Virginia Division, S. C. V., to which the public was invited. Patriotic airs by the band stirred the enthusiasm of all. The hall was packed, and every seat on the large stage was occupied. It was estimated that there were several thousand people present who enjoyed the program.

The convention was called to order by Hon. John T. Kevill, Commander Stonewall Jackson Camp No. 380, S. C. V., of Portsmouth, Va., and, in the absence of the Division Chaplain, Rev. H. M. B. Jones, Comrade David L. Pulliam, Commander Stonewall Jackson Camp No. 981, S. C. V., Richmond, Va., opened the meeting with prayer, after which Commander Kevill turned the meeting over to Commander Charles T. Norman, Division Commander, who presided throughout the session.

In the absence of Comrade C. I. Carrington, due to illness, Commander Norman appointed Walter L. Hopkins as Acting Adjutant, who called the roll of the Division, Brigade, and Camp officers, immediately after which Commander Norman appointed the convention committees.

Upon reading a telegram from Commander in Chief Wiles, by unanimous action of the convention, Comrade R. Johnson Neeley was appointed a committee of one to send Commander in Chief Wiles a telegram on behalf of the convention, expressing the regrets of the Virginia Division at his inability to be present and assuring him of the hearty coöperation of the Virginia Division during his administration.

Col. Charles T. Norman, Division Commander, made a most excellent report, outlining the work of the Division during his administration. His report showed that, among other things, the membership during the past year had increased something over twenty per cent.

Walter L. Hopkins, Acting Adjutant, read the report on future activities, which was prepared and read by Hon. John Hallberg, of Chattanooga, Tenn., before the thirty-third annual convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at Little Rock, Ark., May 8-11, 1928. Mr. Hallberg is Commander of the Tennessee Division, S. C. V., and a member of the Tennessee State Senate. This report contains great food for thought, and was received with great enthusiasm by the



convention. Commander Hallberg was highly complimented for presenting such a splendid report.

Having reached the order of business on the election of Division and Brigade Commanders, Col. Charles T. Norman was unanimously reelected Division Commander.

The following Brigade Commanders were unanimously elected: Commander First Brigade, John T. Kevill, Portsmouth, Va.; Commander Second Brigade, David L. Pulliam, Richmond, Va.; Commander Third Brigade, Robert H. Angell, Roanoke, Va.; Commander Fourth Brigade, J. Edward Beale, Remington, Va.; Commander Fifth Brigade, Col. Charles S. Roller, Fort Defiance, Va.

Stirring addresses were made to the convention by Maj. Giles B. Cooke, the only surviving member of General Lee's Staff, Gen. R. M. Colvin, of Harrisonburg, Va., and a number of the members of the Sons.

## IMPORTANT RESOLUTION.

Whereas there is a proposition to give to an institution, or university in another State the name of Lincoln-Lee; and whereas we are gratified by any proper and suitable means of indicating that our country is reunited; but as we think that General Lee and President Lincoln were cast in such different molds, as well as occupying different positions in their respective sections, we believe that their names should not be linked together for this or any other purpose; therefore be it

*Resolved:* 1. That the Virginia Division of Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled in Portsmouth, Va., on June 21, 1928, oppose the proposed name being given such institution.

2. That we approve the decision of the committee not to give the proposed Memorial Bridge across the Potomac River at Washington, D. C., the name of the Lincoln-Lee Bridge.

## TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT STAFF.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1. BY COMMANDER J. EDWARD JONES. To be read before every Camp of the Army of Trans-Mississippi Department.

1. By virtue of my election as Commander of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V., at the thirty-third annual convention held in Little Rock, Ark., May, 1928, I hereby assume command of the Divisions and Camps comprising this Department and establish headquarters in Oklahoma City, Okla.

2. The Division Commanders of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department are requested to select their staff officers and report same to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., Richmond, Va. Division Commanders are particularly requested to send J. Roy Price, 419 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La., Editor of the Sons Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a list of their appointments and all other news concerning their division for publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

3. I hereby appoint the following-named comrades as members of my staff. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly: J. R. Eldridge, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City; John L. Carter, Quartermaster, Little Rock; E. Riddle, Inspector, Oklahoma City; Edward C. Fisher, Commissary, St. Louis, Mo.; Ed S. McCarver, Judge Advocate, Orange, Tex.; Dr. E. F. Hayden, Surgeon, Tulsa, Okla.; A. W. Tabor, Historian, Austin, Tex.; Forney Hutchinson, Chaplain, Oklahoma City.

4. The Commander of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department desires to take this opportunity to thank the

comrades throughout the Confederation for their confidence in him as expressed by his unanimous election. I will give the best service of which I am capable of performing to the office of Department Commander. I shall expect the full and complete coöperation of all the comrades of the Divisions comprising my Department.

## ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

The Oklahoma Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, met in annual convention, at Ardmore, Okla., May 13 and 14, 1928, and the following officers were elected: Dr. George R. Tabor, Division Commander, Oklahoma City; W. S. Livingston, Division Lieutenant Commander, Seminole; John H. Robertson, Division Adjutant, Oklahoma City; L. A. Morton, Division Quartermaster, Duncan; Joe H. Ford, Division Inspector, Wagoner; C. L. Hill, Division Judge Advocate, Wewoka; Dr. E. F. Hayden, Division Surgeon, Tulsa; A. C. Farley, Division Historian, Oklahoma City; S. J. Brown, Division Color Sergeant, Duncan; Rev. J. N. Abernathy, Division Chaplain, Chickasha.

## Brigade Commanders.

Joe H. Ford, Wagoner; A. N. Leecraft, Durant; L. A. Morton, Duncan; E. Riddle, Oklahoma City.

Edmond R. Wiles, Commander in Chief, of Little Rock, Ark., and J. Edward Jones, Department Commander, of Oklahoma City, were in attendance.

## COMMANDER IN CHIEF HONORED.

Edmond R. Wiles, Commander in Chief, was one of the speakers on the program celebrating the occasion of the home coming of Senator Joe T. Robinson, held at Little Rock on July 4. Commander Wiles extended to the guest of honor the felicitations of the organization, but stated that the Sons of Confederate Veterans were a nonpolitical body and not committed to the support of any political party or policies.

## "FOREVER"—OR THIRTY YEARS?

BY LLOYD T. EVERETT, DE LAND, FLA.

In the peroration to one of his several speeches in his famous debate with Robert Y. Hayne, Daniel Webster declared for a "union" to last "forever"; albeit himself, during the War of 1812, had virtually threatened, from the floor of Congress, secession by disaffected New England. In this debate he has been said to have "shot every gun" fired for the North in the war of 1861.

That Union, the Union of choice between States, Southern and Northern, under the Constitution of 1789, instead of enduring "forever," lasted a paltry thirty years or so after Webster's oration. It ended in 1860-61; and in 1865 was succeeded by a new, diverse Union, a blood-red Union of force. Washington and Jefferson had deprecated sectional and partizan aggression as inimical to what Washington styled the "experiment" of 1789. Just such aggression it was that destroyed the old Union in 1860-61 and, five years later, erected a substitute, imperial Union.

And yet, Southerners, one here, one there, are now prone to echo Webster and shout for an American Union "forever." Empires flourish, then crumble; nations rise and fall; political verities endure. *Forever* is too big a word to apply to any human government; living Confederate principles, they are our "heritage for all time." Even Virginia and the other States that existed as political entities before the rise of "the United States," and may outlast them, are liable not to last as long as time itself.



*"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."*

In submitting this August report, it is difficult to concentrate on anything. The days are warm and the vacation spirit is in the air.

Our object is to wind up the work of this committee this year. It can be accomplished only by the delinquent Divisions laying aside a portion of their other needs and meeting this long-standing responsibility. Why is it that many of the Divisions have put their shoulders to the wheel and paid their portion of the ten thousand pledged copies, while others have allowed us to beg, to plead, and to appeal in every way for their part of the distribution assigned by the general organization

A recognition of its value and its distribution is far more important for the cause than the actual completion of our task, but our pledge must not be ignored.

The President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 113, Minnesota Division, Mrs. H. L. Williams, has written of their special interest and coöperation, placing copies in the Historical Society, the public and school libraries, and Fort Snelling. Also, we are grateful to the Washington Division, Mrs. Robert W. Jones, Director, for greater distribution this year. Washington is an "Over-the-Top" Division.

Faithfully, Mrs. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.  
Fairmont, W. Va.

*A VALUABLE NEW BOOK.*

"Campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia," by Vivian Minor Fleming. Price, \$2. Published by the author, Fredericksburg, Va.

The book by Vivian Minor Fleming on "Campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia" is being highly commended as a valuable contribution to Confederate history. The following letters have been selected from the many received by the author as especially expressive in their commendation.

Dr. Douglas Freeman, editor *News Leader*, Richmond, Va., writes:

"I have been very much interested in V. M. Fleming's 'Campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia.' As a resident of Fredericksburg, and a long-time student of these great operations, Mr. Fleming has included in his little volume much material that I have not found elsewhere and do not believe is printed in any other volume."

The following comes from one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, written from Richmond, Va.:

"Mr. Vivian Minor Fleming of Fredericksburg, Va., has written most attractively, and in short compass, of the 'Campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia.' No book known to me has so succinctly stated many of the great achievements of that immortal army, nor has covered so many facts within so short a space. The book is pleasant to read, but leaves the reader with the desire that more had been said. The arrangement of the material is so good and the style so simple that the reader's interest does not flag from the first page to the last.

"Mr. Fleming was a participant in many of the scenes he described, has been a lifelong student of the official records of the armies, has walked and ridden over many of these fields, and is now a member by official appointment of the Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania Battle Field Park Commission, a commission created by the United States government.

"Heartily I commend this little book to those who wish to learn of the war our fathers fought, or to refresh their memories of events which made those fathers immortal.

COLLINS DENNY."

*TEACHING HISTORY IN OKLAHOMA.*

The following comes from Chaplain General William D. Matthews, who is also Custodian of Confederate Memorial Hall at Oklahoma City, Okla.: in renewing his subscription for two years in advance: "I would hardly know how to run my home and the custodianship of the Confederate Memorial Hall without it. This is one among the best-equipped Confederate Halls in the South, to which the State legislature of Oklahoma makes annual appropriation for equipment and upkeep, including the salary of custodian, which position I have held since November 15, 1924. Since January 1, 1925, there have been registered 13,206 visitors, from Dublin, Ireland; France, Spain, Canada, South America, Portugal, and from nearly every State of the Union. Our public school teachers of Oklahoma—and there are in the neighborhood of ten thousand in the State—hold their annual convention during the month of February each year, and on February 10 last, I registered two hundred and forty-eight in one day; and greater interest in the true facts of what transpired from 1861 to 1865 I have never seen. Our public school teachers bring their pupils who are studying history to visit our State capitol, and I have had them to come in a body from twenty-five to sixty miles distant. Recently I had eighteen full-blooded Indian girls, accompanied by two teachers, to come from an Indian school located forty-five miles northwest of the capital, to spend nearly half a day with me. Pointing to a large framed picture, I asked one of them, 'Who is this?' Her reply was, 'Thomas Jefferson.' I asked what did he do?" "He helped write the Declaration of the thirteen colony independence; and that is not all," she said; "last year was the one hundred and fiftieth since he wrote it." We are not neglecting the full-blood Indian. No man of the South was truer to the Confederate cause than Stand Watie and his three regiments of Cherokee Indians."

*HISTORICAL PRIZE.*

The Georgia Historical Society offers for the year 1928 a prize of one hundred dollars to the person submitting the best article on some subject in the history of Georgia. The work must be based on original research and properly documented, and the treatise should not be over 5,000 words.

Only one manuscript may be entered by an individual, and must not have been previously published. All manuscripts must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.

The article is not to be signed; but the real name of the author must accompany the manuscript and must be inclosed in a separate envelope on which must be written the name of the historical article.

The competition is open to anyone without restriction.

The Society reserves the right to publish in its magazine any article submitted.

Each manuscript must be sent to Charles F. Groves, Secretary of the Georgia Historical Society, Savannah, Ga., not later than December 1, 1928.

The award will be announced in the March, 1929, number of the *Georgia Historical Quarterly*.

*FAMILY COATS OF ARMS.*

My last write up in the VETERAN was a very profitable investment. I am prompted to ask VETERAN readers who desire family arms in oil colors on sheet 14x16 inches to correspond with me. I make no charge for looking up arms. If interested, please *print* name so there will be no mistakes.

E. BOYD MARTIN, 441 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.



**NOT SO RICH.**—Americans are 96 cents poorer per capita this year than they were last year, but they are \$5.60 richer than they were in 1914.

Treasury records made public show that the per capita wealth of the United States, based on an estimated population of 118,364,000 on June 30, the end of the 1928 fiscal year, was \$40.52, compared with \$41.48 for 1927 and \$34.92 for 1914.

All United States money in issue at the end of the fiscal year was given as \$8,117,768,786, compared with \$8,667,286,075 for 1927 and \$3,795,456,764 for 1914.

Of this amount, \$4,796,408,667 was in circulation at the end of the 1928 fiscal year, with the remainder held in the Treasury and by Federal Reserve Banks, compared with \$4,851,325,356 in 1927 and \$3,458,059,755 in 1914.—*National Tribune.*

J. B. Jackson, of Gray, Ga., writes: "My father, William Jackson, is dead, but I want the VETERAN to still come in his name. He was a Confederate soldier, and the cause is sacred to me. I am disappointed in any Southerner's not being true to the South and the cause for which our fathers fought, suffered, and died. Best wishes for success of the splendid work of the VETERAN."

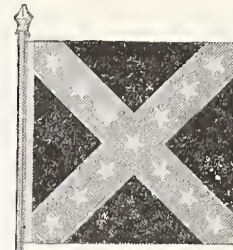
**SOUTH LEADS.**—That the South now leads all other parts of the United States in cotton manufacturing capacity is brought out in the 1928 edition of the Southern Railway Textile Directory.

On January 1, 1928, there were in Southern mills a total of 18,399,832 spindles, this being 305,168 more spindles than in the cotton mills of all the other States. Since 1880, when the South had only 5.27 per cent of all the cotton spindles in the United States, there has been a steady, almost uniform, increase from year to year, until now 50.42 per cent of the total are in Southern mills. Of the total spindles in the South, 13,562,332, or 73.71 per cent, are at points served directly by the Southern Railway.—*The Lookout.*

**WANTED.**—Copy of any newspaper published between the dates of January 21 and February 8, 1862, concerning the battle of Fishing Creek (Mill Spring) and the death of Gen. F. K. Zollicoffer. Address, Mrs. O. Z. Bond, Minerva, Terrebonne Parish, La.

Renewing his subscription, J. S. Allison writes from Benton, La., "I am enclosing \$1.50 for the VETERAN. If I was able would like to make it \$100. I am an old veteran and have been taking the VETERAN ever since it started, and hope to take it as long as I live."

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**LIFE and LETTERS of**

## MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

By J. A. CASKIE

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Nashville, Tenn.

In a night club an old duffer was seen peeling off several golden notes from a hefty wad and passing them to one of those cute little tricks with a curl and a lisp. "And a little child shall bleed them," sighed the hostess.

A Broadwayite writes he has found the dumbest girl. She was fired from a five- and ten-cent store because she could not remember the prices.

**HER REQUEST.**—He: "I've seen the specialist, and he tells me I must give up smoking cigarettes at once!"

She: "Can't you go on a little longer We only want twenty-two more coupons to get a porridge pan!"

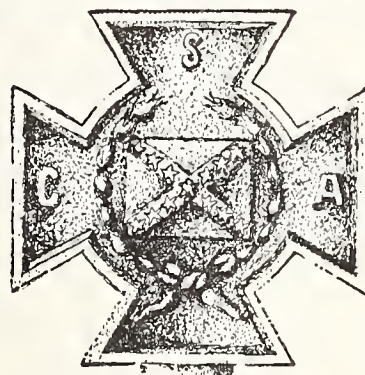
Agnes: "Sally told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

Marie: "She's a mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her."

Agnes: "Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did."



## "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 or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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# Book Sale for August

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A special offer is made for the month of August in offering the following list of books on Confederate history—and the offer is to each purchaser, who can add one dollar to the price of book wanted and get a year's credit on subscription or can send a new subscription to be credited one year.

This list of books is an accumulation of a year or more, and in but few instances is more than one copy available, so send order promptly.

Here is the list:

The War between the Union and the Confederacy. By Col. William C. Oates.....	\$5.00
Life and Campaigns of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Gen. A. L. Long.....	5.00
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson.....	7.00
Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. John J. Craven.....	4.00
Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfriend.....	3.50
Narrative of Military Operations. By Joseph E. Johnston.....	5.00
Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. Compiled and edited by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee.....	5.00
Service Afloat. By Admiral Semmes.....	7.50
Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair.....	5.00
Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson.....	4.00
Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards.....	5.00
Lindsley's Military Annals of Tennessee.....	4.50
With Sabre and Scalpel. By Dr. John A. Wyeth.....	5.00
Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon.....	5.00
Reminiscences of Peace and War. By Mrs. Roger Pryor.....	3.00
France and the Confederate Navy. By John Bigelow.....	3.50
Short History of the Confederate States. By Jefferson Davis.....	5.00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis.....	8.00
Morgan's Cavalry. By Gen. Basil Duke.....	6.00

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VOL. XXXVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1928

NO. 9



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## ROSTER OF THE 38TH ANNUAL CONFEDERATE REUNION.

NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

The full name, address, and command in which service was rendered in the War between the States is so arranged alphabetically by States that no trouble will be experienced in locating comrades who attended the reunion at Little Rock.

A full report of the reunion as submitted to the governor of Arkansas by the General Chairman, U. C. V., a list of all committees (chairmen and personnel), financial report, and much additional matter concerning this great reunion is included in the 64-page booklet. No funds being available for this work, the General Chairman has undertaken the publication and distribution. Price, 50 cents, in advance, postpaid to any address. A document of great interest and wonderful historic value.

Address EDMOND R. WILES, *General Chairman Thirty-Eighth Annual Reunion, U. C. V., Little Rock, Ark.*

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Mrs. Josie Means, of Lebanon, Tenn., R. R. No. —, would like to hear from any survivors of the battle of Cedar Creek, Va., who knew her uncle, John Reeves, who was killed in that battle. He and Tom Buford and a Mr. Gissam went from Lebanon under Colonel Hatton, of the 7th Tennessee Regiment, and all three were killed at Cedar Creek.

T. S. Clay, clerk to secretary of Camp 756 U. C. V., of Savannah, Ga., 120 East Jones Street, wishes to secure copies of the VETERAN for January and February, 1893, the first two numbers issued. Anyone having these to offer will please write to him. He will give a good price for them.

T. L. Williamson, Harrisonburg, Va., looks after the VETERAN there, and writes: "The VETERAN is better and better as the years go by. Long may she wave!"

## THE OUTDOOR CODE.

Help save the trees and wild flowers  
Protect the birds and game.  
Keep the highways beautiful.  
Pick up picnic rubbish  
Put out your fire—then bury it.

M. E. Soper writes from Marshall, Mo.: "My father was a Confederate soldier in General Morgan's Cavalry, and I like the VETERAN."

Robert Wiley, of Fairfax Courthouse, Va., writes: "I will pass my eighty-eighth milestone on August 16. The Adjutant of our Camp, Dr. Charles T. Russell, leads me by one year and is yet wonderfully active."

THE VICAR (*to unsatisfactory parish-ioner*) "How is it that I haven't seen ou in church lately?" U. P.—"I ain't been."—*Tit-Bits*.

## OUR GREATEST INDUSTRY.

According to reports on file in Washington City, agriculture is our first and greatest industry. It is, in fact, as great as any other three leading industries both in regard to number employed and capital invested. Counting the number of workers, it is a little surprising to find that construction is second, and railroading third. Textiles come fourth and machinery fifth. Lumber and iron and steel come ahead of automobiles, and following these in order are: Oil, coal, electricity, clothing, publishing, telegraphs, and telephones, meat, rubber, shoes, baking, paper. Tobacco is the twentieth.

It is worth noting that agriculture not only leads all these industries, but that it furnishes the raw material on which a number of them are based, as well as furnishing the market for them when their finished products are turned out.—*Murfreesboro Home Journal*.

WOE IS THEIRS.—All who sell liquors in the common way to any that will buy, are poisoners in general. They murder His Majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their groves—a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there! The foundation, the floors, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood.—*John Wesley*.

FOR SUNBURN.—Make a lotion of one-half pint of hot water and a level tablespoonful of boric acid powder, add 20 drops of carbolic acid, and shake well. The solution should be dabbed on the inflamed skin with a small piece of cotton or sprayed on with an atomizer. It should not be rubbed into the skin. It can be applied every half hour if necessary. If no medicine is available, cold compresses will give relief to badly burned areas.

## MONEY IN OLD LETTERS

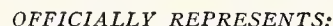
Look in that old trunk up in the garret and send me all the old envelopes up to 1880. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay highest prices.

GEORGE H. HAKES,  
290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



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

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



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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.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. } VOL. XXXVI. NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1928 No. 9. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. } FOUNDER.

REUNION.

## Assistant to the Adjutant General

GEN. HOMER ATKINSON, Petersburg, Va.....*Army of Northern Virginia*  
GEN. L. W. STEPHENS, Coushatta, La.....*Army of Tennessee*  
GEN. J. A. YEAGER Tulsa, Okla.....*Trans-Mississippi*

ALABAMA—	.....
ARKANSAS—Little Rock	..... Gen. J. W. Hollis
FLORIDA—Tallahassee	..... Gen. T. J. Appleyard
GEORGIA—Atlanta	..... Gen. D. B. Freeman
KENTUCKY—Richmond	..... Gen. N. B. Deatherage
LOUISIANA—Shreveport	..... Gen. W. T. Laseter
MARYLAND—	.....
MISSISSIPPI—Durant	..... Gen. F. A. Howell
MISSOURI—	.....
NORTH CAROLINA—Ansonville	..... Gen. W. A. Smith
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City	..... Gen. R. A. Sneed
SOUTH CAROLINA—Greenville	..... Gen. W. H. Cely
TENNESSEE—Nashville	..... Gen. John P. Hickman
TEXAS—Houston	..... Gen. R. D. Chapman
VIRGINIA—Richmond	..... Gen. William McK. Evans
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg	..... Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles	..... Gen. S. S. Simmons

GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga. . . . . *Honorary Commander for Life*  
 GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. . . . . *Honorary Commander for Life*  
 GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Honorary Commander for Life*  
 GEN. J. C. FOSTER, Houston, Tex. . . . . *Honorary Commander for Life*  
 REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. . . . . *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

*Alabama.*—Montgomery, October 10–12.  
*Tennessee.*—Murfreesboro, October 9–10.

May North and South, each chastened in her turn,  
From past a lesson of forbearance learn,  
And wage through courts and ballots all their fights  
For Fed'ral government or for State rights.  
Days of fraternal strife, thank God, are past!  
Ne'er to return, we trust; nor let there last  
Heart-burning thoughts of those embittered years,  
Gloomy with force, oppression, wrong, and tears,  
When the mailed hand of unrelenting Hate  
Was raised to crush each prostrate Southern State,  
Till the great Court Supreme in might arose  
And checked the haughty power of Freedom's foes,  
While Northern ballots to our rescue came  
And from Columbia's shield effaced the shame  
Of sov'reign States by sister States oppressed,  
And gave from tyranny a grateful rest.  
But in our nation's heart let there remain  
Remembrance of each deed without a stain,  
Whether of Northern or of Southern son,  
On field by Fed'ral or Confed'rate won.

—*Joseph Tyrone Dury.*

A letter from Miss Mary D. Carter, of Upperville, Va., tells of hearing from Capt. S. A. Ashe, of North Carolina, who wrote thus: "There is an old vet at San Diego, Calif., who, after receiving his copy of the July VETERAN, wrote me that my article on "The Right of Secession" was being read by all the U. D. C. Chapters out there. So I sent him another copy, and I have a letter from him and his wife saying that this article had already been read by *three hundred.*"

Miss Carter adds: "Every subscriber to the VETERAN can become a real missionary for our cause by emulating the example of this old veteran of California and his wife. There are informing articles coming out in every issue that every Southerner ought to read and pass along, and many probably would be glad to read them if their attention was called. How long would it take us to educate the South in the truths of history if every subscriber to the VETERAN did as much for the cause as these two San Diegoans? And, as a by product in this work, interest in the VETERAN would be stimulated and its circulation increased."



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## APPOMATTOX.

BY THOMAS D. D. CLARK, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

No humble spot of earth by human deeds exalted  
 Can vie with thee in issues of such moral weight and far-extending influence—  
 For here the red and angry brow of war  
 Was tamed and tranquilized  
 By winsome face and gentle voice of peace.  
 And such a peace!  
 No shade nor shred of compromise with valor nor with honor  
 But manhood's noblest, bravest, best.  
 Crushed, but unconquered, Lee went forth to meet  
 The last dread ordeal of a lofty soul—  
 Went forth in duty's name and duty's reverent way  
 And, yielding nothing to the stress of fate, but all to God,  
 Drank to its dregs disaster's bitter cup.  
 Thus worthy of himself and of his cause,  
 Of those he served and those who served with him,  
 Did that great captain, Robert Edward Lee,  
 Temper defeat  
 With humble *self-surrender* to the will of heaven.

## "WE SHALL MEET AND WE SHALL MISS THEM."

Another name must be added to the long roll of Confederates in the passing of Gen. J. C. Foster, former Commander in Chief, U. C. V., whose death occurred on August 3, at his home in Houston, Tex., after a gradual lessening of physical powers. He was one of the youngest of our veterans, for he was but thirteen years old when the war opened, and but seventeen when he became a veteran of the War between the States. A sketch of General Foster appeared in the VETERAN for June, 1927, at the time he was made Commander in Chief of all Confederate veterans.

## DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

A great loss has been sustained by all Confederate organizations in the passing of Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian General, C. S. M. A., and Mrs. R. P. Holt, of North Carolina, one of the general officers U. D. C., serving as Custodian of Crosses. Both had served long and well, giving of their best to the work without regard to self. "Miss Millie," as she was affectionately known, had served as Historian General U. D. C., and made of that office one of the most important in the organization. Since the reunion at Tampa, Fla., she had been ill, and her going was not unexpected. Our dear Mrs. Holt went through a critical illness in 1927, and again took up her work with the old-time zeal, but a greater field was waiting and she has gone at the Master's bidding to do his will. Both of these were good friends and true to the VETERAN, and the list has narrowed in their going. Truly, they wrought well and their works do follow them.

A CORRECTION.—Mrs. J. G. Deupree, of Jackson, Miss., calls attention to an error in the article on "Musical Life in the South" appearing in the August VETERAN, in the statement that the "Bonnie Blue Flag" was composed and first sung in New Orleans by Harry McCarthy, when the evidence shows that it was composed and first sung in Jackson, Miss. "We are proud of the fact," she writes, "and will be pleased to have the VETERAN make the correction."

## ORIGINATED CONFEDERATE REUNIONS.

The originator of the annual reunion of Confederate veterans was Mrs. Elizabeth Camp Glover, who was born in Greenville, S. C., December, 1829, and died in Corsicana, Tex., in April, 1915, in her eighty-sixth year. Her husband, Dr. Thomas C. Glover, lieutenant colonel of the 21st Georgia Regiment, was killed at Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, in his one hundred and seventh engagement.

It was in June, 1867, that Mrs. Glover called together in reunion at Campbellton, Ga., the survivors of Company A, 21st Georgia Regiment, the company that went into service with her husband as captain. At that meeting only twelve of the old company got together, and the orator was Col. Thomas Latham, of Atlanta. They arranged to hold an annual reunion as long as any two of them lived, to meet together and talk over the days that tried men's souls.

At the next annual meeting a big basket dinner was given and all the veterans in Campbell County were invited to meet with them. The thirty survivors of the two hundred who went to war were present, including the drummer and fifer. They vowed "by the help of God to teach their children, and charge them to teach their children for all time to come, that the cause for which they fought was just and right; to teach them to be proud of the part we took in the conflict; that we were overcome by numbers—not whipped, but overcome."

From this little reunion has grown the immense reunions of to-day. At the Richmond reunion of 1896, Mrs. Glover was presented from the platform to the veterans assembled as the originator of the reunions.

[Contributed by Mrs. Lena Felker Lewis from the files of the Agnes Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Decatur, Ga.]

## TO A LITTLE "POPE."

This dainty tribute to a little "Mistress Pope" was copied from a work on the Pope family in America and sent to the VETERAN by Mr. E. Boyd Martin, of Hagerstown, Md., known for his beautiful work in heraldic painting. The introductory lines state that an infant of Sir William Pope (born a few days before the visit) was presented to King James with a paper in her hand, which contained the following verses:

"See! this little Mistress Pope  
 Did never sit in Peter's chair,  
 Or a triple crown did wear,  
 And yet she is a—Pope!

No Benefice she ever sold,  
 Nor did dispense with sin for gold;  
 She hardly is a seven nights old,  
 And yet she is a—Pope.

No king her feet did ever kiss,  
 Or had from her worse look than this;  
 Nor did she ever hope  
 To saint one with a Pope,  
 And yet she is a—Pope.

A female Pope, you say—  
 A second Joan?  
 No! Sure she is Pope Innocent, or none."



## FICTION WRITERS AS HISTORIANS.

BY A. H. JENNINGS, CHAIRMAN HISTORY COMMITTEE, S. C. V.

We have in our time seen many foolish examples of not sticking to one's trade, and especially have we seen this in the efforts to write history on the part of brilliant fiction writers, but men who, as historians, are totally sunk. Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, in a serial for the *Saturday Evening Post*, called "Swords and Roses," is one of our late examples

In the issue for the second week of August, he descants upon Beauregard, the firing upon Sumter, etc. The charm of his writing makes his errors more dangerous.

After a great deal of debate, lasting, to my own knowledge, for over thirty years, it has fairly been established as true and generally acknowledged except by rabid Northern historians, who would not accept any demonstrated truth which collided with their South hate, that the firing on Fort Sumter was a most regrettable occurrence forced upon the South Carolina authorities by the treachery of the government at Washington in dealing with this matter through the Confederate commissioners sent there to try to avoid war.

It is a matter of record that these commissioners were assured of the *status quo* at Sumter while negotiations were going on; that reinforcements would not be sent. It is a matter of record that, while these assurances were being given, the Lincoln government (shall we say it was Lincoln himself or Seward?) was actively preparing a formidable fleet to send to Sumter with food and reinforcements, and it is a matter of record that while Seward was telling these deluded commissioners, "Faith as to Fort Sumter fully kept; wait and see," the reinforcements were actually on their way.

Under such circumstances, there was no way out of it but for Charleston, with Beauregard at the helm, to reduce Sumter while she was able to do so. For her to delay and wait upon the convenience of a hostile and treacherous administration would have been suicidal. And Fort Sumter was reduced. Lincoln, as is another matter of record, had been advised against the move on Sumter by a majority of his Cabinet, they stating it would lead to war. Mr. Lincoln disregarded the advice, told the commissioners from the South through his Secretary of State (either that, or his Secretary of State was engaged in the most delicate and dangerous of diplomatic moves *without* the knowledge of the President, making a non-entity of the Chief Magistrate at a time of supreme peril—choose either horn of the dilemma you will) that "faith as to Sumter fully kept; wait and see," while, as a matter of fact, the faith as to Sumter had been violated, and sent an armed expedition to the South to reinforce and revictual Fort Sumter. Further, while the Star of the West had been fired upon and turned back from Sumter some weeks before and not a whimper raised about it in the North, the incident of the firing on Fort Sumter was immediately used to make the welkin ring with denunciation of the South for firing on the flag, and his phrase was the catchword to summon to the colors for the subjugation of the South of as many volunteers as could be raised.

Hergesheimer says, "Fort Sumter was battered low, but that end was not officially sought in Washington, nor desired by the government of the South at Montgomery," a total error, of course.

He goes on for a column to describe the fight and Major Anderson surrendering, etc., but there is no word as to the treachery of Washington's dealing with the Confederate commissioners nor the forcing of the hand of the South.

It is an important point and should not be clouded either by charming writing or ignorant assertions.

## MARKING THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY.

(From report by Mrs. B. B. Ross, Chairman U. D. C.)

Two interesting occasions were made of the unveiling of markers on the Jefferson Davis Highway at the boundaries of Alabama and Georgia and Alabama and Mississippi, on May 2 and June 4, respectively, and these markers will ever be reminders of the principles for which the South fought in thus memorializing the great leader of the Confederacy.

The high point of the program of the annual convention of the Alabama Division was reached when this State joined ranks with Georgia in the impressive ceremony of unveiling the Stone Mountain granite boulder at the State boundary lines which they touch on the Jefferson Davis Highway, passing through Lanette, Ala., and West Point, Ga.

The huge boulder, "as solid and as lasting as the principles for which the South fought," with its concrete base resting on a lovely grass plot, surrounded by shrubbery, was presented to the Georgia Division by Mrs. Frank Mason, of Atlanta, and was transported free of charge by the courtesy of the officials of the Atlanta and West Point Railroad. An appropriate covering for the boulder was a historic Confederate flag, used in a number of battles, a prized relic in Georgia, the history of which is replete with thrills and romance. The Alabama Division furnished the handsome bronze tablet, on which is inscribed, "Jefferson Davis Highway, Alabama-Georgia."

Governor Bibb Graves, of Alabama, himself a distinguished soldier, spoke of the close bond existing between Alabama and Georgia, and paid a glorious tribute to Jefferson Davis in every phase of his career. This highway, stretching 3,417 miles from coast to coast, fitly honors him by bearing his name.

With fair skies and a warm sun making the day perfect, prominent Alabama and Mississippi citizens and leaders of patriotic societies paid honor to the memory of the Confederate President on June 4, the day following the anniversary of his birth, when a large boulder with bronze tablet was unveiled on the Jefferson Davis Highway five miles beyond Grand Bay, Ala. The highway is a part of the old Spanish Trail passing through Grand Bay.

The ceremonies were under direction of the Mississippi and Alabama Divisions, U. D. C. Through the efforts of Mrs. John G. Hightower, President of the John Piney Oden Chapter at Sylacauga, Ala., the Alabama Marble Company donated the six-ton boulder, and the Louisville and Nashville Railroad officials had it shipped free of charge. The Mississippi Division furnished the bronze tablet. Miss Mattie Shibley, President of the Mobile Chapter, had charge of the arrangements, assisted by Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Coast Chairman, and Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, East and West Route Chairman for Mississippi. Appropriate ceremonies were carried out in the presence of large delegations from both States.

Preceding the ceremonies on both occasions the guests were entertained at a reception and luncheon, and given drives to places of interest.

COURAGE.—I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, but to do wrong. The path of duty I shall endeavor to travel, fearing no evil, and dreading no consequences. I would rather be defeated in a good cause than to triumph in a bad one. I would not give a fig for a man who would shrink from the discharge of duty for fear of defeat.—A. H. Stephens.



*A CONFEDERATE'S STORY.*

It was back in the hustling, bustling days  
Of the strife 'twixt North and South—  
Of lightning marches and fierce hard ways,  
And living from hand to mouth—  
When our army of the Valley  
With "Stonewall" for its guide,  
Came reaping sheaves of glory  
That stirred Virginia's pride.

We were none of us dandy cavaliers  
For a dress parade complete;  
Our coats were garnished with rents and smears,  
And many had shoeless feet;  
But we sang and stepped out briskly,  
And our buoyant hearts beat high,  
Unresting "Stonewall" led us  
With the lightnings in his eye.

It took Moses many a weary year  
To march through the Wilderness;  
Old "Stonewall" would have made it clear  
In maybe three days or less.  
He would soon have worsted Pharaoh,  
Or captured Jericho,  
Or made outflanking movements  
With rations running low.

One day, he was riding near Old Front Royal,  
With his staff around him spread,  
When a woman bowed 'neath years of toil  
Stopped him, and shyly said:  
"Sir, my son's with Captain Jackson,"  
And her heart filled to the brim,  
"I started off at daybreak,  
Just to get a word with him."

The General lifted his forage cap,  
And with courtesy he spoke,  
For he who joyed in war's thunderclap  
Was gentle with simple folk:  
"As the officer commanding,  
I can pledge my promise true,  
If you tell me your son's regiment,  
He shall surely speak with you."

"I reckon I never could mind the name,  
Nor tell what his number be;  
But if you're his captain it's all the same,  
You'll know him as well as me.  
Were he hidden in a thousand,  
You could pick my Johnnie out;  
None could walk so light and springy  
And you'd know his merry shout."

"I have carried my basket in my hand;  
Full of things he fancies best;  
Thar, Captain! surely you understand—  
John Cotton from back West?"  
The old voice fell a-trembling,  
And the old hand brushed a tear,  
"Please, bid them tell my Johnnie  
That his ma's a-waitin' here!"

The young staff officers shared the joke,  
And one of them laughed aloud—

Like the snap of a pistol, "Stonewall" spoke  
And frowned on the smiling crowd.  
"Scatter to the farthest regiments,  
Stay not till the boy you see:  
Those who would insult this lady  
Had best settle up with me."

We hastened away like smitten sheep  
At the shepherd's stern rebuke—  
"John Cotton!" echoed from steep to steep—  
"Sergeant, rub your eyes and look."  
"Waal, I ain't no family album,  
What you want him for, my son?"  
"By order of the General"—  
"Gee! look slippy, boys, and run."

We found him holding his captain's mare  
Right back on a rising hill;  
He blushed and ruffled his curly hair  
When we told him the General's will;  
But the sergeant urged him forward,  
"Come, git movin', youngster, do:  
Your old ma's stopped the army  
Just all along of you."

He was blushing like beetroots half a score,  
And he'd scarcely a word to say;  
But his mother thrilled us to the core,  
For she spied him far away.  
"Thar, Captain! that's my Johnnie,  
Why he's just as fresh as paint,  
O, honey, I've been lonesome—  
Waal—I'm feelin' kind o' faint."

"Your pa keeps readin' the papers up,  
And Dave he has wedded Grace,  
And when Mandy is laying our bite and sup,  
She never forgets your place."  
So she talked of homely matters,  
And when she said good-by,  
And gently thanked old "Stonewall,"  
Our cheers high chipped the sky.

In the glass of memory I can see  
The General's lifted hand;  
I can hear the thud of the cavalry  
As they answer his clear command;  
But a sweeter sight that moves me  
More than battles lost and won,  
Was when "Stonewall" stooped in kindness  
To a mother and her son.

—Barbara Ross McIntosh.

(Over in Glasgow, Scotland, lives Miss Barbara Ross McIntosh, daughter of a Scotch minister. She is a cripple and blind, but her soul has been steeped in heroic lore. Out of her admiration and love for the South's great soldier, Stonewall Jackson, she has written this poem, placing him in a situation which, though mythical, brings out the true greatness of his character. Many will read this poem in sympathetic spirit and in appreciation of the far-away poet whose lines have so truly portrayed the real "Stonewall." Miss McIntosh lives at 114 Tantallon Road, Langside, Glasgow, Scotland, and readers of the VETERAN can add some brightness to her clouded days by writing to her.)



## A VIRGINIA GIRL OF THE SIXTIES.

It is in times of crises that strong characters are brought to the fore, and especially is the womanhood of a country developed along heroic lines in time of war. Many instances of heroism on the part of the women of the South during the War between the States have been put on record, and many more could be told of fearless action by these women in the face of imprisonment or death. Yet they were willing to take the risk for their soldier boys and their country.

Of these brave women was Miss Kinnie Smith, born in that part of Virginia now under separate State government, who, in December, 1927, lay down to eternal rest after a long and useful life. Born at Parkersburg, April 19, 1844, she was but a girl of seventeen when war between the States came on, but it found her full fledged in devotion to the South and the Confederate cause, to which she rendered valuable aid. Many a note concealed in her black tresses was delivered to Southern officers, and riding twenty miles to carry weapons to a Confederate scout, and hiding a treasured Confederate sword from inquisitive foes, were among her exploits. Friends and foes alike paid tribute to her courage and resourcefulness. She was imprisoned in the Wheeling jail, where she was instrumental in the escape of seven Confederate prisoners. In articles contributed to the *VETERAN* some years ago, Miss Kinnie told of some of her exploits and experiences, written in the vivid style which was an index to her character.

She was very proud of the record of her brothers as soldiers. One of these, Maj. Caleb Smith, was a soldier of the United States army in the war with Mexico, and at the battle of Molino del Rey he was wounded in the left hip. When war came on in the sixties, dividing the States, he promptly resigned his commission and entered the Confederate army. At the first battle of Manassas he was again wounded in the left hip, which left him a cripple for life. Another brother, Channing M. Smith, enlisted under Col. Isaac Shriver and was later changed to Company G, 27th Virginia, Otey's Battery, and just before the close of the war, he was promoted to second lieutenant, Company B, 1st Battalion, Virginia Infantry.

Miss Daisy C. Neptune, Historian of the Parkersburg Chapter, contributes this story of Miss Kinnie's quick wit and resourcefulness: One of the soldiers of her community had been furloughed home on a foraging trip, and had just left Miss Kinnie's home when a knock called her to the door. There stood two Federal officers who asked where this Southern soldier was. With a look of great surprise, Miss Kinnie responded: "Why, he is in the army; he is not here." But one of the officers said: "We hear he is back and that he is at your house." Though she scouted the idea, they searched the house; finding no soldier, they then left. Hardly had they gotten out of hearing when Miss Kinnie got together some of her mother's clothing and started out after the boy. It was night, but not late, and she knew that he was to go to the homes of other boys down the river. Parkersburg was then but a village, and as soon as she got out of its limits, she started to run.



MISS KINNIE SMITH.

Miss Kinnie used her peculiar gift in imitating bird notes when she wanted to attract the attention of a soldier she knew, so every now and then she would give the "Bob White" call; and as soon as she saw the soldier ahead of her, she changed to the "Mocking Bird," by which he realized who it was. To his inquiry: "Kinnie, what are you doing out here on this road at night?" she told him to ask no questions, but to put on the clothes she had brought and to walk like an old woman, and to get out of that part of the country, for the Yankees were after him. Thus disguised, he got out of the section, his life saved by her quick wit, undeterred by fear.

Clarine Elizabeth Smith—always known as "Kinnie Smith"—was the youngest of eleven children born to the Rev. Thomas Smith, D.D., and his wife, Ann Maria Goodwin. Her father was the first rector of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, and he died when she was an infant. Growing up in the beautiful outdoors of that West Virginia section, she loved the wild life about her and became a friend of the birds, early learning to imitate the feathered songsters. As a little girl, she climbed trees and watched the birds and sang with them; and so unique and perfect were her bird tones that she was unequaled by any artists in that line. Some years ago, when giving a concert in Boston, Mass., she was named the "West Virginia Mocking Bird."

Of striking personality and with a well-developed mind, very decided in her opinions, possessed of a keen sense of humor, a brilliant conversationalist, she was ever ready to take a stand on any question of the day, and her legislative ability equalled her executive powers. Her patriotic spirit and her vivid interest in civic and social affairs found expression through membership in patriotic organizations of her time. She was at Nashville, Tenn., in September, 1894, when the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized, and later she helped to organize the West Virginia Division. She was the first member in West Virginia of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and also held membership in other State and national associations of kindred aims.

In tribute to her, the following comes from Mrs. B. M. Hoover, of Elkins, President of the West Virginia Division:

"In the passing of Miss Kinnie E. Smith, at her home in Parkersburg, on December 29, 1927, the Daughters of the Confederacy lost one who treasured the memory of the Old South and its defenders, and one who rendered brilliant and loyal service.

"The West Virginia Division owes its first constitution to her, and much to her knowledge of the work, which dated from the organization at Nashville of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. A leader when the Division was formed, she served for many years as Division officer with characteristic high courage, tender loyalty, and splendid ability. It was only when the shadows lengthened at the close of her long life that she was forced to lay the burden down.

"Of ancient lineage, the blood of the Spottswoods, Byrds, Pendletons, Dandridges, Fitzhughs, Marshalls, and other families as illustrious flowed in her veins. In England and in France her ancestry was traced in unbroken lines through centuries. She was indeed a noble daughter of noble sires, and her own career in the War between the States was in keeping with their martial exploits.

"Among her rare gifts was that of bird interpreter. On many platforms she rendered inimitable bird music, and among our memories of the early West Virginia conventions, none are sweeter than those which recall Miss Kinnie and her exquisite art.

"To the Daughters of the Confederacy the loss of the South-



ern women who made history in the sixties, and who preserved the story of the heroism and the courage of those stirring times, is a loss indeed. We shall not see their like again, but it is our rich privilege to follow in the paths their feet have worn."

#### THE CONFEDERATE UNIFORM.

Responding to the request for the history of the Confederate uniform, Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Bradenton, Fla., writes:

"At the beginning, there was no prescribed uniform. Companies already in existence went into the service with the uniforms then in use, and newly organized companies had uniforms made according to their own fancy, mostly of gray or brown jeans. Later, Congress passed a bill prescribing a uniform somewhat after the Austrian pattern, consisting of a steel gray coat, light blue trousers, and cap of the French kepi style, with a straight vizor. The stripe on trousers, the cuffs, and collar of coat, and top of cap had different colored cloth for the different branches of the service—dark blue for infantry, orange for cavalry, red for artillery, and buff for the staff officers. The blue cloth of the trousers was darker than the pale blue of the Federal soldier, and as it was not easily obtained later in the war, most of the uniforms made in the later years were all gray, but the act of Congress prescribed the blue trousers. The rank of an officer was shown on the front ends of the standing collar of the coat, a single bar for a second lieutenant two bars for a first lieutenant, three bars for captain, single star for major, two stars for lieutenant colonel, three stars for colonel and for general three stars surrounded by an open wreath, all in gold embroidery. A further designation of rank was shown by the Austrian knot in gold braid on the sleeves of the coat, between the cuff and the elbow, one bar for lieutenant, two or captain, three for field officers, and four for general.

"When Company A, Uniformed Confederate Veterans, was formed at Memphis, it ordered the regulation Confederate uniform, and when some claimed that the blue pants were not Confederate, the act of Congress was published in full to show that the uniform was as prescribed, and that company continues to wear the regulation infantry uniform so procured."

The following comes from Mrs. Emma M. Wells, of Chattanooga, Tenn.; who says: "In an old scrapbook, I find a clipping from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN which tells that the Confederate uniform was designed by Mr. Nicola Marshall, an artist, while living at Marion, Ala., at the request of Mrs. Napoleon Lockett, whose eldest daughter and a younger son married into the family of Andrew Moore, war governor of Alabama. Mr. Marshall, a Prussian, came to America in 1849, landing at New Orleans, later going to Marion as a teacher of music, painting, and the languages—French and German—in the female seminary there. On a visit to his native country he saw, while in Verona, which at that time belonged to Austria, a company of soldiers dressed in a striking uniform of gray, with green trimmings, the green denoting their branch of service (sharpshooters), and their rank was indicated by marks on the collars—bars for lieutenants and captains. When war between the States was declared, Mrs. Lockett visited Mr. Marshall's studio and asked if he could not suggest a design he at once thought of the gray uniforms he had seen in Austria, and he made several rough sketches of the gray with the different colors on collar—buff for officers, yellow for cavalry, blue for infantry, red for artillery, etc. "I did not think I had done anything worthy of note," he

said. "I simply made the sketches at the request of Mrs. Lockett, and I knew no more about them until I found that the gray uniform had been adopted by the Confederacy." Mr. Marshall enlisted as a private of volunteers, going with his command to the forts at the mouth of Mobile Bay. Afterwards, he was with the 2nd Alabama Regiment of Engineers. He served under General Polk just preceding the fall of Vicksburg, and served with the Confederate army until the curtain was finally drawn at Appomattox.

Another clipping referred to by Mrs. Wells is from the *Louisville Courier Journal*, and in an interview Mr. Marshall tells the same story. He was a portrait painter after the war and located in Louisville. In that interview it is also told that he had been chief draughtsman of engineers under Gen. Richard Taylor, Col. Samuel Lockett, and Stephen D Lee, "names which appear on history's pages in connection with notable achievements."

From Col. John W. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., and from Gen. Jo Lane Stern, of Richmond, Va., come descriptions of the Confederate uniform as prescribed by the Confederate Congress, as taken from the official records—"General Orders No. 9, June 6, 1861, War Department, C. S. A., signed S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General." (Series IV. Volume I, page 369, O. R.)

#### COMMANDER MISSOURI DIVISION, U. C. V.

Maj. Gen. Archibald A. Pearson, one of the youngest and most prominent of the Missouri Confederate veterans, died at his home in Merriam, Kans., on the 19th of May, aged eighty years. He had been Commander of the Missouri Division of Confederate veterans for twelve years, and always prominent in the work of Camp No. 80, U. C. V., of Kansas City, of which he had been a member for over twenty-five years.

Though long identified with Missouri, General Pearson was a native of Tennessee, in which State he was born, in Lincoln County, October 21, 1847, the son of Meredith and



GEN. A. A. PEARSON, U. C. V.



Ann Moore Pearson. His mother was a daughter of Gen. William Moore, an officer under Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812. As a boy of sixteen years, Archibald Pearson watched with interest his cousin, Lawson Moore, make up a company for the Confederate army, later attached to the 8th Tennessee Infantry, and of which he became lieutenant colonel. While attending school in Shelbyville, Tenn., he and two chums, eighteen and twenty years old, mounted their horses one night, slipped through the Union lines, and joined the Confederate forces, being assigned to Company K, 19th Tennessee Cavalry, Newsom's Regiment, Bell's Brigade. The South was then in need of every available man, and recruiting officers were not so particular as to age. This regiment was dismounted and sent into the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, on foot, and, with other Confederate commands, suffered heavy casualties. In covering Hood's retreat out of Tennessee, young Pearson was with the cavalry of General Forrest, and was one of Forrest's personal escort at the surrender in Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865, attested by his parole, jealously guarded all these years.

In 1869, Archibald Pearson was married to Miss Sarah Ann Stillson, at Bedford, Ind., whom he found a true helpmeet. He was a devoted husband, and a loving father to their children. He became a successful business man of Kansas City, where he located in 1883, prominent in the Chamber of Commerce and other civic organizations. He was a thirty-second degree Mason, a member of the different branches of the order, and was buried with Masonic honors. He joined the Christian Church in early manhood and lived his life befitting a Christian.

Loyal and generous as a public-spirited citizen, General Pearson was devoted to his comrades of the cause for which he fought, and in their behalf gave his influence to securing pensions for Missouri Confederates, and this was but one of his many activities in their behalf. To the Daughters of the Confederacy he gave assistance and advice in their undertakings, and they will miss his counsel and coöperation.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF WAR TIMES.

The following extracts were made by T. Homer Greene, of Minneapolis, Minn., from a letter written to him by his cousin, Mrs. Wirt Johnson Carrington, of South Boston, Va., of whom he says: "During the war Wirt Johnson was a resident of Bristol, Va., and she was a bridesmaid at the wedding of Col. John S. Mosby. When he left for the war, she told him that if he distinguished himself, she would give him a kiss when he returned. He did not return to Bristol until fifty years later, when he claimed the kiss, but she told him that the statute of limitation was a bar to it. Mrs. Carrington was a short story writer, contributing many articles to the *Sunny South* and other magazines and publications."

The following is from a letter written by Mrs. Carrington in 1927:

"Emory and Henry College was converted into a hospital as soon as hostilities began (later we established a hospital in Bristol), and I joined the staff of nurses under Dr. Montgomery and his wife. Every family that had them donated linen sheets and pillow slips to be scorched and made into lint and bandages for the wounded, many of whom were sent to us at Emory and Henry from the battle of Saltville, the first near battle we had. We soon learned to nurse the wounded and minister to the dying. The Blue and the Gray were all the same to us when it came to suffering and death.

"When the armies were fighting in the Valley of Virginia,

we were tormented by 'Bushwhackers,' who poured down on us like Egyptian locusts without warning or mercy.

"In 1863 I went to Lynchburg to try to renew my wardrobe, but especially to get a cloak and hat. Confederate money at that time was worth about one dollar to the hundred. When I packed my trunk (we used trunks in those days), I put most of my money in a large pillowcase and put that in the trunk. I shall never forget the purchases I made on that occasion. I can easily list them:

"One long gray plush coat.....	\$2,000
"One hat and two feathers for same.....	575
"Four yards of muslin.....	160
"One cake of toilet soap (Rose).....	40

And a number of small articles such as hairpins, etc., were paid for in the same proportion.

"When I reached home, General Longstreet was there with his army stationed in Bristol. The next day, he gave me a wonderful reception of welcome. We danced all night with the splendid-looking and well-uniformed officers of that brigade. Brass buttons and epaulets have always had a charm for me. Youth enjoys life in spite of war and devastation."

## IN THE EARLY DAYS OF WAR.

Copy of an old letter comes to the VETERAN from Lewis M. Hurst, of Nashville, Tenn., from which some extracts are given. The writer of the letter was N. B. Beasley, and this letter, from "Camp DeSoto, Virginia, September 20, 1861," was the last word received from him. After referring to the death of his brother Thomas, of which he had learned a few days before, he says:

"Our regiment has been on the move every few weeks since we left New Orleans. This camp is about fifteen miles from Williamsburg, about ten miles from Fortress Monroe, but there is no telling when we will receive orders to march. I suppose we will have to go some place and prepare winter quarters before long, as the nights are getting very cold now. I shall not try to give you any description of this country, though it is poor enough for any purpose whatever. The principal products—broom sedge, sweet potatoes, and per-simmons. It is not settled up as well as you might suppose from the time it has been settled. With the exception of Williamsburg, there is not a village of any importance whatever. It is sickly in the Peninsula. The 1st Battalion of Louisiana are nearly all sick with the chills and fever; some cases of typhoid fever, which generally proves fatal. Our regiment is in good health generally. My health has been good, have not been sick any worth mentioning. Well, I have not said anything about the business that brought us here—that is, fighting the Yankees. The truth is, I do not know what to say. We have not as yet had any fight, though we are expecting one soon. General Wood is at Fortress Monroe with fifteen or twenty thousand troops, and says he intends to have Yorktown before winter sets in; but I think he is mistaken in his calculations. There has been some talk of our regiment's being sent to Manassas on Beauregard's line, which I am in hopes will prove correct, for there is not enough excitement here for me. If we are sent there, we may have the pleasure of marching into Washington City some fine morning.

"I have nothing more to write at present worth your attention. Write soon. Direct to me (near) Yorktown, Virginia, Care Captain A. W. Martin, 2d Regiment."



## "BYRDS OF A FEATHER."

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE.\*

That the families of the original colonies continue to prove one hundred per cent American is fully illustrated by the Byrds of Virginia. Since the days of the Colony, the mental activity of the Byrds has gone hand in hand with progress. As the daily press pictures the activity of Byrd, the airman and explorer and the magazines of the country discuss the wisdom of the proposed changes in the Constitution of Virginia as advocated by the present governor, Hon. Harry Flood Byrd, it is pleasant to vision their background and note how these aristocrats by birth are essentially typical of the South of the present—that is, self-made, hard-working, aggressive, and worth while. Governor Byrd's parents were poor, their coffers swept by war's despoliating touch, but the aftermath that Virginia endured in Reconstruction produced her manhood of a texture worthy of such sires as illuminated her past history. The present Byrd's are politicians, farmers, editors, airmen, explorers, with the commonplace first names of "Tom, Dick, and Harry." Let us glimpse their background at stately Westover, the manor of William Byrd, founder of Richmond and Petersburg, Va.

Westover, on the James River, near Richmond, Va., has known more colorful history perhaps than any other private home in America. The lord of the manor in colonial times was William Byrd, the founder of Richmond, and here were entertained the society of Williamsburg, who came in their coaches back in those romantic days when Lord Peterborough was the suitor for the hand of the beautiful Evelyn Byrd, whose love affair ended in tragic heartbreak, as told by her tomb in the Westover garden. The architecture of Westover is marvelous, the furniture is elegant, rare Chippendale; where marble mantels, the famous iron gates, the graceful staircase, all bespeak the wealth and taste of Old England, for the Byrds were of Tory ideals. Here Maria Willing, the godchild of Benjamin Franklin, was married to William Byrd III, eked out a miserable life, for Virginians feared she might aid Benedict Arnold when he ravaged Virginia, so shut her up as a prisoner in her own room. She was a first cousin of Peggy Shippen, Arnold's wife, hence not trusted by the State of Virginia while waging the War of the Revolution.

Later, Westover was destined to witness more tragedies when war in the sixties hovered near, since its location is close to City Point, Varina Landing, and Dutch Gap, all places associated with Federal occupation when the battle cry was "On to Richmond!" Hence, Westover was headquarters for McClellan's army. Westover house is known throughout America for its beauty of architecture and setting. Built in the days of Colonial Virginia, when Sir Christopher Wren was shaping men's ideals as to correct architecture, this ancient manor still retains a wonderful charm and hold on the fascination of the public taste. The doorway and hall are deemed the most chaste in perfect elegance, while the broad staircase and paneled walls, the fine mantles of white marble, the mirror set in black marble, all bespeak the magnificent purse and princely price that this baron on the James could spend to make his Virginia house vie with the elegance of old England.

Here to-day, the treetops caress the dormer windows; while the house, with its façade of red brick that time has mellowed with tracery of English ivy, rises majestically above the James River, the steep slate roof adding the rightful shading to perfect the background; while the picture is intensified by its mat of lovely sward, that, in well-shaven lawns, loses itself in a frame of fields of nodding golden grain. Bees are droning

in the tangles of honeysuckle and mocking birds singing among the Cherokee roses, while the hummingbirds are sipping their nectar from the chalice of catalpa and magnolia, for here nature runs riot to blend its fragrance with the romance that has ever made of Westover the setting for many novels. The tiny satin slippers of the fair daughter of the house, the beautiful Evelyn, are still said to echo along the pathways where she came from her tryst with Lord Peterborough, the English suitor whose wooing her father discountenanced, so that she pined away and died of a broken heart. All this her tomb tells, nestling amid the myrtle. And so fair is her face and winsome her smile that none doubt that she was the heart winner which fiction describes at the Court of St. James.

Evelyn's portrait had to seek the safety of Brandon, the handsome home of the Harrisons, when war invaded Virginia. Her canvas is believed to be the work of Sir Godfrey Kneller, and her immortal youth bespeaks patrician blood where the curve of her neck shows a swanlike arch, where a brown curl strays lovingly on the pure white throat, that seems of velvety softness, blending down to rarest old lace around her corsage, which is a robe of bluish green, like an emerald and jade blended into harmony that bespeak the brush of some old master, though no artist's name is shown on this portrait.

Around her, in the Brandon gallery many faces known in London court life in the days of Pope and Swift are to be seen; among whom is the Duke of Argyle, friend of Effie Dean. Poor Evelyn! Would that she had known some powerful champion to have seen her safely wedded to the choice of her heart, Charles Mordaunt, the grandson and heir of Lord Peterborough. It is said that one of this family drew the plans for the Westover house. Though twice burned, yet the original lines of the building were never lost, so that as restored it presents the proportions originally intended. It was certainly modeled after Drayton Court in Northampton, England, the ancestral estate of the Earl of Peterborough. The east end was razed by troops in the War between the States, when both Generals McClellan and Fitz-John Porter had headquarters there. This, too, has been rebuilt, for the present owners have waved a fairy's wand of gold across the old threshold, so that elegance supreme characterizes all the furnishings which accord with the period and the place.

The hallway is eighteen feet wide, and runs the full length of the house, with a twisted balustrade of solid mahogany for William Byrd I, who began the house, traded extensively with the West Indies, and also sent to Holland—to Rotterdam—for mirrors, beds, curtains, and supplies to add to the comfort of his home. His wife, Mary Horsmander, the daughter of a Kentish gentleman, died early, leaving him three daughters, Ursula, Susan, Mary, and a son, William Byrd II—who, by primogeniture laws of old England, which then governed the Virginia colony, became the lord of the manor. He was the autocrat and arbitrary "Black Swan," or *rara avis*, who ruled the fair Evelyn with a rod of iron, crushing her lovely spirit, so that her body early sought the tomb. Marian Harland has described his temper and temperament in her charming novel, "His Great Self." His library numbered four thousand books, and his racing stable and fine wine cellar brought the gay beaux from historic old Williamsburg to quaff his fine vintage, for, though claret, port, and rack punch was served in plenty, yet—from Jamaica—came the rum which men liked when they drained the stirrup cup and drank the health of the king, in uproarious mirth, where Byrd's wit sparkled like champagne, as he recounted scene after scene, that he had enjoyed in the London coffee shops. We cannot measure this colorful age with our ideas, for it followed close on the

\*Great, great-granddaughter of William Byrd, of Westover.



license of court life in the days of old Drury, when Nell Gwynn—, "Odds fish, what company I keep!"—was the toast that delighted young swaggering bucks, whose hands, though lifting the glass, never strayed far from the hilt of their sharp rapiers. This style of living had come overseas to Virginia, and so the Byrds entertained, as befitted their rank—when coaches filled with the gentry arrived, and the river James also proved the King's Highway for bark and brigantine, bringing both guests and luxuries in dress and delicacies for the elegant occasions of entertainment at Westover, where hospitality reigned supreme.

There are still two superb carved gilded torchers in the Westover house that are of the wonders of those candlelight nights; and also a splendid Hepplewhite sideboard and some Chippendale chairs; but the wrought-iron gates, crowned with martlets, seem the rarest adornment of the grounds, for they were made in England nearly three hundred years ago. Deep window seats bespeak the thickness of the walls, and there is also a secret passageway leading to the river, so that if Indians besieged the place, there would be a chance of escape if threatened with massacre. This route underground led through a dry well which was a ruse to baffle those above ground as to the terminal of the passageway.

The trees at Westover bespeak the age that time touches with such a lavish hand; wide trunks and stately limbs stretch across the lawn shadowing the deep clover and wealth of periwinkle. The Westover estate was 180,000 acres, also spoken of as covering "281 sq. miles"; and had originally belonged to Theodorick Bland, a name also famous in the days of the colony. It is the stately manor of a proud race who, as burgesses, members of the king's council, town founders, and literati, added their quota to the reputation of Virginia's aristocracy. It is very interesting to know that William Byrd II was the first native author that Virginia produced; and his manuscript, bound in vellum, is still preserved at historic Brandon, for to this estate (not within Federal lines) were

carried as many valuables as could be carted away when the Union army's battle cry was "On to Richmond!"

Byrd, the elder, used to send abroad for Russian leather chairs and "ink glasses," showing he was also a man of letters; and both he and his son served their generation, and kings and queens and princes, with all the zeal of true patriots. It was the "Crown and the Church" that was their slogan, so the Westover Church is near by in this old parish of English customs. William Byrd I was a supporter of Bacon's Rebellion, and his most intimate friend was Richard Randolph, of Turkey Island, the ancestor of both Thomas Jefferson and Chief Justice Marshall; and he left Randolph the executor of his estate. Here at Westover are magnificent tulip trees, the finest oaks in Virginia, the oldest and most stately poplars and most ancient yews, so that the Marquis de Chastelleux speaks of Westover as "far surpassing all estates in Virginia" seen in his travels. William Byrd II was a man of superb mental equipment, but lived the life of luxury which his father's endeavor had made possible by a princely inheritance. His portrait shows a disdainful face, with arched eyebrows and a dimpled chin that proved fatal with women. His wife was a daughter of Daniel Parke, and her elder sister, Frances, married John Custis and became the mother of Daniel Parke Custis (the first husband of Martha Dandridge, Mrs. George Washington), from whom descends the famous Custis-Lee family of Arlington.

The steps at Westover have been trodden by many troopers, for Lord Cornwallis came here on his march to Yorktown, and later, General McClellan and other Federal officers camped at Westover in that famous "On to Richmond" campaign.

William Byrd III lost the fortune he inherited and died by his own hand, so that the Westover property passed from Byrd control. Yet, though the owners have been many, and come from other lineage, the spirit of the Byrds still pervades the elegance of this plantation. They sleep beneath tombs in the near-by garden in the daytime, but creep forth in the shadows of midnight, when imagination grows wistful, so that



WESTOVER MANSION AS IT IS TO-DAY.



ëerie figures seem to glide between the paneled doors and shadowed archways of larch and walnut, wearing big perukes and velvet cloaks and satin brocades, just as in the long ago when the Fair Evelyn met Lord Peterborough on the lawn to say "good-by" in the moonlight, while the ship waited at anchor for the lovers to do their parting, and—so tradition says—William Byrd II also waited at the head of the back stairway, with a broom, with which he sought to brush away Evelyn's heartache and dead dreams. In all romance there must needs be some one to take the villian's part, and so perhaps the famous "Black Swan" was not blacker than his feathers—*Quien sabe?* Gossip gathers as it goes.

The repetition of family names in different generations often puzzles even the best genealogists. The daughters of Daniel Parke, who married William Byrd and John Custis, of Arlington in Accomac County, supplied a progeny of greatest interest to Virginia. Evelyn Byrd, the colonial beauty, died of a broken heart; her father, William Byrd II (the Black Swan), breaking off her love affair with an English gentleman because he wished her to marry her first cousin, John Custis. However, John Custis married Martha Dandridge, who, as the widow Custis, also captivated General Washington, to whom she brought great wealth. Her son, John Custis, died of fever at Yorktown when Cornwallis was the foe. This "Jacky" Custis left a widow and four children, the two younger of whom are always spoken of as "the grandchildren of Mount Vernon"—namely, Nelly, or Eleanor, Custis, who married Lawrence Lewis, Washington's nephew; and George Washington Parke Custis, who married Mary Fitzhugh, whose only child, Mary Randolph Custis, married, at "new" Arlington (in Fairfax County), Gen. Robert E. Lee.

#### "THE NINTH OF JUNE."

(Memorial address by Samuel D. Rodgers, Past Commander Virginia Sons of Confederate Veterans, delivered on Memorial Day, June 9, 1927, at Petersburg, Va.)

Petersburg is a city rich in historic interest. Here the earliest settlers wrestled with the Indians for a foothold of possession; not far from this city, Bacon, the first great rebel, fought for the people's rights against the tyrannical Berkeley; from the hills across the Appomattox, Lafayette drove the British forces from Petersburg and bottled them up at Yorktown, where freedom came; Petersburg gained her splendid soubriquet as the "Cockade City" from her sons' valor in the war of 1812; and on Washington Street, where Lee School stands, the young men of the city, trained for service by Capt. Fletcher H. Archer and by him led, fought gallantly with Taylor in Mexico. Then comes the great fratricidal strife, the War between the States, when Petersburg becomes the sacrificial city. For nine months besieged with shot and shell, the rich city became poor in everything save pride and devotion to duty.

Petersburg did not desire to see Virginia secede from the Union. Virginia did not want secession, and vain efforts were made to avoid her withdrawal from a Union in which she had played the leading part.

The first secession flag raised in Petersburg was torn down. But when Virginia could no longer avoid action, and secession became unavoidable, Petersburg rallied under the new flag and sent every man possible into the service to defend that flag. There was ready response to the call for volunteers, and soon every available man was on the battle field or under the colors.

Little fighting came near Petersburg until 1864; but from

June, 1864, to April 2, 1865, the siege was continuous, with many hard-fought battles.

History was made at Petersburg on June 9, 1864; at the Crater, July 30; and near the close of the war at Fort Steadman and at Fort Gregg, as well as along the entire lines of battle.

We are celebrating to-day the memorable occasion when the old men and boys of Petersburg held the invader back at the beginning of the siege. Information was brought on the morning of the 9th of June, 1864, that a column of Federal troops was in motion under orders to approach the city from the east. The bells of the city were rung about nine o'clock in the morning, and couriers ran through the streets to summon together all the local men available for carrying arms. None were here save men past the age of service. Boys too young to be enlisted, convalescents at the hospital who could bear arms, and such as were willing to volunteer, and all were ordered to repair at once to Col. Fletcher H. Archer, near the Rives's house on the Jerusalem Plank Road, in Prince George County. To summon was to obey. The little band of one hundred and twenty-five old men and boys met General Kautz advancing with a force of twenty-three hundred well-trained and well-armed men, confident of victory. Despite the fact that they were aged or youthful or convalescent from wounds, poorly armed, and with little or no military training, outnumbered nearly twenty to one, behind frail defenses, they held back the invader until "surrounded, men fighting the enemy before them were shot in the back by the enemy behind them."

But with their blood and courage that held the invader at bay for nearly two hours, until the impetuous Graham, himself a Petersburg boy, who had been hurriedly sent for from the forces in Chesterfield County, dashed madly through the streets of Petersburg at full gallop, with the four guns that he carried away three years before at the very beginning of the war, and the gallant Dearing just behind him with his intrepid followers.

They formed on Cemetery Hill, and later on waterworks hill, and, sending a few well-directed shots into the head of the Federal column, drove the invader back from his coveted prize, and Petersburg was saved.

The names of these men of the 9th of June, defenders of their homes, are written on the imperishable records in the archives of the city of Petersburg, as well as on marble, and, better still, on the hearts of the people of the city that they saved.

General Colston and Col. Fletcher H. Archer and their men made history that day, which each recurring 9th of June commemorates. It was a day made memorable by noble deeds of the best blood of the city, whose recital, handed down from generation to generation, stirs the manhood to patriotic service. Such is the brief story of the 9th of June. Linked up with this heroism, Petersburg must never forget the charge of Mahone's Brigade at the Crater, the valiant struggle at Fort Steadman, and that brave band of defenders at Fort Gregg.

During the nine months' siege of Petersburg more gunpowder is said to have been used in battle than at any other spot on earth up to that time. The battle of Sebastopol ranking second. However, the great World War, in which sons of blue and gray fought side by side, has broken all previous records in this respect.

While the men were on the firing lines at Petersburg, the women were caring for the sick, the dying, and even the dead. The hospitals here were filled, and Dr. John Herbert Claiborne, celebrated surgeon and beloved physician of this city, who now sleeps in Old Blandford, was ably assisted in his ministrations of mercy by the devoted women of Petersburg.



Mrs. Fletcher H. Archer, writing to her daughter off at school at this time, tells of the care of the dead: "Minnie Branch and her sister Ella were here before I dressed this morning, to get some flowers to make a flag for a young soldier's coffin. She got some blue larkspur for the blue and wished to get some white and red verbenas for the stripes, but we could not supply her. . . . You never heard such firing; at nearly every stroke of the pen a gun goes off. It causes me to write so fast that I am scarcely making a decent letter—the cannons are firing faster and faster. I reckon I will have to lie down and listen to them. . . . Good night. May God bless you, my child."

Again Mrs. Archer writes: "The women of Petersburg had bravely endured the hardship and privations, but were not prepared for the terrible missiles of destruction and death that were hurled into the city. On some of the principal streets dwellings became uninhabitable and their owners sought refuge elsewhere. A night or two after the shells came pouring like hail, shrieking, splitting, and tearing into pieces all they came in contact with."

She writes again of the day of the evacuation: "Sabbath morning dawned beautifully; the children were preparing for Sunday school. Before they were ready dark smoke was rising from some of the public streets. No alarm bells were rung. Mothers became uneasy, anxiously inquiring what it all could mean? A rumor was afloat that the city was to be evacuated. In a few hours the rumor was confirmed by officers in the city. It was soon known that the burning of warehouses and their contents was but the beginning of the end of the Confederacy in Petersburg. The women of Petersburg, who had been courageous and hopeful, now learned that the city would be invaded by an army of countless soldiers, felt at the time they could only depend on a Higher Power for protection. . . . When night approached there was a deathly stillness in the city, except the explosion of shells. In the dim twilight, objects more dim could be easily discerned, silently moving. Their tread was more like the rustling of falling leaves. Confederate soldiers were passing through the city to cross the river to join others with their beloved Lee. After all had passed, the awful loneliness with anticipated desolation was truly depressing. To wait and watch was all that could be done. After a sleepless night many arose by the break of day to look through the window blinds and try to see the conditions of surroundings. It was no matter of surprise to observe men in blue uniforms moving cautiously about the streets. A few hours afterwards, thousands more came pouring in from every avenue of approach. It could not be realized that such an immense army had been waiting so long to enter the city.

"It was an agreeable surprise to see such order, and ladies were informed that a soldier trespassing on private property would be severely punished. . . . These small acts of sympathy and generosity brightened the picture somewhat and strengthened the hope that the war would soon close and peace be restored."

The 9th of June is a day of sacred memories to the city of Petersburg, and we gather here to-day to pay tribute to the men and women of the South in the days of the sixties who have suffered more, doubtless, than any generation has been or will be called upon to suffer in succeeding ages of American history. Yet how gladly and willingly did they offer themselves as a sacrifice to a cause which they believed to be right, the liberty handed down by the fathers of the United States Constitution.

In the fight for State sovereignty, the men of the South were battling for the faith of their fathers. When they lost,

the rights of States were submerged in a centralized national government, and a nation unified had its birth.

As a result of the war and of a long series of encroachments, the Federal government has become supreme and the States can exercise only such rights as it may allow them. The South resisted these encroachments and fought for the Constitution as it was originally adopted and for the rights of all the States. She was defeated, and this defeat meant a radical revolution in the nature of our government from a Federal republic to a centralized nation.

Men of the South rejoice in this great nation of ours. None are more loyal to the Stars and Stripes than the soldiers of the Confederacy, their sons, and grandsons. When the armies of the South surrendered, the men in gray accepted in good faith the new government and followed the example of the great chieftain, Robert E. Lee, and taught their children to love and respect the flag of the nation, to labor for its peace and prosperity.

As a result, no soldiers of the nation rendered more valiant service in the Spanish American War and the World War than the sons and grandsons of Confederate soldiers.

So to-day, memorable in the history of Petersburg, we render honor and devotion, not only to the men who wore the gray, but to their children and children's children who lie sleeping in Cuba, the Philippines, in Flander's Field, or in our own beloved Blandford. The 9th of June was made memorable by the handful of old men and boys of Petersburg under Col. Fletcher H. Archer, who met the foe at the city's edge and held them back. Their answer, then, was as the soldiers at Verdun, "They shall not pass," and they stood wounded and dying until relief came holding the invader back.

This memorable day Petersburg must ever hold sacred, which the women of Petersburg have made imperishable by garlanding the graves in this beautiful cemetery, beginning soon after the close of the War between the States, and have held unbroken until this good day.

We see how wise our women were, how patriotic. Here originated our own Memorial Day. Therefore, our nation is indebted to the women of Petersburg for its own Decoration Day observance, in which all our people share.

Confederate women have built monuments in every Southern city and on every court green to the valor of the men in gray. To our children and our children's children, what will these monuments teach? What will they stand for? They will stand in honor of the men in the ranks as well as our leaders, the soldiers of the Confederacy, and that four years of imperishable service which has left in its wake a glory that time cannot diminish. And what will future generations learn? They will learn of men who fought for constitutional liberty that their children might live in freedom's ways forever. To whom is the nation indebted for the perpetuation of these principles? To the womanhood of the South. When Southern manhood was nigh exhausted, who sent their boys to the front with hope? Who was it after the war, beholding men's hearts ashes, with crushed but unconquerable spirits, organized into memorial associations to keep alive the memories and honors due the Confederate soldiers and their fallen comrades? Who is it that gathers round them still, though all others seem neglectful to do them reverence? It is the women of the South.

Petersburg can never repay its debt of gratitude to that band of devoted women who, on May 6, 1866, organized themselves into the Ladies Memorial Association of Petersburg. From that day to this they have not been forgetful of the old men and boys of the "Ninth of June," the soldiers who wore



the gray and their sons and grandsons who fought under the Stars and Stripes in Cuba, the Philippines, and in France.

The officers chosen by that devoted body of women when first organized were: Mrs. Judge Joynes, President; Mrs. W. L. Simmons, Vice President; and Mrs. J. M. Wyche, Secretary and Treasurer. And their successors, even to this the sixty-fourth anniversary of the 9th of June, have worked faithfully for Petersburg and the perpetuation of the valorous deeds of the men in gray.

First, these ladies, in season and out of season, began to gather the bodies of Confederate dead from hills, lines, churchyards, or wherever found, who had died or were killed in the siege of Petersburg. They conceived the idea of procuring from the city a location to establish a Confederate memorial ground. All around us here to-day are the graves of those Confederate soldiers as a testimonial of those women's splendid, sacrificial work.

Arduous and long was the task of the Ladies Memorial Association who labored to collect the many bodies scattered in and beyond the city's boundaries. These grounds were carefully laid out and a section assigned each Southern State in which their soldier dead were reinterred.

With limited funds, their work was well done. The beautiful arch of stone, the approach to the Confederate section, was a part of their labor of love.

They reared upon the crest of this hill where we are this afternoon that splendid Confederate monument. They laid off the granite walkways through the Confederate grave section, and erected this memorial stand for such occasions as this. Buried in Blandford cemetery are thirty thousand and more Confederate soldiers, their graves cared for by the Confederate women's organizations of Petersburg.

On yonder hill is Old Blandford Church, the most beautiful spot in the South, restored and beautified by these devoted women and the Daughters of the Confederacy as a Confederate memorial. These are visible tokens of their sacred labors that will last forever their enduring monument. Working side by side with them were the Daughters of the Confederacy, who placed a cross of honor on the breast of every man in gray and have erected countless monuments, so that the Confederate soldier can never be forgotten.

Twenty-one years after the organization of the Petersburg Memorial Association another great organization came into being. It was then and forever will be Petersburg's most beloved patriotic institution. On December 16, 1887, A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans was organized, with the soldier and educator, Col. W. Gordon McCabe, as its first commander. "Not for ourselves, for our country," is the motto of the charter granted A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans by R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, of Richmond, December 9, 1887.

Looking back to-day over the years which have intervened since this Camp came into being, what men, North or South, have lived less for self or more for a united country than have the men who followed General Lee in the trying days?

On the roster of A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans are the names of nearly seven hundred men whom Petersburg has loved to honor, for they were honorable men. It is a priceless heritage to me that my father's name is on that roster. He who gave four years of his life to the service under Jackson, Jeb Stuart, and A. P. Hill, and now rests in Blandford within the sound of my voice.

A list of the Commanders of A. P. Hill Camp will indicate the splendid character of its personnel: Col. W. Gordon McCabe, Col. Hugh R. Smith, Col. O. B. Morgan, Col. P. C.

Hoy, John R. Turner, W. E. Harwood, R. S. Thompson, John R. Patterson, R. E. Badger, L. L. Marks, R. B. Davis, Simon Seward, Homer Atkinson, J. E. Whitehorne, George S. Bernard, Shelton Chieves, J. R. W. Smith, Putnam Stith, William B. Harrison, T. S. Beckwith, Robert Gilliam, Sr., J. Walter Brunet, and J. M. Mullen. Reading down the list of nearly seven hundred names on the roster of A. P. Hill Camp will be found men who have made Petersburg what it is. Truly, they have lived up to their motto, "Not for ourselves, for our country." Returning from Appomattox with flags furled, but with unconquerable spirit, they taught their sons love and loyalty to the Stars and Stripes of a reunited country by their own love and loyalty.

Who was more ready to fight for the nation in the Spanish-American War and in the Philippines than Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Gen. Joe Wheeler, and our own gallant Colonel, W. C. Smith, ensign bearer of the 12th Virginia Regiment, who died in the Philippines in the service.

When the World War began, our own A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate veterans escorted the first quota from Petersburg into Camp Lee, and bade them fight for the freedom of the world. Truly they lived "not for ourselves, for our country."

True, forever true, to the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy, they loved it as a friend that is dead, but they were none the less loyal to the Stars and Stripes of a reunited country and gave their sons and their son's sons gladly and willingly to defend its honor. From whence came such loyalty? It came not only from following the precepts and example of their great chieftain, Robert E. Lee, but it was inherited from the blood of their Revolutionary sires and the pure English strain of the liberty-loving freemen of the Magna Charta.

Hunger, thirst, cold, heat, exposure, fatigue, increasing and ever increasing in trench or battle or picket line or march, doing two or three men's work in day and night against twofold, threefold, fourfold numbers, they struggled on. The Confederate soldier cared less for his own suffering than the destitution of the family back home, yet they were unwavering, fighting hopelessly on. Just a few years ago and around this spot was gathered on such an occasion as this A. P. Hill Camp with hundreds of men in its ranks—few are here to-day. They are "on the other side of the river, resting under the shade of the trees." No longer the fratricidal strife of Blue against Gray and Gray against Blue, but peace eternal. No strife on the other side of the river—the men of the blue and the men of the gray mingle there as the children of the King, under the banner of the Prince of Peace, the Son of God. The torch of freedom has been left to their children to carry on as a priceless heritage. Thank God the day has come when the nation is unified in spirit. Whether on the battle fields of Europe, or in our own cemeteries in America, wherever you find the grave of a descendant of a Federal soldier, there alongside will be found the grave of a descendant of a Confederate soldier, each having paid the supreme sacrifice in devotion to the Stars and Stripes.

The ending of wars is one of the supreme demands of the age. If our generation shows itself incapable of meeting that demand, we fail in our duty. The American people should feel a just pride in the part our nation is playing in an effort to establish a world peace. From the abundance of our material wealth and prosperity, if ever a nation had reason for gratitude for the blessings of peace, it is our nation. America should seek every opportunity to destroy the barbarian force of war from the council of the nations. Warring for such a peace, our American youth fought and many sleep on the fields of France.



## SHILOH—THE FIRST GREAT BATTLE.

BY MRS. A. M. HERALD, TAMPA CHAPTER, U. D. C.

"No Confederate who fought at Shiloh has ever said that he found any point on that bloody field easy to assail."—*Col. William Preston Johnston* (son of the Confederate general, Albert Sidney Johnston, killed at Shiloh).

In the history of America many battles had been fought, but the greatest of them were skirmishes compared with the gigantic conflicts of the Old World under Marlborough and Napoleon. On the field of Shiloh, for the first time, two great American armies were to engage in a mighty struggle that would measure up to the most important in the annals of Europe. And the pity of it was that the contestants were brethren of the same household, not hereditary and unrelenting enemies.

At Fort Donelson the Western South was not slain, it was only wounded. The chief commander of that part of the country, Albert Sidney Johnston, determined to concentrate the scattered forces and to make a desperate effort to retrieve the disaster of Donelson. He had abandoned Bowling Green, had given up Nashville, and now decided to collect his troops at Corinth, Miss. Next in command to Johnston was General Beauregard, who had fought at Bull Run, and who had come from Virginia to aid Johnston. There also came Braxton Bragg, whose name had become famous through the laconic expression, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," uttered by Zachary Taylor at Buena Vista; Leonidas Polk, who, though a graduate of West Point, had entered the Church and for twenty years before the war had been Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana; and John C. Breckinridge, former Vice President of the United States. The legions of the South were gathered at Corinth until, by the 1st of April, 1862, they numbered forty thousand.

Meantime, the Union army had moved southward and was concentrating at Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee River, an obscure stopping place for boats in Southern Tennessee, and some twenty miles northeast from Corinth. The name means more now than merely a landing place for river craft. It was clear that two mighty, hostile forces were drawing together and that ere long there would be a battle of tremendous proportions, such as this Western hemisphere had not then known.

General Grant had no idea that the Confederates would meet him at Pittsburg Landing. He believed that they would wait for an attack on their entrenchments at Corinth. The position his army occupied at the Landing was kind of quadrilateral, inclosed on three sides by the river and several small streams that flow into it. As the early days of April passed there were rumors of the coming storm; but Grant was so sure Johnston would not attack that he spent the night of the 5th of April at Savannah, some miles down the Tennessee River.

It was Saturday night. For two weeks the Union troops had occupied the undulating tableland that stretched away from the river at the Landing. There was the sound of the splashing streams overflowing from recent rains; there were revelry and mirth around the thousand camp fires; but there was no sound to give warning of the coming of forty thousand men, who had for two days been drawing nearer with a steady tread, and during this night were deploying around the Union camp, only a mile away. There was nothing to indicate that the inevitable clash of arms was but a few hours in the future.

At the dawn of day on Sunday, April 6, magnificent battle lines under the Confederate battle flag emerged from the woods on the neighboring hills within gunshot of the Federal

camps. Whether the Union army was really surprised has been the subject of long controversy, which we need not enter. Certainly, the attack on it was most sudden, and in consequence it fought on the defensive and at a disadvantage throughout the day.

General Hardee's Corps, forming the first line of battle, moved against the outlying division of the Union Army, which was commanded by Gen. Benjamin Prentiss, of West Virginia. Before Prentiss could form his lines, Hardee's shells began bursting around him, but he was soon ready and though pressed back for half a mile in the next two or three hours, his men fought like heroes. Meanwhile, the farther Confederate advance under Bragg, Polk, and Breckinridge was extending all along the line in front of the Federal camps. The second Federal force to encounter the fury of the oncoming foe was the division of Gen. W. T. Sherman, which was cut to pieces and disorganized, but only after it had inflicted frightful loss on the Confederate army.

General Grant, as we have noted, spent the night at Savannah, a town nine miles by way of the river from Pittsburg Landing. As he sat at breakfast, he heard the distant boom of cannon and he quickly realized that Johnston's army had attacked his own at the Landing. Instantly he took a boat and started for the scene of the conflict. At Crump's Landing, about half way between the two, General Lew Wallace was stationed with a division of seven thousand men. As Grant passed Crump's Landing, he met Wallace and ordered him to be ready for instant marching when he was called for. When Grant arrived at Pittsburg Landing, about eight o'clock in the morning, he found a tremendous battle raging, and he spent the day riding from one division commander to another, giving directions and cheering them on as best he could.

About two and a half miles from the Landing stood a little log church among the trees, in which for years the simple folk of the countryside had been wont to gather for worship every Sunday morning. But on this fateful Sunday, the demon of war reigned supreme. The little church was known as Shiloh to all the country around, and it gave its name to the great battle that raged near it on that memorable day.

General Prentiss had borne the first onset of the morning. He had been pressed back half a mile. But about nine o'clock, after being reinforced, he made a stand on a wooded spot with a dense undergrowth, and here he held his ground for eight long hours, until five in the afternoon, when he and a large portion of his division were surrounded and compelled to surrender. Time after time the Confederates rushed upon his position, but only to be repulsed with fearful slaughter. This spot came to be known as the "Hornet's Nest." It was not far from here that the Confederates suffered the irreparable loss of the day. Their noble commander, Albert Sidney Johnston, received his death wound as he was urging his troops to force back Hurlbut's men. He was riding in the center of the fight, cheering his men, when a Minie ball cut an artery of his thigh. The wound was not necessarily fatal. A surgeon could easily have saved him. But he thought only of victory and continued in the saddle, raising his voice in encouragement above the din of battle. Presently his voice became faint, a deadly pallor blanched his cheek. He was lifted from his horse; but it was too late. In a few minutes the great commander was dead from loss of blood.

The death of Johnston, in the belief of many, changed the result at Shiloh and prevented the capture of Grant's army. One of Johnston's subordinates wrote: "Johnston's death was a tremendous catastrophe. Sometimes the hopes of



millions of people depend upon one head and one arm. The West perished with Albert Sidney Johnston and the Southern country followed." Jefferson Davis afterwards declared that "the fortunes of a country hung by a single thread on the life that was yielded on the field of Shiloh."

Beauregard succeeded to the command on the fall of Johnston and the carnage continued all day till darkness was falling over the valleys and the hills. The final charge of the evening was made by three Confederate brigades close to the Landing, in the hope of gaining that important point. But by means of a battery of many guns on the bluff of Dill's Branch, aided by the gunboats in the river, the charge was repulsed. Beauregard then gave orders to desist from further attack all along his lines, to suspend operations till morning. When General Bragg heard this he was furious with rage. He had counted on making an immediate grand assault in the darkness, believing that he could capture a large part of the Federal army.

When the messenger informed him of Beauregard's order, he inquired if he had already delivered it to the other commanders. "Yes," was the reply. "If you had not," rejoined the angry Bragg, "I would not obey it. The battle is lost." But Bragg's fears were not shared by his compatriots.

Further mention is due the two little wooden gunboats, Tyler and Lexington, for their share in the great fight. The Tyler had lain all day opposite the mouth of Dill's Branch which flowed through a deep, marshy ravine, into the Tennessee just above the Landing. Her commander, Lieutenant Gwin, was eager for a part in the battle, and when he saw the Confederate right pushing its way toward the Landing, he received permission to open fire. For an hour his guns increased the difficulties of Jackson's and Chalmers's brigades as they made their way to the surrounding of Prentiss. Later on the Lexington joined her sister, and the two vessels gave valuable support to the Union cannon at the edge of the ravine and to Hurlbut's troops until the contest ended. All that night, in the downpour of rain, Lieutenant Gwin, at the request of General Nelson, sent shot crashing through the trees in the direction where the Confederates had bivouacked. This completely broke the rest of the exhausted troops, and had a decided effect upon the next day's result.

Southern hopes were high at the close of this first bloody day at Shiloh. Whatever of victory there was at the end of the day belonged to the Confederates. They had pressed the Federals back more than a mile and now occupied their ground and tents of the night before. They had captured General Prentiss, with some thousands of his men, as a result of his brave stand at the "Hornet's Nest."

But their hopes were mingled with grave fears. General Van Dorn, with an army of twenty thousand men, was hastening from Arkansas to join the Confederate forces at Shiloh; but the roads were bad and he was yet far away. On the other hand, Buell was coming from Nashville to join Grant's army. Should he arrive during the night, the contest of the next day would be unequal and the Confederates would risk losing all that they had gained. Moreover, Beauregard's army, with its long, muddy march from Corinth and its more than twelve hours' continuous fighting, was worn and weary almost to exhaustion.

The Union army was stunned and bleeding, but not disabled, at the close of the first day's battle. Caught unawares, the men had made a noble stand. Though pressed back from their position and obliged to huddle for the night around the Landing, while thousands of their comrades had fallen on the gory field, they had hopes of heavy reënforce-

ments during the night. And, indeed, early in the evening the cry ran along the Union lines that Buell's army had come. The advance guard had arrived late in the afternoon and had assisted Hurlbut in the closing scene on the bluff of Dill's ravine; others continued to pour in during the night. And, furthermore, Gen. Lew Wallace's Division, though it had taken a wrong road from Crump's landing and had not reached the field in time for the fighting of the 6th at last had arrived. Buell and Wallace had brought with them twenty-five thousand fresh troops to be hurled on the Confederates on the morning of the 7th. But Van Dorn had not come. The preponderance of numbers now was with the Union army.

Every one knew that the battle was not over, that the issue must be decided on the coming day, and the weary thousands of both sides sank down on the ground in a drenching rain to get a little rest and to gain a little strength for the desperate struggle that was sure to come on the morrow.

Beauregard rested hopes upon a fresh dispatch announcing that Buell was delayed and the dreaded junction of two Federal armies, therefore, impossible. Meanwhile, Grant and Buell were together in Sherman's camp, and it was decided that Buell's troops should attack Beauregard next morning. One division of Buell stood to arms all night.

At the break of day on Monday, April 7, all was astir in both camps on the field of Shiloh, and the dawn was greeted with the roar of cannon. The troops that Grant now advanced into the contest were all, except about ten thousand, the fresh recruits that Wallace and Buell had brought, while the Confederates had not a single company that had not been on the ground the day before. Some military historians believe that Beauregard would have won a signal victory if neither army had been reënforced during the night. But under the changed conditions the Confederates were at a great disadvantage, and yet they fought for eight long hours with heroic valor.

The deafening roar of the cannon that characterized the beginning of the day's battle was followed by the rattle of musketry, so continuous that no ear could distinguish one shot from another. Nelson's Division of Buell's army was the first to engage the Confederates. Nelson commanded the Federal left wing, with Hardee and Breckinridge immediately opposed to him. The Union center was under the command of Generals McCook and Crittenden; the right wing was commanded by McClernand, with Hurlbut next, while Sherman and Lew Wallace occupied the extreme right. The Confederate left wing was commanded by Bragg, and next to him was General Polk.

Shiloh Church was again the storm center and in it General Beauregard made his headquarters. Hour after hour the columns in blue and gray surged to and fro, first one then the other gaining the advantage and presently losing it. At times the smoke of burning powder enveloped the whole field and hid both armies from view. The interesting incidents of this day of blood would fill a volume. General Hindman, of the Southern side, had a novel experience. His horse was struck by a bursting shell and torn to a thousand fragments. The General, thrown ten feet high, fell to the ground, but leaped to his feet unhurt and asked for another horse.

Early in the afternoon, Beauregard became convinced that he was fighting a losing battle and that it would be the part of prudence to withdraw the army before losing all. He thereupon sent the members of his staff to the various corps commanders, ordering them to prepare to retreat from the field,



at the same time making a show of resuming the offensive. The retreat was so skillfully made, the front firing line being kept intact, that the Federals did not suspect it for some time. Some hours before nightfall the fighting had ceased. The Federals remained in possession of the field, and the Confederates were wading through the mud on the road to Corinth.

It was a dreary march for the bleeding and battered Confederate army. An eyewitness described it in the following language:

"I made a detour from the road on which the army was retreating, that I might travel faster and get ahead of the main body. In this ride of twelve miles alongside of the routed army, I saw more of human agony and woe than I trust I will ever again be called upon to witness. The retreating host wound along a narrow and almost impassable road, extending some seven or eight miles in length. Here was a line of wagons loaded with wounded, piled in like bags of grain, groaning and cursing; while the mules plunged on in mud and water belly deep, the water sometimes coming into the wagons. Next came a straggling regiment of infantry, pressing on past the wagons; then a stretcher borne on the shoulders of four men, carrying a wounded officer; then soldiers staggering along, with an arm broken and hanging down, or other fearful wounds, which were enough to destroy life. And, to add to the horrors of the scene, the elements of heaven marshaled their forces, a fitting accompaniment of the tempest of human desolation and passion which was raging. A cold, drizzling rain commenced about nightfall, and soon came harder and faster, then turned to pitiless, blinding hail. This storm raged with violence for three hours. I passed long wagon trains filled with wounded and dying soldiers, without even a blanket to shelter them from the driving sleet and hail, which fell in stones as large as partridge eggs until it lay on the ground two inches deep.

"Some three hundred men died during that awful retreat, and their bodies were thrown out to make room for others who, although wounded, had struggled on through the storm hoping to find shelter, rest, and medical care."

Four days after the battle, however, Beauregard reported to his government: "This army is more confident of ultimate success than before its encounter with the enemy." Addressing the soldiers, he said: "You have done your duty. . . . Your countrymen are proud of your deeds on the bloody field of Shiloh, confident in the ultimate result of your valor."

The news of these two fearful days at Shiloh was astounding to the American people. Never before on the continent had there been anything approaching it. Bull Run was a skirmish in comparison with this gigantic conflict. The losses on each side exceeded ten thousand men. General Grant tells us that after the second day he saw an open field so covered with dead that it would have been possible to walk across it in any direction stepping on dead bodies, without a foot touching the ground. American valor was tried to the full on both sides at Shiloh, and the record shows that it was equal to the test.

## ARMISTEAD'S BRIGADE AT SEVEN PINES.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, SR., FLORENCE, S. C.

In the August number of the VETERAN, Mr. D. B. Easley, of South Boston, Va., gently dissents from some of my conclusions in an article on "Seven Pines," which appeared in the February number; but he writes from memory, and is eighty-four years old, while I had before me the reports and books of Generals Johnston, Smith, Longstreet, Hill, Huger,

Wilcox, and Alexander. The sifting of authorities is very difficult, of course, but it is the recognized authorities that must guide a writer at this late day, for, while a private, or even an officer, may have a vivid memory of events and incidents, matters of maps, plans, movements, positions, and the meaning of many things are generally out of his range at the time, and easily forgotten afterwards. Armistead's Brigade was a very gallant body of men—my hat is off to every member of it—and Mr. Easley writes with perfect sincerity. In differing from him, therefore, I feel compelled to show my respect both for his years and his memory by appealing only to facts recognized by all, and my regard for the VETERAN's readers by selecting those that are of general interest.

Now, the battle was occasioned by D. H. Hill's discovering that the enemy, advancing from Bottom's Bridge over the Chickahominy, where the road from Williamsburg to Richmond crosses that river, had reached Seven Pines, seven miles in air line from Richmond. Hill, therefore, guarded the approach to Richmond on three roads, the Williamsburg, and two others—one on each side of the big White Oak swamp—and both known on the map as "Charles City Road," because intended to lead to that point especially. It is evident that Hill was obliged to guard *all* these roads. But, on May 29, Huger had come from Norfolk and camped on the Charles City road proper—the one south of White Oak, taking the care of that one from Hill. Then, on the 31st, Hill is ordered to attack at Seven Pines. Huger and Hill must, therefore, arrange to dispose their troops so that all roads can be guarded and still Hill's attack be delivered. General Johnston ordered Hill to do this by leaving a brigade at a given point and not advancing to battle until Huger came up to that point. Then Huger would place a brigade there, relieving Hill's, who, with all his brigades, would march to battle. Huger, too, would get on Hill's right with his other two brigades and engage on the enemy's left flank. But this *given point* was a mile and a half from Seven Pines, so that both time and movements can be fixed by regarding it.

Hill says that at one o'clock Huger (detained, as a matter of fact, by Longstreet's troops taking the road away, as Longstreet in his book asserts) had not come up, but that he moved to the attack nevertheless. As the roads toward Richmond were all now filled with our troops, this was a safe thing to do, but Huger was not able to move on Hill's right, of course. Hill attacked alone after marching and deploying, etc. Longstreet, meanwhile, arrived as commander of the whole field around Seven Pines, and made disposition of Huger's Division as well as his own, totally different from Johnston's orders. It was two o'clock at least before the fighting began.

The position of Armistead's Brigade, of Huger's Division, is easily determined. It was kept marching *behind the lines* under command of General Wilcox all day. Wilcox's report settles the matter—General Longstreet's book also. Longstreet had given Wilcox three of his own (Longstreet's) divisions and two of Huger's, with orders to "keep abreast of Hill's battle"; but orders from Longstreet constantly shifted him from one road to another and always *behind the battle*. At sunset Wilcox got in the fight with two regiments over on the other flank of Hill. Next morning, Armistead and *part of his brigade* did very fine fighting, and that was when General Hill gave them due praise. Mr. Easley was there wounded, I judge from his account—Sunday, June 1, 1862. Even to-day we benefit by his gallantry and wish him yet more years of life.

General Huger was in no wise to blame. He had been dis-



tinguished in the Mexican War as an officer of artillery, and in our war was given command at Norfolk. Now he was bringing three brigades and his field artillery to help Johnston at Richmond. When he started from his camp on the south "Charles City Road" at daylight, according to orders, to round the head of White Oak swamp, he encountered the headwaters of White Oak overflowing from the awful rain Mr. Easley describes. He had to cross these streams much nearer Richmond than by his direct road, or leave his guns. Longstreet was to have been marching by another road than the Williamsburg road—the Nine Mile road to the north—but had crossed over to the Williamsburg road and stopped to build a bridge over Gillis Creek that flowed across the Williamsburg road. There Huger was coming into that road, somewhere, in order to take it (according to orders) to the "given point" where Hill waited for him. Armistead's brigade may have struck the road below Longstreet's little bridge, so that Mr. Easley, who describes the overflow, may be entirely correct in not remembering the bridge, but other brigades may have hit above it. At any rate, Longstreet built a bridge.

Longstreet was as late as Huger, or later, for Alexander says that after halting Huger to pass him, Longstreet found Huger had to reach the "given point" in order for Hill to proceed to the attack. Had Huger alone had the road allotted to him, he would have joined Hill much sooner. Had Longstreet marched by the Nine Mile road, as contemplated by Johnston, and *ordered* by him, according to G. W. Smith, he would have been in the expected position on the enemy's right flank instead of coming in behind Hill. Huger never got into the fighting at all, and Longstreet only put in Anderson's Brigade of his own division until, very late, he sent Kemper in also.

Mr. Easley is surely wrong in criticizing Huger for not seizing *Malvern Hill* a month later. It was Holmes who was to have tried to do that. Jackson, Huger, and Magruder all came to Malvern Hill the day after Holmes's failure to accomplish the impossible, in view of McClellan's guns—and the fleet being ahead of him. Longstreet and A. P. Hill followed, and the task of the first attack fell on Huger's troops, Armistead opening the fight most gallantly. However, Huger had experienced another disappointment, General Lee had assigned him the task of leaving the entrenchments of Richmond on June 30 and moving by the Charles City road to the Long Bridge road, where he was going to attack McClellan at Frazier's farm. This road, however, was *the main road* of McClellan's retreat from the front of Richmond, and his huge pioneer force cut trees in front of Huger faster than our men could remove them. To make matters worse, he was appealed to for help to get Jackson across White Oak. He did not get into the Frazier's farm battle at all, where he was much needed.

A. P. Hill, Jackson, Huger, Holmes, and Magruder all failed to accomplish the tasks assigned in the Seven Days battles, and the three old men—Huger, Holmes, and Magruder, were made to suffer—assigned to other fields.

Of Huger's Division, all those three brigades—Armistead's, Mahone's, and Blanchard's (afterwards Wright's)—became justly celebrated. Always a most reliable part of Lee's invincible army, each of them on some one occasion stood out conspicuously in some particular deed of grandeur—Armistead and Wright at Gettysburg, and Mahone in the charge at the Crater.

### THE BATTLE OF DROOP MOUNTAIN.

BY ROY B. COOK, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Near the Virginia border, on the West Virginia side, runs the beautiful Greenbrier River. For over a hundred miles it hugs the base of the main Alleghany Mountains on its way to join the New River. In one of the "sinks" in the lower valley is located the historic town of Lewisburg, county seat of Greenbrier County, an important point on the nationally known Midland Trail that reaches out from old Virginia on the east to Ohio and Kentucky on the west. This also marks the junction point of another well-known highway, the Seneca Trail, a highway running north and south. Leaving Lewisburg at an altitude of 2,300 feet, it runs northward, gradually rising to the top of a mountain twenty-four miles away at 3,100 feet, and then glides down and across the Little Levels into Marlinton, the county seat of Pocahontas County, fourteen miles the other side. This mountain is now and has for many years been known as Droop Mountain. Its history is enshrouded in many interesting phases from the time that an ancient lake bathed its brow down to the stirring days of the "Civil War," as West Virginians call that fratricidal strife.

The battle of Droop Mountain was fought on November 6, 1863, by Federal forces led by Gen. William W. Averell and Confederate forces under Gen. John Echols and Col. (later general) William L. Jackson. It marked the waning of the Confederacy in West Virginia regions. Then, after the close of the war, the scene of conflict was occupied in peace by men who wore the blue and the gray.

In January, 1927, the legislature of West Virginia was in session. Among the members were some who saw service in the affairs of sixty-four years before. One member, John D. Sutton, had participated in the battle of Droop Mountain. A resolution was adopted reciting the fact that "West Virginia soldiers, both Union and Confederate," had taken part in this battle, and directed that a commission be appointed to mark battle lines, preserve records, and acquire land on the battle field to be set aside as a State Park, as a memorial to the brave men who participated therein.

The result of the labor of the commission appointed under this authority was that on July 4, 1928, Hon. Howard M. Gore, governor of West Virginia, formally accepted one hundred and forty-one acres as a part of the State Park system. A notable gathering was present, and among the assemblage mingled Federal and Confederate.

The mention of "both Union and Confederate" in the enabling act of the West Virginia legislature is something that the "deep South" cannot clearly understand. In the Virginias it is common property and has been discussed for years. It is not possible in the narrow confines of an article of this nature to dwell on all the reasons which culminated in the formation of a new State and led to such a situation as existed at Droop Mountain, McDowell, second Manassas, and many other fields where the brave met the brave.

The division of Virginia in 1863 and the erection of West Virginia has no parallel in history. The roots of this episode ran back into long years "before the war." The question of slavery was of minor importance. Indeed, in all, forty-seven counties out of present West Virginia only had an average of two slaves to the square mile. But differences over commerce and education, the origin and habits of citizens, and Virginia's policy of internal improvements had caused to arise years before various schemes for division. At each constitutional convention able men from west of the mountains plead for a "fair deal." One governor alone had come from their number.



Nothing that could be written, however, no matter how fair the historian, would exactly suit the proponents of either side. One distinguished historian recounted that Virginia felt a right to secession, but objected to secession from secession. Be that as it may, when time tore States asunder, about thirty thousand men from the hills of West Virginia took up arms for the Union, and approximately seventy-five hundred, equally as brave, shouldered their muskets and marched to the South. It is our own chapter of national history. The uncles and brothers from the same families who took opposite sides were our people, and we may well be permitted to be a bit proud of both.

Even Margaret Junkin Preston, sister-in-law of Stonewall Jackson, a boy from the West Virginia hills, recounted that the most gentlemanly Yankees she met were from West Virginia, a statement we hold to be true, even though few actual "Yankees" carried arms from this "side of the mountains." The result was that out of this background strange things came to pass; men from "Old Virginia" met in conventions and founded a new State in 1863. Wise, Floyd, Jenkins, Imboden, Jones, and Witcher led military expeditions into West Virginia, with many minor excursions, cutting through Federal lines, and yet in the fall of 1863 occupied only the Greenbrier Valley, while their Federal neighbors watched over the headwater regions with envious eyes.

In October, 1863, Gen. B. F. Kelley, commanding the Department of West Virginia, U. S. A., looked over his maps and decided that seventy miles of straggling Confederates along the Greenbrier did not look well. He issued orders to Averell, at Beverly, and General Scammon, at Charleston, to start out two expeditions, effect a junction at Lewisburg, and drive the Confederates out, or, better still, capture them.

Scammon sent an expedition under Gen. A. N. Duffie to march one hundred and ten miles to Lewisburg. At the same time (November 1), Averell moved out of Beverly with his command, consisting of the 28th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Col. A. Moor; 10th West Virginia Infantry, Col. T. M. Harris; 2nd West Virginia Mounted Infantry, Lieut. Col. A. Scott; 3rd West Virginia Mounted Infantry, Lieut. Col. F. W. Thompson; 8th West Virginia Mounted Infantry, Col. J. H. Oley; 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Col. J. N. Schoonmaker; Gibson's Battalion and Batteries B and G, 1st West Virginia, Light Artillery, Capt. J. V. Keeper and C. T. Ewing.

Jackson's command at this time was scattered along the Greenbrier, a company at Glade Hill in upper Pocahontas County; 20th Virginia Cavalry, Col. W. W. Arnett, at the site of Marlinton; and Jackson, with the main part of the 19th Virginia Cavalry and Lurty's Battery, was at Mill Point. Col. W. P. Thompson, with a detachment of the 19th, was absent on the road leading over Cold Knob into the Gauley River regions. Gen. John Echols, with the main body of troops, was at Lewisburg.

By Thursday, the 5th, Jackson had concentrated his forces at Mill Point, and had sent word to Echols, who prepared to move to his relief from Lewisburg. Jackson made a stand at Mill Point, forming along Stamping Creek for a mile or more with Lurty's Battery on the hill south of Mill Point. Here a skirmish of some note took place, and Jackson soon fell back to the summit of Droop Mountain, followed by Colonel Thompson and his detachment, aided by Lurty's Battery. That night, with about seven hundred and fifty men, the Confederates looked down on the camp fires of the Federals in the "levels" below.

On Friday, the 6th, about 9 A.M. the command under Echols arrived on the mountain, having made twenty-eight miles

from Lewisburg in twenty-four hours. Echols, as senior officer, assumed general command and placed the First Brigade under command of Col. G. S. Patton, including the 22nd Virginia, Maj. R. A. Bailey; 23rd Virginia Battalion, Maj. William Blessing; 20th Virginia Cavalry, Col. W. W. Arnett; 16th Virginia [Jenkin's] Cavalry, Col. Milton J. Ferguson; and the batteries of Chapman and Jackson; Derrick's Battalion; Edgar's Battalion; and the 14th Virginia Cavalry, Col. J. M. Cochrane.

Averell at once threw out a skirmish line and cleared the way to the foot of the mountain on the Federal side. Shortly after nine o'clock the 10th West Virginia Infantry (largely composed of men who were neighbors of the men in the 19th Virginia Cavalry); one company of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry; and two pieces of Ewing's Battery and 28th Ohio Infantry, under Col. A. Moor, were sent around on a back road about six miles. Here they formed and advanced up the mountain side to attack the Confederate left. This detachment embraced 1,175 men, and was opposed by the 22nd Virginia, 23rd Virginia Battalion, Derrick's Battalion, Kessler's Battalion, and one hundred and twenty-five dismounted cavalry under Capt. J. W. Marshall. The mountain is divided into an almost straight line by a ridge, and into the dense brush and forest first went Marshall's men in a vain attempt to stem the oncoming Federals. Then followed Colonel Thompson and more of the same regiment. The 23rd Battalion entered the woods to support Thompson's left. The 14th Virginia Cavalry soon followed, supported in turn by a detachment of the 22nd Virginia Infantry under the gallant Capt. John K. Thompson, who actually held the line for a short time. But the woods were so thick that no troop movements could be guided, and the Federals drove the Confederate forces back into a cleared section, where, in a space of one acre, thirteen were killed and forty-seven wounded.

About 1:45 P.M., Averell decided, from the disturbance at the Confederate front, that Moor had flanked the left. The 2nd, 3rd, and 8th West Virginia, dismounted, were moved in line obliquely to the right up the face of the mountain until their right joined Moor's left. The fire of Ewing's Battery was added to that of Keeper's and the 19th Virginia Cavalry, and the 22nd and 23rd Virginia Battalions were driven back on the remaining Confederate forces. Arnett and Cochrane, at the center, gallantly defended their positions, but when it was seen that the left had been turned, the whole force fell back under a severe shelling and enfilading fire. In the meantime, a courier had arrived reporting that Duffie, with two regiments and a battery, had arrived at Big Sewell *en route* from Charleston to Lewisburg. Echols and Jackson then ordered a retreat in an effort to get to Lewisburg and gain the James and Kanawha River Pike first. By four o'clock, the road from Droop Mountain to Lewisburg was choked with marching men, cavalry, artillery, and wagon trains.

While twelve Confederate units, regiments, and battalions were opposed to nine Federal units, regiments, and battalions, the number of men engaged were almost even. The Federal loss was 119 and the Confederate lost 275 in killed, wounded, and missing. Among the Confederate dead was Maj. R. A. Bailey, a brave officer of the 22nd Infantry.

Averell was slow to follow up his gain and the Confederate troops escaped by a narrow margin. Echols and Jackson passed through Lewisburg seven hours before the Federal reinforcements from Charleston arrived. On the 7th, the two Federal wings were united at that place, but the Confederates had long before passed over the divide and down into "old" Virginia.



With the exception of a short expedition now and then, this marked the last stand of the Confederacy west of the main Alleghenies, and it was the turning point of the war in West Virginia.

And so, gentle reader, comes to a close an epitome of the battle of Droop Mountain, "a battle in the clouds." Space does not permit a discussion of the human interest stories emerging from this conflict or the careers of the many able men who participated. Of how the young wife of a Confederate officer spent the night searching among the wounded in the Federal hospitals for her husband, who lived to fight many more battles in war and politics. Or the story of Frank Dye, of Wood County, W. Va., who marched up the mountain on the right with the Federals, while his brother, Harrison Dye, with the gallant 22nd Virginia, repulsed Federal onslaughts on the Confederate left.

Two years later found the survivors, mostly West Virginians, back at the old home. By 1872, all citizenship restrictions had been removed and the former wearers of the gray mingled with the men in blue in occupying important places in the councils of the State. And in the writer's generation, the men of that time, with hair turning silvery gray, gathered in groups and passed much good natured "chaff." They recalled "swapping the Wheeling sheet (*Intelligencer*) for tobacco," and when "John carried a letter for me back to my folks in Jackson county," while another put in, "Averell? Yes, I saw him. Why, when he led his men through Romney, my aunt went to him and he put guards around the house to keep stragglers from bothering my folks—and us in the Southern army." Such, was the spirit of the men of the two Virginias, and it was in a large measure the spirit of American soldiers.

So, if travels lead into West Virginia, visit Droop Mountain Park. One may yet see traces of crude embankments, the house used as a hospital in which Major Bailey died, and the spot where he bravely attempted to rally his Virginians. A wonderful view down Locust Creek is to be seen, and far below to the northeast spreads the Little Levels of Pocahontas County, with the village of Hillsboro in the distance. Here may be seen the old Beard home used as a hospital by the Federals, and near it Averell's headquarters. In the summer and early fall, the mountain is often bathed in one of the famous "cloud seas" of the Alleghenies, and those who love the mountains, a sight of flowing rivers, and a bit of the plains, may travel far and wide and not find a more lovely spot.

#### MISSOURI TROOPS IN THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX., COMPANY A, 6TH MISSOURI INFANTRY.

(Continued from August number)

Upon retiring to the north side of Bayou Pierre, the Confederates threw up fortifications to shield them from Federal skirmishers, who were promptly advanced to feel out Bowen's new position. The 6th Missouri left its quarters early enough to take position in line before daylight.

All day during May 2 the two armies confronted each other, with only a narrow stream separating. During the night, however, the Confederates began a withdrawal, which was conducted with such quiet that all were out and well on the road to Edwards Station before daylight. By night the last unit had reached safety across Big Black River. Another day's march brought them to Bovina, a station on the railroad from Jackson to Vicksburg.

From May 4 to 15, Bowen's Division camped near Edwards Station, making one or two excursions to guard against surprise movements of the wily Grant. On the 15th, having been joined by the divisions of Stevenson and Loring, it crossed Baker's Creek and went into camp along the Edwards Station and Raymond Road. In Bowen's front was a cross-road connecting the road to Raymond with the Edwards and Clinton road, near the base of Champion's Hill.

While at breakfast next morning, we noted Stevenson's men marching at quick step along this road toward Champion's. For several days there had been want of agreement between Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who had lately been appointed to chief command in the cis-Mississippi Department, and General Pemberton, commanding at Vicksburg.

Johnston wanted Pemberton to join forces with him at Clinton to attack Grant in front. Pemberton wanted to move south and cut Grant's communications with his supposed base at Bruinsburg, and Pemberton's present movement was with this purpose in view.

Very early in the morning of the 16th, however, he received peremptory orders to move at once toward Clinton, and Stevenson's early start was in pursuance of these orders.

Grant, keeping well informed of this situation of affairs, had already taken steps to take advantage of it. Already McPherson and Hovey were between Bolton and Clinton, Osterhaus and Carr to their left between Bolton and the Edwards and Raymond roads, and Smith and Blair on this road scarcely three miles away.

Studying a map of the position of the Union and Confederate armies this bright May morning, one is struck with the similarity of positions held by the German and Austrian armies at Sadowa, or Koenigratz, seven years later, when Field Marshal von Moltke, with an inferior force, completely overwhelmed the Austrians under Benedic. Here we have the greatest captain of Europe following the strategy of an American soldier who preferred cigars to gold lace. And yet Europe thought America had no military genius.

It is believable that when Pemberton, in obedience to Johnston's orders, started Stevenson toward Clinton, intending to have Bowen and Loring follow, he did not know that Grant's three corps were less than five miles away and Sherman already on the road near Bolton.

It was only when picket firing was heard down the Raymond road that he was put on his guard. Stevenson also heard the alarm and, notified by his flankers that Federal forces were advancing along the Clinton and Edward Station road, made haste to seize Champion's Hill and prepare for an attack.

Bowen formed in line on a broad ridge, his right resting on the Raymond road, his left in the air, with an interval of some three thousand yards separating him from Stevenson's right.

The 6th Missouri, formed left in front, was the last unit in Bowen's left. Stevenson's right was covered by a battery near Champion's house. A Federal battery down the Raymond road opened fire on Bowen's left and center, but over-shot it and did no execution.

Presently we were startled by an outburst of rifle fire away to our left that was both rapid and furious, and we knew that Stevenson was engaged. From our position we could see his flags as they would be carried forward, then borne back as the Union colors were advanced.

Thus the battle raged for an hour, when Stevenson's line seemed to waver along its whole length. Watching this with increasing desire to be sent to Stevenson's relief, we observed a courier dashing toward Bowen's headquarters. Then an



orderly rode up to Lieutenant Colonel Cooper, commanding the 6th Missouri in the absence of Colonel Erwin, who was sick, and delivered an order.

With drawn saber, Cooper gave the command: "Attention, battalion! Right shoulder shift arms! By the left flank, double quick, march!"

All good soldiers well know the thrill that stirred our blood and fired our hearts as this command was put in execution. Our comrades over yonder were dying; their flags—ours, too—were in danger. We must save them!

Our company was on the extreme left and took the lead. Off were we on the double in column of fours. Passing General Pemberton, we gave him cheers, but made no halt to respond to his complimentary greeting. Quickly we reached the Clinton road, bordered by a ten-raïd fence. At the command, "On left by file into line," each company, as it arrived, formed in battle array. To the right was a battery paying its respects to an advancing Federal brigade, and in front of this battery a Federal regiment charging gallantly to capture it.

Without waiting for orders, we turned our guns on this attack, and the 1st Missouri coming into action on our right, the enemy was repulsed. With one impulse we seized the lower rails of the fence, gave a lift and a heave, and sent it sprawling.

In our front was an open field and beyond heavy wood, and the enemy rapidly rallied to receive us in gallant Yankee style. Halting once to dress our line, we dashed into the wood.

Slowly the boys in blue gave ground, we following until we had pierced to their train of ambulances. One bloody wretch in a white shirt drew down his gun on me, but the blanket I had borrowed (?) from General Herron at the Elk Horn Mountain fight arrested his Minie ball, and before I could pull on him another Yank got me in the side, and my captain advised me to get to the rear.

It was the opinion of many that had Loring come into vigorous action at this juncture, the army might have cut its way through and escaped, though at the sacrifice of its train; but that is doubtful.

Osterhaus was still coming into action and McClelland not far away. After four hours' fighting, Pemberton ordered Loring to prepare to cover a retreat and ordered it. By dark the army, badly battered, got across Bakers Creek and rested an hour or two, then took up its march to Black River Bridge, where it occupied a new line of defense.

Apparently this new position was a strong one. Black River Bridge was at the apex of a sharp bend. Half a mile above a lagoon, or slough, some thirty or forty feet wide and possibly ten feet deep with mud and water and precipitate banks set out from the main stream, and a mile below merged into an impenetrable swamp, which, in turn, flowed into the river. The west, or bridge side, of this lagoon was strongly fortified with embrasures on both sides of the rail and wagon road for artillery.

Bowen's Division held the right of this line; Vaughn's Brigade and twenty pieces of artillery the center and left. In front of this position was a level field with timber on its east boundary. Near the rail and wagon roads in this timber, Grant massed his artillery and disposed his infantry for assault as soon as a breach was made in the Confederate works.

Men of many battles told me they had never before been exposed to so deadly a fire as Grant's gunners turned loose on Bowen and Vaughn that morning. When this was followed by a strong infantry assault, Vaughn's command gave way and escaped. Bowen's men, seeing they would be cut off

from the bridges, then abandoned their place and sought safety beyond the river.

A portion of Colonel Gates's regiment had to swim the river to escape capture. The way was now opened for Grant to the defenses of Vicksburg, behind which Pemberton hurried his stricken army.

(Continued in October.)

## CONFEDERATES AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

The following contribution is from Maj. J. Lynch Davis, Sr., Business Manager of the Army and Navy Academy, of Pacific Beach, Calif., who writes:

"In looking over some old papers from my former home, Jonesboro, Tenn., I find the inclosed memorandum, or prospectus, of my uncle, Talbot Greene, who was a captain in the 26th Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., and who was captured at Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862, and was sent as a prisoner to Johnson's Island. You will notice that many of the names listed are of people in and around Nashville, and that it gives the dates of capture, rank, and former residence. I thought this might be of interest to the many readers of the VETERAN, and possibly I might get some information as to whether the work referred to was ever published, and the probability of my getting a copy of it."

This is the "prospectus" and list compiled:

"The undersigned has a work nearly ready for the press, entitled:

'CONFEDERATES ABROAD,

OR

IDLE HOURS ON JOHNSON'S ISLE,

BY A PRISONER OF WAR,'

to which he designs appending a correct list of all the prisoners incarcerated now upon the Island, together with their rank, residence, and State, when and where captured, etc. Gentlemen will please favor me with their names, etc., plainly written so that no mistake may occur in compiling the same, and oblige,

TALBOT GREENE."

W. O. Watts, lieutenant, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Henry, February 6, 1862.

John G. Provines, captain, Fulton, Mo., captured in Missouri, December 25, 1861.

D. H. McIntyre, captain, Fulton, Mo., captured in Missouri, December 25, 1861.

George R. G. Jones, captain, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Henry, February 6, 1862.

Leslie Ellis, captain, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862.

John McLaughlin, captain, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Henry, February 6, 1862.

John H. Handy, captain, Franklin, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862.

Thomas Gibson, lieutenant, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862.

T. Sanders Sale, lieutenant, Memphis, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

J. P. Campbell, ———, Franklin, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

W. R. Culbertson, lieutenant, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

Robert F. McCall, lieutenant, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

Jesse Taylor, captain, Tennessee, captured at Fort Henry, February 6.

William Sweeney, lieutenant, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.



A. L. Berrie, lieutenant, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

R. H. Erwin, lieutenant, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

Thomas C. Banks, lieutenant, Franklin, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

J. A. Haydon, captain of engineers, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Henry, February 6.

J. M. Peacher, captain, Tennessee, captured at Fort Henry, February 6.

R. McG. Southall, adjutant, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

J. W. Wall, lieutenant, Tennessee, captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

F. F. Weed, captain, Pike County, Mo., captured in Missouri, December 9, 1861.

W. W. Salmon, captain, Versailles, captured in Missouri, December 3, 1861.

W. P. McLure, captain, St. Louis, Mo., captured at Lexington, Mo., December 18, 1862.

H. L. Jones, captain, Paducah, Ky., captured at Fort Henry, February 6.

D. S. Martin, lieutenant, Pulaski, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

C. H. Walker, captain, Giles County, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

C. H. Stockell, lieutenant, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

James Simmons, captain, St. Louis, Mo., captured in Missouri, December 9, 1861.

W. S. Duncan, lieutenant, Fulton, Mo., captured in Missouri, December 25, 1861.

A. H. Van Voorhies, medical director, Maury County, Tenn., captured at Fort Henry, February 6, 1862.

Robert Andrews, lieutenant.

J. P. Caldwell, captain, Missouri, captured at Silver Creek.

W. R. Clarkson, captain, Missouri, captured in Missouri, December 21.

E. L. C. Bridges, lieutenant, Tennessee, captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

J. G. Hamilton, lieutenant, Mississippi, captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

J. R. Stevens, lieutenant, Mississippi, captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

William H. Inge, captain, Mississippi, captured at Warsaw, February.

Dan D. Phillips, lieutenant, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Island 10.

Sam M. Thomson, captain, Nashville, captured at Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862.

E. W. Harlow, lieutenant, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

J. W. Morton, lieutenant, Nashville, captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

J. B. Austin, lieutenant, Tennessee, captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

William E. Jamison, captain, Missouri, captured at Blackwater, December 19.

J. W. Bryan, lieutenant, ———, captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

J. P. Kirkman, lieutenant, Nashville, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

E. W. Hammond, lieutenant, Giles County, Tenn., captured at Fort Donelson, February 16.

F. A. Rogers, captain, Boonville, Mo., captured at Blackwater, December 19.

## THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

BY MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, GAINESVILLE, FLA.

"The South is a land that has known sorrows; it is a land that has broken the ashen crust and moistened it with tears; a land scarred and riven by the ploughshares of war and billowed with the graves of her dead; but it is a land of legend, a land of song, a land of hallowed and heroic memories," wrote Edward W. Carmack, that brilliant Tennessean, son of a Confederate veteran.

Virginia Frazer Boyle, a daughter of the Old South, Poet Laureate of the United Confederate Veterans Association and its sister organization, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, gave us a song deep crooned in the hearts of all born under the magical Southern Cross:

### "MY SOUTH.

"Thou art my own, my beautiful, my love.

I blame thee not what clouds may come to me.

I give my faith into thy trustful arms;

All that I am, or hope, I yield to thee.

I trim my taper but to seek thy shrine,

With thee I smile, with thee I breathe my sigh.

Yea, as thou goest, loved one, I will go,

And when thou diest—beautiful—I die."

In 1861, when the Southern States formed a separate government, there sprang into existence with the army of defense of that brilliant young Confederate nation the Ladies Aid Societies.

All over the South patriotic women banded together for woman's work. They purchased the material and made the clothing, as well as uniforms, for the soldiers. They assisted the Ordnance Department, they provided hospital supplies, they knitted socks, they cut up their carpets to improvise camp coverings, they wrote letters, they procured medical supplies, they furnished food and other comforts and delicacies for Confederate troops passing to and from the front, they gathered and transmitted important information, they nursed the sick, they buried the dead; they comforted the bereaved, they heartened the despondent, they strengthened the weak, they builded and kept sound that remarkable rear line of national defense, the Women's Line, that dependable bulwark of moral courage, surprising ingenuity, undaunted cheer, and sublime faith. The Ladies Aid Societies of that period were the prototype of our modern Red Cross in the World War.

In 1865, the Confederate States of America, under overwhelming odds, staggered at Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865, with the Army of Northern Virginia under Gen. Robert E. Lee; they recognized the inevitable at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865, with the Army of Tennessee under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston; they saw defeat of their cause at Mobile, Ala., May 4, 1865, under General "Dick" Taylor; and finally capitulated at Baton Rouge, La., May 26, 1865, with the Army of the Trans-Mississippi under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, who signed the final articles of surrender of the last army of the Confederacy on board the United States Steamship Jackson, off Galveston Harbor, June 2, 1865.

When surrender was forced upon the South, it accepted in all good faith "the terms of surrender" agreed upon only to find their sought-for paths of peace were to lead through a Gethsemane of Reconstruction which was the cause and means that created the "Solid South." Might had enthroned a conquering political party at Washington, which, to legalize



its former acts of usurpation, ordered the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments to be added to the Constitution of 1787, to which all conquered States were compelled to subscribe in order to exercise their statehood, so that the citizens of a State, by the vote of its citizens, should be governed by the citizens of that State, and the military control and carpetbagger government of them be forever done away with.

\* \* \*

In 1865, when the South's disfranchised soldier citizens returned to their devastated homes in a sorely stricken land, they began to build upon the ashes of the old a South which has grown to be, as our government industrialists of to-day declare, the greatest of all American assets.

In the rebuilding of the South, its women took an active and glorious part and realized through it their broader service for Dixie. Into their rebuilt households these daughters of the South carried their Holy of Holies to again set up their family altars, whereon they placed with the open Bible, the Constitution of the country, with the thrilling story of the South's prestige and glory and their family traditions.

Thus, in 1865, their work in the Ladies Aid Societies being completed, we see those Ladies Aid Societies merging into the greater one called "The Ladies Memorial Association."

Necessity, as well as sentiment, created the Ladies Memorial Associations, for it was early and clearly realized that the South must care for her soldier dead as well as for her maimed and needy veterans of the War between the States. Therefore, these Memorial Associations began their work of gathering together the bodies of fallen heroes of the South buried on battle fields or in isolated places, and through their efforts many were brought back to their home towns and placed beside their kin, in God's acres, where their graves were kept green and covered with flowers.

Thus, out of the depths of their poverty, out of the fullness of grieving, crushed hearts, the women of the South, through their Ladies Memorial Associations, instituted that custom which has now become a beautiful world custom of annually placing flowers, with appropriate ceremonies, upon soldiers' graves.

The Ladies Memorial Associations succeeded in having this "Sabbath Day of the South" made a legal day for such observance through their various State legislatures, and upon this day the chosen orator holds up before the youth of the land the virtues and heroic deeds of the Confederate soldier for their veneration and emulation, and to tell the old, old story, the wondrous story, of the South's part in building and in preserving our great American republic. To-day our hearts thrill as we witness the "torch flung from dying hands in 1776," which was caught by our forebears and by them held aloft during the War of 1812, the Seminole Indian War, the Black Hawk War, the Mexican War, and again in the Spanish-American War and the World War.

The day most universally observed in the South is April 26, this date being selected for one reason because it was on this day that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston surrendered his army and the South realized the fall of the Confederacy; another, because it is at the time of the year that the wild flowers of the South are in their perfection. A few of our Southern States have had to choose another date for their Memorial Day, whichever comes nearest to their flower zenith, but Memorial Day will ever remain a precious heritage custom for the men and women of the South.

Soon these Ladies Memorial Associations began to enlarge their work by erecting monuments commemorating their

heroes and the South's great battles, until it has been said that "in the South more monuments have been erected to the Confederate soldier than have been erected to any other soldier who fought in any war."

The honor of having organized the work under the name of the Ladies Memorial Association is yet a friendly disputed question, but it rests between two splendid Associations in two splendid sister States, the Ladies Memorial Association of Columbus, Ga., the city whose "Columbus Guards" formed the escort of honor to President Davis at his inaugural, and the Ladies Memorial Association of Montgomery, Ala., the "Cradle of the Confederacy," where the first Soldiers' Home was established by Dr. and Mrs. Carnot Bellinger, the parents of Mrs. E. P. Dexter, Alabama State President of the C. S. M. A., and grandparents of Mrs. Belle Allen Ross, Auditor General of the C. S. M. A.

A wonderful work of accomplishment has been the reward of the Ladies Memorial Associations, some seventy of which were federated in May, 1900, at Louisville, Ky., as the "Confederated Southern Memorial Association," the pioneer organization of its kind.

From the records of the Recording Secretary of the New Orleans Ladies Memorial Association, Mrs. John G. Harrison, is secured the following information: In 1900, when the U. C. V. held their reunion in Louisville, Ky., the call was made by the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Ark., to unite in one body all Confederate Memorial Associations of Southern women. This general meeting was held in the music room of the Galt House of the convention city, Miss Julia A. Garside, of Fayetteville, Ark., presiding, while Miss Sue Walker, of Arkansas, stated the object of the meeting. Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, was unanimously elected President. Mrs. Margaret McD. Wilson, of Atlanta, Ga., is now President General. Of the honored veterans who wore the gray so nobly and bravely, in convention assembled, these women asked the great pleasure and esteemed privilege of holding their annual reunion at the same time and place. This stirring appeal was made by Mrs. Lizzie Pollard, President of the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Ark. The brave women of the South whom it eulogized were accorded the favors so patriotically requested by the United Confederate Veterans Association, through Maj. Gen. John B. Gordon, their Commander in Chief. Ever since that May day, the C. S. M. A.'s convention call is always included in that of the veterans, who thus divide honors with their sister organization.

In 1868 Mrs. John Logan, after witnessing a Memorial Day in the South, at Petersburg, Va., was so impressed with the sacredness of the thought which had created it, as well as beauty of the flower-covered mounds at Hollywood and Petersburg, where each Southern grave was marked by a tiny Confederate flag, that she derived the idea which her husband, General Logan, of the Federal army, carried out in the North's Decoration Day.

The question is continually coming up since the World War, "why not one Memorial Day in our republic? Let us unite and adopt May 30 Decoration Day?"

Logically, this could never be, for the two days commemorate two opposite memorials, just as Armistice Day brings to us now the memory of "crosses, row on row, on Flanders Field." Let this question forever be settled. Let all people know the history of Memorial Day, and no more will this question arise. Let not the South barter a golden memory of its priceless heritage. Never should Memorial Day and Decoration Day be associated in one. The one is an institution of the South for its Confederate dead, the other



of the North for its Federal dead. Let us of the South sacredly hold to our Memorial Day in honor, not only to the Confederate soldier dead, but to our mothers of the South, the ladies of the Memorial Associations, who brought into the life of the world Memorial Day with its beautiful customs and memories, which foster citizenship. Let us hold Memorial Day a sacred trust to hand down to future generations, for our Memorial women ask no greater tribute at the hands of their children's children than the annual observance of our Southern Memorial Day.

### HOW THE HUNS LEARNED WAR.

BY BERKELEY MINOR, SR., CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

In the August VETERAN, Miss Nannie Davis Smith, a niece of President Davis, tells the story of Father Mullen and General Butler, giving Father Mullen's bold declaration to Butler that he'd "cheerfully bury the whole Yankee army" when Butler called him up and charged him with refusing to bury one of his soldiers. Let me complete the story, gotten from Julia LeGrande's diary, kept by her in New Orleans.

Butler said to the priest: "Do you know, sir, that I can send you to Fort St. Philip and keep you there?" "And do you know, General Butler, that I can send your soul to hell and keep it there?" Butler let him go unrebuked. Miss LeGrande says that Butler had many Irish Catholics in his army, whom he could not afford to offend. Was ever the "Power of the Keys" more righteously used?

The following gives a contribution to the *Times Dispatch*, of Richmond, Va., by Peter J. White, of that city, who says:

"A recent writer in your columns over the signature of 'Westerner,' in writing of President Lincoln, says:

"There is no historical basis for assuming that Lincoln had any intimate knowledge of the destruction in the Valley."

"What the aforesaid writer means by 'intimate knowledge' I do not know. He also says: 'Neither does Sheridan record in his memoirs that he had burned four hundred and seventy-nine barns, and mills in the Valley of Virginia well up into the thousands, taken horses and mules, etc., and had reported this information to Lincoln.'

"I have never seen Sheridan's memoirs, but in 'Rebellion Records' (so-called), Series 1, Part 1, Volume 43, he will find as follows:

"CITY POINT, VA., July 5, 1864.

"To Major General Halleck: Make all of the Valley of Virginia south of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad a desert as high as possible. U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General*."

"HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, August 5, 1864.

"To Maj. Gen. D. Hunter: In pushing up the Shenandoah Valley, it is desirable that nothing be left to invite the enemy to return. Take all provisions and stock wanted for use of your command. Such as cannot be consumed, destroy."

"U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General*."

"August 16, 1864.

"To P. H. Sheridan, Major General: When any of Mosby's men are caught, hang them without trial.

"U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General*."

"He caught six of Mosby's men and hanged them at Front Royal, and Mosby caught six of Sheridan's and promptly hanged them in retaliation.

"CITY POINT, VA., August 16, 1864.

"To Maj. Gen. P. H. Sheridan, Halltown, Va.: If the war is to last another year, we want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste. U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General*."

"HARRISONBURG, VA., September 29, 1864.

"Lieutenant General Grant, City Point, Va.: Torbert (a cavalry general) returned by way of Staunton, destroying according to your original instructions to me.

"P. H. SHERIDAN, *Major General*."

"On October 22, 1864, Mr. Lincoln telegraphed Sheridan from Washington, as follows:

"Major General Sheridan, with great pleasure I tender to you and your brave army the thanks of the nation and my own personal admiration and gratitude for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19, 1864.

"Your obedient servant,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

"As to the operations of his 'brave army,' let Sheridan speak for himself in his own language.

"Sheridan to Grant, October 7, 1864: 'I have destroyed over 2,000 barns filled with wheat, hay, and farming implements, over 70 mills filled with flour and wheat.'

"On the same date, he again telegraphed Grant, as follows:

"October 7, 1864.

"When this is completed, the Valley (of Virginia), from Winchester to Staunton, ninety-two miles, will have but little in it for man or beast.

P. H. SHERIDAN."

"On November 24, 1864, he made a fuller report of his 'operations' in the Valley, which is too lengthy to copy here, but I will mention a few additional items:

"Sheridan to Grant. Reports from August 10, 1864, to November 16, 1864:

"I have destroyed 435,802 bushels of wheat, 20,000 bushels of oats, 77,176 bushels of corn, 874 barrels of flour, 20,397 tons of hay, 10,918 cattle, 12,000 sheep, 15,000 hogs, 12,000 pounds of bacon and ham, 7 iron furnaces, etc."

"These are the 'operations' of Sheridan's 'brave army' (of four men to Early's one) in the Shenandoah Valley for the month preceding Mr. Lincoln's telegram of congratulation, on October 22, 1864, yet 'Westerner' says, 'There is no historical basis for assuming that Lincoln ever had any intimate knowledge of the destruction wrought in the Valley.' In other words, that Lincoln was congratulating Sheridan for something he knew nothing about.

"Sheridan to Grant, October 11, 1864:

"The refugees from Earley's army are organizing guerrilla parties and are annoying me very much. I know of no way to exterminate them except to burn out the whole country and let the people go north or south."

"To paraphrase an expression of Horace, 'Westerner' may believe it; I don't. Sheridan in his report does not mention a single dwelling house burned, yet there were about twenty-five or thirty destroyed, some of them the finest in the Valley, some of which I saw in flames myself, and could give names. Some of the men burning houses were caught before they could get away and were shot, for I saw them myself.

"Grant to Sheridan:

"Send a division of cavalry through Loudoun County to destroy and carry off the crops, animals, negroes, and all men under fifty years of age capable of bearing arms.' (One wonders what would become of the women and children, especially, since, to quote Sheridan's own words, 'A crow flying over the Valley would have to carry his own rations.')

"It seems to me that the 'astounding, crass ignorance prevailing in some quarters of the South concerning Lincoln's religious belief' is paralleled, if not exceeded, by Mr. Lincoln's



crass ignorance of the 'operations' of the armies of which he was commander in chief, and which were led by his pet lieutenants—Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant—in their campaigns of invasion, pillage, and destruction, unequalled in any civilized country since the Middle Ages, in my opinion."

How little the men whose exploits are preserved and set forth in the "Records of the Rebellion" thought that they would be so preserved and published to the world by a Republican Congress, which knew not what they contained!

"For 'tis the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petard:"

(Hamlet, Act III, Section 4.)

"Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

(Twelfth Night, Act V, Section 1.)

Query: Does Lincoln deserve the grand memorial at Washington?

## THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

Though the request for information on the "Underground Railroad" did not bring any response from the Southern viewpoint, several readers of the VETERAN wrote of what they knew of it as told by Northern writers who were in sympathy with such methods of securing freedom for the slaves. Mrs. Emma M. Wells, of Chattanooga, Tenn., sends the following:

"The 'Underground Railroad' was a term made common in the United States prior to the War between the States, denoting a secret method of conducting negro slaves from the Southern States to the free States of the North and Canada. Between the Ohio River and the Great Lakes were many abolitionists, who gave shelter and assistance to escaping slaves, and their homes were known as 'stations' of the 'Underground Railroad.' Among those who were patrons of the underground system were William Lloyd Garrison; Wendell Phillips, T. W. Higginson, and F. B. Sanborn."—*The Americana*.

"In a very lengthy paper, which shows that it required much labor, Prof. Wilbur H. Siebert, A.M., has given an account of the underground railroad in Ohio. This paper was read at Trinity Parish House, Columbus, Ohio, November 13, 1893, under the auspices of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, and extracts from the paper are here given:

"The 'Underground Railroad' got its name as follows: 'A fugitive named Tice Davids traveled one of the Ohio routes in 1831, from Ripley to Sandusky. He set out upon his journey with his master, a Kentuckian, at his heels until the Ohio River was reached. The runaway started swimming across, while the master searched for a skiff, and found one in time to keep the fugitive in sight, landing only a few minutes behind him. His subsequent hunt failed to find his property, and the master was mystified. At his wit's end, he said: 'That nigger must have gone off on an underground road.' The aptness of the title was seen at once, and the rapid transmission of the story within and beyond the State soon fixed this designation on the 'system.' After 1835, the name naturally changed to 'Underground Railroad.'"

"It is difficult to tell where the underground railroad took its rise. From one of Johns Hopkins University studies, A. C. Applegate found reference to the fact that the Society of Quakers in Philadelphia, as early as 1786, tried to liberate a slave, the property of a Mr. Dably, of Alexandria, Va. General Washington stated in a letter written at that time that the society was formed for the protection and the aid of fugitive slaves.

"Professor Siebert, in his research, found that the 'railroad' system extended through the Northern States from New England to Iowa and Kansas, and in the Southern States there were no less than four great lines of travel North used by the departing slaves. One was along the coast from Florida to the Potomac. This line was difficult to travel, as it passed through swampy country, but the travelers had the assistance of settlers, negroes who had taken refuge there. The second line was that protected by the great Appalachian Mountains, a rugged, lonely, but comparatively safe route to freedom. 'Harriet Tubman, a negro woman who made her escape without assistance, is said to have taken out several thousand slaves by this route' ('John Brown and His Men,' by Richard J. Hinton).

"The 'Valley of the Mississippi' was the third great channel for slave egress northward. The fourth route running from the southwest slave section, through Kansas, Iowa, and Northern Illinois to Chicago, was created 'a bolder way of escape.'

"Some of the officers of boats engaged in the coastwise traffic between Southern and New England ports carried away slave passengers to Newport, Providence, Boston, Portland, and other coast towns. There were twenty-three ports of entry for runaways along the Ohio River. Thirteen of these admitted the slaves from the two hundred and seventy-five miles of Kentucky shore, while the other ten received those from the one hundred and fifty miles of Virginia shore. The period of operation was from 1816 to 1835 or 1840. Towns and villages where Covenanters, Wesleyan Methodists, and Free Presbyterians had churches were stations of the 'Underground Railroad,' almost without exception. Professor Siebert measured on the map of Ohio the miles of road, and found between twenty-eight hundred and three thousand miles. On account of the demands of secrecy observed by those connected with the organization, no records were kept, but it is estimated that from forty thousand to eighty thousand slaves were assisted to freedom.

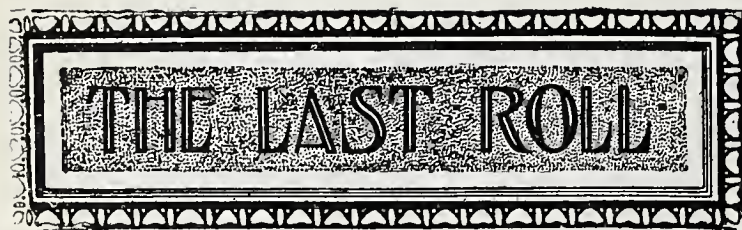
"In concluding, Professor Siebert wrote that 'as one unearths section after section of the old lines, however, and learns about the faithful service of many brave operators, one cannot avoid the conviction that the half has not been told.'"

Judging by the stories told by Levi Coffin, "The Reputed President of the Underground Railroad," in his book giving "a brief history of the labors of a lifetime in behalf of the slave," some records of their work must have been kept, else he drew from a lively imagination or retentive memory. The other side of his stories of "slave stealing" would doubtless show why emancipation was retarded at the South. The abolitionist's creed was force rather than coöperation in bringing this on gradually. Who can give something on the other side?

FULLY PROVIDED FOR.—It is told that Stonewall Jackson once ordered one of his colonels to attack a certain strong position, but the colonel hesitated, and at length went to Jackson, and said: "General, to attack that position is madness; my regiment will be exterminated." "Colonel," replied Jackson, "do your duty. I have made every arrangement to care for the wounded and to bury the dead."

IN THE THICK OF BATTLE.—A story is told that while a fight was raging, a commander rode up to General Ramseur and asked what time it was. Pulling out his old timepiece slowly, General Ramseur replied: "General, in such an emergency as this, my old watch *never runs*."





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

Afraid of death? When day is done  
We homeward turn to sleep and rest  
Nor grieve about what's lost or won,  
Admitting that to sleep is best.

Then why the turmoil and the strife  
When we approach that last long sleep?  
We rest from what we know as Life.  
How *can* you have the heart to weep?

Afraid of death? I cannot see  
One reason why our friends should weep.  
'Tis peace and rest for you—for me—  
When we lie down at last to—sleep!

—J. Lester Williams, Jr.

THOMAS S. MCCALLEY.

On the 18th of May, 1928, our beloved comrade, Tom McCalley, a devoted member of Camp Wilcox, Birmingham, Ala., was called to his eternal reward after an illness of five days. He had just returned from Little Rock, Ark., where he had attended the reunion, and, with members of his family and many personal friends, he had enjoyed several days of pleasure, meeting many of the "boys who wore the gray," living over with them the days of the sixties.

He was born near Huntsville, Ala., in 1845, joined Capt. O. B. Gaston's Company F. Russell's 4th Alabama Cavalry, a part of General Forrest's old battalion; was with Bragg until detailed as one of Wheeler's secret scouts inside the enemy's lines. After many hardships, he was captured on the skirmish line at Big Shanty, Ga., June 8, 1864; was taken as prisoner to Rock Island, Ill., where he was kept for nine months. From the time of his enlistment until his capture, he was foremost in all the battles and skirmishes in which his command was engaged; an ideal soldier, true to his convictions of duty to his Southland; never on the sick list or absent from duty.

After his release from prison, he joined his regiment at Appomattox Courthouse, Va., and with his brothers, Robert L. and Charles S. McCalley, of the immortal 4th Alabama Infantry, laid down his arms and surrendered with their beloved commander, Robert E. Lee, April 9, 1865. Tom always prided himself on having fought as a "private" and refused all honors and promotions offered him by his Camp, and will be remembered with pleasure by many as the veteran who wore on his hat band this inscription, "One Private Left"; and many hearts will be saddened by the announcement that he has passed over the river to the great beyond.

"And now, cradled upon His breast,  
Sinking to sweetest rest,  
May God have thee safe, dear friend,  
And keep thee so."

ANDY VAUGHAN.

Allow me to pay a just tribute to one of near approach to perfection in duties of citizenship both in war and peace.

Andy Vaughan was ninety-four years old. He had been spared to three generations to exercise his many good qualities by example in the varied scenes of life. He was born and reared on a farm near the corner of three counties in Mississippi—Hinds, Copiah, and Jefferson—but afterwards lived on a farm he owned at Old Auburn, five miles south of Edwards, from which home he entered the Confederate army in 1861, with Company K, of the 45th Mississippi Volunteer Infantry. He became the orderly sergeant, and so served the entire war, his duty being to call the roll, note each soldier's presence or absence and why, to detail each guard or working squad, etc. The members of Company K bore witness during their entire lives to his justice to every member, and he, at the age of seventy, could call the roll from memory and knew the killed of every battle of "Preacher" Lowery's Brigade; fought in Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina. He knew what became of the other members of Company K, but never mentioned the shortcomings of any after peace sent the dove to our Southland, often saying: "Perhaps I, if situated as he was, would have done as he did."

I did not belong to the same brigade as the 45th, but our brigade was ordered to take the place of M. P. Lowery's, and thus relieve those who had borne the edge of a severe attack in Georgia. As we went in, he halloed to us, as he knew the members of our company: "Hold the place! We have some of our dead unburied. I'll be back to take them off." He came with a squad of litter bearers and removed them, and, in that courtly manner he bore through life, he said: "I thank you, boys, and hope to live to see many of you get out of this hot place."

I afterwards became neighbor to Andy Vaughan, a better one I never knew. No one could fill the place of neighbor better than Andy Vaughan, be his neighbor rich or poor, white or black. He joined the Church early in life and lived a Christian all his life. He didn't believe his Church better than other Churches, he did not act as though he believed himself better than other men. He loved all humanity, and avoided all of its evils himself and had an excuse for the erring ones, but not for the error committed. In the days of trouble for his State and county after the war, when we younger men wanted instruction, Andy Vaughan advised us as to firmness, but cautioned us to never commit crime, it mattered not the provocation. "Obey the laws yourselves. Though the laws may be wrong now, they may be repealed in time," was always his advice.

Andy Vaughan joined the U. C. V.'s when we early formed that organization. He became a member of the Edwards Camp, and held his membership there until the Camp passed out of existence by death of members.

A. J. Vaughan died at Jackson, Miss., on June 6, 1928. He was born in 1834, in Copiah County, Miss., at the corner of Hinds, Jefferson, and Copiah Counties. He married early in life Miss Ellen Mallett, of Hinds, who died a few years ago. No children were born to them, but he and his wife helped to educate and care for many children of relatives. He was a farmer for years and kept an open house for his friends. As a soldier he was the last member of Company K, 45th Mississippi Regiment except one, who lost his leg at Spring Hill on Hood's advance on Nashville.

I regret the loss in the passing of courtly manners, I regret the passing of Southern loyalty to home and country, but, like Andy, perhaps they will appear again.

[H. Clay Sharkey, Glen Allan, Miss.]



## GEN. ZACK WARDLAW, U. C. V.

Gen. Zack Wardlaw, commanding the 3d Brigade of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., died on May 10, 1928, at Little Rock, Ark.

He was born December 22, 1844, in Warren County, Miss., and in July, 1861, as a sixteen-year-old boy, he answered his country's call and enlisted in the Hinds County Guards, which was afterwards Company B, of the 22d Mississippi Regiment.

His company was in the terrible winter campaign of Kentucky when, for several months, measles, mumps, pneumonia, and the dread contagious spinal meningitis reduced the regiment to less than half its fighting force. The hardships at this time were more demoralizing than in the final campaign in Georgia, for there was not shelter from the intense cold of a Kentucky winter, not sufficiently warm clothing to protect them, and, in addition, they were not inured to hardships of any kind.

From the battle of Shiloh, in which the company had a part, until the last gallant charge at Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865, the company was in as constant fighting as any Mississippi command in the Confederate service, and won as much renown. Perhaps the greatest compliment was in being selected as members of Featherston's Brigade, by General Walthall, when he picked his men at Columbia, Tenn., December 20, 1864, to act as rearguard infantry for the retreating army. With Forrest's Cavalry, this company remained in the face of the enemy until the rest of the army had gained two-days start. On the retreat they were in battle with their pursuers at Albany Hill and Sugar Creek. So close was the enemy that no time could be spent in cooking, so for three days they lived on hard-tack and raw bacon. Very little sleep was to be had, and each morning, when reveille sounded, the whole army was found covered with snow. Many of the soldiers were ragged, and some barefooted, yet they waded the Tennessee River. Zack Wardlaw used to say: "Forrest marched us just like we were horses, and we kept up with his horses, too."

No private ever more deserved the honor of being a brigadier general in the U. C. V. organization than did Zack Wardlaw, yet when he donned his uniform of general, he said to a friend: "I did not win these stars; I was only a private. They are just an honor."

Since the war his activities and relations had been many and varied. For years he was a member of the Board of Trustees of Mississippi College, faithful to attend every meeting possible. During the Whitfield administration, he served Hinds County in the legislature. He had been for many years a deacon in the Utica Baptist Church, and its interests were his delight.

The first impression he always made on strangers was his gentlemanly bearing. It was a delight to be in his home and enjoy his fellowship. Soon after the war, he married Miss Laura Cook, from the home of her sister, Mrs. W. T. Ratliff, at Raymond. To this union two daughters and a son were born, the latter dying several years ago. His second wife



GEN. ZACK WARDLAW.

was Mrs. Mahan, of St. Louis, Mo., a former resident of Utica, who preceded him in death less than a year.

While attending the Confederate reunion at Little Rock, Ark., in his office as Commander of the 3d Mississippi Brigade, U. C. V., he slipped on the marble stairway at Hotel Marion, striking his head on the sharp edge of the step, from which injury he never regained consciousness, dying shortly afterwards. He had enjoyed the singing at the hotel, and had just requested the singing of his favorite song, which was:

"My latest sun is sinking fast,  
My race is nearly run,  
My strongest trials now are past,  
My crown is almost won.  
O, come, angel band,  
Come and around me stand;  
O, bear me away on your snowy white wings  
To my immortal home."

[Miss Mary Ratliff, Historian Mississippi Division, U. D. C.]

## J. R. BLOCKER.

J. R. Blocker, beloved Confederate veteran of Jacksonville, Fla., aged eighty-five years, passed away April 12, 1928, after a short illness, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. C. Wood, Fort Meade, Fla.

He was born February 27, 1843, and was reared in Tallahassee, Fla., he being the eldest son of Capt. Haley T. and Mary Jane Blocker.

In the War between the States, he served in Company E, 2nd Florida Cavalry, under his father, who was captain of this company.

After the war, Comrade Blocker was connected with his father in the lumber business at what is now known as Curtis Mills, Fla., later selling out and moving to Carrabelle, where he was with the Franklin County Lumber Company for a period of thirty years or more. In September, 1924, he went to Jacksonville to make his home with his eldest son, Haley T. Blocker.

Mr. Blocker was twice married, first to Miss Mary E. J. Darracott, of Quitman, Ga., in March, 1867. Of this union there were five children of whom two sons and a daughter survive him. His second marriage was to Miss Sarah E. Henry, of Waukeelah, Fla., who also survives him with one daughter.

J. R. Blocker was the soul of honor and integrity. He lived up to the golden rule as completely as any man. Faithful to every trust in private and public life, loyal and ever ready with a kind word and a cheery greeting, he has made a place in the hearts of his associates which time and the changing of years cannot change.

Interment was in the Carrabelle Cemetery, from the Methodist church, and with Masonic honors.

## B. J. BENEFIELD.

The death of Comrade B. J. Benefield, at Jefferson, Tex., on August 6, marks the passing of the last but one of the members of Gen. Dick Taylor Camp, No. 1265, U. C. V., of Jefferson, Tex. This Camp was organized May 10, 1892, with over one hundred members and some fifteen or twenty joined afterwards. Comrade Benefield was a lieutenant in Churchill's Regiment, the 1st Arkansas Mounted Rifles. He was a faithful soldier in war and loyal and useful citizen in peace.

[Davis Biggs, Adjutant and last surviving member of Gen. Dick Taylor Camp, No. 1265, U. C. V.]



## WILLIAM HENRY PASCOE.

In the passing of William Henry Pascoe, on June 30, 1928, the city of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana have lost a citizen of whom they may well be proud.

Mr. Pascoe was born of English parents, in Wilkinson County, Miss., November 18, 1846. He received his early education at Fairfield English School, and, on the breaking out of the War between the States, he enlisted, but was refused on account of his youth.

In 1862, he joined Stockdale's Battalion of Cavalry, and his command was assigned to duty at Port Hudson, participating in all the cavalry's fights during that memorable siege, and was in the Battle of the Plains, when Miles's Legion, Power's Cavalry Brigade, and Boone's Battery held Augur's Division in check for a day. After the fall of Port Hudson, young Pascoe's command, with others, was ordered to Jackson, Miss., and the battalion, having been consolidated with Wilburne's Battalion, formed the 4th Mississippi Cavalry and for a time was attached to Gen. Wirt Adams's Brigade. This command saw much hard fighting on Sherman's raid to Meridian.

The 4th Mississippi was transferred to Forrest's Cavalry Corps and was a part of Mabry's Brigade, Buford's Division, and was with General Forrest until the surrender at Gainesville, Ala.

After the war, Comrade Pascoe went with his father's family to New Orleans, where he entered the law office of Nicholas Commander, and, after a course at the Louisiana Law University, was admitted to practice law, in which he ever upheld the dignity of his profession.

He was an officer in the White League, Colonel Allen's regiment, was long a member of the Association of the Army of Tennessee and took an active part in its work. He was among the Confederate veterans who attended the great reunion at Gettysburg in 1913.

He was a member of the State Democratic Central Committee during the Reconstruction era; and of the world-famed Continental Guards, being the last of its officers to survive.

He was a violinist of note, a man of extensive travel, a wide reader, and a brilliant conversationalist. Surviving him are his wife and a son.

## WILLIAM K. EARLY.

At Galax, Va., on July 18, 1927, William Kenny Early departed this life, at the age of eighty years. He was one of the most prominent citizens of Carroll County, and a close relative of Gen. Jubal A. Early. He had been ill for five months, and bore his sufferings with the same patience and courage which had sustained him as a Confederate soldier and honorable citizen of the commonwealth.

William Kenny Early was born April 8, 1847, at Hillsville, Va., and on June 1, 1863, at the age of sixteen, he entered the Confederate army as a private in Company F, of the 37th Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, his superior officers being Captain Run, Col. A. C. Dunn, and Brig. Gen. W. E. Jones. He was honorably discharged from the service on the 14th day of April, 1865.

After the war, he returned to his home at Hillsville, Va., and took up his duties of farming and cattle raising. In 1902, he sold his farm and moved to Galax, Va., and went into the retail lumber and coal business. He was married to Miss Mary Louisa Belo, of Salem, N. C., September 3, 1872, and to this union four sons were born, all surviving him. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Galax, Va.

## B. L. STEVENS.

B. L. Stevens, of Boykins, Southampton County, Va., died at his home there on June 7, after several years of failing health.

At the age of eighteen, B. L. Stevens entered the service of the Confederacy, joining Company H, 41st Virginia Regiment, Mahone's Brigade. From the beginning of the war to the close at Appomattox he gave his service as a faithful soldier of the South, taking part in many battles, among which were Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Bristow Station, Spotsylvania, Wilcox Farm, in the Wilderness campaign, the Crater at Petersburg, and on to Appomattox. Then he walked the entire distance back to Southampton to take up life anew where he had left off at the call to arms.

Comrade Stevens was married to Miss Lurany Cox, of the Whitehead community, and they had been together for nearly sixty years. Seven children were born to them, of whom two sons and two daughters survive him, with the faithful wife; also twelve grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. Through his long life he was a member of the Baptist Church, and he was also one of the few members left to the Urquhart-Gillette Camp, U. C. V., of Norfolk, Va.

## CAPT. WILLIAM L. RITTER.

One of the oldest of Maryland's Confederate soldiers passed with the death of Capt. William L. Ritter, on December 21, 1927, at his home in Reisterstown, near Baltimore, at the age of ninety-two years. He had been very active until the last year, despite his failing eyesight, and was ill but a short time before the end.

Though born in Pennsylvania—near Chambersburg, Franklin County, August 11, 1835—the life story of William L. Ritter is interwoven with the history of Maryland, for five generations of the family were born and reared in that State, his ancestors having settled in Anne Arundel County in 1650. Shortly after the Revolution, the family removed to Pennsylvania, where the immediate ancestors of William L. Ritter married and reared families, but his own parents returned to Maryland in 1847, and he grew up in that State. When the War between the States began, he enlisted in the ranks of the Southern army and fought for the Confederacy to the last. He served with the 3rd Maryland Artillery, was wounded three times, and rose to the rank of captain, succeeding to the command when Captain Rowan was killed at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. His command was the only Maryland unit to serve with the Western army, and it was distinguished for intrepid conduct at Franklin and Nashville; he also saw service before Vicksburg. Captain Ritter was the last surviving commander of a Maryland force in the War between the States.

He was also the oldest of the governors of the Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md., and was the secretary of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States. In past years, Captain Ritter had contributed of his war experiences to the VETERAN, and he will be remembered as an interested and faithful friend to the publication. He was deeply interested in the movement to pay tribute to the women of the Confederacy through the erection of a memorial to them in each State of the Confederacy, and gave of his time and means in forwarding that movement.

Captain Ritter was married three times, his first wife being Mrs. Sarah Howard Rowan, the widow of his beloved captain and comrade in arms, John B. Rowan, killed at Franklin, Tenn., whom he married in November, 1867. His last wife, who was Miss Florence Herring, survives him.



## DR. G. E. STOWERS.

After a long and useful life, Dr. G. E. Stowers passed away at his home at West, Tex., October 5, 1927. He was born in Hancock County, Ky., February 25, 1839, of Virginia ancestry, his paternal grandfather being an officer in the Revolutionary War.

In the latter part of 1860, G. E. Stowers began the study of dentistry under a practicing dentist at Panola, Miss., but when war was declared between the States, he enlisted for the Confederacy, in April, 1861, joining the company known as the Panola Guards, Company H, 9th Mississippi Regiment, under Capt. Brown Moore and Col. James Chalmers. In the same month the regiment was ordered to Pensacola, Fla., Gen. Braxton Bragg commanding the post. A few days later this company was ordered to Fort McRea, where it remained about six months in siege artillery. In February, 1862, the regiment was ordered to Cumberland Gap, Tenn., Gen. Kirby Smith, commander. Later in the service, G. E. Stowers enlisted in Company B, 14th Battalion of Mississippi Light Artillery. He was in battle two days at Corinth, Miss., also when Sherman attacked Vicksburg.

After the war, he again took up the study of dentistry, graduating at the Ohio College of Dental Surgery at Cincinnati, in 1872. He practiced several years in his native State, Kentucky, then moved to Texas, November, 1887, where he continued his practice in dentistry until the advanced age of eighty-five years.

He was married to Miss Martha Hargrove, of Dinwiddie, Va., May 11, 1876, at Livermore, Ky., and to this union were born ten children, nine of whom survive him, with his faithful wife. He was a member of the Masonic order about sixty-five years, and had been a devoted Christian since early manhood. As had been said of him, "he was a prince among men," and when he went hence, left behind him a heritage more precious than gold.

## TEXAS COMRADES.

The following members of Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., Houston, Tex., have died since April, 1927: A. D. Sullivan, Company H, 2d Arkansas Regiment; O. F. Wimberly, Company G, 5th Louisiana Cavalry; W. H. Alsup, Company L, 19th Alabama Infantry; J. H. Hutchinson, Company B, Brown's Regiment; D. Kemp; A. H. Tollar, Company K, 18th North Carolina Infantry; H. Armstrong, Company B, 6th Georgia Infantry; J. H. Harris, Company H, 3d Georgia Infantry; D. Hacker, Company H, 3d Georgia Infantry; H. Hampel, 4th Texas Battalion, Light Infantry; James O'Dell, Company C; E. T. Ethridge, Company D, 29th Alabama Infantry; G. W. Wacey, Company I, 6th North Carolina Infantry; R. M. Guinn, Hood's Texas Brigade.

*Honorary Members.*—Miss Lou Salter, Mrs. C. J. Wolkart. [Mrs. L. C. Lichenstein, Assistant Adjutant, Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V.]

## MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

The following members of Beauvoir Camp, No. 120, U. C. V., at Biloxi, Miss., have passed since last report:

J. C. Bridewell, January 1, 1928; Henry Hutchens, January 2, Montgomery's Mississippi Scouts; M. F. Baxter, June 6, Company E, 20th Mississippi Regiment; W. W. Roberson, March 6, Company K, 4th Mississippi Cavalry.

[R. C. Wilson, Commander; M. D. Herring, Adjutant.]

## A COMRADE'S TRIBUTE.

In memory of John A. G. (Chuck) Anderson, of Marietta, Ga., who died in 1927, the following comes from B. H. King, of Fort Meade, Fla.:

"He was loyal to the Confederacy, he was loyal to his town, he was loyal to his friends, and everybody was the friend of Chuck Anderson.

"At one time a journalist of Illinois was making a trip through Georgia, over the famous 'Sherman Route.' The battle fields of Kenesaw Mountain, Cheatham Hill, and New Hope Church being near Marietta, the party was entertained by the citizens of this place. Chuck Anderson was a livery man and had his tallyho with four fine gray horses to escort a party of ladies to the various battle fields. During the ride they asked to be shown the Confederate monument, which did not exist at the time, but he escorted them to the center of the National Cemetery and, upon their explaining that they wanted to see the Confederate monument, he exclaimed, 'If all of these dead Yankees are not a monument to the marksmanship of the Confederate soldiers, I do not know where to find one.' They enjoyed the joke very much.

"On another occasion, a tourist from Boston hired a horse from him and rode out to view the town. He came back thoroughly disgusted at not finding a large city. Chuck told him the population was at least twenty-five thousand, and upon being asked where they were, he said that there were eighteen thousand dead Yankees there.

"Chuck was a wonderful judge of horse flesh and kept the best that could be had. He was also an expert judge of humanity, always ready to help the poor and needy. He was generous, big-hearted, and while not a member of any Church, he was loyal and inclined to the Presbyterian. At one time he was very sick, not expected to get well, and the Presbyterian minister called to see him. He asked if they should have prayer and called for a Bible. Now Chuck never possessed a Bible, but he called his negro servant and asked who had borrowed his Bible. In a few days the Church presented him with a Bible.

"Much could be written on his ready wit and his numerous sayings, which made him a noted character of Marietta and one widely beloved."

**MARYLAND VETERANS.**—Writing of the death of Capt. William L. Ritter, a Maryland Confederate, Col. Oswald Tilghman, of Easton, Md., says: "I am the last surviving Confederate veteran now living in Talbot County, Md. On the monument to the 'Boys of the South' from this county, standing in front of our courthouse in Easton, there are eighty-three names, including those of Gens. Isaac R. Trimble and Charles S. Winder. During the siege of Port Hudson, La., in 1862-63, I was one of four officers in the Rock City Heavy Artillery—and the only one who survived the siege. The others were Capt. Fred Williams, Lieutenants Bledsoe and Penix, all of Nashville, Tenn. I celebrated my eighty-seventh birthday on March 7, 1928."

## ROBERT E. LEE.

Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender;

But with superb endurance, present, past,

Our pure Commander, lofty, simple, tender,

Through good, through ill, held his high purpose fast,

Wearing his armor spotless—till at last,

Death gave the final, "Forward."

—Mrs. Margaret Junkin Preston.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: On the 27th of this month, we celebrate the birthday of Raphael Semmes, a commander of distinguished ability, skilled in seamanship and all points of marine construction. He was also a master of international law, a polished scholar, and possessed of a personal magnetism which bound his men to him with "hooks of steel." The United Daughters of the Confederacy have placed a portrait of this great admiral in the *Salle de L'Alabama*, Geneva, Switzerland, and his birthday, the last of the Confederate "Days of Observance" before the annual convention, serves each year as a gracious reminder that the season is approaching for us to render, one to another, an account of our stewardship.

On September 21, which will be the "sixty" days required by the Constitution, U. D. C., the Treasurer General will send all Division Presidents a list of the Chapters in their Divisions which have not paid their per capita dues "on or before March 1" of each year. The books of the Treasurer General must close October 21, 1928, thirty days before the convention, and Chapters whose per capita is not in the possession of the Treasurer General, Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Box 556, Richmond, Va., on or before that date, "will be debarred representation in the convention (Section 7, Article V, U. D. C. Constitution).

All per capita must be accompanied by "a typed list of each member upon whom the dues are paid." The form for your convenience in making these lists may be obtained from the chairman of the Credential Committee, Mrs. L. U. Babin, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

The chairman of the Department of Records asks that I appeal to all Chapters, when making their membership list, to give the maiden name in full. The convention in Charleston, 1927, authorized "the inauguration of a card index file." This is absolutely necessary unless we are to lose, from wear and tear following the handling of the papers, the most precious records of our organization. The file is now being installed, and Mrs. Higgins finds these typed lists of members invaluable in her most arduous task.

The chairman of Transportation, Mrs. W. T. Allen, has furnished you the circular of information covering the reduction in rates to Houston. Practically all railroads will sell tickets November 14 to 20, inclusive, final limit November 30; rate one and one-half fare for the round trip. This reduction is on the certificate plan, and certificates may be secured from your State President or chairman of the Transportation Committee.

A rate of one and three-fifths fare for the round trip to Houston, may be secured with a thirty-days limit, instead of

one and one-half fare for the November 30 limit, should you so desire.

The circular from the Transportation Committee gives the railroad schedules from various States, with an opportunity of spending a day in New Orleans *en route*, arriving in Houston 9 A.M., Sunday, November 18. The route as outlined in this circular is purely optional, the reduction in rates applying over all railroads. Mrs. Wilcox, general chairman of the local committee, Houston, writes that the Sunday morning service will be held in Christ Episcopal Church, at eleven o'clock. This will be a peculiarly inspiring service, as the church has the proper setting and atmosphere. The local committee is preparing many attractive diversions for the delegates, including a visit to the San Jacinto battle ground; and the official chairman, U. D. C., Mrs. Ezell, is arranging a most interesting business program.

The Rice Hotel, Houston, will be headquarters of the convention and gives the following rates:

Single rooms with bath, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, \$6.

Double rooms with bath, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8.

Double rooms with twin beds, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9 (two persons).

Large room, with bath, 4 people to the room, \$2 per person.

This hotel can easily accommodate, without crowding, one thousand delegates.

The Recording Secretary General reports the following Chapters chartered since January 1, 1928: No. 1960, Maj. John D. Allen, Dixon Springs, Tenn.; No. 1961, Capt. Henry W. Hart, Carthage, Miss.; No. 1962, Sidney Lanier, Cleveland, Ohio; No. 1963, Private Soldier, Nashville, Tenn.; No. 1964, Sam Davis, Smyrna, Tenn.; No. 1965, Laura Wesson, High Point, N. C.; No. 1966, Bethune, Bethune, S. C.; No. 1967, Anne Carter Lee, Bristol, Va.; No. 1968, Don Segars, McBee, S. C.; No. 1969, Dixie Chapter, Archer City, Tex.; No. 1970, Marion County, Winfield, Ala.; No. 1971, Pat Cleburne, Cleburne, Tex.; No. 1972, Ridgeway, Ridgeway, N. C.; No. 1973, Christoval, Christoval, Tex.; No. 1974, Red River, Clarksville, Tex.; No. 1975, Spring Hill, Wagram, N. C.; No. 1976, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Forrest City, Ark.

Mrs. Bashinsky is performing a much-needed and constructive work in clearing the records of the various divisions and, through them, the books of the Recording Secretary General.

Many Chapters, so long out of existence as to be unknown by the present division officers, have been dropped from the list, and in some instances inquiry in the community has resulted in the reorganizing of Chapters long inactive.

Should the Committee on Education, or those interested in this far-reaching department of our activities, become at any time depressed, or weary in well doing, we should find our incentive for continuing to "carry on" in the record of our



one-time Washington and Lee "boy," Fitzgerald Flournoy, who, on July 21, received his M.A. degree at Oxford. His mother, who is the Historian of the Virginia Division and was with him when this well-merited honor was bestowed, expresses deep appreciation for the interest of our organization, writing that with every honor which comes to Dr. Flournoy, they are grateful to the U. D. C.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Through the press, tidings reached us of the death, in the early days of August, of General Foster, Past Commander, U. C. V. It is a source of deep personal regret that the knowledge of the passing of General Foster did not reach us in time to have a representative of the official family U. D. C. at the funeral, or a floral expression of our respect and regard.

Those who were privileged to be with the Commander in Chief at the reunion in Little Rock will remember always the gentle face, deeply lined with suffering, borne without a murmur of complaint; and in General Foster's sacrifice of self in the performance of duty, find an inspiration to more consecrated living. For him, "the night is gone, and angel faces smile.

Very cordially,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Florida.*—Florida Division's publicity page in the *Florida Times-Union*, for the month of June was dedicated to Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States. The page featured an article of interest on the services of Jefferson Davis to the United States, enumerating also the many practical accomplishments for which the United States is indebted to Jefferson Davis; the page also carried a splendid picture of the statesman and soldier.

Daytona Beach Chapter, Mrs. W. E. French, President, held a most enthusiastic meeting at the home of Mrs. N. Y. Boris, when the Chapter celebrated the first birthday anniversary and delightfully entertained the Division President, Mrs. Franklin L. Ezell, who gave an inspirational address.

In May, Lakeland Chapter, Mrs. Olive Inmann, President, held a splendid meeting at the Elks' Club. The gathering was a group meeting with Plant City Chapter and Father Ryan Chapter, of Bartow, attending.

Mrs. Ezell, Division President, gave a splendid talk on the aims and objects of the U. D. C., setting forth the high ideals of the organization.

The annual dinner for Confederate veterans of Manatee County, given by the Judah P. Benjamin Chapter, was an outstanding feature of last month. A beautiful program was enjoyed. Colonel Knowles, of Bradenton, was the speaker of the day. His subject was "Jefferson Davis." Colonel Knowles made a splendid talk, and every one enjoyed the tribute to our great statesman.

[Mrs. Julius A. Lamb, Editor.]

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*Georgia.*—The Georgia Division announces the winners in the Historical Essay Contest, as follows: First prize (girl)—Miss Annie Lou Holcomb, of the Fort Valley High School; first prize (boys)—David Potter, of Richmond Academy, Augusta, Ga.; second prize (girls)—Miss Mary Johnson, West Point High School; second prize (boys)—Robert Taylor, Rayle High School.

The first prize for girls was a season at Camp Dixie for Girls at Clayton, Ga. The value of this campship is \$450. The first prize for boys was a season at Camp Dixie for Boys, near Wiley, Ga., its value being the same as that of first prize

for girls. The usual essay medals were given as second prizes.

Mrs. J. L. Beeson, Milledgeville, Ga., is chairman of the Historical Essay Contest in the Georgia Division, and it was through her efforts that these prizes were secured. Mr. A. A. Jameson of Atlanta, was the most generous donor.

Unusual interest was shown in the contest this year, many high schools in Georgia being one hundred per cent.

The Georgia Division is making preparations for the annual convention to be held in Atlanta, October 23, 24, 25. The Georgian Terrace Hotel will be headquarters for the convention. Under the leadership of Mrs. Trox Bankston, President, the Division is doing splendid work this year and indications are that the convention will be a most inspiring one.

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*Kentucky.*—Meetings of the First, Second, and Third Districts were held consecutively, as follows: Paducah on the 5th, Earlington on the 7th, and Confederate Home, Pewee Valley, on the 9th of June, with fine attendance at each place.

At the First District, reports were heard from Morganfield, Princeton, Mayfield, Hickman, Fulton, Cadiz, and Paducah. Mrs. J. C. Wiseman told of the reunion at Little Rock and the splendid entertainment given delegates and visitors.

The meeting at Earlington on the 7th was featured by the presence of a veteran, Mr. Jeff Adams, who had reached the ripe age of one hundred years, and whose birthday a few weeks previous, had been celebrated as a gala occasion by the town of Madisonville.

Mrs. L. McFarland Blakemore, of Hopkinsville, Past President of the State, gave a vivid sketch of the building of the monument to the one hundred and one Confederate soldiers buried in the Hopkinsville cemetery. The shaft is the gift of a comrade, John C. Latham, of New York; now he rests in a splendid mausoleum near the sacred spot that he marked. Mrs. R. T. Stowe told of the Jefferson Davis Highway. The Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview was discussed and the following Chapters reported: Earlington, Elkton, Fairview, Guthrie, Hopkinsville, Madisonville, and Owensboro.

On the 9th of June, the Third District meeting was held at the Confederate Home, Pewee Valley. Mrs. Stone, President of the Confederate Home Chapter, opened the meeting and presented Mr. McFarland, Commandant of the Confederate Home, who extended a most gracious welcome. Mrs. Fowler gave a most interesting talk, in which she stressed especially the educational work. All present were guests at the Home for a most delightful luncheon.

Confederate Memorial Day was held at the Confederate lot at Pewee Valley on June 10.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter held its memorial services at Cave Hill Cemetery at the Confederate lot, with an eloquent address by Mr. Wilson Wyatt, of Louisville.

[Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, Louisville.]

\* \* \*

*Louisiana.*—The new President of the Louisiana Division, Mrs. F. P. Jones, of Leesville, has sent out her first circular letter, setting forth her desires concerning the Division and the general organization. If each member would do as she asks, the Division would soon cover every phase of the U. D. C. activity. It would be fine if all would do as she concludes her letter: "Think deeply, speak gently, love much, laugh often, work hard, give freely, pay promptly, pray earnestly, and be kind. That's enough."

After this, if there's one request of hers to be added, it is: "Answer letters."



*Louisiana.*—An outstanding work of this Division is securing through the legislature now in session, \$210 "back pay" to those on the Confederate Pension rolls, which has been due for several years.

In unison with the Louisiana Confederate Memorial Association, the Division is asking this legislature to appropriate \$2,800 to the Louisiana Room in Richmond, Va.

Mrs. L. U. Babin, of Baton Rouge, past Division President, and Mrs. A. A. Anding, of Opelousas, President Jefferson Davis Highway Association of Louisiana, were guests at a breakfast in Houston given by local U. D. C. during the National Democratic Convention held there.

[Mamie Graham, Editor.]

\* \* \*

*Maryland.*—The Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of Frederick, Mrs. H. O. Nicodemus, President, held a very large and enthusiastic meeting on June 2, the Division President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart being the guest of honor. Before the meeting, Mrs. Iglehart was entertained by the Division Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. George E. Smith, with a beautiful luncheon. The President talked to the Chapter about the work of the Division and the wonderful work of the General Organization.

Baltimore Chapter No. 8 held a large and brilliant meeting on June 3, Mrs. Henry J. Berkley, the President, presiding. Four Crosses of Honor were bestowed. Company A, First Maryland Cavalry Chapter, of Ellicott City met June 11, the meeting being well attended and full of enthusiasm. The President, Miss Martha Clark, entertained in honor of the Division President before the meeting, and Mrs. Talbott was hostess at the reception at the end of the meeting. Encouraging reports come from all of the Chapters.

Much regret has been expressed because of the continued illness in the family of Mrs. Jackson Brandt, Custodian of Flags and Pennants and because of the illness of Mrs. James W. Westcott. June 22, 1928, we held our U. D. C. semiannual convention in the Red Senate Chamber at the State House. We certainly met with a Southern Maryland welcome.

[Marion Lee Holmes, Division Editor.]

\* \* \*

*Massachusetts.*—The Cambridge Chapter has just completed the first year of its existence, a most successful year in every respect. In spite of our organization just being effected and facing the usual empty treasury of a new Chapter, we managed to send a delegate to the convention at Charleston, and a substantial pledge was made there to the Relief Fund.

Our President, Mrs. J. C. Janney, sent out a letter during the year to each Division President, assuring them that if any friend or relative of any member of the U. D. C. were in Boston or Cambridge in school and needed assistance, or advice of any kind, the Cambridge Chapter would count it a pleasure and a privilege to assist in any possible way. Most cordial letters of appreciation were received from various State Presidents in response to this offer.

In May, a card party was held at the home of Mrs. Janney, which proved to be a most delightful as well as profitable party, as the Chapter cleared eighty dollars from the sale of tickets.

Mrs. Janney resigned as President at the May meeting, and Mrs. R. H. Chesley was elected President of the Chapter. Under her efficient leadership, we look forward to another successful and happy year of work. Mrs. Chesley has been appointed chairman of the Rules and Regulations Committee covering the Houston convention by the President General.

[Emma Cracraft Aldridge, Historian.]

*North Carolina.*—The Daughters of the North Carolina

Division are to meet for their annual convention in the city of Greensboro during the second week of October, and as this is the close of the fine administration of Mrs. Walter F. Woodard, a most interesting session is anticipated. Mrs. Woodard is urging the Chapters to check over their year's work now, in order to see if there are any causes overlooked or pledges unpaid. District Directors and Chapter Presidents will now send their reports in competition for the prizes offered for the work accomplished during the past year, and all historical essays must be in the hands of the Division Historian by September 15.

In spite of the hot weather, another Chapter has been chartered, Spring Hill, at Wagram, Scotland County, and a wide-awake number of lassies of Scotch descent compose the membership. Fine work is expected of this Chapter. Others are being organized in Greensboro and Fayetteville.

A number of objects are being finished before convention, among them being the restoration of the grave of Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew, under the direction of Mrs. Alfred Williams, First Vice President of the Division. The monument marking General Pettigrew's grave has been put in proper condition, and the Daughters feel that a sacred duty and trust has been accomplished.

\* \* \*

*South Carolina.*—The State reunion of Confederate Veterans was held at Bennettsville, in June, and about two hundred and fifty veterans enjoyed much warm hospitality. In the parade was Gen. W. A. Clark, of Columbia, who, despite his eighty-six years, marched with much of the vigor of his soldier days. The President of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., Miss Marion Salley, of Orangeburg, marched with General Clark, at the head of this honored line.

The Ridge Spring Chapter honored Col. Robert B. Watson, of Ridge Spring, on his ninety-second birthday, and presented him with a handsome arm chair. Colonel Watson was very prominent in service during the war. He still lives quite an active life and is very fond of horseback riding. For several summers he has made a trip to Greenville, S. C. to visit his son, going this distance of over one hundred miles on his favorite horse.

An elaborate party was given by the Olin Pooser Chapter, of Cameron, for the Girls of the Sixties, in the colonial home of Mrs. Tom Moss. A special feature of the program was the singing of a group of songs of the Confederate period by a group of young women in costume of those days.

The Springfield Chapter recently went to the Confederate Home, Columbia, S. C., and spread a beautiful picnic dinner for the sixty veterans and fifteen widows and others of the Confederate Home. Mrs. Mike Gleaton, Chapter President at Columbia, writes that two of the active Chapter members, Mrs. Anna Gleaton, seventy-three years, and Mrs. Sumpter Porter, seventy-five years old the day of the picnic, accompanied the party. Baskets of peaches were given the inmates.

The Robert A. Waller Chapter, of Westminster, offered a gold piece as a prize to the high-school student who gave the best written report of the observance of Memorial Day, as carried out by the Chapter. The prize was presented at commencement.

The Dick Anderson Chapter, of Sumter, has presented its high school with a handsome picture of Gen. Wade Hampton and two flags. The Chapter has also given valuable assistance to the school library.

To bring good cheer to the hearts of veterans unable to attend the picnic given by the Mary Ann Buie Chapter, of



Johnston, these veterans were visited by groups of the Daughters, each carrying dainties, and the afternoon was spent in pleasant conversation, music, and songs.

The Stephen Elliot Chapter, of Beaufort, will make an effort this summer to mark every unmarked grave of a Confederate veteran that lies within its range of activities.

The John Y. Dupre Chapter, Mount Pleasant, had its July meeting as a "Red Letter" day in honor of Dr. John Y. Dupre, for whom the Chapter is named. This noted old gentleman was present, and a fine program was carried out.

County meetings are being held by Chapters, and some splendid objectives are being planned by groups of Chapters. These meetings are of one day, and fine highways aid in large attendance.

The State Historical Committee is stressing vacation time as a very good time for gleaning historical data and writing essays for general and State prizes.

The Educational Committee has given much publicity to the scholarships available, and there is much interest among the young people in this very splendid means to aid those so deserving.

[Zena Payne, Director of Publicity.]

\* \* \*

*Tennessee.*—The annual convention of the Tennessee Division will be held in Morristown, October 10-12, with the Sam Davis Chapter of Morristown as hostess. Mrs. Lowndes Turney, President of the Division, has issued the convention call, and invitations have been sent to the President General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, and Past President Generals to be guests of the convention.

An interesting work is now before this division in the furnishing of the Sam Davis Memorial at Smyrna, sponsored by the Chapters at Smyrna and Murfreesboro, and the Confederate room in the War Memorial Building in Nashville, and in gathering relics, books, etc., for them. The Nashville Chapters have gotten the room in order and hung pictures. This room will fittingly show Tennessee's part in the Confederacy.

\* \* \*

*Virginia.*—The successful meetings held in the six districts of the Virginia Division augur well for the work of the organization. Each of these was largely attended and much enthusiasm prevailed among the delegates, many of whom had come from a distance to learn about the work.

The work of the historical department is worthy of special mention, as it has taken on new life under Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, who was elected historian at the State meeting in Winchester.

Mrs. Bruce, chairman of the committee on Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries, is working earnestly to secure a contribution from every Chapter for the purchase of the Library of Southern Literature to be placed in some foreign library.

The Clarksville Chapter recently held its first open meeting, and a very interesting one, as the President, Mrs. S. B. Barrow, took up various questions about the work of the organization in order to acquaint the visitors with the aims and purposes of the U. D. C.

The Confederate battle field marker at Rude's Hill, in Shenandoah County, was unveiled in July, the exercises being conducted by the Chapter at Woodstock. The marker, constructed of bronze and native limestone, was erected by the Virginia Battle Field Marker Association, and is located on an eminence four miles north of New Market, adjacent to the Valley Pike.

The annual convention of Virginia Division will be held in Alexandria the first week in October. Officers are getting their work in shape and the District chairmen are endeavoring to have every Chapter make a report of its work.

Many Chapters have been sponsoring reunions of Confederate veterans, serving sumptuous dinners to these survivors of the gray. Culpeper Chapter gave a delightful dinner in honor of Mosby's men.

The work of Richmond Chapter for the year has been mostly historical and commemorative. On January 19, at a memorable service in the capitol, in the room where Gen. Robert E. Lee received his commission as commander of the military and naval forces of Virginia, Crosses of Honor were presented to seven veterans of the Confederacy, and Crosses of Military Service were presented to eleven soldiers of the World War, among them being Commander Thedore Gordon Ellyson, whose mother is a charter member of Richmond Chapter. He served with distinction in the Naval Air Forces during the World War, and was recently lost in a flight from Hampton Roads to Annapolis.

Another interesting feature of the year with Richmond Chapter was the return of the flag which floated over the capitol on that fateful April 9, the return of which was procured through the instrumentality of Mrs. William B. Newell, member of the Chapter.

Richmond Chapter mourns the loss of many good friends in this year—Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, whose life was so identified with the Chapter; Mrs. Archer Anderson, one of its oldest members, widow of Col. Archer Anderson, Mrs. John T. Hughes, who recently died at the age of eighty years—for fifteen years she served as secretary of the Oakwood Memorial Association, and was its President for a quarter of a century; Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, honorary member of the Chapter, who gave liberally of his time and means to the Chapter, and remembered it by a substantial bequest.

[Mrs. Anne V. Mann, Editor.]

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

MRS. JOHN H. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

#### U. D. C. Topics for September

Confederate Officers formerly in the United States Army.

#### C. of C. Program for September

Make a study of the port of New Orleans, La.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., 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. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
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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REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

*My Dear Coworkers:* After the heat of summer, and with the return of September days, you will be planning for future activities, and may we not stress the remembrance of the Confederate mother in your midst in all your future plans? Seek out and bring any in your community to your first meeting; give them the place of honor in your meetings, and in providing for their pleasure, you will be writing history into the lives of your members that will live long after you have passed to your reward of "well done, good and faithful servant." And do not forget the dear old veterans in your midst. The answer to the Last Roll call during the few short months following the reunion forcibly reminds us that the days are gliding swiftly by for us to enjoy the privilege of having these dear heroes in our midst. Brighten every day for them as life ebbs to a close, surrounding them with evidences of the affection and honor so deservedly theirs.

## GATHERING HOME.

In the going home of our beloved Past Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Gen. J. C. Foster, the passing is not only keenly felt by his comrades, but every Southern organization feels deeply the loss of the sympathetic, inspirational leader. He loved with rare devotion the cause for which he gave the best years of his life. A follower of the lowly Nazarene, his deep humility, childlike faith, and the abiding love for his people, with broad, conservative ideas, gave him a place apart in the hearts of his people. The support which he gave so understandingly to the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, in recognition of his devotion to his idolized mother and wife, has written a page in our history matchless in its uplifting inspiration, and it gave an added note of joy to service. We shall miss his gracious, kindly presence, as we bow in sorrow with his loved ones to the divine Father's will, realizing that his going was only a gathering home with the countless loved comrades and friends to be forever with the Master whom he loved and served so well.

To his dear family circle we tender our deepest and most loving sympathy, and pray that the beautiful, shining example of faith and trust may enable them to look up and press forward along the same path which leads to immortal joy in a final reunion, which shall know no breaking, but be forever with the Lord.

In the vigor of splendid manhood, the passing of Gen. Henry M. Wharton, former Chaplain General, U. C. V., comes as a distinct shock. Vibrant with life, beloved wherever known for rare and radiant Christian example, we could not associate him with death. Responsive to every call, his cordial coöperation in all that concerned his dear Southland was manifest in his ready coöperation in every plan to serve and honor his comrades. A living example to the younger generation of the dignity, courtesy, and friendliness which characterized the men of the old South, in the memorial hour at the reunions he never failed to carry the message of the cross and the love of the Father in the redemption of the world by his sacrifice. May he reap the rich reward of "well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" and find fulfillment in the promise, "their works do follow them."

MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.

In every town and hamlet of our Southland, in every section—North, South, East, and West—the passing of our Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, will be learned with profound sorrow. Although ill for many weary months, over and over came encouraging reports that caused hope to spring anew, and the unexpected news of her going brings a shock and deepest grief. Truly representative of the Old South, hers was an uplifting, beautiful life, filled with kindness and the joy of service to others.

A wonderful life has drawn to a close, an influence that was a power for good; a mind stored with knowledge invaluable to the South is stilled; but her beautiful influence must and will live in the hearts of the thousands of girl students whom she trained and sent forth to occupy places of responsibility in every section of our country.

"It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die"—and may her splendid example inspire to emulation the young womanhood of our land. Than this she would desire no greater reward for the great sacrifices which she made to history and to education.

A transition from earth to heaven; yet we bow in deepest sorrow over our loss in the going home of our dear Historian General. A voice that never failed in defense of the South is stilled. Great of heart, and brave, she shone resplendent in purity and power; always a wonderful leader among women, she has written her name in letters of gold. Wherever there



beats a loyal Southern heart, from the shores of the Atlantic to the borders of the Pacific, there is sorrow that the life which as a beacon light guided many weary feet to the comforting cross of the lowly Nazarene has passed. We shall miss her voice, her uplifting, sympathetic counsel.

Sleep on, sweet friend. "Good night" but joins a joyous "Good morning" when we shall meet our Pilot "face to face" and be forever with the Lord.

A telegram was sent, with beautiful flowers, to the family in behalf of our C. S. M. A., and the few hastily penned lines but poorly expressed the fullness of a heart which cherished for more than thirty years the sweetest ties of friendship.

Our Vice President General, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, of Memphis, Tenn., cheers us with good news of her recovery from the fall she sustained while attending the D. A. R. conference in Washington, D. C.

A card from the pen of our dear Chaplain General, Giles B. Cooke, encourages the hope of seeing him at the next reunion in Charlotte, N. C.

The many friends of Mrs. Ernest Walworth, of Memphis, Tenn., will be grieved to learn of her serious illness.

Our faithful and beloved Secretary General, Miss Daisy Hodgson, has been resting at her home in New Orleans, and incidentally getting the minutes of the Little Rock convention ready for the printers, and we hope to get them out shortly.

With the hope that each of you have had a restful, pleasant summer and with affectionate remembrance, I am, faithfully yours,

MARGARET A. WILSON.

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Beautiful in every detail were the exercises on July 18, when one hundred and seventy-six Gold Star Medals were presented to the living Confederate veterans of Fulton County by the Atlanta Ladies Memorial Association. The exercises took place in the assembly hall of the Chamber of Commerce, which was decorated with Confederate flags and bunting for this very beautiful occasion, honoring our beloved veterans. Mrs. William A. Wright presided and Dr. Sam T. Senter, of the First Methodist Church, delivered the invocation. A splendid address was made by Gen. J. Colton Lynes, Inspector General, U. C. V. The specially invited guests who honored the occasion with their presence were: Gen. D. B. Freeman, Commander of the Georgia Division, U. C. V.; Gen. W. D. Harris, Commander of the North Georgia Brigade; Mr. G. F. Willis, President Stone Mountain Memorial Association; Mr. Hollins N. Randolph, Past President; Mayor I. N. Ragsdale, Mr. Preston S. Arkwright, Mr. Milton Dargen, President Atlanta Chamber of Commerce; Mr. Benjamin S. Backer, Mrs. A. McD Wilson, President General Confederated Southern Memorial Association; and Mrs. Trox Bankston, State President United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Georgia Railway and Power Company's band furnished the music, rendering beautiful melodies of the sixties.

The Memorial Association is receiving congratulations on its splendid work in raising \$480. Through the President, Mrs. Wright, who has worked untiringly, and whose noble heart and mind is ever alert for the great Memorial, the sum of \$400, subscribed by friends, was raised.

This work is twofold: To honor the living veterans and to aid in the completion of the great memorial "to the valor of the Southern Soldier." Through these liberal contributions there will be enrolled in the book of memory in the Stone Mountain Archives one hundred and seventy-six veterans of

Fulton County, including fifty-two medals presented in April, 1927, totaling two hundred and twenty-eight.

[Mrs. H. B. Smith, Corresponding Secretary, Atlanta Ladies Memorial Association.]

## A LONG-LOST LETTER.

Dean Townes R. Leigh, of the College of Pharmacy at Gainesville, Fla., has received a letter which was mailed to his father, Ebbie Leigh, during the War between the States, and which fell into the hands of the Federals and was taken to Washington, where it was preserved with some others by John M. Griggs, Congressman from Michigan. These letters were given to a friend in Virginia and were recently published in the *Culpeper Exponent*. Seeing this letter to his father, Dr. Leigh wrote for it, and sixty-three years after it was mailed he has received a copy of the letter. It was written by a cousin, Alice Leigh, from Hood Grove, Miss., and is a very interesting account of activities in and near her home, mentioning "twenty or more relatives as visiting the home, some preparing to return to the war, some caring for the wounded, and others preparing supplies and clothing for the soldiers. The marriage of the girls of the neighborhood to wounded soldiers is also mentioned. Although the letter is written as late as April 15, 1865, and mentions that Richmond has been evacuated, high hopes of final victory are still in evidence, as shown in the following extract:

"I have heard of several of the Rock Island prisoners getting home. All I have heard of are anxious to go to their commands and fight the Yankees again. They are said to be more anxious to fight than ever before. I am glad they are so patriotic; hope they will raise the drooping spirits of our people. I am sorry about Richmond being evacuated, yet it may be for the best for us. At any rate we are not subjugated yet."

A high tone of Christianity breathes through the letter here and there, and a lovely and affectionate home life is delineated.

THE OLD SOUTH.—That the social life of the Old South had its faults I am far from denying. What civilization has not? But its virtues far outweighed them; its graces were never equalled. For all its faults, it was, I believe, the purest, sweetest life ever lived. It has been claimed that it was non-productive, that it fostered sterility. Only ignorance or folly could make the assertion. It largely contributed to produce this nation; it led its armies and its navies; it established this government so firmly that not even it could overthrow it; it opened up the great West; it added Louisiana and Texas, and more than trebled our territory; it Christianized the negro race in a little over two centuries, impressed upon it regard for order, and gave it the only civilization it has ever possessed since the dawn of history. It has maintained the supremacy of the Caucasian race, upon which all civilization seems now to depend. It produced a people whose heroic fight against the forces of the world has enriched the annals of the human race, a people whose fortitude in defeat has been even more splendid than their valor in war. It made men noble, gentle, and brave, and women tender and pure and true. It may have fallen short in material development; but it made the domestic virtues as common as light and air and filled homes with purity and peace.—*Thomas Nelson Page*.



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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## THE MANASSAS CONFEDERATE BATTLE FIELD PARK.

Reorganization plans were adopted and officers selected by the board of directors of the Manassas Battle Field Park, Inc., at a meeting on July 28. The election of officers was held as a result of the death of Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, organizer and president of the association.

Officers elected were: President, Col. W. McDonald Lee, of Richmond, Va., former Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans; Chairman of the Board, Dr. Clarence J. Owens, of Washington, former Commander in Chief, S. C. V.; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Roy Price; Shreveport, La., Commander of the Louisiana Division, S. C. V.; Bruce McIntosh, of Leesburg, Va., Commander of the local Camp, S. C. V., and president of the People's National Bank at that place, Treasurer, and the bank made the depository of all funds; R. H. Angell, of Roanoke, Va., Chairman of the Campaign Committee to secure funds for the association as a representative of the general confederation, S. C. V.; and F. R. Fravell, of Ballston, Va., Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings.

An intensive program of organization was adopted, providing for the coöperation of the Federal government, of State governments, of patriotic and military organizations and individuals for the purpose of creating at Manassas a park similar to the National Battle Field Park at Gettysburg.

The plans include the crection of markers, monuments, and memorials on the two fields at Manassas or Bull Run. The Park Association owns one hundred and thirty acres of land on the Lee Highway, approximately twenty-five miles from Washington, and in easy reach of the thousands of tourists who visit Washington and near-by historic points of interest.

## FUTURE ACTIVITIES.

(From report of John Hallberg, commanding Tennessee Division.)

Your Committee on Future Activities of the Sons of Confederate Veterans desires to assure you of the appreciation this committee feels for the privilege of making this report.

In accepting and attempting to carry out this commission, as we feel this commission should be carried out, we beg to inform you that we are "now on the job."

Our mind is concentrated on the principles and pillars upon which this organization is founded, and the objects of attainment which we recommend are in perfect harmony with the record and history of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Our object is to inspire. Constructive criticism was made for one purpose—the purpose to improve.

One of General Pershing's private orders to his forty-two Division Inspectors in the Inspector General's Department of the A. E. F., France, was as follows: "If you cannot improve conditions, make no inspection." This rule can fittingly apply here. We shall keep this rule in mind during the progress of this report, and we shall attempt to "hammer" on those things which need attention, but with the view and hope that we may assist in improving them. On the other hand, we shall gladly bring to the surface every indication of promise and praise wherever we find it.

The skeleton of organization in the Sons of Confederate Veterans cannot be improved upon. The units are as follows: Departments (or Armies), Divisions, Brigades, and Camps. All these units are under direct command and orders of Commanders. Therefore, it is in the selection of these men who command and give orders that the success of this organization depends.

## The Department Commander.

The Commander's field of operation is clearly indicated and prescribed by the number of Divisions he has in his Department. His powers of direction are practically limited to his Division Commanders, therefore the paramount quality of an efficient Department Commander are his powers to inspire his Division Commanders. His responsibilities cannot be delegated to a committee. Committees often exceed their authority, and when this is once done, it is difficult for the Department Commander to again receive that whole-souled coöperation from his Division leaders. In order to carry out his Department campaigns, his headquarters should be located on a "moving pivot"—that is, he must of necessity travel



through the divisions of his command. He must be an organizer. He should visit the large cities in his department and help reconstruct Camps which have lost interest. A real definite good can be accomplished here.

If his headquarters are wholly stationary and if his efforts to command his department are confined to "stationery," then, of course, no advancement can be expected.

## *Division Commanders.*

Upon the Division Commanders falls the brunt of the real work and responsibility. The selection of this man, either by election or appointment, determines the future activities of that division. If the selection is good, the results will be good. If the selection is indifferent, the result will be indifferent.

He should be a man well acquainted with the people of the State he represents. He should possess broad vision and be able to cope with every circumstance which might arise. His unit being individual and created for the purpose of individual campaign work, he should be a real leader in his State. His local affairs only require mentioning in the reports to the higher officials, consequently he is called upon to render important decisions on all his local matters. He should possess ceaseless devotion for this character of work. His heart must be fired with the love of the principles upon which our organization is founded.

He must sacrifice his time, and if no provision is made for division headquarters expense, he must also sacrifice his own money in order to properly carry on the work. He must also be an organizer. He should without hesitation accept invitations to visit every Camp in his division, or have his personal representative go and speak in his stead. He should keep his Camps well informed, stressing particular emphasis on local matters of interest happening in his division.

## *Brigade Commanders.*

The Brigade Commander should cease to regard himself as a Commander purely "on paper." His daily contact with the people of the two congressional districts included in his Brigade jurisdiction should make it possible for him to turn in some good constructive work. He can be of inestimable service to his Division Commander.

There is a purpose for this office, otherwise the office would not have been created.

## *Camp Commanders.*

Upon the Camp Commander falls the heaviest burden and greatest privilege of reaching the actual comrade of our organization. His work is usually confined to one city or county. He sees his membership daily and his contact gives him wonderful opportunity of keeping the Camp evenly balanced and the membership satisfied. He should be well informed as to what is going on in the organization. He is the mirror of opinion of his organization. He reflects in a sense their views, their desires, and their sentiment. A monthly meeting should be steadfastly maintained. The time and place would naturally vary, but should be within easy reach of all the members in point of time and location.

## *Camp Work.*

The measure of a Camp's success is the amount it has contributed to the joy, happiness, and pleasure of its members and the serious pursuit of the indestructible principles of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. The biggest boost for a Camp is its Spirit of welcome, comrade meeting comrade with faces kindled with the flame of joy, and their arms, like the old pump handle, "sadly in need of repairs."

Put enthusiasm in the meetings. Comrades find no joy in welcoming comrades who fail to express joy. We fail to please because we find no pleasure. If you show lots of life, your surroundings will brim over with the very same thing. Entire Camps have been transformed with enthusiasm. It is not entertainment to entertain enthusiasm. Enthusiasm entertains itself.

Extend the work of the Camp. Extend the work into the individual lives of the members. Make the members feel that the Camp is their home and in a large measure will extend its protection and hearty interest to them. More hearts to-day are hungry, empty, and aching for the priceless gifts money cannot buy. Heart gifts, thought gifts, and love gifts, manifested in sincere sympathy, honest encouragement, and brotherly love. Make the Camp a love camp.

## CARE OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Undaunted and undismayed, the Confederate veteran is marching into the sunset. His comfort, his welfare, his pleasures, even his remaining years, are in our hands. To us he looks for support, guidance, and consolation. Our attendance to his individual needs will be measured by the amount of sincere love we feel toward him and our sacred duty. The heart which is brimming over with affection will be found rendering whole-souled service.

Shall our veterans become objects of charity? Have we forgotten that they once lived in a prosperous Southland in homes of wealth and luxury? Are we to forget their homes and business interests were reduced to nothing during those long years of war. The call of service found them at the front. This call of service should find us at the front to-day.

Let us render our serious support to every Confederate bill before the Southern legislatures. Let us seek an increase in the amount of their pensions. The statistics of Tennessee show that one-third of the veterans who were living eight years ago have passed down the road. This opportunity and privilege of service is surrounded with limitations, the greatest of which is the limitation of time. Our help should be immediate. The "zero hour" is now.

Let us throw a protecting arm around the poor, unfortunate veterans. Let us provide care and comfort for them and their families. Let us prosecute a campaign for general renewed interest, and base it upon an unselfish service. Let our inspiration be born anew in the loyal affection we bear for those brave defenders of the flag of Dixie. Let us wage this campaign with whole-souled coöperation and thereby render unto those who follow us in life a full and complete account of the priceless inheritance we have received from these gray heroes of ours.

## JOINT MEETINGS.

As often as convenient, the Sons should hold joint meetings with the Daughters and Veterans. Patriotic programs featuring short speeches, songs, and old-time dances should be renewed. There should be love feasts for the veterans. Their eyes will sparkle with the flame of appreciation. Their hearty laughter will indicate their full enjoyment. Their quickened heartbeats and tears will give full evidence of the gratitude they feel at the sight of scenes and the sound of music of those far but never-to-be-forgotten days.

These functions should celebrate the birthdays of some of our famous leaders in civil and military life. The object of these meetings is to broadcast joy to our veterans.

We all respect our flag, but let us show our colors. Let us use our flag in our parades and use it in our meetings. That is the purpose for which it was made.

(To be continued.)



## HEROES OF THE PRISONS.

BY GEN. J. A. YEAGER, COMMANDING TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

The memorial address by J. Lester Williams, S. C. V., at Oakwoods Cemetery, Chicago, Ill., as published in the *VETERAN* for July, was an inspiration to me. I have personal knowledge of nearly everything that happened at Camp Douglas from June, 1863, to February, 1865. It was heroic to remain in Camp Douglas rather than desert the cause we loved so well by taking the oath that was always open to us, and return home to live the life of a deserter the rest of our lives. Some did this, but the greatest number preferred death rather than disgrace. I suffered perhaps more than the average man there, as I had two bed mates to die uncalled for and unnatural deaths, the last that of a cousin. The solicitation of a heart-broken mother caused my father to make a trip from Kentucky, with the oath already prepared, to take me back home with him. The guard told me my father was outside the prison walls and wanted to see me. I was soon ready to go with him, but he told me he had a paper for me to sign before I could see my father, and I found it was the oath of allegiance to the United States. I wrote to my father that disgrace to me was worse than death. He wrote back that my mother would perhaps not survive the shock, but I told him I was sure I would some time see my mother, and so he returned home.

Oakwood Cemetery is the product of the Camp Douglas prison at Chicago, where there were thirty thousand prisoners, and six thousand of the number are buried in Oakwood, most of them in unknown graves. These men met their deaths from many causes, all of them young, from twenty to forty years old. Much has been said and written about the treatment of prisoners at Andersonville, Ga., but the records show that more men died at Camp Douglass from various causes than at Andersonville, in proportion to the numbers in prison. In the last two years of the war, food was scarce and hard to get at Andersonville.

Every veteran, Son, and Daughter of the Confederacy should take the *VETERAN*. What a wonderful magazine we would have if we could gather into its columns all the facts of our history that should be known."

---

THE CAUSE OF THE SOUTH.—When I think of him, and men not unlike him, and think that even they could not save us; when I see that the cause which called out all their virtues and employed all their ability has been permitted to sink in utter ruin; when I find that the great principles of constitutional liberty, the pure and well-ordered society, the venerable institutions in which they lived and for which they died, have been allowed to perish out of the land—I feel as if in that Southern cause there must have been some terrible mistake. But when I look back again upon such lives and deaths; when I see the virtue and the intellect and the courage which were piled high in exulting sacrifice for this very cause, I feel sure that, unless God has altered the principles and motives of human conduct, we were not wholly wrong. I feel sure that whatever may be the future, even if our children are wiser than we, and our children's children live under new laws and amid strange institutions, history will vindicate our purpose, while she explains our errors; and, from generation to generation, she will bring back our sons to the graves of these soldiers of the South, and tell them—aye, even in the fullness of a prosperity we shall not see. This is holy ground; it is good for you to be here!—*William Henry Trescot.*

## GRAY COAT AND TOYS.

(Reflection on Two Wars—1865–1918.)

BY CHARLES BLEVINS DAVIS

Toys are playthings  
Of children, they say,  
But to me they're mem'ries  
I can't toss away.  
A childish voice  
Once gladdened my heart,  
Until of myself  
It became just a part.  
The anvils of war  
Beat far and near—  
And Laddie-boy went,  
Feeling no fear.  
Across the seas  
To a foreign sod,  
He fought, and fought—  
Fought his way to God!  
It's the call of the blood,  
That's all I can say;  
His grandfather fought  
In a coat of gray.  
Both fought for the things  
That they thought were right—  
For truth and peace—  
'Twas an honorable fight,  
But God to his kingdom  
Took Laddie back home,  
And left just the toys  
And me here alone.  
The old wooden soldier  
Is all covered in dust  
And most of his playthings  
Show signs of rust.  
I gently caress them  
And lay them away,  
For, maybe, his spirit  
Will come back to play.  
And, guarding his toys  
Is that old coat of gray—  
Why, they talk of life's trials  
Most every day.  
Old Gray Coat says:  
"Son, I did my best!"  
And the Toys reply:  
"'Twas a noble quest!"  
I pray this prayer  
For Gray-Coat and Toys—  
"God give them their rest,  
Sweet peace for our boys."

---

From Mrs. Florence Browne Turlington, Accomac, Va.:  
"It is with pleasure that I renew my subscription to the *VETERAN*, and I am training my boy to love its pages, and I hope as long as 'tis published it will come to my home. My grandfather was Dr. Peter Fielding Browne, a surgeon in Chimborazo Hospital, Richmond, Va., during the war. My father followed Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and my uncle was in the navy and on the last Confederate cruiser, Shenandoah. So, you see, I love every page of Confederate history, and my twelve years' file of the *VETERAN* is very precious to me."



JUNE.

When woods are green with bud and bloom  
That come from leafy June,  
I hear the music of the spheres  
On ether waves atune  
Come ringing through the wooded glen  
From little feathered throats,  
Through which the soul of melody  
Pours forth its vibrant notes.  
When roses red and roses white,  
Some pink as morning sky,  
Raised lovely heads, I wondered not  
That love, bold love, drew nigh  
And claimed them for his very own  
Upon their natal day,  
Where they, on June's warm pulsing breast  
In fragrant beauty lay.  
—Adelaide Black Bartine, in Canadian-American.

W. B. Hill, Kingsport, Tenn., Box 818, wants copy of "The Immortal Six Hundred." Let him know price, etc.

WANTED.—To purchase books, pamphlets and letters about the South (especially Tennessee) and the War between the States. Confederate Stamps bought in any quantity.

MONTGOMERY COOPER,  
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A PRAYER OF SPRING.

Lord, let me look at life with eyes of Spring.  
Let me not see the dying and decay  
That days of autumn bring,  
But fix my gaze on resurrection, life  
Returning fresh from out a seeming death.  
May my heart swell with all such vibrant things  
As press against the body of the earth  
And strive to find the light.  
Cool green of leaves relieve my fevered heart,  
And temper words that else had been too hot,  
And steady eyes that burn with anger's fire.  
Let breezes blow the apple blooms across  
My cheek with warm caress as gentle as  
A baby's kiss. And may bird notes at dawn  
But give the promise of a new day's life,  
A life that has no bitter taste of myrrh.  
Then let the sweetness of the lilies lift  
My thoughts to Christ, the emblem of whose rising  
The spring must ever be.  
—Sarah J. Stansell.

~~~~~

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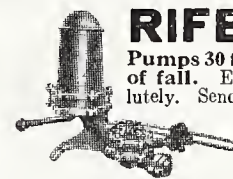
The best collection of the real old songs of the South—words and music—compiled by Mrs. J. G. Edwards, *Leader of the Confederate Choir of America*, and Matthew Page Andrews, *Editor of the Women of the South in War Times*. 2 for 90c each; 5 for 80c each. Noble & Noble, Publishers, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York

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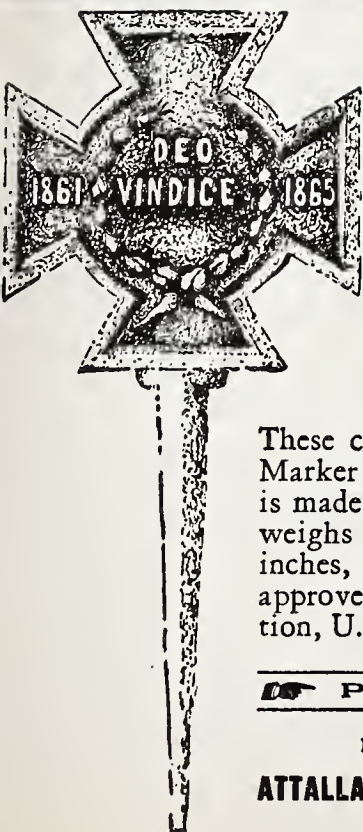
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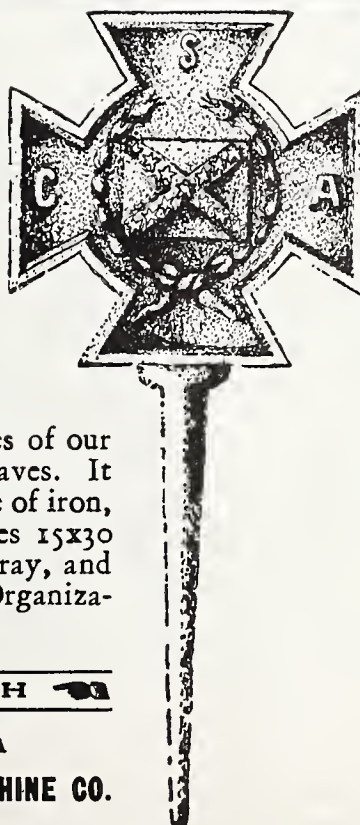
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WHY WORRY?—The feather-brained youth appeared to be worried, and his friend asked him what the trouble was. "I'm wondering whether I ought to marry a beautiful girl or a sensible girl. What would you advise?" "H'm," said his friend. "I'm afraid you'll never marry either, old man." "Why not?" demanded the feather-brained one. "Well," explained the friend candidly, "a beautiful girl could do better and a sensible girl would know better."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

HIGH COST.—During the leisurely progress of one of the recent wars in China, one side had a general captured. The army which had lost the general volunteered to exchange four majors for him. The suggestion was declined. "Well," offered the negotiating officer, "we'll exchange four majors and four captains for him." "No," replied the representative of the other side, "my instructions are that we cannot return your general for anything less than a dozen cans of condensed milk."—*Chicago News*.



# Southern and Confederate History

The following list gives a number of works on Southern and Confederate history which will be valuable additions to any library. Some of these have never been offered before and may not be available again. Make second and third choice; send in your order promptly. All books postpaid.

|                                                                                   |         |
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| Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis, two volumes..... | \$10 00 |
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| Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Richardson, two volumes.....  | 6 50    |

## Biography:

|                                                                                                                                                                                                   |      |
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ADDRESS

**The Confederate Veteran**  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



# Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXVI.

OCTOBER, 1928

NO. 10



BRIG. GEN. FELIX H. ROBERTSON, OF TEXAS  
Last of the Generals of the Confederacy  
Born March 9, 1840; Died April 20, 1928  
(Page 365)

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August G. Schultz, 260 West Louisiana Avenue, Tampa, Fla., would like to hear from any old comrades or friends who can certify to his loyal service to the Confederacy. He is now eighty-four years old and needs a pension. He enlisted from Allenton, Wilcox County, Ala., in Company K, 1st Alabama Regiment, for twelve months. He was honorably discharged in February, 1862, and when the regiment was reorganized, did not reenlist on account of ill health, but was later ordered to Montgomery and detailed to the government bakery there as foreman, and there remained until captured early in April, 1865.

David M. Taylor was one of the "first North Carolina Volunteers," serving as a private soldier from 1861 to the surrender, enlisting from Rutherfordton, N. C. His son, J. G. Taylor, of Bluefield, W. Va., who served with the 641st Aero Squadron, A. E. F., would like to hear from any old comrades or friends who can help to establish his father's record in the Confederate army.

Miss Mary D. Carter, Upperville, Va., has copies of Miss Rutherford's "Scrap Book" which she will be glad to send anyone interested in the cause of truth.

WANTED TO BUY

Confederate Postage Stamps.

Particularly those still on the original envelope. Also U. S. Postage Used Before 1875. Look up grandfather's old papers and write me what you have.

A. ZIMMERMAN,  
1324 Oldham Avenue, Lexington, Ky.

HISTORIC VILLAGE BURNED.

Fairview, birthplace of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, was almost wiped out by fire on the night of August 24, the business section being destroyed. The ten-acre Memorial Park and Jefferson Davis Memorial were unharmed. The old Davis home, reproduced in the park, also was safe.

Bucket brigades fought the flames while a call was sent to Hopkinsville, eleven miles away for fire apparatus, but lack of adequate water facilities made the help of the Hopkinsville firemen useless.

GRAY DAYS.

Thank God for the gray days! For the blow o' the winds and the mist—  
For the fresh o' the earth and the spring o' the year, and the dewy-sweet flowers, rain-kist.

And O! thank God for the wet o' the skies—for the fall o' the glad, sweet rain—

Drenching the heavens, the earth, and my heart—and making them new again!  
—Mary O'Kelley.

Comrade E. K. Murdock, at Livingston, Tenn., writes that he has copies of the VETERAN running from 1922 to 1928, which he will be glad to pass on to any comrades who can use them, they to pay the postage. Write to him.

Miss Myrtis Butler, of Liberty, Miss., asks for the words of the old song on the fall of Fort Donelson, and it is hoped that some reader of the VETERAN can supply them.

WEST POINT GRADUATES.

A revision of the honor roll of the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., recently reveals that graduates have occupied executive positions in all walks of life—business, professional, and political.

The list includes one President of the United States and three presidential candidates, one President of the Confederate States, four Cabinet members, nineteen State or Territorial governors, twenty-six members of Congress, fifty-three university and college presidents, one hundred and twenty-three presidents of railroads and other corporations, twenty-one bank presidents, one bishop, twenty-one clergymen, forty-two editors of newspapers and magazines, one hundred and ten mayors of cities, one hundred and fifty-one merchants, and forty-seven principals of academies and schools.

GOVERNMENT ECONOMY.

The Budget Bureau giggled and smarted a little over the jab by Al Smith, in his acceptance speech, at what he said were petty economies, "such as eliminating the stripes from mail bags."

Stripe elimination from mail bags saves the government almost two-thirds the annual salary it would pay Smith if he were elected, says the Bureau.

This annual saving is one cent per yard on 3,000,000 yards of canvas used in making the bags, besides a differential in price on the canvas when the bags are scrapped and sold as old material. The total is \$49,000 per annum.

It has been found that there was no reason why the bags should be striped and that striping them added to the cost of the material and detracted from its resale price.—National Tribune.

Two soldiers lay beneath their blankets looking up at the stars. Says Jack: "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife, and I loved war, Jack, so I went. What made you go?" "Well, returned Jack, "I had a wife, and I loved peace, Tom, so I went."—Southern Bivouac.

MONEY IN OLD LETTERS

Look in that old trunk up in the garret and send me all the old envelopes up to 1880. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay highest prices.

GEORGE H. HAKES,  
290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.







## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## THE SOUTH.

Know'st thou that balmy Southern land,  
By myrtle crowned, by zephyrs fanned,  
Where verdant hills and forest grand  
Smile 'neath an azure dome?  
'Tis there the stars shed softer beams  
As if to bless the woods and streams;  
'Tis there I wander in my dreams,  
Far—far from home.

—Samuel Minturn Peck, Alabama.

## A "VETERANS' REUNION."

Reports from Charlotte, N. C., are that the reunion dates have been set for June 4-8, 1929. The date was first set for May, but as the schools close there the last of that month, it was thought best to have the reunion later in order to have the school buildings available in case of bad weather. Then, too, it was thought the later date would insure better weather for the occasion.

Mr. C. O. Kuester, Business Manager of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce, writes that everything is starting off in fine shape and a splendid meeting is anticipated for 1929. It will be a real "Veterans' Reunion," for "Veterans First" will be the dominating thought in all their preparations. Committees have been appointed and their work outlined. The State legislature will be asked for an appropriation to help finance the undertaking, and the Old North State promises unexcelled entertainment for all who attend.

Charlotte will be a most attractive place for the reunion, and all neighboring towns will join in to insure the success of the meeting.

## MEMORIAL TO GENERAL LEE IN OHIO.

Report comes from Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, President of the Ohio Division, U. D. C., that a bronze tablet in honor of Gen. Robert E. Lee, erected by the Ohio Division, is to be unveiled on October 9, with appropriate ceremonies. The large boulder on which the tablet is placed was found on the farm of Mrs. M. M. Paxon in Preble County, near West Alexandria, and presented to the Division by her. In size it measures some 56 inches square.

The boulder and tablet were placed on the Dixie Highway near Franklin, Ohio, through the Director of State Highways, and the Daughters of the Confederacy of Ohio are very proud that they have been able to place this memorial to General Lee in that State. It takes courage to invade the enemy's camp.

## REUNION OF THE TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.

An unfortunate error was made in announcing that the annual reunion of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., would be held at Murfreesboro in October, when it should have been Fayetteville. The VETERAN was misinformed as to the place of meeting, but it is hoped that sufficient correction has been made so that no one will fail to get to Fayetteville, where a warm welcome awaits all who attend.

## ONE DAY HE WASN'T THERE.

From 2 P.M., the 16th of May, A.D. 1909, to  
Two P.M., the 16th of May, A.D. 1916!  
That was his time at lovely Lillias Lakelet!  
Seven years. No more, no less.  
He was old in years, yet young in body and mind,  
And the weight of his years did not feel heavy.  
For company he had his faithful dog Bob.  
He had plenty of the simple necessities,  
And, moreover, he had books and papers.  
He read, studied, wrote for publications and otherwise.  
He hunted some and fished a little.  
Sometimes he had other company, but more often he was alone.  
Seven years cuts quite a bit into a life;  
But to him, who worried not, the time seemed short  
And very happy and pleasant withal.  
His many years had been the eyes and ears of seeing  
And hearing, O so much of the world!  
At best, Man is a small entity, and he was but a Man.  
They said he didn't improve his time;  
They talked of riches he might have gained.  
The crowds that passed and the crowds that stopped  
Usually found him sitting at his door or on  
The cool shaded shores of lovely Lillias Lakelet.  
They didn't know he worked at night,  
And many thought him lonely.  
But his good thoughts and glorious joys were never absent.  
And, besides, the beauties of nature all around  
And about him were ever-present company.  
He made a few improvements.  
He arranged an *al fresco* sitting room in  
The hazle dell on the little stream  
Above the little bridge,  
And built a summer chalet in a  
Live oak tree near his house.  
Perennial mocking birds were habitats of the  
Groves around Lillias Lakelet and these  
Furnished him music all the year round.  
And he had other music, his violin and bugle;  
But his other music was indifferent  
Except to his own ears.  
Thus for seven years he lived and enjoyed health  
And happiness at lovely and romantic Lillias Lakelet.  
*But One Day He Wasn't There.*  
Ah! Listen! There is no rhythm in this  
Exactly at the moment ending the seventh year  
He went away—he and his dog!  
And the same crowds came and the same  
Crowds went, and found him not!  
Nor evermore afterward! And so then let us sing:  
Two P.M., the 16th of May, A.D. 1909, and  
Two P.M., the 16th of May, A.D. 1916.

As to his after life, possibly others may say something.

[The story of John M. Coxe, a veteran of Hampton's Legion, on leaving his little California home where he had lived so close to Nature.]

ERROR.—Col. Oswald Tilghman, of Easton, Md., asks correction of the statement on page 349 of the September VETERAN that Capt. Fred Williams was captain of the Rock City Heavy Artillery. The name should have been Capt. Fred Weller, the error being made in copying the article.



## THE LAST GENERAL OFFICER, C. S. A.

The last general officer of the Confederate army passed with the death of Gen. Felix Robertson, on April 20, at his home in Waco, Tex. A Confederate general, and the son of a Confederate general, he held true to the principles for which he had fought, while accepting the result of that fight in good faith, and gave of his best in citizenship in time of peace as he had given his best to the South in her struggle for independence. His life had been a long and active one, and only within the last two years had he succumbed to the ills of age. Born March 9, 1840, he had passed into his eighty-ninth year when the last roll was sounded for him. For many years he commanded the Texas Division, U. C. V., and was made Honorary Commander, U. C. V., in 1927, at the Tampa reunion.

Felix Huston Robertson was born at Washington, Tex., amid the historic grandeur of the first capital of the new republic, and he was a student at Baylor University when Texas was still in its independence, and a cadet at West Point in those days just preceding the War between the States. Against the advice and wishes of the Superintendent, he left West Point in January, 1861, and served as a deputy marshal and captain at the inauguration ceremonies of Jefferson Davis, February 18, 1861.

Joining in with the Confederate forces when war began, Captain Robertson had an active and varied career as a soldier of the Confederacy. From a sketch in the Confederate military history we learn that on March 9, 1861, he was commissioned as a second lieutenant of artillery, and was on duty at Charleston Harbor during the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and that he was commended in the report of the officer commanding the Mount Pleasant Battery. Going then to Pensacola, he was appointed acting adjutant general on the staff of Brigadier General Gladden, with commission of captain, October, 1861. In January, 1862, he became captain of a battery of artillery, and at Shiloh this battery served with the brigade of General Gladden. At Murfreesboro, General Bragg alluded to him as "an able and accomplished officer," and General Polk also complimented him "for vigilance and fearlessness in the discharge of his duties." On July 1, 1863, he was commissioned a major of artillery, and as such he commanded a battery of artillery attached to Longstreet's command in the battle of Chickamauga. Promoted to lieutenant colonel of artillery in January, 1864, he was assigned to command of the artillery of Wheeler's cavalry corps, Army of Tennessee, with which he won additional renown in the Atlanta campaign, and was promoted to brigadier general, commanding a brigade of cavalry. In reporting the Tennessee campaign under Hood, Gen. Felix Robertson is especially mentioned by Gen. Wheeler for his bravery and fidelity. On Sherman's march through Georgia, Robertson was one of Wheeler's ablest lieutenants in harassing the Federals. He was wounded on November 28, 1864, by which he almost lost an arm, and was thus incapacitated for further service, being reported in General Wheeler's last report, in March, 1865, as still disabled. A successful operation, one of the first of its kind, saved him his arm, and at the close of the war, he was recuperating in Southwest Georgia, where his young wife joined him, and together they made the return trip to Texas. He was successful in practicing law in Texas, specializing in land loans, and helped to clear up the chaotic condition in land titles in that State.

General Robertson was twice married, the first time during the war, to Miss Sarah Davis, living near Bellbuckle, Tenn., and four daughters and a son were born to them, of whom is Judge Felix D. Robertson, of Dallas, prominent in State poli-

tics. His second marriage, in 1892, was to Miss Lizzie Dwyer, of Brenham, Tex., who survives him with one son, Jerome B. Robertson, also of Dallas.

General Robertson's father was Gen. Jerome B. Robertson, who commanded Hood's Texas Brigade at the battle of Gettysburg, and a veteran of the war for Texas independence.

Col. Raymond Cay, of Valdosta, Ga., who served with the Liberty Independent Troop, which was the 5th Georgia Cavalry, Anderson-Robertson's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, has contributed the following in appreciation of his old commander, comrade, and friend of many years:

"General Robertson told me that General Delafield and Colonel Beauregard had persuaded him not to leave West Point, but he wanted to go with his State, and after a time left with other Southern cadets. Stopping a while in New York City, he hurried on to Charleston and was surprised to find Beauregard there ahead of him. He at once joined him enlisting the batteries for the defense of Charleston, and engaged in the attack on Fort Sumter after Lincoln's fleet appeared in the offing. Afterwards he joined Bragg in the Army of Tennessee, and served to the end in the Western army. At Pensacola for months he was training light batteries for Bragg's army. Several of these batteries he later took to General Wheeler, and as his Chief of Artillery, fought them all over Tennessee and all the way down to Atlanta in Johnston's masterly retreat, disputing with General Wheeler and his cavalry every mile of the way with our overwhelming foes in attack or defense. These light batteries moved as quick and as fast as our cavalry could. Robertson and his guns were always there, and you could hear his guns popping from some point of vantage in every fight.

"Go to Chickamauga's bloody field and see the United States iron markers where Robertson commanded Bragg's reserve artillery in those three fearful days. Ride the crest of University Ridge, and see the same iron markers, to tell where his guns stood in that most unfortunate affair, and where he lost eight of his guns.

"Atlanta invested, Wheeler and his men and Robertson's batteries were helping our tired infantry to hold the trenches. Three great raids start behind Atlanta. Wheeler's men had not seen their horses in four days. At last Hood consented for Wheeler to go after them. At midnight, in the pouring rain, we file out of the boggy ditches. Stoneman comes by Roswell and goes down toward Macon; Garrard turns and comes in close behind Atlanta. We strike him first and whip him at Lovejoy. Keeping on after Stoneman, he surrenders near Macon. Our brigade had been riding hard; before day we stop to give our horses four ears of green corn from the bountiful fields.

"Iverson goes to the front and wins the capture. We turn in our tracks. McCook had come around our left and crossed the river at Philpot's Ferry, had burned all the wagons of Hood's corps, and devastated the country. We push him through Newnan and overtake him and crush him ten miles farther on, few of his men escaping. Our brigadier, R. H. Anderson, of Savannah, was wounded here, and General Wheeler gave our brigade to General Robertson.

"In Atlanta, General Hood orders Wheeler to cut Sherman's communications. He rendezvoused at Social Circle for a few days' rest, while shoeing up his horses for the hard ride ahead of him. Robertson's Brigade in Kelly's Division, and Wheeler was on the wing again, every man and horse picked for the expedition. Your jacket, but no greatcoat, one blanket under your saddle, a small piece of oil or gum cloth



to keep your powder dry, and a full cartridge box, many of his men and horses left to go in recuperation camps.

"In four days' and nights' ride without unsaddling, captures Dalton, destroying railroad tracks and burning stores. On into Tennessee, burning bridges and cutting lines. At Mossy Creek, cut off from Wheeler by sudden rise of the river, General Williams, with three brigades, goes east, destroying railroads beyond Knoxville; turning west, crossing the Cumberland we ride at night around Murfreesboro; heavily attacked at daylight, we retreat rapidly, going west on Triune Road, Robertson covering the rear, checking their rapid advance at every point of vantage. Suddenly the 2nd Kentucky (U. S.), intercepting our line of retreat, charged into our rear guard from a side road, and we were all mixed up in hand-to-hand fighting. Robertson, with Major Durant and a few men they had rallied, charged headlong into the fray. He killed the lieutenant colonel of the 2nd with his pistol, and turned their attack into a rout. It was night then, and we had been at it all day long. They let us alone after that.

"General Robertson told me they held a council of war that night, and adopted his plan as to what next to do, so General Williams told him it was up to him to lead the way, and he and Dibrell would follow, so they gave up trying to overtake Wheeler, who crossed the river at Muscle Shoals. He kept going west slowly the next day. With a good guide, he turned south after nightfall, going eight miles, then turning west by a new road, he had crossed the railroad by hard riding before daylight, and he had outwitted his pursuers for a little while, thus throwing them off our track.

"At Bellbuckle, General Robertson took an escort of fifty men, several from the Liberty Troop of the 5th, reached the home of his bride and was married. In the winter of 1862, the army at Tullahoma, he had met and loved the noble girl, who married him in the very breath of war. He never saw her again until after all was lost, lying on a bed of pain in the hospitable home of Judge Hall, I think he told me, at Macon, Ga. She came to him, and in due time, after many hardships, and helped by noble friends in New Orleans on the way, he reached his home in Texas for the first time since he left to complete his graduating year at West Point.

"All the passes in the Cumberlands were heavily guarded. A true guide took us over, but here we had to leave the last of our light batteries, and our only ambulance. Our munition train had disappeared a month before. Still on to the last, Greenville, Jonesboro, Knoxville, again, we went around finally to Bristol and from there hurried to the salt mines, out from Abingdon, Va., where Burbridge was coming with a strong expedition from over the Kentucky mountains. We got there first and whipped him well on Sunday, October 2, 1864. Robertson commanded the right of line, the top of the mountains north of the town. The road and pass were the center and to our left. We lost a lot of our regiment there.

"Generals Duke and Vaughn were there with the last of Morgan's men, also two regiments, Virginia State troops, old men and very young boys. Robertson put Col. Jack Prather, of the 8th Confederate Regiment, of his brigade, to command them. They had never been under fire; their clothing was clean and shirts were white. It was a sad sight to see those tender troops cut all to pieces, old fathers crying over their baby boys, and children weeping over old sires with bald heads and often with long white beards; but we saved the salt works, for a time at least. Every State had large works there.

"We were no longer in the Yankee lines, but back with our own. . . . Robertson was ordered to take the three

brigades to Georgia, so the long march back home began up the French Broad to Asheville and down the mountain to Greeneville, across the Sugalo to Athens, and beyond, where General Robertson gave us back to General Anderson, who had recovered from his wounds. Robertson, reporting to General Wheeler, was made Acting Chief of Staff, and he soon went the way of many of Wheeler's staff officers before him. For charging Kilpatrick's cavalry, as he so loved to do, while beating them over their heads with his dull saber, he told me one of them shot off his bridle elbow, and the fighting days of this brave man were done forever."

#### PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL.

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

In the VETERAN, I sought to show the right of the Cotton States to withdraw from the Union. That right was denied by Mr. Lincoln. In his first Inaugural, he said: "A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted. I hold that in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution, and the Union will endure forever, it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

"Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States, in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate—*i. e.*, break it, so to speak—but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

"Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual confirmed by the history of the Union itself. *The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was 'to form a more perfect Union.'*

"But if destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

"It follows from these views that no State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void, and that acts of violence within any State or States against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

"I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States."

Mr. Lincoln, like a million of other boys, had but a limited education, and entered on the activities of life under such circumstances that it is said he and his partner had a store with a license to sell liquor. He, however, began to practice law, and made a success of it—in the local courts. He took



a position that the Southern citizen should not be allowed to carry his property into the territory that belonged to the United States, and then announced that the United States could not remain "half free and half slave." These positions led to his nomination by the Anti-Slavery Party, and, the Democratic Party splitting, he was elected President. There was nothing in his education or career that made him familiar with the history of his country. He was not acquainted with the truths of history. Under the circumstances of his life, this deficiency was only natural.

The colonies had ever been entirely separate. Parliament disregarded their rights.

Now, in 1765, there was a continental Congress to which the Colonies sent delegates. The delegates recommended that each Colony should cease commerce with the mother country. That did not unite the British Colonies into an inseparable union as to government.

In 1770, Virginia proposed that the Colonies should agree "to a nonimportation" resolution, and it was agreed to; that did not unite the Colonies into an inseparable union.

In the spring of 1773, Virginia suggested that there should be Committees of Correspondence appointed in each Colony. That was done. In 1774, these Committees of Correspondence suggested a Continental Congress. The Colonies sent delegates to this Congress. The delegates were not authorized to enter into any compact with regard to government, and they did not do that. They personally entered into an association and agreed to recommend certain measures to the several Colonies. That was all, so far as the Colonies were concerned. They recommended that each Colony should enter "into a nonimportation, nonconsumption, nonexportation" similar to the nonexportation of 1770. The delegates now went home and asked their respective Colonies to carry into effect these resolves. Each Colony did that. On that Mr. Lincoln builds the Union. A year later, when the North Carolina Provisional Congress met, August 25, 1775, it "resolved that this Congress do highly approve of the said association and do for *themselves* formally agree and promise to adhere thereto and to *recommend it to their constituents* that they likewise adhere firmly thereto." Here, then, is a personal agreement of the members, but it did not ordain any government.

Ten days later, this Congress had before it a proposition to form a confederacy. This plan had been prepared by Ben Franklin, and a copy was transmitted to the North Carolina Provincial Congress, without any recommendation. On Monday, September 4, 1775, the Congress went into "Committee of the Whole," "The Order of the Day being for taking into consideration a paper proposing a confederation of the United Colonies." The Committee of the Whole reported that "the Committee have taken into consideration the plan of Confederation between the United Colonies, and are of the opinion that the same is not at present eligible." (It was to continue only until Great Britain agreed to the terms desired.)

"And it is also the opinion of the Committee that the delegates for this province ought to be instructed not to consent to any plan of confederation which may be considered in an ensuing Congress until the same shall be laid before and approved by the Provincial Congress."

That ended Franklin's proposition. It was never heard of afterwards. It was not wanted. The people in the several Colonies were seeking their rights as British subjects. They had no thought of separation from the Mother Country. They had no purpose to form a union for government. They had made a united protest against improper treatment, and

each Colony was coöperating in the same measures. Had the Mother Country assented to their demands, these measures would have ceased, and all would have gone on happily as before, each colony separate, distinct, with its own royal governor and all that. No union! And yet Mr. Lincoln ascribes to their coöperating to maintain their rights as British colonies the formation of a perpetual and indissoluble Union of States, and without a scintilla of foundation for that Lincolnesque claim. Up to this time each Colony had only tacitly agreed to coöperate in measures to secure

Mr. Lincoln's suggestion is that of an uninformed politician on the hustings—that the thirteen British Colonies made a perpetual union, which no one ever heard of.

The Colonies were as separate as Canada and Massachusetts, and hoped and expected to remain British Colonies as they had ever been. At that period they had no idea of Statehood, nor of forming a union. Washington's flag was a British ensign with the Washington colors. Two years later the king sent German soldiers to reduce the Colonies to submission. The people were outraged.

In 1776, North Carolina started the ball for independence, directing her delegates to concur in a Declaration of Independence. Virginia and other colonies followed her example. On July 4, all the Colonies, except New York, had authorized their delegates, and the Declaration was adopted. It reads: "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America." These delegates were acting for their respective Colonies, and so they affixed the names of their respective Colonies, now States. The paper was signed "New Hampshire," "Massachusetts Bay," and so on, the name of each State. The several delegates from each colony affixed their names as "the representations" of their States. However, New York, not having authorized her delegates, they withdrew and did not vote, nor sign the paper on July 4. Later, they were authorized, and they then signed, "New York."

So the Declaration was the act of the colonies, not of the Congress; the joint act of the separate Colonies. Now, no longer British Colonies, they could enter into a confederation. Then the Congress set to work to have these free, independent, and separate States unite themselves into a confederation. This confederation was to go into effect only in a confederation between the States.

The Union then made was to be "perpetual and unalterable" except by the consent of every State; but after six years it was proposed to break it up, and let any nine States form a new union. So, in 1788, nine States formed a new one, in fact, eleven did, leaving two of them out. So much for "the perpetual and unalterable Union." Indeed, when, in June, 1788, New York and Virginia ratified, they each claimed the right to withdraw from it, and nobody objected; and then, in 1789, Rhode Island likewise asserted her rights to withdraw, without objection. So there has never been an indissoluble Union between the States. But Mr. Lincoln, not acquainted with the historical facts, says in his Inaugural that the States could not separate because they had done something as Colonies in 1774, referring to the mere personal association of some gentlemen, not to the action of any colony whatever; and on that erroneous notion he started a great war between the North and the South; but this he was led to do partly because the North had grown rich from the cotton and tobacco industry of the South, and the North did not wish to lose the trade of the South; and because the Northwestern States would lose the Mississippi River.

The VETERAN has contained many fine sketches of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. There is, how-



ever, a circumstance that I wish to emphasize. The signers were authorized and directed by their respective Colonies to make the Declaration and the Declaration was signed by each Colony, these Representatives doing that according to their instructions, and then signed their own names, as follows:

New Hampshire, John Bartlett, William Whipple, Matthew Thornton, and so on; North Carolina, William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn, and so on, each Colony being a party, its name being affixed by its authorized representative.

#### MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.

"She loved the South, its people and its soil, its history and tradition, as only a great heart can love, and gave her long life to their service and honor."

In these few words the spirit of a beautiful life is expressed, a life spent in worthy service for the people of the South, in the education of their children, and in giving to the people themselves the truth of their history. In the passing of Miss Mildred Rutherford, at her home in Athens, Ga., on August 15, the South has lost a strong defender, and countless friends have lost a friend indeed.

Just a month before—July 16—Miss Millie had celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday, a day remembered by friends all over the country, whose cheering messages and gifts made her sick room bright and happy with these evidences of love and appreciation. For a year she had been practically an invalid, with good days and bad, but ever the hope that she would eventually be back at the work to which she gave her heart's devotion. But it was not to be.

"Miss Millie," as she was affectionately known, was a very young girl when the War between the States came on, but she had a vivid recollection of incidents connected with that period, and she could talk most interestingly of the days before and during the war. She had given her lectures in many places over the country, in the North as well as the South, and often appeared in a costume of that period. She was the daughter of Professor William Rutherford, who was long connected with the University of Georgia, and her mother was Laura Battaille Rootes Cobb. She graduated from the Lucy Cobb Institute in 1868, and twelve years later she became connected with that institution, and much of her life work and interest had centered around the school with which she was associated as pupil, principal, and as president, almost through life. She resigned her active work in 1922, but never gave up that vital interest in the welfare of her *Alma Mater*.

An active member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy from its organization, she was known as a leader in the work in the Georgia Division and was honored by high office in Chapter and Division, and had been made Life Historian of that Division. For five years she served as Historian General, U. D. C., and made that office one of the most important in the general organization, by which she was later made Honorary President. She was President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Athens, Ga., from 1888 to her death, and had been Historian General, C. S. M. A., since 1921; and she was also an officer of the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association. The University of Georgia, with which her father was long connected, some years ago conferred upon her its honorary degree, an honor proudly received.

A true daughter of the old South, the cause of the Confederacy was ever sacred to Miss Rutherford, and she never wavered in love and devotion and reverence for the principles

which had inspired the bravery and sacrifice in the South of the sixties. By word and pen, she sought to correct error and to put the truth of our Southern history before the world. The Confederate soldier held a great place in her heart, and for many years it had been her custom to entertain the members of the Athens Camp at a dinner on April 26, the day observed as Memorial Day in Georgia.

Miss Rutherford was also one of the leading authors of the South, and perhaps was best known by her work on "The South in History and Literature" and her *Scrapbook*, a periodical issued in her last years. Other compositions to her credit were works on "English Authors," "French Authors," "American Authors," the "Bible Question Book," and many others.

Many tributes have been written about this widely-known and beloved woman of the South and one of these has come from Dr. A. W. Littlefield, our "Massachusetts Confederate,



MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD



who asks the privilege of laying his wreath of appreciation on the bier of one whose life was so interwoven with those days of the South's greatest glory and suffering and which had aroused his admiration and respect.

## A NORTHRON'S TRIBUTE TO SOUTHRON LOYALTY AND VALOR\*

A warrior has fallen by the way! Not alone one who battles on the blood-stained field receives the plaudits of his fellow beings; but, after the battle has been fought, and its clouds roll away into the recording scroll of history, those who fight for victory in arms, making history, are followed by those who may do valiant service for the verities of history, and high courage and heroism are as much the attributes of the one emprise as the other. The hero struggles; the heroine endures.

So it has been all these years with her who so nobly, faithfully, courageously fought the good fight of faith for the truth of history; that through her pen succeeding generations may know why the gray was donned and the Starry Cross unfurled! Not to disrupt the Union, but to bind it in firmer bonds of sovereign Statehood did the Confederate fathers and mothers give all for patriot love! And "Miss Millie" wove anew the warp and woof of historic truth, not only for the Southland, but the nation also, East and West and North as well.

Her deeds were as heroic and her love as steadfast as could be those of any warrior on the field of battle. Error and falsehood may cast as deadly missiles as hurled javelin or angry ball; so, in the strife of truth with error, the weapons of fidelity to fact, on the one hand, and, on the other, of corroding falsehood, clash and struggle for the mastery. Our beloved warrior never faltered nor wearied in her contest with bitter misrepresentation and partizan hatred. Children, as yet unborn, inheritors of patriotic love, shall rise up and call this heroine of the Southland blessed, as even we to-day cherish her labors in the cause of honest record. Of a truth, she "rests from her labors and her works do follow her"!

One cannot visualize this gentle, faithful soul as a weapon-panoplied warrior charging the serried columns of a foe; yet, how easily and aptly the lines of Matthew Arnold come to mind:

"Charge once more then and be dumb!  
Let the victors when they come,  
When the forts of folly fall,  
Find thy body by the wall!"

Miss Rutherford was one of the three original honorary members of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C. This wreath of sincere appreciation is tenderly laid by another of that group, who prizes many of the writings and treasured words from this fearless Confederate compatriot in the ceaseless labors for that truth of history in the long struggle waged between loyal Statehood and enslaving, centralizing nationality.

Dear friend of a truly patriotic fellowship, "thou wert faithful unto death!" And who shall doubt, especially in the land of sunny homes, that she has received the "crown of life"?

## GEORGIANS IN THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

BY MISS LILLIE MARTIN, FORMER ASSISTANT HISTORIAN GEORGIA DIVISION U. D. C., MEMBER OF THE O. C. HORNE CHAPTER, HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

A review of the personnel, character, and pronounced ability of the members of the Confederate Congresses, both

provisional and permanent, brings again to mind the fact that, taking those assemblies for all in all, "we shall not look upon their like again." At no time in the history of the world has such an able body of men been assembled to guide the affairs of a nation.

Shoulder to shoulder with the representatives from other States stood those from Georgia, and the records made by them before, during, and after the War between the States is a glorious heritage, not only to the people of Georgia and the South, but to the entire country and English-speaking people everywhere.

It would be a reflection upon the intelligence of the people of the South to dwell in detail upon the characters and records of these men, but, lest our children forget to appreciate their heritage of the wisdom of their forefathers, it is well to call attention from time to time to the type of men who made the laws for the government of the Confederate States of America through it's short but glorious career. While the fortunes of war were all against the South, General "Bob" Toombs perhaps stated the case correctly, as well as succinctly, when he said: "The Yankees never did whip us; we wore ourselves out whipping them."

Gen. Robert Toombs was, perhaps, the most spectacular figure of those turbid times. Resigning from the United States Senate to cast his fortunes with those of his beloved South, his "secession speech" won for him the sobriquet "Fire-eater," and defined his position in no uncertain terms. After serving in the Provisional Congress, General Toombs declined election as a member of the Permanent Congress and served on the battle field throughout the four years of carnage. So ardent was his defense of his country that, at the close of hostilities, a price was put upon his head and he and Mrs. Toombs were compelled to go to France, where they remained until matters at home became more quiet. He lived to an advanced age, retaining his mental and physical facilities, always the center of a group of admirers who were eager to catch the words of wisdom falling continually from his lips. No romance could be more thrilling than his life.

Benjamin Harvey Hill, known generally as "Ben" Hill, was distinguished for his services in both the United States and Confederate Senate, and his matchless eloquence was a potent factor in governmental affairs.

In the Provisional Congress, besides Bob Toombs and Ben Hill, were Howell Cobb, Francis S. Bartow, Martin J. Crawford, Eugenius A. Nisbet, Augustus R. Wright, Thomas R. Cobb, Augustus H. Kenan, Alexander H. Stephens, Thomas M. Foreman, and Nathan Bass.

Members of the first Permanent Congress were Hines Holt, Louis J. Gartrell, William W. Clark, Robert P. Trippe, David W. Lewis, Hardy Strickland, Charles J. Munnerlyn, Porter Ingram, and Julian Hartridge, the latter also being returned as a member of the second Congress.

Members of the second Congress were William E. Smith, Mark Blandford, Clifford Anderson, John T. Shewmake, Joseph H. Echols, James M. Smith, George N. Lester, Hiram P. Bell, and Warren Aiken.

As they had left their customary avocations to meet their country's need and give it of their best, so, when the Confederacy was dissolved, they repaired to their homes and, in their various pursuits, aided in the rehabilitation of the South. Not one among the number failed in this high endeavor, and their country and their descendants owe much of their present prosperity and happiness to the wisdom and courage of these men.

The history of their lives and times should be studied by



all Southerners. Of such men Longfellow must have thought when he wrote,

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints in the sands of time

#### A BOY AND HIS FLAG.

The article by Mrs. William Lyne in the *VETERAN* for January, page 10, contained a reference to the first Confederate flag which was raised in Richmond, Va., after the organization of the Confederacy, and that reference has brought forth a statement from Mr. Lewis D. Crenshaw, Jr., still of Richmond, as to the raising of that flag. Mr. Crenshaw was then but a boy of fifteen, filled with that patriotic enthusiasm which sent even younger lads into the ranks. The story of his flag is given in an article in the *Richmond Times Dispatch*, which is here reproduced:

#### FIRST CONFEDERATE FLAG IN RICHMOND.

In the spring of 1861, before Virginia had seceded from the Union, but when feeling in regard to secession was at a white heat, and the blare of martial music and the tramp of marching feet had already begun to be heard in the imaginations of an excited people, a fifteen-year-old boy put up a Confederate flag in Richmond, thus acquiring the honor of being the first to raise the flag of the Confederacy in the Confederacy's capital.

That boy was Lewis D. Crenshaw, Jr., now an active old gentleman of eighty years, and the spot where he first raised the flag was, oddly enough, on the grounds of the White House of the Confederacy, which was at that time his home. It was later sold by his father to the city to be used as the home of Jefferson Davis.

Mr. Crenshaw has to-day, a tiny, leather-backed diary for the year 1861, in which is recorded in boyish handwriting, the fact that he raised the flag. The brief entry in the diary reads: "Went to school. Came home at half past one o'clock; raised the flag, went down town, and came home with ma in the carriage."

Another entry, three or four days before this, thus describes the making of the flag: "Was at the office until about twelve thirty o'clock. Went home and made a flag. Went to the office after letters for pa."

Mr. Crenshaw says that he made the flag himself with the help of his sisters, out of red and white and blue flannel. He put it up on a pole on the southeast corner of the stable, which, with the carriage house and kitchen, was in the rear of the house, which is now the Confederate Museum.

Unfortunately, Mr. Crenshaw does not know what became of this flag, which to-day would be such an important relic. Soon after he, in his boyish enthusiasm, had hoisted this homemade flag up on its homemade pole, his father sent him, because his health was then very bad, with Samuel Houston Letcher, Governor Letcher's son, on a trip to Rio de Janeiro. The trip down took fifty-two days, and when, after spending four days in Rio, they learned of the secession of Virginia and the outbreak of war, they were forced to spend many long, weary days getting back to Richmond. When they finally arrived, Mr. Crenshaw's father had sold his home to be used as the White House of the Confederacy, and there was no trace of the Confederate flag which to-day would be so historical.

Mr. Crenshaw's account of his journey back to Virginia is a thrilling one, and illustrates the hazards which encountered the traveler during those troublous days. He and his com-

panions, Mr. Letcher and an older gentleman, Samuel B. Paul, arrived in Baltimore the Tuesday before the first battle of Manassas. They stayed there several days. Their host, a man of Southern sympathies, warned them not to come in and out of the house often because his next-door neighbor was what he termed a "Black Republican."

During their stay in Baltimore, the only way they could write home was by utilizing the underground mail, with which the son-in-law of their host was thoroughly familiar. For ten days they stayed rather quietly in Baltimore, and at the end of that time they went to Georgetown, spending a night and a day there in an effort to get a conveyance to the Potomac and a boat across it.

On the particular night they attempted to cross the river, it happened that the man who usually carried passengers across was not available, and his assistant, who professed to know the business, took Mr. Paul and the two boys and put them on an island five miles above Great Falls, instead of across the river on the Virginia side. It was midnight, black as pitch, and by the time they discovered that they were on an island, the man and boat had gone.

They had eaten the lunch with which they started out, so, finding a deserted negro cabin on the island, they went inside and parched some corn which they pulled from the patch near the cabin. They saw at least a half dozen Federal soldiers, who, however, did not come near the cabin. Some workmen across on the Maryland side saw the fire in the cabin, and, coming over to put the Federals across on the Maryland side, for \$10 apiece, in gold, they also put Mr. Crenshaw and his companions on the Virginia shore.

Even then, however, there were difficulties. The first important thing to be done was to get something to eat, but this was not a very easy thing to get. The people of the countryside were suspicious of them, and afraid to give them anything. Finally, however, Mr. Paul found an old lady who, when she was told that the boys were the sons of Governor Letcher and Mr. Crenshaw, of the Hazall-Crenshaw mills, gave them an elaborate dinner, and used her influence to get them a conveyance to Drainsville, a small village of only four or five houses.

They finally reached General Longstreet's Division, and had dinner with him. He was quite nice to them, but thought it wise to establish their identity, which the members of the 1st Virginia Regiment, camped just across the road from General Longstreet's Division, were able to do, many of them crowding around the boys, slapping them on the back and giving them a real, honest-to-goodness welcome back home.

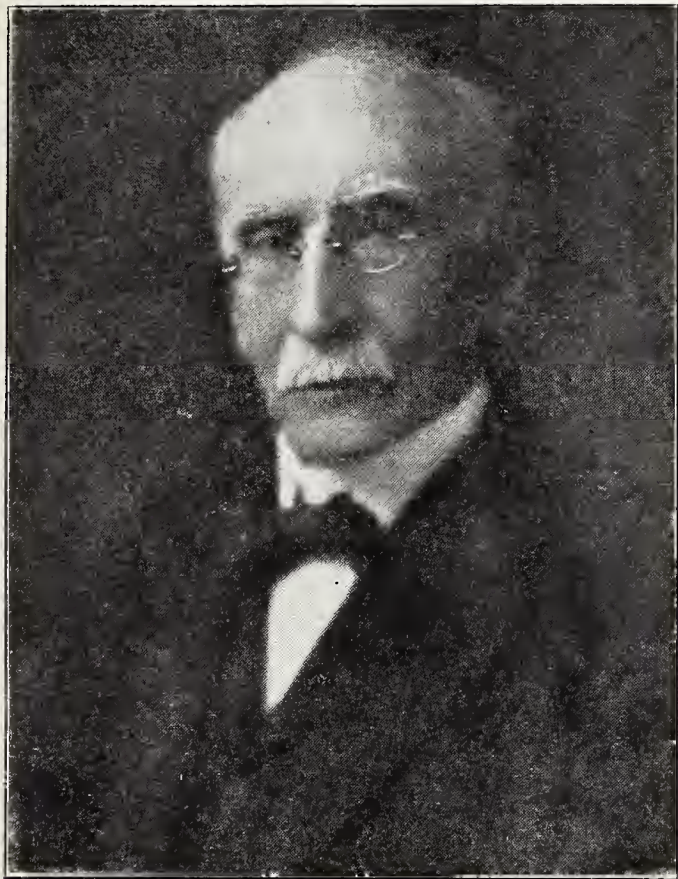
That night, Mr. Crenshaw and his companions slept in General Beauregard's tent, and the next day took the Virginia Central Railway to Richmond. When he arrived in Richmond no one met him, his family not knowing exactly when he would arrive, and, since he had heard that his old home on Clay Street had been sold, he had no idea where to go. A friend whom he met in the street told him that his family had moved to Mr. Powell's home, at First and Franklin Streets, and so he went there, and the fatted calf was killed for the son who had been absent such a long time.

During the war, Mr. Crenshaw served in the commissary department, under Maj. Phil Wellford. His health was bad and he was never accepted for active duty. However, his duties in connection with shipping flour and meal out to the soldiers in the field from his father's mills were arduous and often dangerous. He remembers that on the night of the evacuation of Richmond, a mob attacked the mill, which was only saved from destruction by the courage and coolness of his father.



## GEN. CHARLES B. HOWRY, U. C. V.

Among the losses sustained of late by the United Confederate Veterans is the death of Gen. Charles B. Howry, of Washington, D. C., Past Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, and one of the most distinguished members of the organization. Death came to him on July 19, after a short illness, in his eighty-fifth year.



GEN. CHARLES B. HOWRY.

Charles Howry was born in Oxford, Miss., May 14, 1844, the son of Judge James M. and Narcissa Bowen Howry, and a descendant of Virginia and South Carolina families of Revolutionary stock. His ancestors first came to Pennsylvania and Virginia, and the Bowens had a conspicuous part in the battle of King's Mountain. His father was a distinguished lawyer and jurist and was one of the founders of the University of Mississippi. There the son was educated and later became one of the trustees of the institution. The war came on while he was still at school, which he left, in March, 1862, to enlist as a private in the 29th Mississippi Infantry, Company A. He was promoted to first lieutenant of his company. He took part in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro, and Franklin, Tenn., where he was severely wounded.

Graduating from the law department of the University of Mississippi, in 1867, he began the practice of law, in which he was eminently successful and was also honored by political preferment, serving in the State legislature, as United States District Attorney, a member of the Democratic National Committee, and in 1893 going to Washington as Assistant Attorney General of the United States, and later receiving the appointment of Associate Justice of the United States Court of Claims, from which he retired in 1915. In the next year he was chairman of the Board of Arbitration to adjust railroad matters, and during the World War he served in

a legal capacity in the Department of Labor, later touring the country for the Victory Loan, giving his services to the government. He was a member of the American Bar Association and of the Mississippi Bar Association and of the State Historical Society. From the University of Mississippi he received an honorary degree in 1896.

Judge Howry was an active member of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of Washington, and had served as Brigade Commander and as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department four years. He was also a member of the Southern Club of Washington and other social and patriotic organizations. He was married three times, and is survived by his last wife, who was Mrs. Sallie B. Bird, also by two sons and two daughters of previous marriages.

A sincere tribute was paid to this gallant soldier of the Confederacy by Col. E. T. Sykes, Adjutant General of Walthall's Brigade, in his history of that command, in which he said

"There was Charles B. Howry, first lieutenant of Company A, 29th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's old regiment, now and continuously since the commencement of the second term of Cleveland's administration an Associate Justice, United States Court of Claims, at Washington, D. C., as knightly a soldier as ever drew blade. In the bloody battle of Franklin, Tenn., he was dangerously wounded and had to be taken from the field. I refrain from giving free expression to my admiration for this gallant old comrade. Never a duty involving courage and bold enterprise confronted him that Charles B. Howry did not nobly undertake and gallantly surmount it."

## CORSE'S BRIGADE.

BY JOSEPH R. HAW, HAMPTON, VA.

In reading the article by D. B. Easley, of South Boston, Va., who says he was a member of Company H, 14th Virginia Infantry, of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg, I notice a misstatement about Corse's Brigade. He says: "I saw the flag of the 15th Virginia about ten feet to the left of the 14th at the stone fence." In speaking of the small remnant of Pickett's Division who mustered the next day after the fight, he says, "and mustered 2,000 next day," taking no account of the fact that Corse, who was not in the fight, came in that night with about 1,500 men." Both of these statements are incorrect.

I had four older brothers in the 15th Virginia regiment, Company I. Corse's Brigade was formed in November, 1862, and consisted of the 15th, 17th, 30th, 32nd, and 29th Virginia regiments. When General Lee started to Pennsylvania Corse's Brigade was left at Hanover Junction to protect the bridges of the Virginia Central and the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad over the North Anna and South Anna Rivers. They were camped about twenty miles from my old home, and I made two visits to the camp to see my brothers, two of whom were with the regiment; a third brother had lost his arm at Sharpsburg, and was on detached duty.

The brigade was ordered to join General Lee after he had gotten to Pennsylvania, and about July 15 reported to General Lee at Winchester, Va., General Lee having recrossed the Potomac and was near Bunker Hill.

General Corse was ordered to push on and secure the passes of Manassas and Chester Gaps, which he accomplished after some heavy skirmishing, thus affording a safe passage for the army of Eastern Virginia.

(Continued on page 398)



## FACTS AND FANCIES.

BY J. A. OSGOOD, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

In his "History of Cavalry," the late Col. George T. Denison relates that Confederate troopers, when assailed by charging mounted Federals, were wont to call, one to another, "Here come those fellows with their swords, boys! Let 'em have it!" The outcome of the ensuing encounters of saber *versus* six-shooter is too well understood to be repeated here.

It is manifestly impossible to forget that jubilant battle call as one surveys Mr. J. Hergesheimer's foray into Southern annals entitled, "Swords and Roses," of which an initial installment has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* of June 30. When a friendly hostile critic runs hopelessly foul of undeniable facts—to say nothing of contradicting himself, as all but the most judicious critics are so prone to do—all that remains is to state the steadfast facts and repeat the chummy critic's own statements.

Setting gently aside Mr. H's historical omissions and commissions—including a picture of the legendary "Battle above the Clouds," unrecorded in the memoirs of U. S. Grant, let us consider how he fares in physical geography. Let us briefly review what he tells his readers about what he calls "The Deep South"—a tempting topic, one reflects, for "The Shallow North." More particularly, let us consider his account of the seasons in Alabama. Mr. H may have visited this State, but it is safe to assume that he does not reside here.

Our author's general ideas of climate, and of its various influence upon humanity at large, must be appreciated in order to perceive his viewpoint as regards the South. He would have us believe that man's mind flourishes only in frigid, frost-bitten regions, where the most arduous exertions are required to prevent the means of living from shriveling to the merest famishing subsistence. From the bitter struggle thus imposed by cruel Nature follows the bitter temper which—he assures us—belongs of right to all intellectual men, and women also, it may be inferred, despite Mr. H's failure to say so explicitly.

These statements are flatly refuted by the historic fact that it is to southern countries that the world owes all its civilization—to China, India, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Arabia. It was in Mexico and Peru that the American Indian accomplished most. What, on the other hand, have the Esquimaux or the Patagonians done for art, science, or discovery? It was the south of England, led by London, that founded the English Parliament, and vindicated English liberty against royal aggressions. It was a Southern colony that gave the world the author of the Declaration of Independence.

Getting home to Alabama with Mr. H, we find the gentleman shooting widest of the mark in two statements: (1) "The beauty of Alabama is a somber beauty." (2) "There is no grateful transition from the gloom of her forests to the crushing sunlight of her cotton fields."

From personal experience of a residence in Alabama throughout the past nine years, the writer can testify that to anyone in good health there is nothing "crushing" in the sunlight of her landscape, whether snowy with cotton, silver russet with corn, green with other crops, or piquantly part-colored with a riotous growth of luxuriant weeds. I freely concede that to level any extensive area of such wild vegetation with a grass hook entails, in summer, upon the dripping reaper enough perspiration to ruin shoes, to say nothing of clothing. But this copious perspiration is healthful, and the heat that compels it is neither oppressive nor disagreeable. In Alabama, as elsewhere south of Mason and Dixon's line,

the sun lays upon his children a mighty hand, whose firm but kindly pressure plainly says: "Take your time. For all that is worth doing, I give you glorious, abundant, unfailing daylight. Here, indeed, you may well be diligent. But here is neither place nor time for the feverish flurry of unskillful, botching haste, and the purposeless splutter that defeats its own professed object.

"All hurry is worse than useless. Think  
On the adage, 'Tis pace that kills.'

"Look about you and behold how much unhurried Nature accomplishes throughout the sunlit year. Here is the bursting storehouse from which the chilled dwellers in the frost-smitten, frost-bitten, frost-gnawed North break their winter's fast upon the welcome yield of Southern fields and orchards. Consider the driving, whirling rain tempests that I send to call life rampant from the earth till the very weeds tower above man, and challenge him to the battle whose spoils are a yearly round of matchless harvests."

What Marvell sang of the Bermudas gives as true a picture of the South:

"He gives us this eternal Spring  
Which here enamels everything;  
He hangs in shades the orange bright  
Like golden lamps in a green night;  
And does in the pomegranate close  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.  
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
And throws the melons at our feet.'

"Here indeed you may

"'Fear no more the heat o' the sun  
Nor the furious winter's rages,'

"'Furious winter' has long ceased to rage against the thousand-mile barrier of the Gulf—the 'Mexican Bay' where my heat is no longer to be feared. Along its coast the skillful builder easily rears dwellings cool in summer, warm in the mild winter. 'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?' exclaimed the Syrian captain. But in the South—the South of Forrest, and Gordon, and Beauregard, and Lee, Naaman could have seen a second Euphrates in the Tennessee, and a richer Chaldea in the Delta of the Mississippi. Who can deny Yancey's boast: 'Damascus had no keener blades nor sweeter roses than Alabama'? Scorching blasts from the sands of Arabia might wither the blossoms of Damascus; but from Alabama my seven-times heated furnace lies three hundred leagues away, beyond the Father of Waters."

Thus, methinks, would the sun, "rejoicing as a strong man to run a race," reply to Mr. Hergesheimer's complaints about the "crushing sunshine" of the South. Let us further consider his remarks upon, first, the supposed absence of grateful coolness in her summer air, and, second, the presence of what he sees fit to call "somber beauty" in Alabama.

Step from the clear sunlight of any open space in Alabama to the shade of a hedge, tree, or wall. Instantly the temperature seems to fall some thirty degrees, and that cool air is in soothing motion all about you. I have never known this to fail in Alabama; and I have never experienced any such difference in the North, where there is far more need of such relief from the scorching air poured in from the burning plains of Arizona and New Mexico. As for statistics, consult your World Almanac, and note that Detroit and New York, to say nothing of Chicago, Omaha, or St. Paul, have higher



records of summer heat than any point in what Mr. H calls "the deep South." Twice have I seen the mercury pass 100 in the shade on the shores of Lake Erie and Georgian Bay, in 43° and 44° north latitude. But at ten degrees less, sunstrokes and heat prostrations, practically unknown in the South, are all too common in the North. I recall a singular instance of this which occurred in the summer of 1911. A party of excursion travelers, journeying northward to seek relief from summer heat in Georgia or Florida, lost one of their number from fatal heat prostration at Niagara Falls, Ontario, where they found, instead, a temperature of 105° in the shade

Any old reliable Canadian geography will supply the information that the Province of Quebec is colder in winter, but warmer, or rather, hotter, in summer, than Ontario, which lies southwest. Any summer visitor to Quebec will find the historic city one of the sultriest points on the continent. Lord Roberts, the veteran British general, author of "Forty Years in India," found the summer solstice of Quebec more than he could bear during the tercentenary celebration of 1908. True, Lord Roberts was then an old man, but far from feeble. Only seven years before, he had commanded in person the British forces in South Africa; while his forty years in India had pretty thoroughly inured him to tropical heat. South of Mason and Dixon's line, it is safe to say, he would have enjoyed a different experience that same year.

The following extract from an article by Mr. Peter A. Brannon, entitled "A New Old Road," in the Montgomery Pageant Book of 1926, lightens the darkness of Mr. H's misconceptions of the sultriness of a Southern summer:

"In 1852, a notation of July 3, by a citizen of Wetumpka, says: 'W. L. Yancey passed through from Montgomery to Sylacauga, seventy miles, on the plank road, reached Sylacauga before eleven o'clock, made a speech, took dinner, and returned to Montgomery about sundown, made a speech at night in Montgomery.' No hint of heat prostration or abated vigor here.

Altogether, it must be confessed that, as concerns Alabama's climate, Mr. Hergesheimer does not challenge comparison with Silas Wegg. It is plain that, unlike that observant genius, he did not "take a powerful sight of notice" on this subject. Rather do his expatiations thereon remind one of Mr. Wegg's mapping out of the (to him invisible) interior of the neighboring mansion where dwelt the illustrious occupants whom he saw fit to designate as "Miss Elizabeth, Master George, Aunt Jane, and Uncle Parker." Here, by the by, one is tempted to glance at certain of Mr. H's vagaries in the field of Confederate history and biography. But that's quite another story, or series of anecdotes, and I recur to his significant phrase, "the somber beauty of Alabama."

Mr. Hergesheimer may well know and care little enough about beauty, but he ought to know a good deal about somberness, for somberness is eminently characteristic of his own Hyperborean habitat. North of the Ohio there are six winter months in each rolling, or slipping, year—four months clear from January to March, inclusive, with enough "belongings" in November, December, April, and May to make two more. Whatever daily or weekly variations of the season there may be in the North, this is there an annual certainty. When our author writes that Alabama has no winter whatever—meaning, no winter such as prevails in Montana, Idaho, Ohio, or Maine—he states a fact, and indicates a condition for which Southerners cannot be too

thankful. "We are creatures of the sun, we men and women," wrote Jerome K. Jerome, from foggy England, many years ago. We so remain. But little enough do his darkened creatures see of Old Sol where the Northern winter holds them fettered in his dungeons. For weeks on end an unbroken cloud pall of dullest, changeless gray hangs overhead, until the oppressed dweller beneath is tempted to fear that there is indeed a firmament overhead to which that chill, murky vapor veil is gummed fast forevermore. Somber! Yes. With a somberness worse than the gloom of the Arctic Circle, for here no aurora lends a glory to the bleak skies. When worse winters are made, Siberia will make them," is the consolatory reflection of the many whose yearning thoughts follow their more fortunate fellows in their winter exodus to Florida and California. We are told that Los Angeles is the seaport of Iowa. Small wonder that so many hardy Iowans, at long last emerged from their native drifts and frosts, have decided that it was time for a final change. We have all heard of the darkness that can be cut with a knife. But the somberness, the chill, unrelieved, vaporous gloom overhead where Northern winters prevail and abound can be weighed by the ton. The scales which measure its superincumbent mass are the heads of the countless victims whom it bears down to earth; for it is a safe guess that in the Northern States and Canada more people perish of winter ailments from January to March than in any six of the other months of the year

"He [Bryant] is very nice reading in summer, but, *inter Nos*, we don't want extra freezing in winter."

Thus, in a burst of forgetful frankness, wrote that loyal son of Massachusetts, James Russell Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics" (*Facts* for Critics would answer Southern purposes better). Note that Mr. Lowell deplored the contingency of extra *freezing*—not mere cold, but *freezing*, in his beloved Boston. He knew as well as any of his fellow townsmen when he had enough, and acknowledged the fact as seldom.

"What is so rare as a day in June"

queried the same rarely ingenuous poet. The answer has long been ready. A pleasant day in April in Mr. Lowell's homeland. For there, April, and the first three weeks of May, are held by winter, though due to spring; and winter, with true New England thrift, delays payment to the uttermost

Well might Mr. Lowell deprecate "extra (or "extry") "freezing in winter." "The leaves have their time to fall." In the Gulf States, that time extends in leisurely fashion from November to March. The water oaks hold their summer foliage until the buds of the next spring replace it. But the Northern frost falls in October like the ax of the guillotine. Down come the shrivelling leaves in sodden heaps. The trees are shorn of their glory overnight. Then indeed descends the rigid, frigid season

"Of wailing winds, and naked woods  
And meadows brown and sere."

quite unknown to the mild Southern climate

But "enough, with overmeasure" of this Hyperborean somberness, with which, it seems, Mr. Hergesheimer is so thoroughly imbued that he imagines it everywhere, even in the beauty of Alabama. Let us look with our own eyes and see, in part, at all events, what that beauty is.



*A BOY IN THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.*

(In the *VETERAN* for February appeared a sketch of the late B. F. Nelson, of Minneapolis, Minn., a Kentucky boy who fought under Morgan and Forrest and Wheeler, and after the war went into the Northwest and made a fortune in the lumber business. His experiences as a Confederate soldier were written by his son-in-law, Carl Sager, who was a lieutenant in the 151st Field Artillery during the World War, and who "jotted down these episodes while visiting with Mr. Nelson, who had a wonderful memory of those stirring days. . . . He was a subscriber to the *VETERAN*, and read every word of it in spite of his failing eyesight, whenever it was received.")

One day early in September of 1862, while on my way to Vanceburg, Lewis County, Ky., I met a young man by the name of George Todd, who told me he had heard of a small party of Confederate cavalry near by; and, being filled with the idea of adventure, I proposed to him that we overtake the party and enlist.

The Confederate cavalry was making a desperate effort to get away from the Union cavalry. We did not know exactly where the Southerners were, so we trotted and walked our horses at a pretty good pace all that day and night in the direction of Hillsboro, Fleming County.

However, finding another party of Confederates recruiting for Morgan's Cavalry, we joined that command a few days later. Our small party, with that of Nathan LaForge's, was organized and united with Company C, of the Second Battalion of Cavalry, commanded by Lieut. Col. Thomas Johnson. We scouted around Hillsboro and Mount Carmel several days, recruiting and organizing. This was the time of the year that Kirby Smith was marching through Kentucky trying to reach Louisville. On account of heavy reinforcements from Ohio, which prevented his taking Louisville, he was returning to Tennessee when the great battle of Perryville was fought. During this battle, our battalion was put into the brigade which was afterwards commanded by Humphrey Marshall.

Immediately after the battle at Perryville, we took up the march for Virginia, going by Big Sandy River, passing through Pikeville and over the Cumberland Mountains at Pound Gap. We entered Southwestern Virginia and Eastern Tennessee along the Holston River, and operated there during the winter of 1862 and 1863, staying in a Methodist camp meeting place, between Bristol and Abingdon, where the commissary headquarters were.

Small raids into Kentucky were occasionally made during this winter. I remember one time we were going through Crank's Gap into Harlan County, Ky., to drive away a group of Home Guards who were bothering us by coming over the mountains into Lee County, Va. We surprised a small squad of them, who fled to the mountains. Captain Williams, of Company A, a man of very little education, but otherwise a good officer, wheeled around on his horse and yelled to us: "Down and atter 'm, boys." Only two men were captured, one of whom died, the other escaping during the night.

In the spring of 1863 we marched back to Eastern Kentucky under the command of Col. Zeke Clay, a West Pointer, of the First Battalion, 2nd Regiment Regular Kentucky Cavalry. We followed to the headwaters of the Big Sandy River to Pikeville, where we encountered the pickets of a big Federal force at Louisa. One of the pickets was killed, and we chased the others by way of Prestonburg and Paintsville into Louisa, halting within a half mile of the town, where the Federal force was many times greater than our own.

Colonel Clay wanted to attack, but the other officers, after

holding a council of war, outvoted him. They thought it inexpedient to expose the men across open fields half a mile wide, with the Federal force on higher ground overlooking this distance, and with the Federal guns pointed so as to sweep the plain. The officers decided to go back to Virginia, so we were called together and rode leisurely in the new direction, expecting not to be followed. Wherever we could get forage and commissary stores, there we intended to strike camp for the night.

The next morning we marched until noon, when we unbridled and fed our horses. Some of us were engaged in a game of poker next to a wooden fence, when a bullet suddenly whizzed through just over our heads, and some one yelled: "Bushwhackers, Yanks." We gave a few volleys in the direction of the gun report, then hurriedly bridled the horses and snatched up our belongings. Colonel Clay was badly wounded in the face, a bullet passing through both cheeks. We decided to leave him as a captive, as he was in bad condition, and the hurried ride would have been too much for him. With the exception of a few slight wounds, there were no casualties. Colonel Clay was taken to prison, and recovered from his wounds, living many years after the war.

We all managed to get away and made for Saltville, Southwestern Virginia, whence we operated in Southwestern Virginia and Eastern Tennessee during the summer of 1863. In September, we were ordered, by forced marches, to Dalton, Ga. We rode our horses day and night and lived on green corn, arriving at Dalton about the 15th of September, and remained until the battle of Chickamauga, in which we did not take a very active part, except to drive in the pickets and bring on the battle.

Morgan being in prison, we served in General Wheeler's command, but directly under General Forrest, who brought on the battle. We then moved to the extreme right to guard our flank from any attack which the Federals might make.

General Forrest was a man of great magnetic power. I remember that he stationed himself, early in the morning, with his staff on horseback at the forks of the road where he could see every unit under him as it went by. As our small outfit of three hundred men, mostly of Morgan's Division, passed the General, he seemed to recognize us at once, for he said: "There go Morgan's men. Braver men never went to battle. Remember, boys, your commander is now in a felon's cell. Let Morgan be your watchword and give the Yankee's hell!"

In talking with other Confederate soldiers, they all remembered General Forrest from just such sayings as this, which he seemed to have ready on critical occasions.

At the close of this battle, all the cavalry which could be spared—about ten thousand men—were placed under General Wheeler. They started up the Tennessee River about twenty miles around Rosecranz's army and crossed the Hiwassee at the little town of Cleveland, where we were divided again. Here General Forrest showed his great military ability by taking a small party to Knoxville to prevent Burnside from coming south, but our brigade remained with Wheeler, crossed the Tennessee River late that night, and marched over Walden's Ridge in the direction of McMinnville during an extremely cold rain.

The river had to be crossed at a ford some miles north above the mouth of the Hiwassee, where there was a battery of artillery and about five hundred Federal soldiers. Wheeler ordered an immediate charge across in order to capture the battery, which we did with very small loss on our side. After sending the prisoners and guns back to Dalton, we took up our march again in a westerly direction for McMinnville, where the Federals had large stores. On the way, we ran across a long



train of wagons and also a railroad train carrying supplies out of McMinnville for Chattanooga, where Rosecranz's army was starving. We destroyed the train, and also the quartermaster and commissary supplies at McMinnville.

Murfreesboro, where the winter before there had been a large force, was now almost deserted. We had marched several days and felt pretty well worn out, so we pitched camp about the middle of the afternoon at Shelbyville, Tenn. The following morning we were suddenly attacked and compelled to retreat. We headed for Muscle Shoals, expecting to cross the Tennessee River at that point, as it was shallow enough in some places to cross without swimming. General Wheeler kept forming lines all day, waiting until the Federals came up at close range, then he would give one volley and fall back, thus making our loss comparatively light, while the enemy's was much heavier. During the afternoon, he formed heavier lines and pressed our artillery into service, which up to that time had not been used. This was a surprise to the Yanks, and by five o'clock they ceased to pursue us.

Wheeler called all of the field officers that he could get together and held a council; all of them decided that we should cross during the night. Wheeler owned a large plantation on the other side of the Shoals and knew the river well. He feared that more men would be lost on the winding Shoals, which were difficult to follow, than would be killed by stray Union bullets in crossing the next morning. During that night, we slept under the open with our saddles for pillows and horse blankets for covering. The enemy withdrew so far that he caught up with us only as the rearguard was crossing, and were able to capture only a few men and two parapet guns. We encamped on Wheeler's plantation adjoining the Shoals, where there was a large supply of corn. There we stayed until December and guarded the river.

We were then ordered back to Southwestern Virginia to guard the salt wells at Saltville and the lead mines at Wytheville, Va. Some who had poor horses went by rail, and the rest of us marched through Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina entering Virginia south of Abingdon. Soon after this, General Morgan made his escape from the Ohio Penitentiary and took command of our forces again at Saltville about May. At one time Wytheville was attacked by a large force of Federal troops commanded by General Averill. After Morgan took command, there was report of a large body of cavalry from West Virginia coming up the Caney River, which was the most favorable route for Federal troops to get to the mines. Morgan took what force he had without any artillery to Wytheville on the double quick, arriving there ahead of General Averill, who, he learned, was twenty miles away. Wytheville was at a gap in the mountains and had an old piece of artillery, which was used for Fourth of July celebrations, besides a small quantity of powder, but no ammunition. He ordered the blacksmith to cut up iron, such as horseshoes, while his men put the one piece of cannon in the small gap in the mountain just before the Federals attempted to go through. They loaded it for the one discharge, expecting it to blow up and kill as many, if not more, Confederates as it did Federals. It made a tremendous noise and so astonished the Yanks that they halted, turned, and retreated, and by the time they ventured back so many men had joined us that we had a strong force and could defend the pass easily. At the time of firing the gun, there were only two hundred of us. The several men captured wanted to know what kind of a gun it was and what kind of ammunition it took to make such an unearthly screeching through the air. We told them that it fired only mule and horseshoes.

After repulsing General Averill and his men at the Gap, we

returned to Saltville, where some of Morgan's scouts, returning from Kentucky, informed him that General Burbridge was in Eastern Kentucky, near Sandy Hook, with a much larger force than ours. Morgan realized that he could not cope with him if he should attack the salt works, and that his only hope was to make forced marches of forty to fifty miles a day back into Central Kentucky, create excitement, dread, and havoc, and thus divert Burbridge's command from attempting to attack the salt works. Consequently, we left Saltville, hurried through Russell and Wise Counties, and crossed the Cumberland Mountains at Pound Gap. We were attacked early in the morning at Mount Sterling, but captured the attackers with no difficulty. We then pushed on to Lexington, which was also taken without any resistance. Some of Morgan's "gorillas" broke into the bank, taking what money they could find. This was the second time his men had raided the bank, and after the first bank raid, the books showed, the following entry, "So much money was extracted by Morgan's men," but after the second raid, the entry was made: "So much money short, due to Morgan's men."

Turning in the direction of Georgetown, we rode on to Cynthiana, arriving there in the early morning. We were ordered to dismount and charge through a wheat field, where a body of Federal troops was in line of battle. The wheat was quite tall and, as we did not care to exhibit ourselves before the encounter, Captain Forgarty and I went somewhat in advance of the rest of the men to a stump, where I saw the lay of the land and the location of the enemy's line awaiting us. I gave them one shot with my Sharpe's rifle and emptied my Colt's revolver, telling Forgarty to look out, as they no doubt had our range. Hardly was it said when two bullets hit his hand; our forces came up and the Federals surrendered. We then hurried to the railroad and put logs and stones on the track to stop the train, which we knew was coming up with fifteen hundred troops, that being three hundred more than we had. As it puffed through a deep cut, the train finally came to a stop and all of the men surrendered without fighting at all. We kept these men in the gulch overnight and arranged for their parole the next day.

Here Morgan received information that Burbridge had returned to Kentucky and was only forty miles away. He decided it was safe to give the men and horses a night's rest, but, next morning at daylight, we were attacked by nearly Burbridge's entire force, which drove us as fast as the troops could move in the direction of Licking River, a mile away. In going this mile, Burbridge's cavalry made a flank movement, arriving at the river a little way from where we were crossing. There was a stone fence about two to three feet high along the bank, which our horses could jump and land in the water. As we crossed, the enemy farther down gave us a heavy enfilade fire, killing many of our horses. To avoid the enfilade fire, we hung over on the side of our horses, using them as shields from the bullets while crossing. My horse was shot through the neck, but succeeded in swimming the river and jumping the bank. Due to the loss of so much blood, he fell to the ground. I had no difficulty in getting another horse, as many of them came out without riders. The one I grabbed had received a bullet through the fleshy part of its neck, but not through a vital spot.

We again returned to Saltville, Va.; soon after which Morgan was advised of a large force of cavalry coming from Central Tennessee to attack the salt works. As soon as getting the information necessary and collecting all the forces he possibly could get together, the remnants of four brigades, we marched through Abingdon and Lebanon, Va., by way of



Bristol, into Tennessee at Greeneville, the home of Vice President Andrew Johnson, early in the evening.

We rested in order to get ready to move on Bull's Gap, the camp of the Federal forces. At this time, General Morgan's command of two thousand men was probably the largest he ever had at any one time during the war. Before dark he visited every outpost to see that there was no place unguarded, but, unfortunately, there must have been one place overlooked which did not have pickets. That evening, a woman left the house where Morgan established his headquarters and rode the ten or fifteen miles to Bull's Gap, piloting back a force of cavalry into Greeneville through the only unprotected place. Morgan, being surprised, attempted to escape through the garden, but the Federal troops shot him several times as he left the house. They threw his body across a horse and took him out of the village to show their comrades. Their Commander Walker ordered that it be returned to his own troops. We did very little fighting after that in the vicinity and returned to Abingdon.

Gen. Basil Duke, brother-in-law of Morgan and his Adjutant General, succeeded to the command. His first work was to look over Morgan's papers, among which he found a list which evidently had been made out a short time before, detailing Lieutenant Stout, his brother Alonzo, Gert Goddard, and myself to go into Kentucky as far as we could and get all information possible and to return as soon as possible thereafter. The General called us to headquarters, read Morgan's paper, and rather advised against our going, but Lieutenant Stout said it was probably one of Morgan's last wishes, and he wanted to carry it out. So Basil Duke consented, and we went by Pound's Gap, through Morgan and Flemingsburg into Lewis County, where the scouts and I lived. We obtained a considerable amount of valuable information which we did not dare write down, but we intended, when out of enemy territory, to make up our report from memory.

There were good horses in that region and each decided to pick out a fresh one before starting back. So, on the night of our departure, each of us mounted a good horse and rode all night and the next day. Taking for granted that all danger was over, we stopped, fed, and rested, little aware of the proximity of a notorious family of robbers by the name of Underwood, who claimed to be Federals or Confederates whichever was the most convenient for their purpose. About twenty-five or thirty of them surrounded us and took us to Flemingsburg and then to the jail at Maysville for the night. The next day, we were put on a boat and taken to Covington, Ky., thence by rail to Lexington, where we were confined six weeks. At this time General Burbridge was capturing men, sending them to jail, from where they were often taken out and stood up against the wall in front of the firing squad. Three of our party were condemned, one who was a Mason escaped, and the other two were executed a short time after we were captured. One officer after another asked us how long we had been in the service, where we enlisted, whom we fought under, and many other questions, which were complicated and difficult to answer straight. But we had all agreed beforehand to this one story, that we were going home to see our folks. After being cross-examined by so many officers, we took for granted that prison life was to be our lot, but, instead, fifteen of our names were called, ten of whom were executed at daylight. In ten days' time, the same performance was repeated and continued until more than thirty men were taken out and shot. Then, to our great relief, we were sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, in December, 1864, there remaining until the following March. After six weeks

of confinement, it was finally decided that we were prisoners of war rather than guerrillas.

The afternoon of March 20, 1865, found us in day coaches headed for Baltimore, Md. Somewhere between Chicago and Fort Wayne, our train collided with another. The sudden stopping threw all of us to the front of the coach. As I was sitting in the rear, naturally I found myself on top, causing much joshing on the part of the other boys, who claimed that whatever escapade Nelson was in, he always came out on top. Only a few broken arms, legs, and seats was the sum total of damage done. The coach, luckily for us, was no longer fit to ride the tracks, so we were changed to much more comfortable, straw-bedded cattle cars, plenty large enough to lie down in and stretch our legs.

It was nearly a three-days' trip before we reached Baltimore, and we had nothing to eat. When we arrived, they brought us a barrel of salt pork, which we ate with crackers. We were then transferred to a boat and taken down the bay to the James River. At the mouth of the James River, we were transferred to a small boat and turned over to the Confederate forces, who took us to Richmond. There I remained a few days, satisfying myself that the war was over. I secured a ticket to Abingdon, where my old comrades were stationed just outside of the village. I had been given a parole, but no license to bear arms. The boys seemed to be courageous in spite of their blues. I told them that we were licked, and they said: "O, you have been North and heard the Yankees talk." I said: "No, boys; Lee must evacuate Richmond. Sherman is in North Carolina." This was on April 5. Two days before Lee had marched out of Richmond, but, due to the wires being cut, we did not get the information at Abingdon until some days later. Our command, which now had no right to take up arms, marched into North Carolina; a few of us tramped down through the mountains of Kentucky, dodging bushwhackers the best we could, and surrendered at Mount Sterling, Ky., April 20.

I worked on the farm until August, and then in a sawmill, until I had earned enough money for a new suit of clothes. Then I took the river boat War Eagle at Cincinnati, for the West, and landed in St. Paul fourteen days later, September 3, 1865. St. Paul did not appeal to me, so I boarded the train and in a half hour, with a dollar in my pocket, a small knapsack in my hand, I landed at St. Anthony and started to look for work, which was very scarce. It was impossible to find anything for the first few days. I did not dare to tell my landlady that I had nothing to do for fear that I would be without room and board. Finally, I followed the river up to Fridley, where I hired out to mow hay for a dollar a day and board. After the haying, I returned to the hotel, where I found a man who was short of men, and left with him for rafting lumber, where I worked for \$2.00 a day and boarded myself. This gave me work, wading in the water until late in October, when I went out into the big woods to stake a claim near Waverly.

#### SUNDOWN.

Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the west;  
Clouds, dimly lighted gathering slowly;  
The star of peace at watch above the crest—  
O, holy, holy, holy!

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;  
Wingless, we move so lowly;  
But in thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—  
O, holy, holy, holy! —John Charles McNeill.



## MISSOURI TROOPS IN THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX., COMPANY A, 6TH MISSOURI INFANTRY.

Could General Grant have followed up his success after the fight at Big Black River with the same promptitude that characterized his movements after the battle of Champion's Hill, he could have taken Vicksburg and its battered garrison on the 18th of May instead of the 4th of July.

When Pemberton retired behind his defenses, he had only four divisions. Two of these, Bowen's and Stevenson's, had suffered heavily at Champion's Hill, Bowen had sustained additional losses at Black River, including practically all of his artillery, and Vaughn's Brigade, of Smith's Division, had lost in morale and had little fight left in it. This left only two unimpaired divisions for defense, those of Generals Forney and Stephen D. Lee.

I reached Vicksburg several hours in advance of the army and was alert for news and curious as to methods and facilities of defense. The outlook from the Jackson Road where it crossed the line of intrenchments was not encouraging. Much of the defense line was composed of illy-constructed and incomplete rifle pits.

To the left of the road was a salient protected by earthworks and embrasures for cannon. This was known as Fort Hill, but had no armament. The western slope of this dropped down into a hollow, guarded only by a rude fence, with grapevine and briar entanglements. Beyond this were rifle pits, two gun lunettes, earthworks, stockades, and more works on to where the bluffs overlooked the river. It was along this sector where the heaviest fighting occurred.

To the right of the Jackson Road, round to the Warrenton Road, the character of the defenses was about the same, perhaps not as effective.

I found the streets of Vicksburg thronged with stragglers, and several hundred slightly wounded men seeking food and hospitalization. There were no sentries, no order. Along in the early afternoon the army came drifting in, footsore, tired, hungry, and dispirited. Grant's advance reached the hills beyond the Confederate works during the night, but he had already had a "look-see" at part of our defenses.

Grant had ridden alone to a point where the Illinois monument now stands, and, leveling his field glass, surveyed the field before him. I saw his form silhouetted against the evening sky as he sat on his horse, but had no idea it was he.

As rapidly as possible order was brought out of chaos, stragglers directed to their companies, companies to regiments, and disorder gave way to discipline.

The main attack, it was anticipated, would be made against the sector from the Jackson Road to the extreme left, where the upper batteries commanding the river were located. Smith's Division was assigned to that part of said sector. Forney's Division to that part lying between the wagon road and railroad. To Generals Stevenson and Lee were assigned the line from the railway to the Warrenton Road. Bowen's Missouri Division was held in reserve.

Thus positioned, the Confederates awaited the enemy assault. Nor had they long to wait.

May 19 dawned with clear skies and gentle winds. During the night an occasional shot from listening sentinel was heard, but that was all of hostile demonstration, and even breakfast was eaten in peace; the boys in blue luxuriating on ham fat, hard-tack, and coffee, he of the tattered gray making out as best he could on sweet potatoes, cow peas, and corn dodger.

About nine o'clock a burst of artillery announced the opening of the ball. For an hour or more Federal batteries pounded our works, and were answered by such guns as we had in position. Then came the infantry. Advancing in serried lines opposite Smith's Division, Stars and Stripes and jaunty State flags fluttering over them, came wave after wave of blue-clad men, bright of eye, firm of jaw, and every onward step expressing determination.

Just as resolute, the men in gray, kneeling in rifle pit or standing behind stockade walls, awaited the command to fire. Scarcely a hundred yards intervened between the assaulting lines and their goal when the ominous word was given. Seven thousand rifles spoke simultaneously, and seven thousand leaden messengers of death sped in search of victims.

Those blue waves received the impact and shook from wing to wing, then, recovering, closed up, filled the vacant places made by numerous casualties, and pressed on. The opening volley from Smith's gray coats was followed by "firing at will," and a steady roll of rifle fire was kept up all along his front.

The blue lines began to thin out, to stagger and reel, and their commander, realizing that the assault had failed, ordered the recall. One more try, involving Forney's and Lee's Divisions, was also made, and finding the Confederate lines intact at every point, Grant saw that greater preparation than had been made must be consummated before Vicksburg's defenses could be carried by assault.

The next two days were consumed in preparing for the desperate struggle that was to be made. Additional regiments were brought up. More and heavier artillery emplaced. Where possible, forces were advanced in order to economize on distance to be negotiated in order to make goal.

The morning of May 22, to be made memorable for many years to come, was a glorious one. Alas! that so many brave men were to drink its wine in its freshness and by night lie stark and stiff while the silent stars looked down, and the sighing pines sang requiem! Reveille, sounded by the bugle's clarion call, screaming fife, and rattling drum first broke the stillness, followed by the usual sounds of the camp. Then stillness again.

There was pent-up expectancy in the trenches and where soldiers, held in reserve, awaited the anticipated attack. General Grant, with watch in hand, waited till the hands pointed nine o'clock. Up went his hand. A cannoneer, watching, saw the gesture and pulled his lanyard.

We heard the shot, heard the weird shriek of the iron messenger, and beheld high overhead the whitening cloudlet of a bursting shell. Then pandemonium broke loose. Every Federal battery from river bluff to the Warrenton Road, answering that signal, had gone into instant action.

The fleet of gunboats had moved down to point-blank range and added their voice. Perhaps in no battle ever fought on American soil had such a cannonade been directed. Our regiment, the 6th Missouri, C. S. A., lying behind a sharp spur of a hill, could plainly feel the impact of every shell or solid shot that buried deep in the yielding soil.

The hill trembled as if shaken by an earthquake. The effect on the men was as a rocking cradle to a sleepy babe, and when a messenger reported to Colonel Erwin that our line up in the trenches was in danger of breaking and needed support, in calling the regiment into line he found all but half a dozen or so soundly sleeping. But a few of us were awake, and we were soon rushing toward the firing line.

Many enemy shells passed high overhead to empty tons of fragment and shrapnel where our reserves were crouching,



but the majority were so searching and close that many breaches were made in embankments, and stockades were shattered to splinters. Then again, long lines of men in blue, as if rising out of Mother Earth, emerged from concealment and sprang forward to grapple again with an enemy whose mettle they had learned to respect.

One, two, three—some said they counted as many as six lines in that magnificent battle array of magnificent men. Field glass in hand, Grant, Sherman, McPherson, McClelland, and Logan watched as those men, perfect in alignment and steady of step, forged forward. Behind their battered defense the men of the South kept vigil, and, with firm determination to yield no ground, awaited the oncoming enemy.

Closer and closer these came, first at the quick step, then in a run, bayonets at charge. Again the men in gray held their fire until at point blank they could make it the more effective. Then, as one man, they drove home their volley, then settled to firing as rapidly as they could. The first line of blue as it received this deadly shock staggered, recovered, pushed on, then halted. The second line closed up, passed the first only to be in turn compelled to retire with shattered ranks and decimated numbers. The third line fared no better, and all were recalled for reorganization.

But Grant had other regiments of tried and true men, and these were sent in. The tragedy of the first attack was repeated, and the commanders saw their devoted soldiers go down by tens, by fifteens, by hundreds. But this attack had nearly broken through, and but for prompt arrival of one of Bowen's regiments, the 4th Missouri, C. S. A., which came just in time to hurl back the enemy just as it was planting its battle flag upon a Confederate parapet, would have gone over.

This near success encountered another assault, for, according to the ethics of war, when the enemy is forced to call out his reserves, exhaustion threatens. So once more across a field already strewn with dead and dying men, swarm in regiments, brigades, divisions, and army corps, and hurl themselves against the still resisting and determined Confederates, who, flushed by their former successes, are still more defiant and resolute.

Reeling from the deadly storm of leaden hail that rent and crushed these indomitable men from Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, the very flower of American manhood sullenly gave back and sought refuge behind concealing hill and ridge. The grand assault had failed.

A band at Smith's headquarters struck up the tune of "Dixie," and this was taken up by a score of other bands, and the welkin fairly rang with the inspiring notes. Then the cheers of the soldiers followed, ringing loud and triumphant from flank to flank, from river bluff to Warrenton Road.

General Grant ordered no more assaults. Vicksburg could only be taken by gradual approaches, so pick and spade replaced sword and rifle. But the artillery was kept fairly active and hundreds of sharpshooters ever alert. Several officers and many men were killed by their unerring aim.

The weather was dry and warm. Out in front lay the dead bodies of several thousand men. The stench from these became so sickening that General Pemberton sent a flag of truce to Grant requesting an armistice, that the dead might be buried, which was granted, and for three hours blue and gray mingled freely, not as friends exactly, but as foemen worthy of each other's steel.

Then came the siege—came those weary days and desolating, nerve-strangling nights, death ever stalking even the hiding places of men held in reserve. Death became so com-

mon from the whimpering Minie balls which Grant's sharpshooters kept sending our way as grim reminders that Grant was still there, by the frequent explosion of shells, scattering their death-dealing fragments all about us, that at sound of taps comrade bade comrade good-by, unknowing whether they would meet on the morrow or one or both be borne to the long trench of eternal repose.

From day to day the encircling armament was strengthened, from day to day the approaches were moved up closer. Seven barges, each one carrying a twenty-six-inch mortar, were anchored beyond the range of our river batteries. At night these would open up and hurl their great spheres of iron over the devoted city. The flame of their burning fuses could be seen as they circled high overhead, falling and bursting, hurling their growling, snarling, whining fragments over houses, streets, and vacant places, filling all with dread and apprehension.

The question of rationing garrison and city's population became a serious one. When the siege began there was little flour or bacon; even corn meal and sweet potatoes, the army's two principal stand-bys, were of limited supply. But there were large stores of lard and cow peas. An experiment of mixing ground peas with corn meal developed dysentery, so was abandoned. All bacon and flour was sent to the hospitals, whose aggregation of inmates daily increased. This left for the soldiers in the trenches only closely economized rations of hog's lard and cow peas, upon which they ungrudgingly subsisted, but put on no fat.

One morning a sentinel reported having heard a ticking which seemed to be underground. It then was revealed that Federal sappers were either trying to cut a passage under our defense work, or preparing to plant mines with the purpose to blow them up. On June 25, a small mine was exploded in Forney's front with little damage.

At the salient known as Fort Hill more vigorous work was being carried on. The 6th Missouri with 3d Louisiana, in support, was ordered there. On the afternoon of the 27th, while Lieutenant Burr, of Company A, 6th Missouri, was directing a detail to construct a traverse across the front of the work, he was approached by Lieutenant Crenshaw, of Company F, and asked to sign a requisition for revolvers for the officers. All at once an ominous silence brooded, and Crenshaw, noting, said:

"Burr, I wouldn't be surprised if this whole hill is blown to hell in less than ten minutes." Prophetic words! In the same instant came the catastrophe, Burr and his men were blown thirty feet in air, mostly all killed, and some bodies, including Crenshaw's, never recovered. Burr escaped with a badly-burned body. The crater left by the explosion was both wide and deep. A passage had been cut by the enemy for an assaulting column, which moved at once into the breach.

That morning, Colonel Erwin, against the advice of his physicians, had returned to the front and resumed command of his regiment. As soon as the debris of the upheaval had settled, he rushed his men to the rim of the crater, where they met the enemy as they were scrambling for the same goal. for fully an hour a furious struggle ensued for mastery.

Grant had massed twenty-seven hundred picked men to carry on this assault, and beating them back was no easy work. As they did not dare expose their bodies, they would lift the muzzles of their guns over the rim, depress them, fire, then recover to reload. To stop this, the Confederates began hurling a shower of fine earth over on them. This, falling into the muzzles of enemy rifles would close the vents and render the gun useless. Great quantities of hand grenades were



brought up and hurled over, and many, failing to explode, were thrown back.

The assault having failed, the assailants were called off. To know what new move to expect, Colonel Erwin crawled to the crest of the rim and looked over. Ere his body was erect, five Minie balls penetrated his breast and he fell back into the arms of Nathan Lipscomb, dead. Of all the blows that the 6th Missouri had suffered, this was the worst.

Pemberton concluded to risk no more breaches of his line, for he knew the next attack would come over, so proposed a parley which resulted in surrender of post and army. By the terms of surrender, the Confederates were to stack their arms, be paroled, and march out of Vicksburg in a body. As a mark of honor, the 6th Missouri, reduced to one hundred and twenty-six men, was assigned the head of the column, and Company A's eleven survivors headed that.

Colonel Erwin's wife and two little daughters had been banished from their home at Independence, Mo., and had lately come into our lines. Before retiring into Vicksburg, Colonel Erwin had intrusted to his wife our regimental flag, that she might sew on it a prepared record of the regiment's action at the battle of Corinth. The flag was still in her possession when Vicksburg was surrendered. Mrs. Erwin, widowed, without money, in delicate health, and among strangers, had a valuable friend in Lieut. Erwin A. Hickman, also from Independence. Aware of her sad plight, he undertook to befriend her. On his way to seek an interview with General Grant he ran across Col. Rob Fletcher, commanding a regiment of Federal Missourians and afterwards governor of Missouri. Securing Fletcher's interest, he easily obtained an audience with the great commander. Grant listened quietly to Hickman's story.

"Where does Mrs. Erwin wish to be sent?" he asked.

"To her late husband's relatives at Lexington, Ky.," was Hickman's answer.

Turning to Colonel Rawlings, his Adjutant, Grant instructed him to furnish Mrs. Erwin and two daughters transportation to Lexington and detail a guard of honor for her safe conduct.

"Has Mrs. Erwin any money?" he asked of Hickman.

"She has only a small amount of Confederate money," was the response.

"Then," handing Hickman a \$50 greenback, "give her this with my compliments," said he. And there was Grant, the grand man. Mrs. Erwin, not knowing what better to do with the flag, took it to Lexington, and it is there to-day.

## LETTERS FROM AN EXILE, 1865.

CONTRIBUTED BY PHILIP AUCHAMPAUGH, PH.D., STATE TEACHERS' COLLEGE, MINNESOTA.

The two letters following indicate by their tone and spirit a friendship which survived the shock of the sectional conflict of the sixties. Jeremiah Sullivan Black, it will be remembered, was President Buchanan's Attorney General until December, 1860, when he was made his Secretary of State. Jacob Thompson was Secretary of the Interior. When Thompson resigned in 1861, because of his disapproval of the sailing of the *Star of the West*, Black remained. Both then and later he defended the character of Thompson, wrongfully accused of the abstraction of some bonds from a safe in his department.

In a few months came the war. For three years each section poured forth its blood and lavished its resources without stint in a desperate and internecine struggle. Many people of both sections feared that despotism alone would profit by

the long-continued conflict. Of that group was Jeremiah Black. With the knowledge, if not with the authority, of Secretary of War Stanton, a former colleague in the Cabinet of Buchanan, and since styled by his admirers, "The Autocrat of the Rebellion," Black went to Canada, where he met Thompson and the other Confederate commissioners. But the time of the end was not yet, and in spite of mutual suggestions for the cessation of hostilities, nothing was accomplished. Davis still hoped for Southern independence, and Stanton would not consent to any armistice with "rebels."

Later the war did cease. Judge Advocate General Holt, whom Thompson had once recommended to Buchanan for Postmaster General, now sought to "frame" Thompson for complicity in the assassination of Lincoln. Time has dispelled all this, but in those days feeling ran high. Hence, with good reason, Thompson went to Europe. After leaving Canada he wrote Black the two letters given below, which are among the Black papers in the Library of Congress.

The first of these letters is dated

"HALIFAX, N. S., July 6, 1865.

"Hon. J. A. Black.

"*My Dear Sir:* I see that Mr. O'Connor, of New York, has tendered his professional services for the defense of President Jefferson Davis. I am rejoiced at this. Now, dear sir, I want you to join him in this defense. Fix your fee for services at whatever standard you may think is right, and I will see that it is paid. His trial will be historical and one of the most important and conspicuous which has ever taken place. You, I know, are able to make your mark and thus become one of the chief figures in this great tragic picture. My theory is the Jeffersonian one: Under our Constitution, Jefferson Davis is no traitor. He sought the overthrow of no government. In obedience to the wishes of organized sovereignties, he endeavored to maintain vested and prescriptive right. But you must appear in this trial; you must give your time to preparing the case, and if you can, communicate with your client in gathering testimony. You will be at expense and trouble in doing this, but I pledge you my faith that it all shall be made good to you. Communicate with Mr. O'Connor and give to the case your time and your best energies.

"Write me at Paris, France, and put your letter under cover to Messrs. Glyn Mills, Currie & Co., Bankers, London.

"Now a word for myself. The vindictiveness of our old colleagues at Washington knows no bounds. Holt and Stanton knew as well as I did that to connect my name with the assassination of Lincoln was an outrage. The absurdity of supposing that I took such men as they examined as witnesses into my confidence was apparent to them. They could not have supposed that I had become demented, that I had lost all honor and flippantly discussed the gravest of crimes with every man who casually fell into my room. Now their venom would have cropped out more clearly if they had offered \$25,000 for my capture, dead or alive. This would put the assassins on my track and secured their end. Now I am proscribed. I have no home or country, and I seek only to get where I may escape the persecutions of the unprincipled. Before I left home, I disposed of my entire large estate; what was available I brought with me. I will have enough for my wife and me. She is with me and would be most kindly remembered to you, Mrs. B., and Mrs. S.

"Be sure to write me under cover to Messrs. Glyn Mills, Currie & Co., Bankers, London, England.

"Yours,

J. THOMPSON."



"PARIS, September 2, 1865.

"To Hon. J. S. Black.

"*My Dear Sir:* I received your letter sent to the care of Glyn Mills & Company, in this city. I was glad to hear from you and have been waiting with the hope of receiving another letter after your consultation in New York. I am very glad to find you willing to enter upon the defense of that great and good man, Jefferson Davis. Posterity will yet do him justice, and the true friends of constitutional liberty will yet embalm his memory. The United States now is an absolute government, no longer relying upon the good will of the people for its strength and support, but upon the bayonet and force. I am a proscrip. My presence in my own native land is considered dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States. The authorities at Washington know I am no violator of the law, but they know also that I have struggled by all honorable means to maintain and uphold the institutions of the fathers as they have been delivered to us. But I take my fortune without a murmur. It is true I cannot but love my native land, and I most keenly feel her debasement. But I should accept her fortunes and make the most of it were I not pursued. I would submit with good faith to the revolution which makes the Washington government an absolutism.

"But I did not take up my pen to write of myself. What I want now is to press you to do what you can for the safety and honor of those of my friends in like position who have fallen into the hands of the conquerors. Would not the authorities permit you to have an interview with President Davis and Mr. Clay? I wish you could see them, especially Davis, and know what he would have his friends do for him, and then let me know. I cannot permit myself to indulge the opinions and feelings I sometimes have as to the excluded manner in which they keep Davis, as well as keeping up garrisons in the Southern States. But I hope you will not hesitate to incur whatever expense may be necessary for the defense of Davis, and I hope you will also defend Mr. Clay. But why do they not try them?

"I have written this letter simply to provoke a reply. I am snugly fixed up in this gay city, the central resort of all the fashionable world. I am trying to learn the French language, a knowledge of which adds greatly to the pleasure of the associations here. We find people here from all countries, speaking all languages. Napoleon's genius and spirit is seen and felt on every side, and at this time he may be aptly called the Soul of France. Mrs. Thompson is with me, often expresses a wish to have a long, free talk with Judge Black; sends her love to you, Mrs. Black, and the family, in which I join with all my heart. If you have a leisure moment, do write me a long letter. Direct hereafter to Messrs. Van Den Brock Bros. & Co., Bankers, 60 Rue Chaussee D'Antin, Paris.

"Your friend, J. THOMPSON."

It will be remembered that Thompson did not remain in exile, but spent the latter years of his career in Tennessee. The friendship of the two men was ended only by the death of Black in 1883.

As a Northern man who regrets the passing of State Rights, it is a pleasure to note the mention of a most sturdy champion of that ancient creed, Charles O'Connor, then one of the most eminent members of the New York bar. During the dark days of the War between the States, he remained steadfast to his political principles. Later, as the legal champion of the leader of a defeated cause, he again showed that his faith was no fair-weather creed, and that for him no verdict of the battle field could becloud the record of historic fact.

#### FEDERAL BLUNDERS AT FRANKLIN.

BY THE LATE CAPT. JOHN K. SHALLENBURGER, SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO REGIMENT

Any incident concerning the battle of Franklin, Tenn., coming my way has always been devoured with a greedy interest. Because of that interest, I have given far more research to this battle than to any other in which I was engaged. On account of the open character of the battle field, the limited area on which the fighting raged, and my presence in the midst of that area, the leading features of the battle came under my personal observation. Wherever that observation was wanting for giving a clear account, I have supplied the deficiency with information gathered from other reliable sources.

I was commanding Company B, 64th Ohio Regiment, Conrad's Brigade, Wagner's Division, Fourth Corps. Wagner's Division was the rear guard on the retreat to Franklin and about mid forenoon of November 30, 1864, arrived on top of the Winstead Hills two miles south of Franklin. Halting there long enough to eat a hasty breakfast, the division then hurried into battle line to delay the columns of the enemy, in close pursuit, by compelling them to deploy. The position was held as long as possible without bringing on a battle, and then Wagner began to retire slowly toward Franklin.

The town lies nestled in a little valley in a bend of Harpeth River. A stand was made to get the artillery and the wagon train across the river. While our commanding general, Schofield, was giving his attention to the facilities for crossing, the main body of the army, under the supervision of General Cox, was engaged in establishing our defensive line, which stretched across the river bend in the arc of a circle, inclosing the town. As fast as the troops came up and were placed in position, they hurried to cover themselves with breastworks. By the time the enemy was ready to attack, Cox's line was well entrenched. The trains were all over the river in time for the troops to have followed before the enemy appeared. The opportunity thus offered to secure a much stronger position, with the river in front instead of in rear, was not improved.

By one o'clock Wagner had fallen back so close to Cox's line that a movement was begun to withdraw his division inside that line. Conrad's Brigade had been called in from the left flank and was marching in column along the pike with the head of column nearing the breastworks, when Wagner received an order from Schofield to take up a position in front of Cox's line. In obedience to this order, Conrad countermarched a short distance and then deployed his brigade in a single line of battle having a general direction nearly parallel with Cox's line. Five of the six regiments composing the brigade were posted on the east side, and one on the west side of the pike, 470 yards in front of Cox's line as measured along the pike. Lane's Brigade, following Conrad's, was posted on Conrad's right, Lane's line trending backward to conform with Cox's line. The position was such that when the enemy attacked, Conrad's five regiments east of the pike proved to be in the direct pathway of the attack. They were overwhelmed before the line west of the pike, refused as to that pathway, became fully engaged.

When Opdycke's Brigade, the last to retire, came up to the position occupied by Conrad and Lane, Wagner rode forward and ordered Opdycke into line with them. Colonel Opdycke strenuously objected to this order. He declared that troops out on the open plain in front of the breastworks were in a good position to aid the enemy and nobody else. He also pleaded that his brigade was worn out, having been marching



For several hours that morning, while covering the rear of our retreating column, in line of battle, climbing over fences and passing through woods, thickets, and muddy cornfields, and was entitled to a relief and an opportunity for rest and refreshment. While they were discussing the matter, they rode along the pike with the brigade marching in column behind them, until they had entered the gap in the breastworks left for the pike. The ground there being fully occupied by other troops, they kept along until they came to the first clear space, about one hundred yards inside the breastworks. There Wagner turned back with the final remark: "Well, Opdycke, fight when and where you damn please. We all know you'll fight." Colonel Opdycke then had his brigade stack arms on the clear space, and his persistence in thus marching his brigade inside the breastworks about two hours later proved to be the salvation of our army.

When Conrad's Brigade took up its advanced position, we all supposed it would be only temporary, but soon an orderly came along the line to give instructions to the company commanders. He told me the orders were to hold the position to the last man; to have my sergeants fix bayonets, and to instruct my company that any man, not wounded, who should attempt to leave the line without orders would be shot or bayoneted by the sergeants. Four of Conrad's regiments had each received a large assignment of drafted men so recently that none of them had been with their regiments more than a month and many had joined within a week. The old soldiers all believed that our harsh orders were given for effect on the drafted men, for we never before had received any such orders on going into battle. We then began to fortify.

On the retreat that morning we had passed an abandoned wagon loaded with intrenching tools. By order, each company of the 64th took two spades from this wagon, the men relieving each other in carrying them. Probably the other regiments did the same, for they all seemed to have a few tools. We were out in a large old cotton field not under cultivation that year. The ground had been frequently camped on by other troops who had destroyed all the fences and other materials usually found so handy in building hasty breastworks. On this occasion our only resource was the earth thrown by the few spades we had. Under the stimulus afforded by the sight of the enemy in our front forming for assault, the men eagerly relieved each other in handling the spades. Whenever a man working showed the least sign of fatigue, a comrade would snatch the spade out of his hands and ply it with desperate energy. In spite of our utmost exertion, when the attack came, we had only succeeded in throwing up a slight embankment high enough to afford good protection against musket balls to the men squatting down in the ditch from which the earth had been thrown. On the outside, where there was no ditch, it was so low that a battle line could march over it without halting.

The ground ascended slightly from our position back to Cox's line, and all the intervening space, as well as a wide expanse on our left, was bare of any obstruction.

In our front was a valley extending to the base of the Winstead Hills. This valley was dotted with a few farm buildings and there were also some small areas of woodland, but the greater portion consisted of clear fields. As our line was established, the 64th Ohio was on the left and three companies, H, K, and B were partially refused to cover the left flank. My position was at the refused angle. What I relate was what I saw from that angle.

About the time that we began to fortify, my attention

was called to a group of mounted men in a field on the side of the Winstead Hills, to the east of the Columbia Pike, and more than a mile in our front. This group undoubtedly consisted of General Hood and his staff. An officer who was present with Hood has related that from their position they had a good view of Cox's line; that after giving that line a hasty survey through his field glass, General Hood slapped the glass down with an emphatic gesture and decisively exclaimed: "We will attack." Staff officers then began to gallop forth from the group carrying orders to the troops to form for assault. At the angle where I was, our view of the valley directly in our front and to our right was obstructed by a small body of timber a short distance in advance of our position. We could see nothing of the movements of Cheatham's Corps, which formed astride the pike. But looking up the valley on our left front was a wide expanse of cleared fields. In these fields we had a good view of the movements of a large part of Stewart's Corps. They first came into view from behind a body of timber over toward the river, deploying on double quick from column into line. As fast as the troops could be hurried up from the rear, Stewart extended his lines over toward the pike. We could see all their movements so plainly while they were adjusting their lines that there was not a particle of doubt in the mind of any man in my vicinity as to what was coming. The opinion was just as universal that a big blunder was being committed in forcing us to fight with our flank fully exposed in the midst of a wide field, while in plain sight in our rear was a good line of breastworks with its flank protected by the river. The indignation of the men grew almost into a mutiny.

The swearing of those gifted in profanity exceeded all their previous efforts in that line. Even the green drafted men could see the folly of our position. One of them said to me: "What can our generals be thinking about in keeping us out here. We are only in the way. Why don't they take us back to the breastworks." The regiment contained a number of men who had not reenlisted when the regiment had veteranized. Their time already had expired and they were to be mustered out as soon as we got back to Nashville. With home so nearly in sight, after three years of hard service these men were especially rebellious. First Sergeant Libey, of Company H, was a nonveteran. When the enemy was approaching, he twice got up from our line and started for the breastworks, vehemently declaring that he would not submit to having his life thrown away, after his time was out, by any such a stupid blunder. The little squad of nonveterans belonging to the company both times got up and started to go with him, and both times they all returned to the line on the profane order of their captain: "God damn you, come back here!" A little later the sergeant was killed while we were retreating to the breastworks.

It took two hours, from two to four o'clock, for the corps of Cheatham and Stewart to come up and get into position. They then advanced to the assault in heavy lines of battle. We kept the spades flying until they had approached within range of our skirmish line, which fired a few shots and then began to fall back rapidly. Then the spades were dropped, and the men, taking their muskets, squatted down behind the streak of earth they had thrown out to receive the coming attack. A little later, Company E, from the skirmish line, came scurrying back, the men, with very serious looks on their faces, settling down with our line like a covey of flushed birds dropping into cover. Captain Smith told me that he and his company had been face to face with the whole rebel army.



All that has been related concerning Conrad's Brigade took place in full view of that part of Cox's line extending from the river, on the left, to the Columbia Pike. If there had been any doubt in the minds of any of these onlooking thousands as to Hood's intention, his determination to assault was as plainly advertised as it possibly could be during the intense minutes that it took his army to march in battle order from the place of its formation to our advanced position. General Cox has claimed that Wagner's Division was ordered to report to him, and that he was in immediate command of all the troops engaged in the battle. By his own statement, he was on a knoll, in rear of Stiles's Brigade, where he had the best view of the whole field. From this knoll he was watching Hood's preparations for attack, and all the time Conrad's Brigade, directly under his eyes, was busily engaged in fortifying to resist that attack. If Wagner was disobeying his orders by remaining too long in front, as was given out a few days later when he was made a scapegoat for the blunder of his position, Cox was watching him do it and made no effort to prevent it. If it was Cox's expectation that Wagner would withdraw the two brigades at the last moment, he must have known better when he saw Conrad's Brigade squat down behind the half-built breastwork preparatory to giving battle. There was even then time, if prompt action had been taken, for a staff officer to ride to the front, before the firing began, with a peremptory order for the two brigades to get out of the way. They were there under the protest of the two brigade commanders, and both those commanders would have eagerly obeyed such an order. But Cox, fresh from a conference with Schofield, to whom he had reported the situation, and whose orders he had then received with reference to holding the position, looked quietly on and thereby approved of Wagner's action.

It was a pleasant Indian summer day, so warm that I was carrying my overcoat on my arm. When the line squatted down, I folded the coat into a compact bundle and, placing it on the edge of the bank in rear of my company and sitting on it with my feet in the shallow ditch, by rubber-necking, I could look over our low parapet. The battle was opened on the 64th front by a cannon that, unnoticed by us, had taken position on a wooded knoll off our left front, over toward the river. The first shot from this cannon flew a little high, directly over the angle where I was sitting. The second shot dropped short. I was thinking, with a good deal of discomfort, that the third shot would get the exact range and would knock some of us out of that angle, but before it came our line had opened fire on the advancing line. I became so much interested in this fire that I never knew whether there had been a third shot from the cannon. Our fire checked them in front, for they halted and began to return it, but for a short time only, when they again came forward. Their advance was so rapid that my company had fired not more than five or six rounds when the break came. Meantime the line beyond our left, unchecked by any of our fire, had advanced steadily until it was fully abreast of our line and was preparing to open an enfilading fire. Already a few shots were beginning to come from that direction. The salient of our line was near the pike. There the opposing lines met in a hand-to-hand encounter. Our line, overwhelmed by the weight of numbers, quickly gave way. I had been glancing uneasily along our line watching for the break that I knew must come, as a pretext for getting out of there. It chanced that I was looking toward the pike when the break first started. It ran along our line so rapidly that it reminded me of a train of powder burning. I instantly sprang to my feet and looked

to the front. They were coming on a run, emitting the shrill rebel charging yell and so close that my first impulse was to drop flat on the ground and let them charge over. But the rear was open and a sense of duty, as well as a thought of the horrors I had heard of rebel prisons, constrained me to take what I believed would be the dangerous risk of trying to escape. I shouted to my company: "Fall back! Fall back!" and gave an example of how to do it by turning and running for the breastworks. As the men were rising to go, the enemy fired, but so hastily, and with such poor aim, that their fire did not prove nearly so destructive as I had feared. Probably the most of their guns were empty, having fired them just before starting forward without waiting to reload. But I did not think so just then, for I never before had heard bullets hiss with such a diabolical venom. In the excitement, I had forgotten my overcoat. I had run only a rod or two when I thought of it and stopped and looked back with the intention of returning to get it. The rebels then looked to be as close to the coat as I was and, very reluctantly, for it was a new one, I let them have it. After running a few rods farther, I again looked back. They were then standing on the low embankment we had left, loading and firing at will. Just as I looked, some of the officers waved their swords and sprang forward. The fire then slackened as they started in close pursuit to go to the breastworks with us.

Our men were all running with their guns in their hands. This was good evidence that there was no panic. While knapsacks, or blanket rolls, were frequently thrown away, I did not see a single man drop his gun unless hit. The cry of some of our wounded who went down in that wild race, knowing they would have to lie there exposed to all the fire of our own line, had a pathetic note of despair in it I had never heard before. A rebel account has stated that the next morning they found some of the dead with thumbs chewed to a pulp. They had fallen with disabling wounds and the agony of their helpless exposure to the murderous fire from our breastworks, which swept the bare ground where they were lying, had been so great that they had stuck their thumbs in their mouths and had bit on them to keep from bleating like calves. Some of the bodies thus exposed were hit so frequently that they were riddled with bullet holes.

The most of our men were inclining toward the pike as if with the intention of entering the breastworks through the gap at the pike. I reasoned that the hottest fire would be directed where the biggest crowd was, and I veered off the other way to avoid the crowd. While running rapidly with body bent over and head down, after the involuntary manner of men retreating under fire, I came into collision with a man running in a similar attitude, but headed toward the gap. The shock was so great that it knocked him down and pretty well knocked the wind out of me. Just as we met a shell exploded close over our heads. As his body was rolling over on the ground, I caught a glimpse of his face and read in its horrified look his belief that it was the shell that had hit him.

The idea was so comical that I laughed, but my laugh was of brief duration when I found myself so much disabled that I was rapidly falling behind. With panting lungs and trembling legs I toiled along, straining every nerve to reach the breastwork. When it was about fifteen or twenty steps away, even with life itself at stake, I could go no farther and thought that my time had come. My brave mother, the daughter of a soldier of 1812, and the granddaughter of a Revolutionary soldier, had said, when I had appealed so successfully to her pride in her military ancestry that she had consented to my enlistment: "Well, if you must go, don't get shot in the back."



I thought of her and of that saying, and faced about to take it in front.

As I was slowly turning, my eyes swept the plain in the direction of the pike. There were comparatively few men in my vicinity. Over toward the pike the ground was thickly covered with them. In some places they were so densely massed as to interfere with each other's movements. The fleetest footed already had crossed the breastwork. All those outside were so tired that none of them could go any faster than a slow, labored trot. The rear was brought up with a ragged fringe of tired stragglers who were walking doggedly along as if no enemy was in sight. The rebel ranks were almost as badly demoralized by pursuit as ours by retreat. Their foremost men already had overtaken our rearmost stragglers and were grabbing hold on them to detain them. But suddenly my attention became so intently riveted on the nearest rebel to myself that in watching him I became oblivious to all the other surroundings. I thought that I was looking at the man who would shoot me. He was coming directly toward me on a dog trot, less than fifty yards away, and was in the act of withdrawing the ramrod from the barrel of his gun. When this action was completed, while holding the gun and ramrod in one hand, he stopped to prime, and then aimed and fired at a little squad of our men close on my right. I heard the bullet strike and an exclamation from the man who was hit. The rebel then started to trot forward again, at the same time reaching back with one hand to draw a fresh cartridge. By this time I had rested a little and looked back over my shoulder toward the breastwork. I then noticed a ditch on the outside.

The sight of this ditch brought renewed hope. With the fervent prayer into which was poured all the longing for more life natural to my vigorous young manhood, "O, God, give me strength to reach that ditch!" I turned and staggered forward. I fell headlong into the ditch just as our line there opened fire. The roar of their guns was sweeter than music, and I chuckled with satisfaction as I thought: "Now, Rebs, your turn has come and you must take your medicine." I lay as I fell, panting for breath, until I had recovered a little fresh wind and then began to crawl around on the bottom of the ditch to take a peep and see how the rebels were getting along. When my body was lengthwise of the ditch, I chanced to raise my head and was astounded by the sight of some of them coming into the ditch between me and the pike. The nearest of them were only a few steps away. They were so tired that they seemed scarcely able to put one foot before the other. Many of them fell against the outside face of the parapet and lay there, panting for breath, unable to go a single step farther until after they had rested. It was only the strongest among them who were still able to climb over the breastwork. If the men behind the work had stood fast, not one of those tired rebels would have crossed that parapet alive. Transfixed with amazement, I was watching them when the thought flashed into my mind that in an instant some of their comrades would come in on top of me, and I would be pinned down with a bayonet. The thought of a bayonet stab was so terrifying that it spurred me into a last supreme effort. With the mental ejaculation, "I never will die in that way," I sprang up to the top of the breastwork. Crouching there an instant, with both hands resting on the headlog, I took one startled glance over my shoulder. They looked so close that I thought if I should fall backwards they could catch me on their bayonets. Without taking any aim, one of them hastily thrust forward his musket and fired. The bullet, passing between my legs and beneath my body, entered the breastwork just below my head, then turned to

look backward, and threw up some particles of earth that struck me on one cheek. Instantly followed a bit of oblivion for which I cannot account. With returning consciousness, I found myself lying in the ditch, inside the breastwork, trampled under the feet of the men, and with no knowledge whatever of how I got there. I was lying across the body of a wounded man, unconscious but still breathing, the bullet having entered at his cheek and passed out the back of his head. The jam was so great that I could not get on my feet. In a desperate struggle to escape being trampled to death, I managed to crawl out between the legs of the men to the bank of the ditch, where I lay utterly helpless with burning lungs still panting for breath. My first thought was of the rebels I had seen crossing the breastwork, and I looked toward the pike.

I had crossed our line close to a cotton gin, standing just back of the inside ditch, and the building obstructed my view except directly along the ditch and for a short distance in rear of it. Just beyond the other end of the building stood two cannon, pointing toward me, with a little group of rebels at the breech of each one of them, trying to discharge it. They were two of our own guns that had been captured before ever they had been fired by our gunners and were still loaded with the charges intended for the enemy. Fortunately, the gunners had withdrawn the primers from the vents and had taken them along when they ran away. Thus the rebels were having difficulty in firing the guns. As I looked they were priming them with powder from their musket cartridges with the intention of firing a musket into this priming. Just then I was too feeble to make any effort to roll my body over behind the cover of the building. I shut my eyes and set my jaws to await the outcome where I was lying. After waiting long enough, and not hearing the cannon, I opened my eyes to see what was the matter. The rebels were all gone and the ditch was full of our men as far as I could see. If the rebels had succeeded in firing those two guns, it would have widened the break in our line so much farther to our left that it might have proved fatal; for the two brigades holding our line from the vicinity of the cotton gin to the river had each only a single regiment of reserves. The men in the ditch by my side, when I first saw the cannon, were so intently occupied in keeping out the rebels, who then filled the ditch outside the parapet, that I do not believe they ever noticed the cannon posted to rake the ditch. Their conduct was very gallant.

For a brief period the enemy had possession of the inside of our breastworks along the entire front of Strickland's Brigade, on the west side, and of Reilly's Brigade down to the cotton gin, on the east side of the pike. The ground in their possession was the key to Cox's entire line. This break was identical in extent with the front covered by the main body of the two brigades in falling back. It was occasioned by the panic and confusion created by the men of the two brigades in crossing the breastworks. Along this part of Cox's line his men seem to have lost their nerve at the sight of what was coming and on account of their own helpless condition. With Wagner's men between themselves and the enemy, they could not fire a single shot; and the first rebels crossed the breastworks side by side with the last of Wagner's men. At some point a break started and then spread rapidly to right and left until it reached the men who were too busily occupied in firing on the enemy to become affected by the panic.

Opdycke's Brigade was directly in rear of this break in our line. At the sounds of the firing in front, Colonel Opdycke had deployed his brigade astride the pike ready for instant



action. As soon as he saw the stampede that was coming from the front, without waiting for any orders, he instantly led his brigade forward. After a desperate hand-to-hand encounter, in which Opdycke himself, as he informed me, first fired all the shots in his revolver and then broke it over the head of a rebel, his brigade restored the break in the line. It is true that hundreds of brave men from the broken brigades of Conrad, Lane, Reilly, and Strickland who were falling back, when they met Opdycke's advancing line and understood that the position would not be given up without a desperate struggle, faced about and fought as gallantly as any of Opdycke's men in recovering and in afterwards holding our line. But if Opdycke's Brigade had been out with the brigades of Conrad and Lane, as was contemplated by Schofield's order, the onrushing charge of the enemy would not have been stopped, the break would have been rapidly widened to right and left until it had involved all of Cox's line, and with the river in rear to check retreat, the day would have closed with utter rout and ruin of the four divisions of infantry south of the river. When Cox met Opdycke on the field soon after the break was closed, he took him by the hand and fervently exclaimed: "Opdycke, that charge saved the day."

#### THE BATTLE OF BLOUNTVILLE, TENN.

The patriotic service of the Confederate soldiers of Sullivan County, Tenn., has been commemorated by the placing of a marker on the courthouse lawn at Blountville in their honor. This is the work of the 19th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, U. D. C., of which Mrs. W. C. Elam is President; and the monument committee of the Chapter was composed of Mrs. John M. Fain, chairman; Mrs. Wade Carmack and Mrs. Charles Weingartner. The unveiling ceremonies took place on the 29th of June, with Dr. John Rosser as the principal speaker, and his address was most interesting and appropriate. He told of his Confederate sentiment, inherited from a heroic ancestry, his grandfather having three sons to march away under the flag of Dixie, "and when the war clouds had passed and peace came, one returned with two wounds; another had spent two terms in prison; the third was brought back." He told of what the Confederate soldier had fought for—his home, however humble, and his native land; he paid tribute to Gen. Robert E. Lee, the stainless knight, and to the Confederate women, the force behind the lines; and said that generations to come would see the stone with its shining tablet which would tell of the faith for which their fathers fought and died.

Other talks were made, and the veil was drawn by little Mary Anne Robertson, a great-granddaughter of Maj. A. D. Reynolds, who for a number of years was Commander of S. V. Fulkerson Camp, U. C. V., of Bountville, and so faithful to his Confederate comrades that he remembered them in his will. Her paternal grandmother, Mrs. George E. Robertson, is a daughter of James C. Hammer, a lieutenant in Captain Millet's Company of the 19th Tennessee, who was wounded and for many months incapacitated.

After the unveiling, the beautiful marker was presented to the people of Blountsville, and accepted by Mrs. Josephine Evans Massengill, daughter of Maj. Samuel Evans and widow of Dr. John D. Massengill, who was a member of Company B, — Tennessee Cavalry, volunteering at the age of sixteen. Confederate flags were then placed upon the marker by John Hugh and Rhea Anderson Dail, twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Dail, whose ancestors on both sides were

Confederate soldiers of Sullivan County. The marker was then banked with beautiful floral offerings.

A brief outline of the battle of Blountsville, Tenn., was given by Mrs. Walter E. Allen in the following:

"The battle of Blountville was fought September 22, 1863, beginning at twelve o'clock noon and lasting until four o'clock in the afternoon. Col. James Carter, under General Jones commanding the Confederate forces, decided to engage the enemy and stationed his battery on the plateau east of town.

"Col. John W. Foster commanding the Federals took a stand on the opposite side near the graveyard, some of the remaining grave stones showing the effect of the battle until the present time.

"The Confederate forces numbered 1,257 while the Federals numbered twice that number.

"A shell from the Federal guns entered the courthouse, setting it on fire, and soon all the best portion of the town was destroyed. The women and children fleeing for their lives through a storm of shells while calvarymen dashed across their paths, their lives being in great danger. Mothers became separated from their children. Finally they found a safe retreat beyond the hills, fleeing through Brown's meadow. As an example of marksmanship for which the America soldier is renowned Captain Davidson, whose battery had distinguished itself in the battle of Manassas, was participating in this battle and being told that Federal sharpshooters were in the belfry of the Methodist church decided to fire upon it. He was asked not to hit the bell and its location was pointed out to him, he then sent one ball just above and one just below the bell although the church was a quarter of a mile away.

"The Confederates learning of a flank movement upon the part of the Federals began to retire in the direction of Zollicolfer, a few however, went toward Bristol and were captured.

"At Hamilton's Hill Jones reinforced Carter and another stand was made.

The Federals were driven back. The returning citizens of the town found that the homes that were left had been looted and what had not been taken had been destroyed.

"There was little to eat and the women were compelled to secure meal from the soldiers.

"The casualties were not great on either side. The Confederates losing only three dead and eight or ten wounded while the Federals had twelve killed and as many more wounded.

"The Institute and Methodist church were used as temporary hospitals, also the officers at Medical Grove, Dr. Nat T. Dulaney Sr., and Dr. J. J. Ensor, aiding the Federal surgeons with the wounded."

Mrs. Massengill gave her memories of the battle and the harrowing experiences of her family, saying:

"I remember many of the 19th Tennessee Regiment. I had no brothers, but had many cousins who were members. A number of these were wounded, and Sam Vance, Will Cox, Bob Rhea, and others never returned.

"I was eleven years old when the battle of Blountville was fought and remember distinctly many of the events. I stood on a high knob about a half mile back of the Confederate line of battle, which was formed east of the town. I was with my father and mother and two sisters, also present were John Lynn, Dechy Rhea, and Robert P. Rhea, some others being present that I can't recall. John Rhea, realized that his house was burning and soon it was evident that the town also was burning. About this time father started for home, which was one and one-half miles east of Blountville



on the Bluff City Road. Soon after we arrived the Confederate soldiers began to pass on their retreat, some following the road and others coming through the fields. I remember that their faces were blackened with powder and they wanted water. We placed our washing tubs and other vessels along the roadside and pumped water out of the well as fast as we could to keep them filled. The water was much appreciated.

"The Confederates made their next stand on Hamilton's Hill, but the Federals did not follow till the next Sunday morning, which was two days later. We were standing on the porch, near the roadside watching them pass, when one of the Federal officers said to us: 'We are going to give Southern chivalry hell to-day.'

"A few hours later the Federals came back in hasty retreat and when I saw the same officer returning, I climbed on the fence and holloed to him: 'You didn't give Southern chivalry hell to-day, did you?' He and others laughed and seemed to enjoy the thrust.

"Later the ambulance with the wounded followed, and I remembered the groans and moans of the wounded. One ambulance stopped in front of our home and the wounded were begging for water and my mother carried water to them. I still remember the expression of one of the Federals when he discovered that one of the wounded had passed away.

"The Federals were expecting to be attacked and selected my father's farm for the battle ground and located their artillery on a high hill in the rear of the house, but no fighting was done there. One of the Federals advised us to vacate the house, and we went to the near-by knobs. When we returned we found the soldiers cooking in the house and the house ransacked. They gave us an invitation to have supper with them. I removed the contents of my trunk before leaving, and for mischief locked it. I found the lock had been cut out, and I thought I had had a good joke. They took among other things, two fine shawls, but my sister Maggie hunted up an officer and made a complaint. He succeeded in recovering one, but the other could not be found. The Federals camped on the farm for a few days and lived off our farm products.

"When the army departed we had nothing left to eat except some apples. Also when leaving they collected all the fence rails and burned them in order to convey the impression to the Confederates that they were still in camp.

"When leaving home on account of the expected battle my mother placed a small bag of coins on the front porch and then forgot it. Friends ever afterwards joked her for her generosity. The only thing she saved was some silver spoons which she prized very highly and carried away in her pocket."

## THE CITY OF VICKSBURG.

BY MISS MARY RATLIFF, HISTORIAN MISSISSIPPI DIVISION,  
U. D. C.

No city on the Mississippi River has a more beautiful or healthful location than Vicksburg. About the year 1812, or 1814, a Methodist minister, Rev. Newton Vick, with his immediate family and a nephew moved from Virginia and bought a large tract of land, on which Vicksburg now stands, from Mr. Anthony Glass. He called his plantation "Open-woods." It was near Walnut Hills. After his death, his family and friends decided to honor him by calling the town that was rapidly spring up, "Vicksburg."

It sits serenely on its hills more than a hundred feet above the highest water level, and, in 1863, the river swept twice at its feet, the channel first running nearly north and then turning south in a great bend, with a long peninsula inclosed between.

In the War between the States, the possession of the Mississippi River was considered by both governments as one of the most important objects. The driving of the Confederate forces from the banks of this great river was the real purpose of the Federal government in almost every battle that was fought from Fort Donelson to the fall of Port Hudson, which occurred almost immediately after Vicksburg, leaving the entire river in its hands.

The Confederate government realized the importance of holding this outlet to the sea and maintaining its communication with the great West, and so early fortified the city with river batteries of forty-four guns, under Colonel Higgins, and placed a line of defense on the land side running from the river above the city to the river below, following an almost unbroken ridge of about eight miles. Upon these lines there were about one hundred and two guns mounted.

The siege of Vicksburg is considered one of the five greatest sieges of all history. It began on the 18th of May, 1863, and the city was surrendered to General Grant on the 4th of July, after the garrison had been reduced to the fare of peas and mule meat, and even these had become scarce.

The United States government has commemorated the siege by making the battle ground a National Park. It contains 1,246 acres of land. Splendid roads have been built and many markers placed by the States having troops in the siege. Adjoining the park is a National Cemetery, where rest seventeen thousand Union soldiers who died during the campaign. Also adjoining is the city cemetery, where the Daughters of the Confederacy care for the graves of many Confederate soldiers. Each Memorial Day this band of loyal Confederate women, with the patriotic citizens of Vicksburg and the school children, wend their way to the sacred ground and place flowers on the graves of the defenders of the city.

During the war Vicksburg was a small place of about six thousand inhabitants, including the negro slaves. It is now a thriving city of twenty thousand. Situated in the midst of as fertile land as can be found anywhere, it is a great cotton port, the bales being shipped on the river to New Orleans. It is also engaged in the wholesale lumber and furnishing business.

Harris Dickson, writer, has won fame especially for his negro dialect stories, many of the scenes of his stories being laid in Vicksburg, his home town. Corinne Moore Lawson, the singer, is a daughter of this "City of Hills." "Brierfield," the plantation home of Jefferson Davis, only President of the Confederacy, is near Vicksburg.

\* \* \*

The following story of a girl's journey to Vicksburg under Federal escort is taken from the *Heritage*, official organ Mississippi Division, U. D. C.:

In the center of the conflict around Vicksburg stood the plantation house of Captain Shirley. He called it "Wexford Lodge." The Union army called it "The White House" because of its color, and the Union battery posted near it was called the "White House Battery." Captain Shirley was from New Hampshire and a Union man in sentiment. His daughter, now Mrs. Eaton, has written a very interesting account of her war experience as a girl, from which this is taken.

She was attending Central Female Institute in Clinton, Miss., in the spring of 1863 and boarding with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Harriet Shirley. After giving an account of the passing of the Federal army through Clinton on its way to Vicksburg and the commencement exercises of the school,

(Continued on page 398)



## THE LAST ROLL

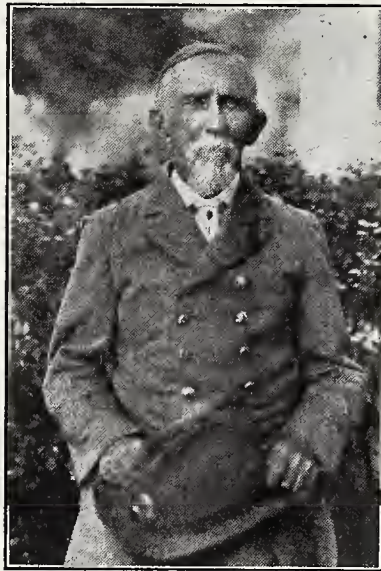
Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"There's a memory dear, filled with a tear,  
When a comrade passes on from our sight:  
There's an evergreen spray, on the silent way,  
There's a beacon that shines through the night:  
There's a record of the soul, written on the scroll  
That will live when the spirit has fled;  
There's a place set apart in the depth of our heart  
Filled with love for our own cherished one:  
If we but endure there's a promise that's sure  
That we shall meet our dear comrade again."

GEN. PHILIP G. ALSTON, U. C. V.

On Wednesday evening, August 8, 1928, the gentle, loving spirit of Philip Guston Alston entered into the great beyond.

He was born August 12, 1843, at Tusculum, one of those dear old homes of Warren County, N. C., the son of Samuel Thomas Alston and Ruina Temperance Williams. Descending from two of the South's most prominent families, Philip Alston lived throughout his life an honor and credit to their names. He was a Christian, a high type gentleman of the Old South. He joined the Church in boyhood at old Shady Grove in Warren County, later going to Franklin County and transferring his membership to Sarepta, where it remained, though he attended regularly the Louisburg Methodist Church during his latter years. In March, 1868, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Crawford Williams and to them were born two sons and three daughters, all of whom survive him. He is also survived by two sisters, five grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.



GEN. PHILIP G. ALSTON, U. C. V.

He was at Tewley and Battle Masonic College at Oxford, N. C., when the War between the States began, and, though only seventeen, he volunteered and joined the Warren Rifles, going out as infantry, Company C. In 1862, he was transferred to Company K, 12th North Carolina Regiment, of which Robert Williams Alston was captain, Robert Lewis Williams, first lieutenant, and Philip Alston, corporal, later being made second lieutenant. The first of the war they were in Mahone's Brigade at Norfolk, Va., stationed on the coast, Sewell's Point, where the battle of the Virginia and Monitor was fought. He was in R. D. Johnson's Brigade, Early's Division, and also in H. D. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps.

There were five Alston brothers in the army. After the death of Capt. R. L. Williams, 1864, Philip Alston was made captain and so served until the close of the war. He was wounded at Chancellorsville, Antietam, and Spotsylvania Courthouse, Va., receiving a very serious wound at the latter, May 10, 1864. In the going of Captain Alston passes the last member of the Warren Rifles.

He was a brave, gallant soldier, and proud to follow the immortal Lee. His company was in line of battle when Burnside was driven from his headquarters at the hotel in Chancellorsville, Va., and it was there, that night, that Jackson was wounded by his own men. He was made brigadier general commanding the Second Brigade, North Carolina Division, U. C. V., on January, 1922. One of his greatest pleasures was in attending the reunions, until his failing health prevented; the reunion at Tampa, Fla., being the last he attended. As his comrades gathered in reunion at Tarboro, N. C., he was called to join the reunion above.

Not only his loved ones will miss him, but the world misses such men. His comrades of the Second Brigade will miss him, the R. M. McKinnie Camp will miss him, for in both he served gladly and through love for the cause. He loved the U. D. C. organization and was ever full of encouragement, and to many an inspiration to carry on the work. No nobler, more patriotic man ever lived, courteous always, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to his fellow man, and through all the trials of life and those last months of suffering, his power of endurance and patience equaled his courage, and his trust and faith in his God never wavered.

CAPT. JOSEPH BOYCE.

Capt. Joseph Boyce, born in St. Louis, Mo., had spent his long life of eighty-seven years in that city with the exception of his years in the Confederate army, and in his business career of more than sixty years there he had become thoroughly identified with the city as a public-spirited citizen, devoted to its welfare and advancement. No less was he interested in the history of his State, and he was one with the associations which helped to preserve that history—the Missouri Historical Society, a Commander in the military order of the Blue and the Gray. In his death on July 28, a brave and gallant soldier and gentleman has passed to his reward.

Captain Boyce was a member of the historic St. Louis Grays, a militia regiment which leaned to the Confederacy, but it was captured after a bloodless encounter with Union troops, and the members later joined different commands recruited for the Confederate army. Joseph Boyce became connected with the 1st Missouri Regiment of Infantry, and took an active part in the fighting of that command, being wounded eleven times, three of these wounds being received in major engagements, such as Shiloh and Altoona. He was made captain of his company in 1864.

The war over, Captain Boyce returned to St. Louis and in 1867 established himself in business, being a pioneer in developing that city as a tobacco market. Though his first venture failed in the seventies, he later reestablished his business and within five years had repaid all his obligations in full. In 1903, he established the Boyce Realty Company of St. Louis, and later was connected with the Markham Company, insurance, from which he retired some two months before his death.

Before the war, Captain Boyce was a leading spirit in the volunteer Fire Company, No. 2, and later founded the Veteran Volunteer Fireman's Historical Society, and he had been deeply interested in securing exhibits of costumes and



fire equipment of the past for the Missouri Historical Society.

Captain Boyce was educated in Catholic schools of St. Louis, and later attended Jones Commercial College. He was married in 1868 to Miss Mary Elizabeth Casey, who survives him with three sons and a daughter. Funeral services were from St. Rose's Church, with interment in Calvary Cemetery.

## ROBERT RANDOLPH COTTON.

Col. Robert Randolph Cotton, one of the best-known citizens of Eastern North Carolina, died at his home, Cottondale, near Greenville, N. C., August 14, 1928.

He was born June 20, 1839, near Tarboro, in Edgecombe County, a son of John Llewellyn and Nancy Johnson Cotton. He served four years in the Confederate army after volunteering in Scotland Neck Cavalry, 3rd North Carolina Regiment.

Colonel Cotton served on the staffs of Generals Metts and Smith, Commanders North Carolina Division, U. C. V., and also with the rank of colonel, on the staffs of Generals Haldeman, Vance, Freeman, and Foster, Commanders in Chief, U. C. V.

He was married in March, 1866, to Miss Sallie Southall, of Murfreesboro, Hertford County, later going to Pitt County, N. C., where he displayed marked ability as a planter and merchant, aside from his activities in the social and political fields.

He served on the State Democratic Executive Committee in 1880 and for several years later. He served also as Judge of Pitt County court from 1884 to 1888. He also represented Pitt County in the House of Representatives in 1909 to 1911 and in the Senate from 1911 to 1913.

He had also served on the board of directors of the hospital for the insane and on the penitentiary board.

He was a director of the Greenville Banking and Trust Company at the time of his death, having been prominently connected with the growth and expansion of this institution for a number of years.

Colonel Cotton is survived by his wife, who is known as the mother of the woman's club movement in North Carolina, and two sons and two daughters.

## STEPHEN H. HOWS.

Stephen H. Hows, a gallant Confederate soldier and a highly esteemed and beloved citizen, died on April 21 at his home on the Memphis-to-Bristol Highway, near Newsom Station, Tenn., after an illness of several weeks. He was eighty-four years of age.

He was the son of Rasa and Nancy Lovell Hows, born March 15, 1844, at the Hows homestead near the farm where he died. He was the last surviving member of his family.

Young Hows entered the service of the Confederacy during the first year of the war, and was a member of General Forrest's command. He served throughout the war in the 10th Tennessee Regiment, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865.

It is told that he returned home after the war just about election time. A friend, who had been a Union sympathizer, secured for him a voter's certificate and he resumed the right of his ballot at once. Since that time he has voted the straight Democratic ticket in every election for more than sixty years. He always wore the Confederate cross of honor on election day.

Stephen Hows was married, in 1877, to Miss Nancy Lovell, of Pond Creek, who survives him with one daughter. He

was a member of the county court for twenty-four years, a charter member of the Davidson county board of education, a Mason for forty years, and a consistent member of the Methodist Church.

## REV. THOMAS REESE.

Rev. Thomas Reese, a devoted member of the Robert E. Lee Camp, No. 151, U. C. V., of Fort Worth, Tex., for twenty years, passed to his eternal reward on August 7, 1928, at the age of eighty-seven years. For the past ten years he held the office of Quartermaster of the Camp, discharging its duties with efficiency and fidelity.

Thomas Reese was born in Jackson County, Ala., in 1841, his parents removing to Texas some ten years later, where he grew to manhood and served with the Texas Rangers in fighting the hostile Indians on the frontier of Texas from 1860 to 1861, when he enlisted in Company A, of the 12th Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade. In this command he served during the War between the States, taking active part in the battles of Cotton Plant, Mansfield, Yellow Bayou, and others, with courage and distinction. He was mustered out at the close of the war, and devoted the remainder of his life to service as a minister of the gospel in the Methodist Church, to which he was loyal to the end. He was laid to rest near his old home at Bazette, Navarro County, Tex.

During his long and useful life, Comrade Reese was a consistent Christian, a brave and valiant soldier in the cause of the Confederacy, a good and useful citizen in peace, a devoted husband and father in his home, and a real comrade in the activities of his Camp, U. C. V.

We shall miss this comrade, who for so many years stood among us at our weekly meetings of the Camp with soldierly bearing, clad in his favorite suit of gray, tall and splendid in appearance, ever true to the principles for which he so nobly fought during the war—the picture of health and to our finite minds holding just claim to an additional score of years of borrowed time.

In paying this tribute to our deceased comrade, who wore the gray with pride and treasured the memories and associations of the Confederacy as a precious memorial to the end of his life, we can truly say that those who knew him best loved him most, and his memory will be cherished by his comrades until they, too, shall have answered the last roll call.

[From memorial resolutions adopted by the Camp, August, 1928. Committee: Capt. William Barr, J. T. Pickett, Mrs. E. W. Bounds.]

## J. K. P. HANNA.

Through the years of its existence, the VETERAN has had a strong friend in J. K. P. Hanna, of Calvert, Tex., and it is with sorrow that announcement is made of his death by accident on the 6th of September, when he was struck by a fast passenger train and almost instantly killed. He was seventy-five years old.

Major Hanna was actively identified with political affairs of his section, and at the time of his death was county Democratic chairman and commissioner of his precinct. He was also active in fraternal associations, being an officer in the Woodmen of the World, and long identified with Hood's Brigade Association, U. C. V.

He was educated at Washington College (now Washington and Lee), and had the good fortune to be a student there under the presidency of Gen. R. E. Lee. For most of his life he had been a resident of Calvert, going there from Chapel Hill, where he was born. He is survived by two daughters and a sister.



## RICHARD T. BARNES.

Richard Tilman Barnes departed this life August 7, 1928, at his home in Southampton County, Va., at the age of eighty-seven. He was a son of the late Jethro W. Barnes and Lydia Britt, and was born near Como, in Hertford County, N. C., June 5, 1841.

He was still at school when North Carolina seceded, but he volunteered in April, 1861, in the Hertford Light Infantry, 7th North Carolina Volunteers. After the capture of Fort Hatteras the reorganization of these troops occurred, and he became orderly sergeant of Company C, 17th North Carolina Regiment. He was commissioned ordnance sergeant in September, 1864; was wounded in the last general battle at Bentonville, N. C., and was paroled near Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.

Comrade Barnes was in the army commanded by Gen. J. E. Johnston, R. H. Hoke's Division, the brigade commanded successively by Gens. James G. Martin, Pettigrew, and W. W. Kirkland. The battles in which he participated included Bermuda Hundred and Cold Harbor, the defenses around Petersburg and Richmond, in Virginia, and Plymouth, Kinston, Wilmington, and Bentonville in North Carolina.

He was a charter member of the Urquhart-Gillette Camp of Confederate Veterans, at Courtland, and his funeral was attended by L. L. Manry, Commander of the Camp, he being the only veteran able to be present.

In Southampton County, February 26, 1873, Richard Tilman Barnes and Miss Devila Edith Beale were united in marriage and had since lived in that county, near Sunbeam. His wife survives him with their six children—a son and five daughters.

Comrade Barnes became a Christian when a young man, and a member of the Baptist Church, and for many years had served as deacon in his Church. He was a surveyor, but more interested in farming and stock-raising.

He was a man of unusually attractive personality, and possessed a wide circle of friends, both young and old. His warm heart, broad and honest outlook on life, with a deep and abiding regard for his friends, invariably won the hearts of those with whom he came in contact, and a cheerful lightness of heart, an unquenchable optimism, an almost boyish gayety—sounded the keynote of his life.

His devotion to the cause of the Southern Confederacy was outstanding and undying, though carrying no taint of bitterness. His love for home, family, and Church deepened with his advancing years as did his abiding faith and joy.

He was laid to rest in the old family graveyard, at the beautiful home of his childhood, as seemed most fitting, where his father and mother are sleeping.

## WILLIAM M. THOMPSON.

After an illness of some weeks, William M. Thompson died at his home in Seymour, Ia., in his eighty-eighth year. He was born in Washington County, Va., June 21, 1841, and spent his boyhood in that section. When the war came on, he enlisted early and served with the Virginia infantry under Stonewall Jackson. He was wounded in the knee at the battle of Cedar Mountain, but returned to his command as soon as able and received honorable discharge at the close of the war.

In May, 1865, Comrade Thompson was married to Miss Cynthia V. Dills, and a son and three daughters came to bless their home. His wife and two daughters survive him. In 1870, the family removed to a farm near Oskaloosa, Ia., later going to Clio, Ia., where he conducted the hotel and had

a lumberyard. Some forty years ago he located at Seymour, and ran the hotel there for some time, later going into business, retiring some twenty years ago. He was thoroughly identified with the business life of his community, where his kindness and geniality won him friends wherever he went. His was a sturdy character and of unquestioned integrity. Even the Federal veterans of that section were his friends, for in his heart was no bitterness for those he had fought in the sixties. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge at Seymour, though not taking an active part for several years.

After funeral services, his body was laid away in the St. Joseph Memorial Park Cemetery.

## WILLIAM H. WARE.

William H. Ware, known as one of that "thin gray line which never wavered," died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. V. P. Doughty, in Newport News, Va., at the age of eighty-four years. For many years he was an outstanding figure in the Confederate reunions, both State and general, having served gallantly in Troop D of the 3rd Virginia Cavalry, Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade. He fought in many of the major engagements of the war, including Seven Pines, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and many others of less degree, and he was also an eyewitness of the victory of the Confederate ironclad Virginia over the Monitor in Hampton Roads. He was first connected with the Confederate artillery, having been mustered in in front of the old church tower at Jamestown by Lieut. Catesby Jones, who was later Commodore Jones. His battery was stationed for some time on Jamestown island, back of the old church, he says, and he was one of the eighteen men "borrowed" to man one of the guns in the little James River fleet under Captain Tucker, and from that vantage point he witnessed the thrilling work of the Virginia in sinking the wooden ships of the enemy and in its victory over the ironclad Monitor. After that fight the James River fleet stayed about Star Fort until the 3rd of May, when the guns were sent up to Richmond.

Comrade Ware was for many years a member of the Masonic Order, being a pioneer member of the Peninsula Lodge No. 278, A. F. and A. M. He is survived by three sons and two daughters, also a brother and a sister. Interment was in Greenlawn Cemetery at Newport News.

## THOMAS B. ALEXANDER.

Thomas Benton Alexander, one of that famous "fighting family of Alexanders;" of Maury County, Tenn., died on August 17, at his home on the Jackson Highway, near Thompson Station, after more than a year's confinement with a broken hip. He was in his ninetieth year.

For the third time within a year death has entered the Alexander family and summoned a gallant veteran of the Confederacy, two brothers having preceded him to the grave. These were Andrew Jackson Alexander, who died in August, 1927, and Eben C. Alexander, whose death occurred in March, 1928. Another brother, George Washington Alexander, of Trenton, Tenn., is the last of the four brothers who served the Confederacy so faithfully.

Thomas B. Alexander was born and reared in Maury County, being a member of one of the pioneer families of that section. At the outbreak of the War between the States, he and his three brothers enlisted in the Maury Artillery, C. S. A., and served with valor and distinction throughout the four years. He was captured at Fort Donelson and held in a Northern prison for a time and then exchanged. After the war, he removed to Williamson County and was a substantial



farmer and leading citizen of his community. He is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter.

The last reunion of the four brothers, which was an annual affair, found them all active and good health. This was on April 17, 1927, at the home of A. J. Alexander in Columbia. The affair was a most happy one, and the joys of the occasion were shared by a number of relatives and friends of the family. It seems singular that these brothers, so closely associated in life and each living much longer than the allotted span of life, should reach the journey's end at so near the same time, a fitting close to one of the most unique family records in Confederate history.

## CAPT. W. P. LANE.

Capt. W. P. Lane died at his home in Hendersonville, N. C., August 22, 1928, aged eighty-two years. He was a native of Henderson County, his forefathers having settled there. At the early age of seventeen, he entered as a private in Company G, 70th Regiment North Carolina troops. Although so young, he was soon made captain of the company, in which position he served until March 8, 1865, when he was shot through the body in an engagement between Kinston and New Bern, N. C. After remaining in the hospital until sufficiently able to travel, he returned home, arriving about the date of the surrender at Appomattox.

The passing of Captain Lane takes the last of a patriotic family which did much for the cause of the Confederacy, the father and six sons and a son-in-law having served with the North Carolina troops.

Capt. Henry Ellis Lane, although past the age of enlistment, formed a company of 121 young men, which became Company G, 56th North Carolina Regiment.

Ben Daniel Lane, his son, also served in this company and regiment.

Henry W. Lane served with Company A, 50th North Carolina Regiment.

Capt. John W. Lane was with Company I, 16th North Carolina Regiment.

Capt. Thomas T. Lane, served with Company H, 25th North Carolina Regiment.

Capt. W. P. Lane, Company G, 70th North Carolina Regiment.

J. R. P. Lane was courier on Martin's staff.

Capt. W. D. Miller, Company I, 16th North Carolina Regiment.

The mother of these brave boys did much also for the cause so dear to her heart. Twice during the conflict, she, with several of her faithful slaves, drove through to Charleston and brought back salt for the destitute people. This was a very daring thing to do, but as the men were all gone, the brave woman did not consider danger when duty called. She also ministered in many ways to the suffering soldiers.

**A CONFEDERATE MARTYR.**—The sketch of Benjamin E. Jobe in the *VETERAN* for August closed with a reference to his younger brother, Dee Jobe, "executed as a spy." T. H. Peebles, of Clarendon Tex., calls attention to this as an error, for this young Confederate was murdered by his captors because he would not tell of his comrades. Dee Jobe was a fellow scout with Sam Davis, and when he was found by some Federal troops, sleeping in a thicket, they tried to force him to tell where his comrades were meeting, but he would not betray them, even under most cruel torture. It is told that the leader of the band of Federal fiends lost his mind in thinking of the cruel deed.

## A FRIEND ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Among the veterans of the Union army who have shown their friendly interest in the *VETERAN* was James S. Hatch, of Plano, Ill., who served with the 36th Illinois Infantry during the War between the States. For a number of years he made annual trips through the South, visiting the battle fields and other places connected with his career as a soldier. He always came to the *VETERAN* office, and a strong friendship was formed with the late editor of the *VETERAN*, which was continued to the publication through later years. The news of the passing of this Federal veteran brought a feeling of loss to the *VETERAN* that another good friend had gone. Death came to him in the early day of June 29.

Some years ago the *VETERAN* carried a story of "The Three Jims," survivors of Company E, of the 36th Illinois, the youngest of whom was Comrade Hatch, and he is the first of the three to go. There were nine men in the company named Jim, and the last three of these—James Hatch, James Moss, and James Harral—kept up that friendship formed in the days of war through correspondence and visits and trips together. Comrade Hatch had returned from a visit to his friend, James Moss, in Iowa just a few days before the end, a visit which he had thoroughly enjoyed.

After the war, James Hatch finished his education at Wheaton College, Ill., then returned home and spent the rest of his life in the vicinity of his birth, a successful farmer and a citizen of worth. He was always interested in the advancement of his community, devoted to his Church (being a local preacher in the Methodist Church), a man of fine personality and intelligence, devoted to his family, busy with his flowers. It was his good fortune to be active almost to the last, yet ready when the roll call was heard. He is survived by a daughter and three sons, fifteen grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

## FIRST ROSTER OF THE McCAA RANGERS.

CONTRIBUTED BY JOHN H. HATFIELD, WEBSTER GROVES, MO.

This company was recruited in Pickens and Green Counties, Ala., in March, 1861, and afterwards became Company D, of the 8th Confederate Cavalry, of the Confederate brigade commanded by Gen. Robert Anderson, of Savannah, Ga., and Gen. Felix H. Robertson.

Officers: Captain, B. B. McCaa; first lieutenant, P. S. Carpenter; second lieutenant, A. B. Archibald; third lieutenant, W. D. O'Daniel; first sergeant, C. T. Ruff; second sergeant, W. H. Somerville; third sergeant, Green Carver; fourth sergeant, J. M. Ingram; fifth sergeant, L. A. Horton; first corporal, E. W. Cureton; second corporal, S. B. King; third corporal, S. C. Carpenter; fourth corporal, J. Richardson.

Privates: A. Brum, G. W. Bell, R. D. Bell, J. C. Bell, J. J. Bethany, O. P. Buntin, W. F. Bridges, J. H. Carver, S. A. Carver, G. W. Carver, A. J. Cook, J. R. Curry, G. W. Davis, John Daniel, M. Edwards, J. L. Eddings, W. A. Ferguson, W. M. Gantt, J. G. Gilham, T. W. Gibbs, D. McGoodwyn, J. H. Graham, William Gibson, J. H. Harris, E. T. Harrison, J. H. Hatfield, J. B. Holder, W. J. Hollingsworth, W. A. Hood, J. T. Hughes, W. V. Jones, R. B. Jones, J. A. Lipsey, J. B. Mayhew, T. J. Manning, Irvin O'Neal, A. C. Oxford, J. W. Parker, C. Perry, F. W. Pearson, B. Pool, J. T. Rowe, R. L. Sanders, W. McSanders, H. Sanders, J. Spain, Joseph Spain, J. C. Stansel, A. A. Steel, J. T. Staff, J. S. Stephens, S. J. Stirling, W. C. Stirling, M. A. Taggart, W. A. Taggart, J. Turner, J. N. Watts.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*  
Chatham, Va.

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74 Weissinger-Gaulbert  
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. .... *Registrar General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street  
MRS. JAMES E. WOODARD, Wilson, N. C. .... *Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. .... *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: For the second time in the history of our organization, God's finger has touched one of the general officers while she was serving you, and she sleeps. Tempe Whitehead Holt (Mrs. R. Philip Holt), our beloved Custodian of the Crosses of Honor and of Service, passed through the "gates ajar" into the realms of eternal happiness on the morning of August 20, 1928.

On Saturday, Mrs. Holt left her home in Rocky Mount, N. C., to spend the following day with relatives in Raleigh. Within an hour after her arrival in Raleigh, she was stricken and ceased to breathe on Monday morning.

For several years "Tempe's" health had been a source of anxiety to her host of friends, but within the past year she had apparently improved; she was bright and happy at the reunion in Little Rock, and we rejoiced at her recovery.

Every honor has been hers that was in the power of the North Carolina Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to bestow; she also served the general organization as Third Vice President General, and in this capacity broadened the scope of the work of the Children of the Confederacy and stimulated greater interest.

In 1925, Mrs. Holt was elected Custodian of Crosses, and no woman more conscientiously discharged the duties of her office, or felt it a more sacred trust to guard with care the confidence reposed in her.

Were I asked to express in three words the outstanding attribute of her character, I should write "Faithful unto death."

The United Daughters of the Confederacy mourn the loss of a loyal, devoted, conscientious officer, scores of the members a sincere friend, and the President General a loving, faithful, member of her official family.

She was laid to rest in the cemetery in her home town on the morning of August 21, a woman beloved by the entire city and community. The flowers placed on her casket in your name were not more redolent of fragrance than was her life of love, gentleness, and good will to all the world.

"If I had known, O loyal heart,  
When hand in hand we said farewell,  
How for all time our paths would part,  
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,  
I should have clasped your hand so close  
In the warm pressure of my own,  
That memory still would keep its grasp—  
If I had known!"

Among the generation of Southern gentlewomen that is all too rapidly passing; there were two distinctive types. One, clad in lavender and old lace, we visualize as clinging

to the arm of her gray-clad husband, and knowing no greater burden than the waving of her dainty lace fan. The other, we dress in black velvet and diamonds. She has all the refinement, all the culture, all the elegance of her gentler sister, with perhaps greater intellect, greater decision of character, is a stronger personality. And this last type of the Southern gentlewoman at the summit of her glory was never more exquisitely exemplified than in Mildred Lewis Rutherford.

We recall Miss Rutherford as Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and remember how she thrilled the audiences on Historical Evening. Her charming voice, choice English, delightful accent, and magnetic personality, held the crowd that assembled spellbound.

It is a memory to be cherished, together with the sweetness of her smile and the honor of her friendship.

The last expression of appreciation the United Daughters of the Confederacy may give for the services of those women who have been chosen as Honorary Presidents is to place upon their casket the flowers of remembrance. Through a series of unavoidable circumstances, no definite knowledge of the passing of Miss Rutherford, our beloved Honorary President, reached the President General until September 2. This is a source of great personal regret.

\* \* \*

Greetings have come to you in the past month from two of your ex-Presidents General—Miss Mary B. Poppenheim writes, on July 26, from the steamship Lapland, extending her best wishes and regrets that she will not return prior to the convention in Houston. Mrs. Frank Harrold writes from Rome, Italy, and wishes each Daughter a happy summer, and expects to return in time for the convention.

In preparation for the convention, Houston, Tex., November 20-25, please note the following request from the Recording Secretary General: that correct rosters of Division and Chapter officers be sent promptly to the Corresponding Secretary General for publication in the Minutes, and that each Division show "number of Chapter and individual members" as required by Article XV, Section 2, of the By-Laws.

A most interesting communication has recently been received from the chairman of Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries; Miss Hanna writes of a letter received from Dr. Payne, of Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn., and of his splendid coöperation, as well as that of Washington and Lee, the University of North Carolina, and Emory College in Georgia.

Miss Hanna is sending a recent life of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury to the Oxford collection, and she calls attention to the sending of a copy of our valuable CON-



FEDERATE VETERAN each month to Dr. Gobert, Louvain, Belgium, another of the many courtesies extended this organization by the editor of the magazine.

August 28 and 29 were spent in Rocky Mount and Wilson, N. C. Mrs. James Edwin Woodard, Woodard Circle, Wilson, N. C., graciously accepted the appointment of Custodian of Crosses to fill the unexpired term of Mrs. Holt. Mrs. Woodard met the President General in Rocky Mount, the property belonging to the office of Custodian was transferred to her, and she entered at once upon her duties.

I commend Mrs. Woodard to your favor. You will find her efficient, prompt, thoroughly capable.

Before leaving Rocky Mount, on Wednesday, the twenty-ninth, I visited the quiet, peaceful God's Acre, and, with thought of you whom she so tenderly loved, placed a basket of red and white gladioli on the grave of sweet Tempe Holt.

Standing by this new-made grave, I wondered what would be the message that I should carry with me to the convention in Houston, when we meet and miss her, and these lines appeared to me as what her thought might be:

"Keep us, O God, from pettiness, let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

"May we put away all pretense, and meet each other face to face without self-pity and without prejudice.

"May we never be hasty in judgment, and always generous. Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create differences, that in the big things of life we are at one. And may we strive to touch and to know the great common woman's heart of us all; and, O Lord, let us not forget to be kind."

Sincerely,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*California*—Under the leadership of Mrs. Milton L. Stannard, newly elected Division President, California is going forward in all things Confederate, with a steady and harmonious climb.

The Pacific Southwest Exposition at Long Beach honored the Confederacy by setting aside August 9 as "Confederate Day." The band played Southern airs, blending sweetly with the melody of the blue Pacific waters, Confederate colors were flying in the balmy ocean breeze, and the setting was one of genuine beauty.

The General Joe Wheeler Chapter was the hostess Chapter with Mrs. O. P. Hannah, President, and Mrs. W. M. Monroe, general chairman. Enough praise cannot be given this Chapter, with its competent leaders, who secured this day called "Confederate Day" and made it a splendid success.

At 12:30, the great dining room, with its beautifully decorated tables and Confederate colors, was filled with Daughters, Confederate veterans, and their friends. The cordial welcome extended by Mrs. Hannah, her delightful short talk and presentation of the Confederate veterans in a voice sweet with Southern accent, the historic messages from these fourteen Confederate veterans, and their tall, straight, and handsome Commander in Confederate uniform, standing like a "stonewall"—Commander S. S. Simmons, of the Pacific Coast Division U. C. V.—"carried us back to Old Virginia," and for the moment we forgot the Pacific Southwest Exposition and its twenty-seven nations waiting to welcome us

In July, a most delightful afternoon was spent at the home of our Division President, Mrs. Milton L. Stannard, who entertained in honor of the seven Los Angeles Chapters. It

was an old-fashioned garden party, with loads of California watermelons and equally as many flowers, and notwithstanding the lure of mountains and the sea, the Daughters all came

August 30, the Confederate veterans held their regular monthly meeting after vacation at the home of Mrs. W. H. Anderson, with the Robert E. Lee Chapter as hostess for the day

[Mrs. Emma Wilson Whitlock, Editor.]

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*Georgia*—The Georgia Division program for 1928 is one of the best of all the divisions. Each month a Georgia U. D. C., following this program, is refreshed with Southern loyalty and love.

The chairman, Mrs. Herbert M. Franklin, has done a fine work in selecting 1928 topics. She has served fifteen years as chairman of her State Historical program. Her long and capable service is worthy of special mention.

July 16 was observed as "Miss Millie's Birthday" by the Georgia Division as well as by the hundreds of "Lucy Cobb Girls" and other friends of Miss Rutherford. Flowers and other gifts, letters, telegrams, etc., by the score poured in every hour of the day as evidence of the great love and admiration for this great and noble woman. It will be a comforting thought to those who had a part in this, that her last days were made happy by this expression of their love and appreciation. On August 15 she passed into "the joys of her Lord."

Mrs. E. E. Williams reports from Atlanta as follows:

"In a beautiful natural grove on the grounds of the Burns Club, which is situated near the Confederate Soldiers Home of Georgia and on the spot where some of the hardest battles were fought during the battle of Atlanta in 1864, a barbacue was given in honor of the Confederate veterans of Georgia by Fulton Chapter, of Atlanta, on Saturday, July 21.

"Many distinguished guests were present, representatives of all the Confederate organizations, and the wonderful success of this annual affair was due to the efficiency of the committee in charge."

[Lena Felker Lewis, State Chairman.]

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*Louisiana*—Louisiana Division is pleased that en route to Houston the U. D. C. will have a "stop-over" in New Orleans, November 17, and of this day a gala play-day will be made. Mrs. Charles Granger is named general chairman by Mrs. F. P. Jones, of Leesville, President of the division.

Others on the committee are: Mesdames John Kevlin, H. S. Riecke, James F. Terrell, E. L. Rugg, W. S. McDiarmid, all of New Orleans. Mrs. Granger is a Past President of the Louisiana Division and has attended seventeen general conventions, leading Louisianians in attendance.

*Ex-officio* members of the committee are Past Presidents of the division living in New Orleans, as follows: Mesdames P. J. Freidericks, Arthur Weber, F. C. Kolman, and Florence Tompkins. Mrs. Kolman, as Registrar General, is a member of the Credentials Committee, and Mrs. L. U. Babin, Past President of the Division, is chairman of the Credentials Committee. They must be in Houston by November 17, so will be absent from New Orleans on U. D. C. play-day.

A request is made by a Confederate veteran for the words of the song, "The Log Cabin in the Lane." His name and address follow: Mr. L. V. Landry, 507 Boyd Avenue, Baton Rouge, La.



*North Carolina.*—The Executive Board meets on Tuesday, October 9, in Greensboro, and the program of the thirty-second convention of North Carolina Division opens that evening with "greetings" from other patriotic societies and from the local Chapter. The Past Presidents of the Division will be presented, and the present President, Mrs. Walter F. Woodard, will make an address. The chief feature will be an address by Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President General, which will be followed by a reception, a real "get together" of the "Daughters" from all over the State, carrying out the fifth and last object of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, "to cherish ties of friendship that bind us in one great organization."

The business sessions will be opened on Wednesday morning, October 10, with Mrs. Woodard presiding. Each of the five sections of the State will nominate a woman to serve on the nominating committee to present names of incoming officers to be elected by the convention. A visit to the historic site of the battle of Guilford Courthouse of Revolutionary days, will be of interest to the delegates.

The Division is rejoicing that ground was broken the middle of August for the Memorial Chapel at the Confederate Woman's Home near Fayetteville. Mrs. Charles Wallace is chairman of this undertaking and expects to have the dedication take place during October. Although looking forward to this convention, the Daughters feel keenly the loss of Mrs. R. P. Holt, who will be sadly missed. Her activities and love for the U. D. C. made her a valued member of this Division.

The President urges that all Chapters send in their county's rolls of honor to Miss Lucile Moore, Elm City, at once, so that North Carolina will have a complete record of her soldiers in the Richmond museum.

Mrs. Woodard also urges that relics and mementoes of the women of the sixties be sent at once to Mrs. John H. Anderson, now of Chapel Hill, to be placed in the Red Cross Museum in Washington City as a memorial to the Confederate women of the South. Old diaries or handiwork or anything pertaining to their sacrifice and ingenuity is wanted. This request was made at the last general convention, and a Director was appointed by the Division President to secure those mementoes from North Carolina.

The twenty-first annual reunion of the North Carolina Confederate veterans was even more enjoyable than anticipated, meeting in Tarboro, August 7 to 10. The Daughters of the William Dorsey Pender and the John L. Bridgers Chapters, of Edgecombe County, assisted the Camp in entertaining the visiting veterans and the official ladies. That prince of veterans, Samuel S. Nash, was the moving spirit of this reunion and stands out more than ever as one of North Carolina's most beloved "boys" of the Confederacy.

[Mrs. John H. Anderson, Editor.]

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*South Carolina.*—The Wade Hampton statue which South Carolina is to place in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., has been completed by the famous sculptor, F. S. Ruckstuhl, at a cost of \$10,000, the legislature appropriating \$5,000, which was matched by \$5,000 raised by the South Carolina Division.

Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, representing the South Carolina Division, went to New York recently to pass on this statue. The figure is very lifelike, its poise and expression breathing out that unmatched spirit of the great Wade Hampton. The statue will be unveiled next March.

The Highway Commissioners of South Carolina and Georgia have given permission that the name of Jefferson Davis Memorial Bridge be given the present bridge connecting the two States along the Jefferson Davis Highway. A painted sign will designate the bridge for the time being. A permanent and more fitting bridge will be put there later, when a handsome bronze tablet will mark the South Carolina end.

The beautifying of that section of the highway that passes through South Carolina is having much attention.

Although summer is "vacation time," many of the Chapters have kept steadily on holding the regular meetings and there has been scarcely a Chapter which has not shown some attention to the beloved veterans, the source of their inspiration, and to the "Girls of the Sixties." Picnics and spend-the-day-parties have proved very enjoyable attentions.

The veterans at the Confederate Home in Columbia have been entertained by several of the Chapters with picnic spreads, and one good Daughter brought along from her famous peach orchard a great feast of this luscious fruit.

There are seventeen "Girls of the Sixties" now in the Confederate Home, and each had special attentions.

[Zene Payne, Editor.]

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*Virginia.*—Dr. Fitzgerald Flournoy, professor at Washington and Lee University and a son of Mr. and Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, was the orator at the Memorial Day exercises in Lynchburg. Dr. Flournoy held the U. D. C. scholarship at Washington and Lee University a number of years ago and made a remarkable record while a student there. He is one of the coming orators of the South and is well versed in its history. He is a Rhodes scholar and went to England this summer to receive his M.A. degree from that ancient institution of learning, Oxford University.

Memorial Day exercises have been held wherever there is a U. D. C. Chapter, and these were attended by large crowds. While the Chapters never fail to honor those who are sleeping their last sleep in some silent city of the dead, yet they are untiring in their efforts to bring comfort and cheer to those who remain.

Suffolk Chapter has elected new officers for the year and from every indication will send a splendid report to the convention, which will meet in Alexandria, in October.

Petersburg Chapter is doing a splendid historical work this year carrying out the historical program as planned by the State Historian. It is also coöperating along all lines to make the year's work a success.

Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, President of Hope Maury Chapter, of Norfolk, was signally honored by the College of William and Mary by being asked to present the prize to the student sponsored by her Chapter, when he received his degree at this, the second oldest college in America. Mrs. Walke also presented the Matthew Fontaine Maury prize at the Naval Academy in Annapolis. This prize goes to the graduating midshipman who received the highest grade in physics.

[Mrs. Anne V. Mann, Editor.]

#### CREDENTIALS FOR HOUSTON CONVENTION.

The Credentials Chairman reports that credential papers are coming in rapidly, and Chapters generally are urged to forward such papers promptly in order to avoid the last minute rush. First papers came from North Carolina, followed by some from Texas, Alabama, and Massachusetts.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. L. U. BABIN, *Chairman.*



## FOR HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C.

The Executive Board of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., has the honor of presenting the name of Miss Marion Salley, of Orangeburg, S. C., the President of the South Carolina Division, as a candidate for the office of Historian General, U. D. C., to succeed the incumbent, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, upon the expiration of her term of office when the general convention meets in Houston in November.

For the Executive Board: Mrs. Fred E. Culvern, Vice President, South Carolina Division; Mrs. L. Cottingham, Secretary, South Carolina Division.

## "WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Our official year is fast drawing to a close. Please remember that *no orders can be recorded for credit, 1927-28, after November 1*. It is impossible for your chairman to know whether or not a final report will be forthcoming at the Houston convention. Encouraging reports have been received from many of the Divisions. Every Division is fully aware that it is the earnest desire of the committee to close the work this year, and that our President General has emphasized the fact in every way. If it is not possible to make a final report, we have done our best. This call from the general organization is of long standing. The agreement was made at the St. Louis convention, in 1921, to distribute 10,000 copies of "Our Book," "Women of the South in War Times." There are so few delinquent Divisions, I do wish the vision would come to them and they would realize now that it is their privilege to see us across at Houston, also our hard luck to be held back by them. There is yet time for valuable work, but no time for delay.

Yours, anxiously awaiting,

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

## NEW EDITION OF HORTON'S HISTORY.

COMMENDED BY MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, HISTORIAN GENERAL,  
U. D. C.

As the time for the opening of schools and colleges is here, it suggests to Chapter and State Historians an important part of their work, the placing of books in schools and other libraries.

It is a pleasure to recommend a book so available for supplementary reading as "A Youth's History of the War of 1861-65," by R. G. Horton. As a rule, the present generation of adults (my generation) did not study the period of the War between the States very much, or if they did, bitter feeling was aroused. The principal of a school I attended happened one day in the history class to note an enormous force credited to Pickett at Gettysburg. To the astonishment of both pupils and teachers, he said: "Now, that's a lie. If he had had that many, he would have gotten there." It will be well for those who have left school these many years to read this book.

The average school history, if not actually misleading, is of necessity so meager as to fail to give a real understanding. Historians are improving, but it is the spirit of the great army of school-teachers which has been our greatest help, as they have encouraged their pupils to do extra reading and to try to compare the statements of historians. All teachers will welcome the Horton history.

This history was written by Rushmore G. Horton, called a "Copperhead's" history, and appeared first about 1866-1868. It has many important facts which are not found in present-day histories, and these are presented with an evident desire to get at the truth. The book shows that the struggle was not as "sectional" as some would have it thought; but that thinking people, North and South, could, and did, sympathize with the fight for the liberties guaranteed under the Constitution of the United States. The new edition, revised by Miss Mary D. Carter and Lloyd T. Everett, is especially good. The editors have effaced themselves very completely and only appear when some few lines of explanation, made necessary by the passing of sixty years, are needed and inserted. No reader will have any difficulty in recognizing which is the original text and which the editorial part. A most valuable and interesting work of the editors is the compiling of several appendices. They are (a) Davis—the West, and Home Rule; (b) Taxes and Tomahawks, 1776-1861; (c) Davis, the Man; (d) Confederate (and kindred) Maxims; (e) General Lee after the War; (f) Summary of the Constitution of the Confederate States; (g) Lincoln-War; Why and How? (h) War Barbarities; (i) Results of the War.

Each of these is well worth while. Their plan is similar. They quote opinions from a wide range of authorities and the authority is always cited. The United Daughters of the Confederacy are accused of looking always and only backward. These appendices are right up to the present and should refute that idea in some degree. Personally, I enjoyed most "Davis—the West, and Home Rule"; and "Davis, the Man."

There is no bitterness in this book, but there is a great deal of courage. There is no taking things for granted, but every statement is verified. The organization should be grateful for this work, and should show its gratitude by placing copies in libraries everywhere.

The book is published by the Southern Publishing Company, Dallas, Tex. Price, \$1.25, postpaid.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

MRS. JOHN H. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

## HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

U. D. C. Topic for October

Religion in the Army.

C. of C. Program for October.

Make a study of the port of Galveston, Tex.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., 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. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
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.  
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REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*  
Mathews, Va.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

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ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
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VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

## IN APPRECIATION—MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.

*My Dear Coworkers:* In the passing of our beloved Historian General, Mildred Lewis Rutherford, we have sustained an irreparable loss, one whose ready pen and dependable assistance never failed when needed. But we sorrow not alone, for in every town and hamlet of the South, and from every point of the compass in this great country, wherever a loyal descendant of a Confederate soldier abides, there is sadness over the going home of one who oftentimes stood alone in her zealous defense of this people, and who was ever alert to discover and credit valuable historical facts which had failed of record.

Lofty in ideals, pure in Christian virtues, like the Vestal Virgins of old, she kept the fires of patriotism and courage, ever lighting the pathway of those less fortunate than she. Privileged to enjoy an unbroken friendship of twoscore years, no word of mine can express the sense of sorrow and overwhelming loss, as we think of carrying on without her wise counsel and assistance. "Many Daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Let a monument be built to honor this peer of Southern womanhood, and let it be the outpouring of a people's love, a tribute to one who gave not only her life, but all her earthly possessions in order that the truthful story of a dear dead past should be given to the world. Resolutions have been prepared, and from each of her associates on the Board have come brief messages that speak the affection felt for her, beloved wherever she was known.

When the summons comes to each of us, may it find us as ready to answer, "Here, Lord, am I," as was this friend, and in the dawning of the morning of eternity, we shall meet again.

On behalf of the C. S. M. A., we acknowledge with sincere appreciation resolutions and sympathy expressed by Nashville Chapter No. 1, U. D. C., through Miss Edith Pope, President, in the loss sustained by this organization, which Miss Rutherford has served for the past ten years as Historian General, following a period of splendid service in the same position for our sister organization, the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Her devotion to the principles of each body was as loyal and true as the love of a mother for her daughter. We each serve the same cause in our joys and sorrows. Success for one cause means success for all.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget

Faithfully and affectionately yours  
MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

## TRIBUTES OF LOVE AND RESPECT.

"To the past go more dear faces every year," but the loss of none has brought more sincere sorrow to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association than the going of our beloved Historian General, Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford. This loss is felt by the entire Southland, whose interests, past and present, called forth her ever-ready pen. Her "Historical Notes" was a periodical giving the truths of history, an inspiration to our local associations and a revelation to the younger generation. "Though dead, she yet liveth," and her name is now added to the South's Immortals.

"The end of Birth is Death,  
The end of Death is Life!"

—Sue H. Walker, *Second Vice President General C. S. M. A.*

In the passing of Miss Mildred L. Rutherford, Historian General C. S. M. A., the organization has sustained an irreparable loss and the Southern cause a faithful, unique historian. Her loving, genial spirit will be cherished and her "truths of history" preserved forever. We shall miss our dear Historian General, her happy inspirational spirit, and gracious presence. The cause has lost a friend whose place can never be filled.—Daisy M. L. Hodgson, *Recording Secretary General, C. S. M. A.*

In the passing of Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford the South, the nation, and the lands across the sea will bow in reverent tribute to pay honor to one so universally recognized for her gifts of unselfish love and loyalty to the land she loved so well.—Mrs. Brayan Wells Collier, *Corresponding Secretary General.*

We shall meet and we shall miss you in our C. S. M. A., O wonderful Historian! I see you so cold, so white, so still. Though you have passed from the light which now is, you will never die.

As the years roll on, there will be lasting tributes to Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford. The touch of summers in your



home and other dear associations is a precious, fadeless memory. Your untiring efforts, giving all; your heroic courage, your loyalty, your fearless fortitude, with a heart to dare, has done more than any one woman I know to establish with facts, without prejudice, the "Truths of History" of our grand old South, righting her to imperishable glory.—*Belle Allen Ross, Auditor General C. S. M. A.*

To Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, devoted daughter of the sixties, the whole South pays its tribute of sorrowing tears. Patriot, leader of youth, guardian of a people's hallowed history, she wears in death the ever green laurels of a matchless fame. To those, like myself, who were privileged to know her gentle but unfaltering leadership at beloved Lucy Cobb, the news of her death came with a sense of irreparable loss. To know her, was to love her. She was both great and good, high mentality, stern character, lovable consideration, and warmth of heart commingling in one fine soul, whose passing brings sorrow to us all.—*Mrs. L. D. T. Quimby, National Organizer, C. S. M. A.*

The sad news of the death of our beloved friend, Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, is very distressing, because of the loss of her highly prized companionship and because of the loss of her great usefulness to our sacred cause, the cause of education, and to every cause relating to the welfare of her beloved Southland. She will be sincerely missed by all who looked to her for guidance; but let us have faith in God that he will raise up some one to take her place and carry forward the great work of the causes she had so much at heart. . . . I join you with all my heart in the beautiful tribute to our beloved friend, "Miss Millie," which you are suggesting.—*Giles B. Cooke, Chaplain General, C. S. M. A.*

Miss Rutherford has gone, but her work will live on and on, for she has left a legacy to the world that no one can ever erase. Her loyalty to the cause soothed many an aching heart when they were so torn with the new ideas.—*Mrs. James R. Armstrong, State President, Oklahoma C. S. M. A.*

Miss Rutherford was a faithful steward of the talents her Master intrusted to her early young womanhood, which she guarded but to multiply as she walked and labored in earth's vineyard. Her influence of blessed memory will be her best and most lasting monument, for her life was full and rounded out in its perfection. It was filled with faith and love and hope, for Miss Millie was ever fair-minded, just, and courteous. She was a great scholar, a great teacher, a great woman, a Christian educator. Miss Millie has gone smiling, intrusting to her girls the accomplishment of her uncompleted tasks. "If each for whom she did some kindly service, as she neighbored day by day, were to plant a single flower in token of that service, myriads of buds would burst into bloom and sway like censurs yielding incense in remembrance of her.—*Blanche Winfield Leigh (an old Lucy Cobb Girl), Florida State President C. S. M. A.*

## SOUTHERN PINES.

Tall, somber, grim, they stand, with dusky gleams  
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,  
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—  
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,  
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease;  
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell  
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

## MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

A silent hour has come to all the members of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association. Our beloved Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, is dead.

Teacher, philosopher, historian, and lover, our Southland is the poorer that her pen is still, that her voice is hushed.

The past stretched before her as an open book, and in the press of present events about her, there was no compromise in her argument, no palliation in her conviction.

We shall miss the bright smile which, even in her months of suffering, she never lost; her happy intonations, and the yearly picture which she gave to us of "the gentlewoman of the sixties," that we might not forget.

The record of this splendid woman, both as a teacher of youth in her native State and a writer of Southern history, cannot be overestimated in its value to the South; therefore

*Resolved:* 1. That this Association feels keenly the loss of one whose place can never be filled, but whose work shall live after her in the hearts of her compatriots, more precious than marble, enduring as bronze.

2. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Association, and published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved family of our beloved Historian General.

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE,  
MRS. C. B. BRYAN,  
MRS. JAMES R. ARMSTRONG,  
*Committee.*

## RESOLUTION PASSED AT THE LITTLE ROCK CONVENTION.

The following resolution was formulated by Capt. S. A. Ashe, of Raleigh, N. C., and amended by Maj. Giles B. Cooke, and unanimously adopted by the U. D. C. State convention in Winchester, Va., October, 1927, and by the C. S. M. A. in convention at Little Rock, Ark., May, 1928:

Whereas, Gen. Robert E. Lee, in March, 1864, in reply to a communication from the Secretary of War in regard to the papers found on the body of Colonel Dahlgren containing orders to burn the city of Richmond and to murder President Davis and his Cabinet, wrote: "I concur with you in thinking that a formal publication of these papers should be made under *official authority*, that our people and the world may know the character of the war our enemies wage against us, and the unchristian and atrocious acts they plot and perpetrate. I presume that the blood boils in the veins of every officer and man; but I think it better to do right, even if we suffer in so doing, than to incur the reproach of our conscience and of posterity"—such being the foundation of his character and the basis of his actions; and, whereas, when offered a salary of fifty thousand dollars virtually to allow the use of his name in connection with some entirely legitimate business, he declined; and, whereas there is now a proposition to utilize his name with the view of commercial benefit, a suggestion that if living he would certainly disapprove; and, whereas it is our duty to protect his good name and maintain for it the high standard of his life and character, believing that were he here he would never consent to the use of his name as proposed; therefore be it

*Resolved,* That we regard the proposition to call an institution in Kansas City "The Lincoln and Lee University" as being an unwarranted use of Lee's stainless name; and that, if living, he would regard it *in every aspect* as very improper; and as he is no longer with us to manifest his disapprobation, we feel in duty bound to protest against it.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

EDMOND R. WILES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## A CALL TO ARMS!

To Department, Division, Brigade, and Camp Commanders.

After having served the last two weeks of August on active military duty with my regiment at Camp Pike, I came back to my business with the impression uppermost in my mind that if, as Commander in Chief, I had the power to order out for two weeks' recruiting duty, any time this fall, every Son upon whose shoulders rested the responsibility of making a satisfactory showing in the way of increased membership, greater enthusiasm and devotion to our cause in his jurisdiction, there would be no question as to the result.

Summer has passed, and the most delightful season of the year is upon us. The perspective has changed. I am appealing to you as never before to "enlist" for a real campaign for new members and reinstatement of old. The life—the very existence, in fact—of the Sons' organization depends upon what is done by those who have received from their comrades positions of honor and trust in promoting new Camps and materially increasing the membership before the reunion in Charlotte next May. We must not fail; we will not fail. The loss in membership last year, I regret to say, was about fifteen per cent. Now this must be made up, and we must show an increase of twenty-five per cent. There is nothing that succeeds like success. No one is interested in a loser. Let's not be classed with the latter. Call a meeting of your Camp at once, Camp Commanders, and get busy writing applications. Comrades of the Departments and Divisions, get in touch at once with your forces. Our battle cry will be this coming year: "*A Forty Per Cent Increase in Membership.*"

As Commander in Chief, I hope to visit all Division reunions and conventions. I am planning to attend the Texas reunion at Tyler on the 3rd of October, and the Florida reunion at Jacksonville later in the month. I am counting on you. Don't fail me.

Faithfully yours,

EDMUND R. WILES,  
*Commander in Chief, S. C. V.*

## NEW CAMPS.

Under the administration of Commander in Chief Wiles five new Camps, Sons of Confederate Veterans, have been organized in Arkansas. Comrade C. E. Gilbert, Assistant Adjutant in Chief, was the organizer of these Camps.

Camp William E. Moore, Helena, Ark., was organized with twenty-seven members. The officers are: Commander, T. W. Lewis; First Lieutenant Commander, James T. Horner; Second Lieutenant Commander, John W. King; Adjutant, Frank E. Haden; Treasurer, Robert Gordan, Jr.; Quartermaster, L. A. Fitzpatrick; Judge Advocate, Judge John I. Moore; Surgeon, W. C. Russworm; Historian, A. C. Hungarland; Color Sergeant, T. E. Tappen; Chaplain, E. D. Robertson.

The Jesse N. Cypert Camp at Searcy, Ark., has twenty-two charter members. The officers are: Commander, J. M. Williams; First Lieutenant Commander, T. L. Harder; Second Lieutenant Commander, Cul. L. Pearce; Adjutant, R. L. Smith; Treasurer, T. A. Watkins; Quartermaster, Ira J. Golden; Judge Advocate, W. H. Bell; Surgeon, A. G. Harrison; Historian, Eugene Cypert; Color Sergeant, J. B. Cypert; Chaplain, L. E. Moore, Sr.

The Colonel Snavel Camp, Batesville, Ark., has fourteen members. The officers are: Commander, Edgar W. Young; First Lieutenant Commander, Dr. G. H. Briggs; Second Lieutenant Commander, W. O. Pence; Adjutant, Oscar T. Jones; Treasurer, John A. Whaley; Quartermaster, C. A. Barnett; Judge Advocate, Ernest Neill; Surgeon, J. D. Ponders; Historian, Sidney Pickens; Color Sergeant, Louis W. McDonald; Chaplain, W. C. Davidson.

The Camp at Newport, Ark., known as Camp Fagan, has a membership of nineteen. The officers are: Commander, A. G. Stedman; First Lieutenant Commander, John E. Williams; Second Lieutenant Commander, H. U. Williamson; Adjutant, Ed. Baum; Treasurer, C. C. Dean; Quartermaster, Abe Ballow; Judge Advocate, O. D. Watson; Surgeon, C. R. Gray; Historian, A. C. Wilkerson; Color Sergeant, Z. A. Campbell; Chaplain, R. C. Harden.

The J. R. Norfleet Camp, recently organized at Forrest City, Ark., has a membership of twelve. The officers of



this Camp are: Commander, J. T. Sanders; First Lieutenant Commander, Charles R. Izard; Second Lieutenant Commander, R. C. Eldridge; Adjutant, M. B. Norfleet, Jr.; Color Sergeant, Fenner Laughinghouse; Treasurer, A. C. Bridewell; Quartermaster, L. F. Haven; Historian, G. W. Christian; Chaplain, J. E. McJunkin.

## FUTURE ACTIVITIES.

(REPORT OF JOHN HALLBERG, COMMANDING TENNESSEE DIVISION.

(Continued from September Number)

### AFFILIATION WITH OTHER PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES.

We are one of the many patriotic societies in these United States of America. The importance we attach to our "place in the sun" of public opinion, is measured by the interest we assume in affiliating with those other societies when they are called together for community celebration. It is discouraging to the progress of our organization to fail to have representation at these public affairs. Coöperate and affiliate at all times with a full and complete willingness of spirit and interest. We can only grow by being large enough to serve the community in which we live.

### PUBLICITY.

This is the age of publicity. Publicity is the medium through which the thoughts and habits of the world are changed. Tremendous good or tremendous evil is the result of this great giant of modern progress. By it, truth turns darkness into light. By it incorrect opinion and false impressions are brought into life.

Publicity not only means the press, but includes moving pictures, books, magazines, telephone, telegraph, the pulpit, schools, politics, and every form in which society moves and lives.

Well-directed publicity of the right character is vitally necessary to the success of our organization. We must have it. Our bread depends on it. Every Camp should have a publicity committee whose sole purpose should be to draw and hold the attention of the American people. Before the American people our aims, endeavors, future plans should be placed. The great powers behind all these forms of publicity are all friendly to us and our cause. We must use such golden assets if we expect to advance.

### DEFINITE AIM.

A definite aim must be inaugurated. An aim to grow. Large in members; strong in influence. We should enter the channels of public service and do so with decided strength. The Sons of Confederate Veterans have leadership, organization, and all the required talents in their ranks which are necessary to properly function and take a leading part in programs of local and general interest. We have only to awaken interest and concentrate our efforts and the object or definite aim can be "put over."

### REPORTS.

Reports are reports. Strong reason backs up the necessity of a report. What could Commander in Chief Pershing do without his administration headquarters? What use would the administration headquarters be to him without reports? Reliable reports constitute the cause and effect of success. So it is with our organization. Intimate knowledge and actual conditions are of first importance to those whose shoulders are burdened with responsibility.

### OUR FLAG.

We all believe in our flag. We believe in its emblem, its colors, its stars, and its bars. But do we place as high value on our flag as the boys who wore the gray jacket and followed it through the dust and smoke of war? In those days there was no place in Dixie for the heart which did not love that flag, nor was there any peace or comfort for the life that would not defend that flag.

Have you observed the respect accorded "Old Glory" by the nation's people? Have you ever seen flag ceremonies in France or any other European nation?

We all respect our flag, but let us show our colors. Let us use our flag in our parades and use it in our meetings. That is the purpose for which it was made.

### LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.

Each Division and Camp should appoint a legislative committee whose duty it should be to attend the sessions of all Confederate measures. This committee should operate in conjunction with committees of like nature appointed from other Confederate societies.

Money can be secured from two sources. First, from individuals, and, second, from political divisions, such as States, counties, and cities, or municipalities. This committee should function before all these groups. The interest and influence of the Camps should be brought to bear upon the local representative of the groups.

Appropriations are extremely hard to secure. Governors are reluctant to increase their estimate on their States's running expense by adding other appropriations for which they have made no allowance. County and city authorities take the same view and usually a fight is necessary to secure the projects or appropriations which we must have. This legislative committee should lead these fights.

### HISTORICAL PROGRAMS.

Historical programs of instructive interest should be held on special occasions. The records of our peerless military generals hold high rank in the school of the soldier in every country of the world. The strategic importance of military movements of our generals against overwhelming odds of men and supplies have placed these men in a field of distinction singularly alone. The Southern people and the Southern armies experienced no calamities in the search for an efficient commander in chief. When General Johnston was wounded, the command fell from efficient hands into the efficient hands of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. When, on that fateful 2nd of May, at Chancellorsville, Stonewall Jackson, of military fame and pure Christian atmosphere was so desperately wounded and later crossed over the river to lie down amid the shade of the trees—when we lost Jackson, the command of the Southern armies continued in the efficient hands of Robert E. Lee to the end of the war. No ceaseless changing of commanders in chief took place in the Confederate government.

The impetuous dash, magnificent strategy and organizing military powers displayed by such men as Davis, Lee, Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, Longstreet, Gordon, Forrest, Wheeler, Albert Sidney Johnston, Beauregard, and others, will furnish inspiration for poets and authors yet unborn. The work of these men at Manassas, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, Shiloh, and a hundred other battle fields commanded worldwide recognition. Their records afford us the highest character of material for our historical programs.

(Continued in November)



## CORSE'S BRIGADE.

(Continued from page 371)

Corse's Brigade, as such, never crossed the Potomac. Several of the regiment composing it had been in the Sharpsburg campaign the year before. I have copied most of this article from a book called "Pickett's Men," written by Walter Harrison, A. A. and Inspector General of Pickett's Division, which I think every member of Pickett's Division should have and hand down to his children.

It may be of interest to know that very soon after Corse's Brigade left the bridges, a raiding party from Fortress Monroe, commanded by Colonel Spears, attacked a very small force at the South Anna bridge, defended by a company of North Carolina soldiers, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in burning it. An account of this defense was well described in the *VETERAN* some time ago. As to the remnant of Pickett's Division, the next day after the fight, Harrison says he could not muster a thousand muskets. Comrade Easley would enjoy reading Harrison's book. He might get a copy from the Virginia State Library by writing to Dr. McIlwaine, Librarian, and giving county judge or his representative in the legislature as his reference..

## THE CITY OF VICKSBURG.

(Continued from page 385)

she says: "Saturday night, about midnight, we heard distant rumblings; ominous sounds they were at the dead hour of night, the roar of artillery wagons, and soon came the rumor that the Confederates were retreating and that Vicksburg had fallen.

"Later.—Still no news, after more than six weeks, of my family. Two telegraph operators brought a message from General Grant that my father wished me to come to Vicksburg with General McArthur's Division, which would move in a few days.

"The officers were very kind to me. One colonel asked me to ride at the head of his regiment, and brought a horse and side-saddle. I was, however, not so foolish as to travel in that unsuitable manner. I accepted a seat in an ambulance in charge of Dr. Beach, of Ohio. Dressed in my forty-dollar calico, and wearing a huge shaker bonnet, I bade my sister and her family adieu, and took my seat in the ambulance. Two soldiers, too sick to march, lay on the floor of the ambulance, and two officers sat on the front seat. The driver had his little jokes and stories of life in Scotland to enliven the ride, and the officers were entertaining. The surgeon, riding beside us would occasionally look in to ask if he could do anything for my comfort. All were trying to make my journey as pleasant as possible. There were many queer sights by the way. I recall particularly the negro women following the army, carrying all their possessions on their heads. At night, when a halt was made, I was escorted by the captain to the nearest house, where he requested that I be given lodging, saying he would pay for it. My supper and breakfast were brought in on a large silver waiter by a soldier, and there was black coffee in a handsome silver urn. The silver had probably been taken from the house of some rich Southerner.

"In the early gray of the morning, indeed before, by two A.M., the reveille and a tap on my door by a soldier would rouse me, and after a hurried toilet I was ready for breakfast, and we were moving again. It is a picture and a memory I want to keep. The freshness of the morning air, the music

from the various bands, the novelty of the situation, and the youthful eyes through which I saw it all.

"Two days I traveled in this way and then I heard that Mrs. Baum, of Vicksburg, and her two children were along somewhere. I gladly had her hunted up and much to my delight, she was pleased to give me a seat in her ambulance. In the afternoon there came a terrific thunder shower, and while the rain was coming down in torrents, the lightning nearly blinding us and the thunder terrifying, we had to cross Big Black River on a pontoon bridge, and then ascend one of the steepest hills I ever saw. Such cries to the poor dumb beasts to urge them forward. Such slipping and sliding in the Mississippi mud. I shut my eyes. Rain dripped down from the top of the ambulance and fell on my Shaker bonnet, wilting it most decidedly; my face was dirty from the never-failing dust that an army stirs up and the water was running down my cheeks and the dust gave it a mottled appearance I did not look like a reigning belle just then.

"After much tribulation we reached the General's tent, where we were invited in to dine. I remember feeling uncomfortable as I took my seat among those gay young Federal staff officers, and I have no doubt that they had some fun at my appearance.

"My mother and brother had remained for three days at our home after the siege begun. She told me that she and the two house servants sat most of the time in the chimney corner where the bullets might not strike them. Meanwhile, our carriage driver and others of our colored men were digging a cave in the side of a hill in the valley some distance back of the house.

"Here, in this miserable cave, a blanket strung across the opening, with her trunk and a rocking-chair, all her possessions available there, my father found her. Later by General Grant's personal direction, they were moved further back and stayed in a negro cabin. Uncle Robert Shirley had requested a Union soldier, a friend of his—Mr. Eaton—to hunt up the family and give them aid if they needed it. Mr. Eaton found them there and also found a wife in the girl who made the journey with the Federal army to Vicksburg."

## MANASSAS.

(These lines were found in an old scrapbook, written for the semi-Centennial anniversary of the battle, June 21, 1911:)

I am dreaming, I am dreaming  
Of the men so true and brave,  
Of the loyal, patriot privates,  
Filling many a lonely grave;  
Of the mountain cabin lonely,  
Of the widow, fatherless child,  
Of the true, untrammelled spirits  
Which still haunt our fastnesses wild.

Cease our dreaming, cease our dreaming,  
Let us up and emulate  
The brave examples that went before us,  
Striving for our Mother State;  
For her honor, for her glory,  
That they be fore'er as of yore,  
Ye who weave her woof and story,  
Follow, heed those who went before.

—Annie R. Chalmers.



CREATION.

I had an acre of land—  
O an acre of land!  
Within cry of the hills, the high hills,  
And the sea and the sand,  
And a brook with its silvery voice—  
I would dance and rejoice!

I would build a small house on my  
land—  
So I would, a small home!  
Within call of the woods, the high woods,  
Within flight of the foam!  
And O, I would dig, I would delve,  
Make a world by myself!

I would keep pigs and some hens,  
And grow apples and peas:  
I things that would multiply, flowers  
For my hive of striped bees—  
I had an acre of land!  
Life should spring from my hand!  
—Hamish Maclaren.

A BOY'S LETTER.—A small boy was  
told that he must write to his grand-  
father a letter of sympathy on the death  
of her husband.

This was the letter, adorned with  
many blots, that eventually arrived:  
"Dear Grandma:—What a pity about  
Grandpa! Please send me some  
cups. There is a new boy here who  
peaks if I hit him.—With love, from  
Roger."—Canadian American.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee  
Our love and toil in the years to be,  
When we are grown and take our place  
As men and women with our race.

Father in heaven who lovest all,  
O help thy children when they call;  
That they may build from age to age,  
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth  
With steadfastness and careful truth,  
That, in our time, thy grace may give  
The truth whereby the nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,  
Controlled and cleanly night and day;  
That we may bring, if need arise,  
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,  
For whose dear sake our fathers died;  
O motherland, we pledge to thee,  
Head, heart, and hand through the  
years to be!

—Rudyard Kipling.

One of the best men of the old Stone-  
wall Brigade was an old railroad man,  
and on being asked how war compared  
to railroading, he said: "Well, the life  
of a soldier is pretty rough, but it has  
one advantage over railroading." "What  
is that," was asked. "'Taint near so  
dangerous," said the man of the rail.—  
The Southern Bivouac.



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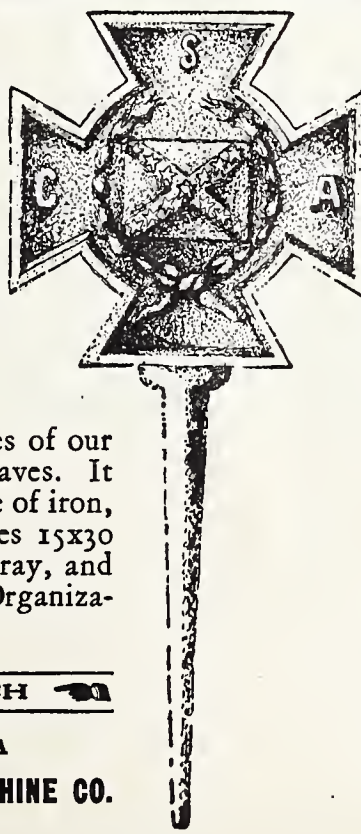
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General Buford, of Kentucky, was a  
turf man, and his forcible expressions  
were naturally of the "horse" order. At  
Perryville, his brigade received its bap-  
tism of fire, and in one of the prelimi-  
nary skirmishes he ordered Captain J  
to "oblique his company to the right."  
Misinterpreting the order, the captain  
was leading his company to the left  
when the General yelled out: "Captain,  
I told you to oblique your company to  
the right. If you don't know what I  
mean by 'right oblique,' then gee them,  
sir, gee them!"—The Southern Bivouac.

"The best thing for you to do," said  
the doctor, "is to give up smoking,  
drinking anything but water at your  
meals, late hours—" "Wait," entreated  
the patient; "what's the next best  
thing?"—Answers.



"Lest  
We  
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our  
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| Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Richardson.<br>two volumes.....  | 6 50    |

## **Biography:**

|                                                                                                                                                                                                         |      |
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| Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis, two volumes.....                                                                                                                                             | 8 00 |
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**The Confederate Veteran**  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



# Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXVI.

NOVEMBER, 1928

NO. 11



**STRATFORD HOUSE—HISTORIC HOME OF THE LEES**

This picture of the birthplace and early home of Gen. R. E. Lee is taken from an old engraving which shows the place as it must have been in its prime. Though it passed into other hands, Stratford has been well cared for and can be easily restored to its early splendor. Its purchase and restoration is an important piece of work to be brought before the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Houston, Tex., November 20-25.

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BOOKS, CONFEDERATE AND OTHERWISE.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                |         |
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| The Confederate States of America. A financial and industrial history of the South during the war, 1861-1865. By John Christopher Schwab, Professor of Political Economy, Yale University..... | \$ 4 00 |
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NEW EDITION HORTON'S HISTORY.

Miss Mary D. Carter, of Upperville, Va., who has sponsored the republication of Horton's "Youth's History of the War," writes that the new edition sells at \$1.40, instead of \$1.25, as given in the review by the Historian General, U. D. C. In lots of five, the price will be \$1.15 each. All orders should be sent to the Southern Publishing Company, of Dallas, Tex.

ATTENTION, U. D. C.

In order to have a correct list of Division and Chapter officers in the forthcoming Minutes, U. D. C., it is necessary that the results of all 1928 elections be sent in at once. The Corresponding Secretary of each Chapter is urged to send a list of Chapter officers to the State Division Corresponding Secretary, who will forward to the Corresponding Secretary General; also, the Memorial Roll of each Chapter should be reported, and any deaths and changes in the Division officers. It is very necessary to have the correct names and addresses of Division and Chapter officers, and all Corresponding Secretaries will please give their prompt attention to this.

Granada Apartments, Nashville, Tenn,  
MARY LOU GORDON WHITE,  
Corresponding Secretary General.

FIVE MILLION MEMBERS  
WANTED.

On Armistic Day, November 11, the American Red Cross will launch its twelfth annual Roll Call, during which the people of the United States will be asked to assure the continued effectiveness of Red Cross national services by the support of their membership.

For the coming year, the American Red Cross seeks an enrollment of five million members. Year by year, since the World War, demands for Red Cross service along varied lines have increased. The American Red Cross is the chartered agency of the American people through which the people can accomplish humanitarian service. Such service is made possible by the solid support of Americans everywhere through membership in the organization. Membership necessarily should be representative of the great body of the people.

In asking for five million members for the coming year, the Red Cross has set a modest goal. It means that only about four out of every hundred people in the country will have joined, if the full goal is achieved.

These four out of each hundred of the nation's population will be actively supporting through their membership in the American Red Cross, the foremost disaster relief organization in the world; a recognized medium of assistance in behalf of the people to service and ex-service men and their families, and many other nation-wide services designed to meet present-day needs of the people.

The annual Roll Call will open on November 11, and close November 29, during which new members will be asked to join.

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Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.  
Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



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

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## MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

*Comrades, Daughters, Sons:* As a soldier at Fort Sumter, the first battle of the war, I invite your studious attention to a few important facts. I was present when the first gun was fired on Friday, April 12, 1861, and now recall clearly the impressive incidents of that eventful day.

I see vessels with troops and supplies for the besieged fort at anchor in the bay, just beyond the reach of our shells. I see and hear the thundering cannon, continuously all day Friday and Friday night until noon Saturday, when flames began to leap from the smoking fort, greeted by cheers from the Confederate forces, for they knew the end was near. In a short while, the big guns ceased their horrible roar and we heard loud cheering as the white flag waved over Sumter, succeeded by more cheering as the wonderful news was heard that not a drop of human blood had been shed on either side. Terms were arranged whereby the commander was to salute his flag before hauling it down, and he and his garrison were to be transferred to the vessels in the bay. On Sunday, the 14th, when the flag was being saluted, one man was killed and a few wounded by the bursting of a gun. As the steamer with the garrison on board moved from the bay, the Confederates along the shore stood in line with hats off in acknowledgment of their gallantry in defense.

The war vessels with armed recruits and supplies for Fort Sumter were secretly organized and dispatched by the governmental authorities at Washington, contrary to a definite understanding, acting thus in a spirit of duplicity, a prophetic illustration of the type of aggressive warfare that was to be mercilessly waged for the next four years under the direction and congratulations of Abraham Lincoln. The Confederates waged a defensive war on a high humanitarian plane under the direction and congratulations of Jefferson Davis.

A. T. GOODWIN, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

Man's acts proclaim nobility, and not the kingly crest;  
For he's the noblest who performs life's trying duties best.

—Adelia C. Graves.

Fie upon thee, November, thou dost ape  
The airs of thy young sisters; thou hast stolen  
The witching smile of May to grace thy lip,  
And April's rare capricious loveliness  
Thou'rt trying to put on.—Julia Carolina Ripley.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

## DROOP MOUNTAIN.

Hills blue and silent

Behind this old battleground;

Hills that once rang with cries of dying men,

And with the gun's resound.

Once on this cool mountain slope,

Where grasses green and trees now wave,

Brothers were enemies, friends were foes,

Who now sleep here in one great, silent grave.

Dusk—failing o'er the battle field,

Shadows lengthening o'er the hilltops, night—

Sleep on, O gallant men, both blue and gray,

You gave your all for what you thought was right.

—Louise McNeill (17 years of age).

## CORRECTIONS DUE.

In the sketch of Gen. Felix H. Robertson, in the October VETERAN, page 365, some unfortunate typographical errors were made in copying the part contributed by Col. Raymond Cay, his friend and comrade. Though Colonel Cay does not ask the correction of these, the VETERAN feels that it is due him and wishes to make amends for the seeming carelessness.

Beginning near the top of second column on page 365, the Liberty Independent Troop was in the 5th Georgia Cavalry, and simply a part of it.

Felix Robertson joined Beauregard at Charleston and assisted in "erecting the batteries," not enlisting.

In the next paragraph, University Ridge should be Missionary Ridge.

In the next to last paragraph reference is made to the burning of the wagons of Hood's Corps, which should have been Hardee's Corps. And it was Major Davant, not Durant, of the 5th Georgia (top page 366).

In second paragraph on page 366, "Turning west by a new road" should be turning east.

And in the last paragraph, "across the Sugalo" should be the Tugalo, "the mountain name for the upper Savannah River," writes Colonel Cay.

A CREPE MYRTLE CITY.—Down at Decatur, Ala., the League of Women Voters has inaugurated a plan for beautifying the city, the first step of which is the planting of crepe myrtle on every lot. By this means it is hoped to have Decatur known as the "Crepe Myrtle City." This work is in line with the work of the U. D. C., in beautifying highways, and the suggestion is made that there be special effort to use the old-fashioned shrubs wherever possible. Now that stock is not allowed along the roadways, shrubs will have a chance to grow and bloom, and the crepe myrtle, which grows into trees in the deep South, the syringa, snowball, spireas of every kind, and other shrubs known to our grandmothers' gardens will help to make of this Southern section a garden of distinction. In the old days, every home had its garden and orchard, and our efforts should be to encourage such distinctive plantings now as will bring back the fruits and flowers for which the Old South was so noted.

## WAR PROPAGANDA STILL IN CIRCULATION.

It is well known that in time of war many stories of cruelty and inhuman action on the part of the enemy are circulated for the purpose of stirring up patriotic ire or inflaming the base passions of a people, such as hatred and the desire for vengeance. Striking examples of this propaganda are found in the stories of cruelties perpetrated by the Germans in the invasion of Belgium during the World War, many of which are still in circulation. But it does seem that such stories directed against the South during the War between the States should have wholly died out in the more than sixty years since that fratricidal war, yet now and then one reads of the inhuman treatment accorded the unfortunates held in Southern prisons, of Southern women exulting over the suffering of enemy wounded, and such utterly base accusations against a Christian people. But it remains for one publication to go to the limit in the following ridiculous story about Gen. John Morgan after the war. This is the story as published in the *Argosy* of August 25, 1928:

## OLD BOOK BOUND WITH HUMAN SKIN.

"In the library of the Iliff School of Theology in Denver, Colo., is an old book which is bound in the skin of an Indian, and, in spite of this strange human parchment, it is in an excellent state of preservation. The old book, 'History of Christianity,' was once the property of Gen. John H. Morgan, famous Confederate raider. It was published in 1752, and it is written in Latin. By a strange turn of fate, the once owner and binder of the ancient book, one of the historic characters of the Civil War and the old West, is but a memory and his mortal remains are dust, while the skin of the Indian warrior, his bitter enemy, is preserved and highly prized.

"After the war, General Morgan came to the West, where he met the savage Indians in many battles. In a terrible hand-to-hand encounter he fought a chief with knives. Morgan finally killed the Indian, and he was so embittered by the struggle that he had the skin of his enemy cut from the body. His revenge was in having it treated and bleached to form a cover for the old Latin book.

"Morgan was no Latin student, but the book which he chose at random satirized the whole affair. The skin, which is a yellowish color, is not broken or cracked, although it has been on the book nearly sixty years.

"The book was given to Gen. William Barnes, a close friend of General Morgan, and his son, Robert Barnes, presented it to the theological school. It is probably the only book in the world having a binding of human skin.—Frank S. Reynolds."

NULLIFICATION AND SECESSION.—I hope none who hear me will confound this expression of mine with the advocacy of the right of a State to remain in the Union and to disregard its constitutional obligations by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Nullification and secession, so often confounded, are indeed antagonistic principles. Nullification is a remedy which it is sought to apply within the Union, and against the agent of the States. It is only to be justified when the agent has violated his constitutional obligation, and a State, assuming to judge for itself, denies the right of the agent thus to act, and appeals to the other States of the Union for a decision; but when the States themselves, and when the people of the States, have so acted as to convince us that they will not regard our constitutional rights, then, and then for the first time, arises the doctrine of secession in its practical application.—Jefferson Davis.



## NEW COMMANDER TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. C. V.

Gen. T. C. Little, who was elected to command the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., at the annual reunion in Fayetteville, Tenn., October 10-11, was born in Bedford County, Tenn., March 17, 1848, therefore, is one of the "young" Confederates.



GEN. T. C. LITTLE

He enlisted in the Confederate army in September, 1864, at Shelbyville, Tenn., and was in the fight at the salt works in Virginia. He also helped to fight Sherman on the way to the sea; was with General Forrest after the battle of Franklin to the surrender; fought with Forrest's Escort during Wilson's raid, and was paroled with the Escort, May 9, 1865. He is one of the leading citizens of Fayetteville and devoted to the principles for which he fought in the sixties.

### MEMORIAL TO WINNIE DAVIS AT BEAUVOIR.

It will be of general interest to know that the work of restoring Beauvoir Mansion to its state during the life of President Davis there has been started in the furnishing of one of the rooms as a memorial to his beloved "Winnie," known throughout the South as "The Daughter of the Confederacy." Through Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Mississippi, a close friend of the family, some of the original furnishing of the room has been restored—the lace curtains, the china water set, and pictures which Winnie Davis brought from Europe—and replicas of the heavier furniture were procured through the generous gift of Mr. Walter M. Lampton, the good friend of Beauvoir and its inmates. Over the mantel hangs the beautiful portrait of Winnie Davis in her mature young womanhood, painted in the royal costume which she wore as queen of the Revels at Mardi Gras in New Orleans in 1892. This portrait was painted by the order of Mrs. Kimbrough, and for many years had hung in Mississippi's "Hall of Fame"

at Jackson, awaiting the day for its placement at Beauvoir. Mrs. Kimbrough is President of the Memorial Association of Mississippi, and gives the portrait as a part of the memorial furnishings.

The dedicatory exercises, which took place on Sunday, September 23, were interesting and beautiful. A lovely feature was the placing of wreaths before the portrait in the name of the different Chapters U. D. C., which had contributed them. An address on the life of Jefferson Davis, was given by B. C. Bowen, of the Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp, whose father had been a friend of Mr. Davis. Mrs. Kimbrough read a beautiful description of the portrait and of the life and death of Winnie Davis. The painting was by a Swiss artist, who sketched from the Beauvoir porch, the magnolias as a background, where Winnie had so often sat and sketched. Others contributed their part in songs loved by the one they were thus honoring, and there was music by the American Legion Fife and Drum Corps.

It was the wish of Mrs. Davis that such tribute should be rendered the memory of her loved daughter, and its achievement now is due to the devoted and persistent efforts of Mrs. Kimbrough and the generosity of Mr. Lampton.

This is but the beginning of what is planned for the restoration of Beauvoir when it is no longer needed as a Home for Confederate veterans of the State, and it is indeed most fitting that the place which sheltered the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy in his last years, where he lived and labored over his great work in vindication of the South in the sixties, should become a memorial shrine to which his people can repair to honor his memory.

### COL. ST. LEGER GRENFELL.

Special inquiry has come to the VETERAN for information on Col. St. Leger Grenfell, a British officer who was connected with the Confederate army, and especially with the command of John H. Morgan. At the close of the war he was imprisoned at Dry Tortugas, for what is not known, but he is mentioned in a number of letters from Dr. Samuel Mudd, who was also imprisoned in that God-forsaken spot for his alleged complicity in the assassination of Lincoln, he having set the broken ankle of Booth. In attempting to escape from that infested place, Colonel Grenfell's boat was driven out to sea, and he was never heard of again. Any readers of the VETERAN who know anything of him, or where any information on his life may be obtained will please communicate with the VETERAN.

A footnote on page 105 of Volume IX, Confederate Military History, gives the following:

Col. St. Leger Grenfell was a distinguished British officer who had served in the Crimean War and in India, and, having tendered his services to the Confederacy, accompanied General Morgan on this expedition (Morgan's report of July 30, 1862, of his raid through Tennessee and Kentucky) as inspector on his staff. He continued with his command until the close of the war, and was conspicuous at all times for his dashing gallantry in leading charges and promoting efficient organization. When the war closed, he was denied terms by the Federal government and imprisoned at Dry Tortugas. In attempting to escape in a boat, he was driven to sea by a storm and never heard of.

Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company. —George Washington.



ROBERT E. LEE.

Defeat but made him tower more grandly high—  
Sackcloth about *him* was transformed to gold  
And royal purple in each flawless fold;  
His soul pierced darkness like the sun god's eye:  
His the deep knowledge how to live, and die.  
Calmly benignant, and superbly bold,  
All incorruptible—unbought, unsold—  
A steadfast splendor in a stormy sky.

The winds may rage, the frightened clouds be driven  
Like multitudinous banners, torn and tossed,  
Retreating from some mighty conflict lost—  
But, far beyond all shapes and sounds of ill,  
That star—his soul—is shining calmly still,  
A steadfast splendor in a stormy heaven!

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

#### STRATFORD, HOME OF THE LEES.

One of the interesting things to be brought before the U. D. C. convention at Houston is the movement, sponsored by the New England Chapter, U. D. C., to purchase Stratford, the old Lee home in Westmoreland County, Va., and make this a shrine, or a meeting place for the general organization. A price has been put upon the place by its present owner and an estimate made by an architect as to the cost of restoration, all of which will be presented to the convention at Houston by Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President of the William Alexander, Jr., Chapter of Greenwich, Conn., by whom the movement was inaugurated.

Something about this old home of the Lees will be of special interest at this time. Though General Lee left this old family home at a very early age, his father removing the family to Alexandria in 1811, a lasting impression of its many charms was made upon his infant mind. When deprived of the noble old home of Arlington, his thoughts reverted to the place of his birth as a refuge for his family, and of it he wrote in November, 1861, to his daughters, who had just made a visit to Stratford: "I am much pleased at your description of Stratford and your visit. It is endeared to me by many recollections, and it has been always a great desire of my life to be able to purchase it. Now that we have no other home, and the one we so loved has been so foully polluted, the desire is stronger with me than ever. The horse chestnut you mention in the garden was planted by my mother. I am sorry the vault is so dilapidated. You did not mention the spring, one of the objects of my earliest recollections."

Writing to his wife on Christmas Day of the same year, he says: "In the absence of a home, I wish I could purchase Stratford. That is the only other place I could go to, now accessible to us, that would inspire me with feelings of pleasure and local love. You and the girls could remain there in quiet. It is a poor place, but we could make enough cornbread and bacon for our support, and the girls could weave us clothes. I wonder if it is for sale and at how much. Ask Fitzhugh to try to find out when he gets to Fredericksburg."

In his interesting "Life of Gen. R. E. Lee," John Esten Cooke gives this description of Stratford: "The original Stratford house is supposed to have been built by Richard Lee, the first of the family in the New World. Whoever may have been its founder, it was destroyed in the time of Thomas Lee, an eminent representative of the name, early in the eighteenth century. Thomas Lee was a member of the King's

Council, a gentleman of great popularity, and when it was known that his house had been burned, contributions were everywhere made to rebuild it. The governor, the merchants of the colony, even Queen Anne herself in person, united in this subscription; the house speedily rose again at a cost of about eighty thousand dollars; and this is the edifice still standing in Westmoreland. The sum expended in its construction must not be estimated in the light of to-day. At that time the greater part of the heavy work in house-building was performed by servants of the manor; it is fair, indeed, to say that the larger part of the work thus cost nothing in money; and thus the eighty thousand dollars represented only the English brick, the carvings, furniture, and decorations.

"The construction of such an edifice had at that day a distinct object. These great old manor houses, lost in the depths of the country, were intended to become the headquarters of the family in all time. In their large apartments the eldest son was to uphold the name. Generation after generation was to pass and some one of the old name still live there; and though all this has passed away now and may appear a worn-out superstition, and though some persons may stigmatize it as contributing to the sentiment of 'aristocracy,' the strongest opponents of that old system may pardon in us the expression of some regret that this love of the hearthstone and old family memories should have disappeared. The great man whose character is sought to be delineated in this volume never lost to the last this home and family sentiment. He knew the kinships of every one, and loved the old country houses of the old Virginia families, plain and honest people, attached, like himself, to the Virginia soil. . . .

"Stratford, the old home of the Lees, but to-day the property of others, stands on a picturesque bluff on the southern bank of the Potomac, and is a house of very considerable size. It is built in the form of the letter H. The walls are several feet in thickness; in the center is a saloon thirty feet in size; and surmounting each wing is a pavilion with balustrades, above which rise clusters of chimneys. The front door is reached by a broad flight of steps, and the grounds are handsome and variegated by the bright foliage of oaks, cedars, and maple trees. Here and there in the extensive lawn rises a slender and ghostly old Lombardy poplar, a tree once a great favorite in Virginia, but now seen only here and there, the relics of a past generation.

"Within, the Stratford house is as antique as without, and with its halls, corridors, wainscoting, and ancient moldings, takes the visitor back to the era of powder and silk stockings. Such was the mansion to which General Harry Lee came to live after the Revolution, and the sight of the old home must have been dear to the soldier's heart. Here had flourished three generations of Lees, dispensing a profuse and open-handed hospitality. In each of the generations some one of the family had distinguished himself and attracted the 'best company' to Stratford; the old walls had rung with merriment; the great door was wide open; everybody was welcome; and one could see there a good illustration of a long-passed manner of living, which had at the least the merit of being hearty, open-handed, and picturesque. General Harry Lee, the careless soldier, partook of the family tendency to hospitality; he kept open house, entertained all comers, and hence, doubtless, sprung the pecuniary embarrassments embittering an old age which his eminent public services should have rendered serene and happy."

For some mention of the Lees who were identified with this old manor house of Stratford, we turn to that biography of Gen. R. E. Lee, which was edited by R. A. Brock, so long connected with the Southern Historical Society of Richmond,







Confederate Veteran.

THE PASSING OF THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

ON VIEWING THE PARADE AT LITTLE ROCK, ARK., MAY 11, 1928.

BY M. E. DUNAWAY, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Like sturdy ships on storm-swept seas,  
Like rugged limbs on stalwart trees,  
With silvery locks, in garments gray,  
The warrior lines pass by to-day.  
Unmindful of the passing years—  
A theme for mingled awe and cheers.

And those who march in state to-day  
Have anchored in our hearts to stay—  
The vanguard of that mighty host  
Of whose brave deeds we love to boast.

Ne'er will their valor be extinct,  
For they in memory will be linked  
With all that's great and brave and true—  
A shrine where scions will renew  
Their love and faith—their valor, trust,  
Their zeal for all that's good and just.

And they shall live in song and story,  
Enshrined shall live in endless glory,  
With records written on Fame's pages  
Through the countless coming ages.

Time they defy to call them on—  
For them there's no oblivion.  
As long as men love buoyant youth,  
As long as they adore the truth,  
As long as Honor's diadem  
Shall crown true hearts—a priceless gem—  
Their virtues, dimming faults and scars,  
Shall shine supreme as constant stars.

The memory of these Men in Gray  
Shall never, never pass away.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND WIDOWS.

Report compiled by Edmond R. Wiles, Commander in Chief, S. C. V., on number of living Confederate veterans and widows in the Southern States, the amount of pensions paid each, and other data of historical interest and value concerning the veterans.

ALABAMA.

|                                                               |          |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans.....                                | 1,821    |
| Number of living Confederate widows.....                      | 5,183    |
| Amount of pension paid veterans, per month.....               | \$ 50 00 |
| Amount of pension paid widows of first class, per month.....  | \$ 25 00 |
| Amount of pension paid widows of second class, per month..... | \$ 15 00 |
| Amount of pension paid widows of third class, per month.....  | \$ 10 00 |

ARKANSAS.

|                                                                    |          |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans.....                                     | 2,500    |
| Number of living Confederate widows.....                           | 3,284    |
| Amount of pension paid, per month to both veterans and widows..... | \$ 50 00 |

GEORGIA.

|                                                           |          |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans.....                            | 2,670    |
| Number of living Confederate widows.....                  | 4,657    |
| Amount paid disabled veterans, per year.....              | \$290 00 |
| Minimum amount paid to veterans and widows, per year..... | \$200 00 |

NORTH CAROLINA.

|                                                  |          |
|--------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans.....                   | 2,269    |
| Number of living Confederate widows.....         | .....    |
| Amount paid veterans first class, per year.....  | \$420 00 |
| Amount paid veterans second class, per year..... | \$365 00 |
| Amount paid negro servants, per year.....        | \$200 00 |
| Amount paid disabled widows, per year.....       | \$420 00 |
| Amount paid widows of class A, per year.....     | \$300 00 |
| Amount paid widows of class B, per year.....     | \$100 00 |

SOUTH CAROLINA.

|                                                 |          |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans.....                  | 1,971    |
| Number of living Confederate widows.....        | 4,490    |
| Amount paid veterans and widows, per month..... | \$ 66 00 |

TENNESSEE.

|                                                          |          |
|----------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans (approximately).....           | 1,350    |
| Number of living Confederate widows (approximately)..... | 2,500    |
| Maximum amount paid veterans, per month.....             | \$ 35 00 |
| Minimum amount paid veterans, per month.....             | \$ 25 00 |
| Maximum amount paid widows, per month.....               | \$ 12 50 |
| Minimum amount paid widows, per month.....               | \$ 10 00 |
| Amount paid body servants, per month.....                | \$ 10 00 |

OKLAHOMA.

|                                                            |          |
|------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans and widows.....                  | 912      |
| Amount of pension paid, per month.....                     | \$ 25 00 |
| Minimum amount paid to veterans and widows, per month..... | \$ 10 00 |

KENTUCKY.

|                                      |          |
|--------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans.....       | 385      |
| Amount paid veterans, per month..... | \$ 12 00 |
| Amount paid widows, per month.....   | \$ 12 00 |

TEXAS.

|                                                        |          |
|--------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans.....                         | 2,857    |
| Number of living Confederate widows.....               | 8,572    |
| Amount of pensions paid veterans, per month.....       | \$ 16 66 |
| Amount (maximum) allowed under the law, per month..... | \$ 25 00 |

MISSISSIPPI.

|                                                         |          |
|---------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans.....                          | 2,016    |
| Number of living Confederate widows.....                | .....    |
| Maximum amount paid veterans and widows, per month..... | \$ 16 66 |
| Amount paid servants, per year.....                     | \$ 40 00 |

VIRGINIA.

|                                                  |          |
|--------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans.....                   | 2,300    |
| Number of living Confederate widows.....         | .....    |
| Maximum amount paid veterans, per year.....      | \$320 00 |
| Amount paid veterans second class, per year..... | \$200 00 |
| Maximum amount paid widows, per year.....        | \$200 00 |
| Amount paid widows second class, per year.....   | \$100 00 |
| Amount paid servants, per year.....              | \$ 40 00 |



## FLORIDA.

|                                                         |          |
|---------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans.....                          | 648      |
| Number of living Confederate widows.....                | 2,122    |
| Maximum amount paid disabled veterans, per month.....   | \$ 45 00 |
| Minimum amount paid veterans and widows, per month..... | \$ 40 00 |

## LOUISIANA.

|                                                                        |          |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Number of living veterans.....                                         | 831      |
| Number of living Confederate widows.....                               | 2,375    |
| Maximum amount paid veterans, per month.....                           | \$ 30 00 |
| Minimum amount paid veterans, per month, both veterans and widows..... | \$ 20 00 |

|                                                                                                                         |        |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Total number of veterans receiving pensions—as shown by reports given by thirteen States of the Confederacy.....        | 22,529 |
| Total number of Confederate widows receiving pensions—as shown by reports given by eight States of the Confederacy..... | 33,173 |
| Total number veterans and widows.....                                                                                   | 55,702 |

From information furnished by those in a position to be best informed on matters pertaining to the veterans, it is evident that there are living at this time, in addition to those receiving pensions, a number equal to fifteen per cent of the total number of those receiving pensions who are not drawing pensions for various reasons.

Based on a total of 24,000 drawing pensions, fifteen per cent additional *not* drawing pensions—added to this makes a total of 26,000 living Confederate veterans at this time.

This estimate is not excessive, in my opinion, as there are those scattered throughout the Northern, Western, and Eastern States not accounted for, there being no Confederate pensions paid, therefore, no records available. There are a great number of Confederate veterans living in Missouri that are not included in this estimate, as I was unable to secure data from this State.

The matter of increasing the pensions in several States of the Southern Confederacy should be taken up at once, as it can readily be seen the amount is inadequate to sustain a veteran or widow without outside assistance. It is a deplorable fact that only a very few States pay as much to sustain its Confederate soldiers as is allowed for their dependents and paupers, which is \$300, per year. We certainly owe more to the Confederate soldier than to the paupers of the State whom we are forced to support.

## COMPILATION OF CONFEDERATE RECORDS.

(The following interesting statement of the work of compiling the records of the Confederate army, which has been going on for many years, was sent to the VETERAN by John W. Davison, Cherrydale Station, Washington, D. C., who got it up at the request of Capt. Thomas M. Riley, of the 5th Alabama Regiment, A. N. V., and it gives a clear insight of the methods used in making these records as complete as possible. Any valuable papers of the Confederate government were destroyed when captured or lost in the destruction of Richmond and other places at the close of the war. But those which have come into the possession of the War Department of the United States government have been carefully compiled and are now in form to furnish information on the war record

of even the most lowly private whose name has been indexed. It is also interesting to know that "the work involved in connection with this required a filing of 1,447,663 index records, the making of 1,136,705 new records index cards, and arrangement for filing of 450,000 personal papers. The office is now able to furnish information in the case of 50,000 more Confederate veterans than formerly, though in some cases this information is very meager.)

The recent death of Felix H. Robertson of Texas, the last surviving general officer of the Confederate army, records the passing of the last "Confederate brigadier" and the closing chapter of pathetic memories of the War between the States. In 1904, there were four lieutenant generals, eleven major generals, and fifty one brigadier generals living. They have all passed on.

Among the people generally, especially those of the South, owing to the voluminous character of the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies" which now consists of one hundred twenty-eight volumes, there seems to be dearth of information in regard to a certain class of regimental statistics which are essential to a true history of the war, and might be of interest not only to the few surviving Confederate soldiers, but to their posterity. Besides, it is noted that there are interesting deductions of local interest often overlooked in a casual perusal of these vast volumes, which it seems might be condensed into an item of popular reading, made up from the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies."

On a recent visit to the War Department, through the courtesy of L. H. Rosafy, Chief Clerk, Old Records Division of the Adjutant General's Office, and W. Beck, in charge of the Confederate Group Information, information was obtained of the source and method of compilation of the Confederate records, how indexed and carded and arranged for ready reference to those who wish to apply for information.

The Confederate records began to be made immediately at the close of the war, as follows:

*How Obtained.*—By capture and surrender during and at the close of the war.

By donation and individuals after the war or loan from State officials.

*Character of Records*—1. Correspondence and other records of the several departments and bureaus of the government (incomplete).

2. Rolls and other records of the army (incomplete).

3. Confederate States Navy records are in the custody of the Navy Department.

The records of the army consist of: (a) Muster rolls, returns, and other records made or signed by an officer of the unit concerned.

(b) Hospital, post, or other records containing names of soldiers absent from their commands.

(c) Union prisoners of war and other Union records relating to Confederate soldiers.

(d) Official reports and correspondence.

In 1903, a law was enacted providing for the compilation of a roster of the Confederate army. In carrying out the provisions of this act, all army records bearing more than one name were "carded." The "carding" consisted of copying the data relative to each soldier upon an individual record card. All cards relating to each soldier were then collected in an individual envelope, in which also were placed personal papers.

Envelopes of all men belonging to each organization (regiment, independent battalion, or independent company) were then assembled and arranged alphabetically by organization.



Preceding the first envelope is a jacket containing cards showing what muster rolls of each company and the field and staff are on file; also the record of events and station, if given, and the regimental and company returns.

The organization envelopes were then grouped; first, by State, then by arm of the service (cavalry, artillery, and infantry); then arranged numerically, or, if the organization was named instead of numbered, alphabetically according to the title of the organization.

Many changes in the designation of organizations took place. Usually the official or the final designation is used for filing purposes.

The individual records have been doubly indexed, both by State and by a general index of all of the States, including the regular army.

Records of civilian employees and unidentified records of soldiers have been arranged in alphabetical files.

The correspondence files, both books and papers, of the War Department and of the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office, and Quartermaster General's Office, have been indexed.

There is also a separate index for Sequestration Records.

Statements from the Confederate Records are made to:

- (a) The pension officials of fifteen States.
- (b) Confederate Soldiers' Homes of sixteen States.
- (c) The officials of the following patriotic societies: United Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Children of the Confederacy.
- (d) Historians and historical societies.
- (e) United States Pension Office, relative to Confederate soldiers who subsequently served in the Federal army.
- (f) The Quartermaster General, in relation to headstones.
- (g) To the public, when, under the rules of the War Department, it is proper to do so.

The latest appropriation for the purpose of carding and arranging the Confederate records was made April 15, 1926, and since that time the Adjutant General's Office has been engaged in completing the work in order to make the records available for ready reference, and to complete and publish a roster should Congress authorize such publication and make the necessary appropriation therefor.

It should be noted, however, that the file of Confederate records in the possession of the War Department is far from complete, and any list published from such source would fall far short of the actual number.

#### THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

I read with interest the article on Armistead's Brigade at Seven Pines, by Robert W. Barnwell, in the *VETERAN* for September, in which he differs from Comrade Easley, of South Boston, Va. I missed the latter's article and cannot discuss that, but there are some errors in the article on Armistead's Brigade at Seven Pines.

I was a member of Company C, 18th Mississippi Regiment, Griffith's Brigade, Magruder's Division, when the Seven Pines battle was fought. Griffith's Brigade was held in reserve and was not engaged at Seven Pines, and I will not enter into that except to say it was generally known that the battle was not a victory, due to the interference of Longstreet, who kept the troops moving in opposite directions from the proper point to attack. The battle of Seven Pines was a desperate encounter.

But Mr. Barnwell is mistaken in some of his statements about Malvern Hill. I was there, and I have recollections of scenes and incidents that took place at Malvern Hill that no official statement can disturb. Magruder's Division fought

the battle of Savage Station and drove the enemy so desperately that Stonewall Jackson failed to reach the flank of the enemy, as General Lee had ordered him to do—that is, Magruder forced the enemy beyond the peach orchard, the point at which General Jackson had expected to come in contact with him. When Jackson reached that point, the enemy had fled in rapid retreat, and, night coming on, he was unable to pursue. General Griffith was wounded by the fragment of a shell while he sat on his horse in what was known as Wild Cat Bottom, in front of the railroad section house. He died that night, June 30, 1862, and William Barksdale, colonel of the 13th Mississippi Regiment, assumed command of the brigade. The following morning we remained about the battle field. No one seemed to know what had become of the enemy. About twelve o'clock, however, we marched rapidly in the direction of White Oak Swamp, where the battle was fought. That battle is known as Frazier's Farm. Barksdale's Brigade reached the field after dark and stood picket. We could hear the enemy talking and could hear the moving of wagons and artillery as they passed on toward Malvern Hill.

The following day, Tuesday, July 2, Barksdale's Brigade moved slowly toward the river, and about two o'clock, I think, it may have been later, we halted at the intersection of three roads. There was a large red oak tree at the fork of the roads, with two long signboards nailed to it. My company was halted and stood for some time near the oak tree. While waiting there, Mr. Davis and General Lee rode up and halted. There were several staff officers with them. In a moment, General Huger came from the opposite direction. General Lee spoke to him and asked: "Do you occupy Malvern Hill?" "No," General Huger answered. "The enemy has blocked the road with fallen trees. I could not move my guns." General Lee said, "You should have occupied the Hill with your infantry," and they all rode away. I heard that conversation, and I am convinced that General Lee had ordered Huger to take possession of Malvern Hill. Barksdale's Brigade suffered great loss in the battle, and we held our position at the crown of the hill until it was very dark.

While we awaited orders, the firing having ceased, a New York regiment of infantry had formed on our right. It was so dark you could not recognize anyone. Our major, E. S. Henry, of the 18th Mississippi, was killed. The colonel and lieutenant colonel, Thomas W. Griffin and Henry Luce, were desperately wounded, and five captains of the regiment were killed.

We never came in contact with the command of General Holmes. I do not know what his service was, but I do know that Magruder's Division never failed during the seven days of battle. My memory is so clear on the events of that campaign that I can call the name of every captain of my regiment. I was seventeen years of age, and of the splendid men of Company C, there are only three of us left—R. A. Sneed, who commands the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.; W. L. McKee, of a Texas town, and myself.

THE SOUTH AND HER PROBLEMS.—In this republic of ours is lodged the hope of free government on earth. Here God has rested the ark of his covenant with the sons of men. Let us—once estranged and thereby closer bound—let us soar above all provincial pride and find our deeper inspirations in gathering the fullest sheaves into the harvest and standing the staunchest and most devoted of its sons as it lights the path and makes clear the way through which all the people of the earth shall come in God's appointed time.—*Henry W. Grady.*



## HOW PRESIDENT DAVIS BECAME FREE.

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

After General Lee's surrender, President Davis, with some of his cabinet, reached Greensboro, N. C., and there held a conference with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and General Beauregard, at which it was agreed that General Johnston should ask General Sherman for a suspension of hostilities. On the 18th of April, terms acceptable to General Johnston were agreed upon. They were that the Confederate army was to be disbanded and the Southern States should return to the Union and there should be general amnesty, this agreement to be subject to the approval of both governments.

In the meantime, on the night of April 14, President Lincoln had been assassinated, and Andrew Johnson became President, retaining Stanton as Secretary of War. Stanton bitterly opposed these terms, and they were rejected.

On the 26th of April, Sherman again demanded the surrender of Johnston's army, and Johnston complied. President Davis now left Charlotte, going to Washington, Ga.

The assassination of President Lincoln greatly excited and exasperated the people of the North, and witnesses came before Judge Advocate General Holt and made affidavits that they had been in the service of the Confederate States at Richmond and were present at an interview between Surratt, President Davis, and Judah P. Benjamin, and their affidavits implicated President Davis and Mr. Benjamin in the assassination of President Lincoln. This was accepted as true by the authorities. Thereupon, on May 1, President Johnson, after consultation and advisement, ordered that nine officers should be appointed and detailed as members of a court-martial to try those who were implicated in the murder of the President: and on the next day he issued a proclamation offering \$100,000, reward for the arrest of Jefferson Davis, charged with inciting and procuring that assassination. On May 10, President Davis and his party of friends were captured at Irwinsville, Wilkinson County, Ga. He was taken to Fortress Monroe, where he was confined in one of the casemates. However, it was thought best to try him for treason, as a rebel.

Already there had been a United States District Judge appointed for the District of Virginia, Judge John C. Underwood, and a form of court was to be held, and a grand jury had been summoned. Judge Underwood was asked to come to Washington and arrange for the prompt institution of legal proceedings against the leaders of the "rebellion."

It happened that Judge Underwood had no such intention. He had thought that the rebellion had grown into a civil war and that the technical treason at its beginning should be ignored. However, he was led to charge the grand jury as desired, and the grand jury found a true bill for treason against Jefferson Davis, Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, and other influential and prominent persons. Then the prosecuting attorney asked the court for a bench warrant to arrest those indicted, Jefferson Davis being already in custody. But Judge Underwood refused, saying that they could not be arrested, as they were under parole and as long as they observed their paroles they could not be arrested. That was a tumbling block.

At Washington City it was considered that Jefferson Davis might be tried wherever his troops had been, and an indictment was found against him in the court in Washington City; but the law officers thought that he ought to be tried in Virginia. However, Judge Salmon P. Chase, the Chief Justice, who would preside in the circuit court in Virginia, declined to attend and hold court there as long as martial law existed in that State. That led to further delay.

In April, 1866, a year after Judge Holt had taken the affidavits of witnesses implicating Jefferson Davis in the murder of President Lincoln, Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, had a resolution passed by the House of Representatives requiring the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the criminality of those charged with that murder. That committee caused the men who had made those affidavits to be brought before them, when they each retracted the statements that they had sworn to and declared that those statements were false in every particular.

So that charge against Jefferson Davis was "crushed out under the common and general belief in its utter falsity and absurdity." Then, cooperating with Hon. Charles O'Connor, of New York, many prominent men of the North presented the view that there had been a Civil War, that the North had waged a war against the South, that the Southern people were "enemies," that Jefferson Davis was "an enemy," that he was not in the category of a "citizen adhering to the enemy," but was himself an "enemy," and therefore was not "a traitor" under the terms of the Constitution; they said that the victor in war could inflict any punishment deemed proper on the vanquished, being restrained only "as a responsible member of a civilized society." President Davis could be punished by the victors as an enemy, but not otherwise. Notwithstanding these views, President Johnson desired that Jefferson Davis should be tried. But there were obstacles; and the case was continued in the court.

At length, at the May term, 1867, of the court held at Richmond, Mr. George Shea, as attorney in fact of Jefferson Davis, offered a petition signed by Jefferson Davis praying for a writ of habeas corpus to have him brought before the court to inquire into the cause of his commitment and detention. This proceeding awoke intense interest throughout the South. For two years Mr. Davis had been held as a military prisoner, and as he had been the President of the Confederacy in its struggle for independence, all of the Confederate soldiers felt a deep and personal interest in what should befall him.

The writ of habeas corpus was issued on May 1, 1867, and on May 8, President Johnson directed that Jefferson Davis should be surrendered to the United States marshal. Therefore, on the 10th of May, the writ was served on Gen. H. S. Burton, in command at Fortress Monroe, who, on the 13th, produced the body of Jefferson Davis in the court at Richmond, as he had been commanded to do by President Johnson, and Jefferson Davis passed from his military prison into the custody of the court. The judge ordered that the marshal serve the indictment on the prisoner, and the marshal handed the paper to Jefferson Davis. Charles O'Connor now addressed the court, detailing what had theretofore occurred, and asked for the bail of the prisoner. The bail was fixed at \$100,000, the bondsmen being Horace Greeley, Gerrit Smith, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and seven other gentlemen. The bond being given, Judge Underwood directed the marshal to discharge the prisoner. "The marshal did so, when deafening applause followed." This was May 13, 1867. As Mr. George Davis has written: "The wife of President Davis and many anxious friends attended, awaiting the decision of the court." Among them was George Davis, who had sought his friend for consultation, for support, and to cheer him in this momentous ordeal. Referring to that occasion, he said:

"I promised Mrs. Davis, as soon as I had any intimation of what the court was going to do, to come and report. I never knew how I got out of that courthouse, or through the crowd that lined the streets, but I found myself in Mrs. Davis's



room, and reported. In a little while I looked out of the window and saw that the streets were lined with thousands and thousands of the people of Richmond, and scarcely passage was there for the carriage in which Mr. Davis rode at a funeral gait. And as he rode every head was bared, not a sound was heard, except now and then a long sigh. And so he ascended to his wife's chamber. That room was crowded with friends, male and female. As Mr. Davis entered, they rushed to him and threw their arms around him. They embraced each other; old soldiers, men of tried daring, cried like infants. Dear old Dr. Minnegerode lifted up his hands, with big tears rolling down his cheeks, and the assembled company knelt down while he offered up thanksgiving to God for having restored to us our beloved chieftain."

Returning now to the courtroom there was a suggestion that the trial should be postponed, and O'Connor assented to the postponement to the fourth Wednesday in March following. Mr. Davis, being free under bond, was now with his family at home. The case was to come up at the March term, 1868.

At that term the grand jury brought in a new indictment, reciting in it all previous occurrences, including the several indictments, and charging that Jefferson Davis did conspire with Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, naming many, and a hundred thousand others, names unknown, and did make war on the United States, and did organize an army "fighting, killing, wounding, and capturing officers and soldiers of the United States," and specifying some occasion in every year of the war. The indictment covered twenty-two printed pages. Then Mr. Davis was recognized to appear in court on the 2nd day of May and stand his trial. But by agreement of counsel, the case was postponed from time to time, until November, 1868, all this time he being out on bond.

Now it happened that on July 28, 1868, an amendment of the Constitution had been adopted, imposing a penalty on executive, legislative, and judicial officers who, having taken an oath to support the Constitution, had engaged in rebellion, and prohibiting them from holding office. When the court convened in November, 1868, Chief Justice Chase, attended, sitting with Judge Underwood. On the 30th of November, Robert Ould, of counsel for Jefferson Davis, filed an affidavit stating that Jefferson Davis had in 1845 taken that oath as a representative in Congress previous to the alleged commission of the offenses charged in the indictment. Mr. Davis's council, Charles O'Connor, William B. Reed, Robert Ould, and James Lyon, now moved to quash the indictment. There are forty pages of argument. After the argument, the Chief Justice announced that the court had failed to agree, the Chief Justice holding that the indictment should be quashed, Judge Underwood not agreeing. A certificate of disagreement was made for the Supreme Court of the United States to decide. That postponed the trial, and Jefferson Davis was recognized to attend the next term of court, and the certificate was sent to the Supreme Court.

Such was the situation when, on Christmas, 1868, President Johnson issued a proclamation declaring amnesty to all who had participated in the rebellion. That general amnesty ended all court proceedings. The circuit court dismissed the indictment against Jefferson Davis, and he was thus freed from all proceedings against him.

GEN. RICHARD TAYLOR, C. S. A.

[From "Reminiscences of the War" by Col. D. F. Boyd, published in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.]

Dick Taylor was a fine writer as well as talker. His "Deconstruction and Reconstruction" is a classic. In it is the best description ever published of Stonewall Jackson and his Valley campaign. He gives, too, in his book an unique account of Ewell, who was nearly, or quite, as eccentric as Jackson. Ewell dreaded responsibility; Jackson craved it. Ewell was of little force alone, or not under the command of another; Jackson was never at his best except when alone. Subordination cramped Jackson's powers; Ewell was never efficient unless subordinate; and under the immediate eye of Jackson none could strike a harder or more effective blow. He loved the excitement of battle, but not the responsibility of commanding; it seemed to paralyze him. This peculiarity of Ewell's, in the army, of never liking to be alone or in independent command, never to do anything by himself or of himself, appeared at West Point. He liked to depend in everything on some one else, and especially on some certain one, whom he respected and loved. Like the vine, he must have some one to cling to and entwine around. This trait made him the best and most loyal of subordinates. He was of Sherman's class at West Point and took a great fancy to him there, as he did to Dick Taylor afterwards in the Confederate army, and loved to be with him. Sherman was his chum. Ewell was fond of fishing while a cadet, but would never go unless his friend Sherman went along.

General Lee seems not to have understood Ewell's peculiarities; else, he would never have made him a lieutenant general and put him in Jackson's place after his death. It was Ewell's want of decision, and aversion to act on his own judgment and responsibility that lost the battle of Gettysburg the first evening. After driving the Federals like a flock of sheep through the town, he stood stock still in the streets, waiting for Lee to come up and tell him what *Early* and Harry Hays begged him to do, and what even the men in his ranks were clamoring to be allowed to do—to go forward and occupy Cemetery Heights!

But listen to Dicky Taylor's account of Ewell, and say if Jackson was the only "crazy" general in the Valley:

"Graduated from West Point in 1840, Ewell joined the Regiment of United States Dragoons, and, saving the Mexican War, in which he served with such distinction as a young cavalryman could gain, his whole military life had been passed on the plains, where, as he often asserted, he had learned all about commanding fifty United States Dragoons and forgotten everything else. In this he did himself injustice, as his career proves; but he was of singular modesty. Bright, prominent eyes, a bomb-shaped, bald head, and nose like that of Francis of Valois, gave him a striking resemblance to a woodcock; and this was increased by a birdlike habit of putting his head on one side to utter his quaint speeches. He fancied that he had some mysterious internal malady, and would eat nothing but frumenty, a preparation of wheat; and his plaintive way of talking of his disease, as if he were some one else, was droll in the extreme. His nervousness prevented him from taking regular sleep, and he passed nights curled around a camp stool, in positions to dislocate an ordinary person's joints and drive the 'caoutchouc man' to despair. On such occasions, after long silence, he would suddenly direct his eyes and nose to me with: 'General Taylor, what do you suppose President Davis made me a major general for?'—beginning with a sharp accent and ending with a gentle lisp. Superbly mounted, he was the boldest of horsemen,



invariably leaving the roads to take timber and water. No follower of 'Pythley' or 'Quorn' could have lived with him cross country. With a fine tactical eye on the battle field, he was never content with his own plan until he had secured the approval of another's judgment, and chafed under the restraint of command, preferring to fight with the skirmish line. On two occasions in the Valley, during the temporary absence of Jackson from the front, Ewell summoned me to his side and immediately rushed forward among the skirmishers, where some sharp work was going on. Having refreshed himself, he returned with the hope that 'old Jackson would not catch him at it.' He always spoke of Jackson, several years his junior, as 'old,' and told me in confidence that he admired his genius, but was certain of his lunacy, and that he never saw one of Jackson's couriers approach without expecting an order to assault the North Pole. Later, after he heard Jackson seriously declare that he never ate pepper because it produced a weakness in his left leg, he was confirmed in his opinion. With all of his oddities, perhaps in some measure because of them, Ewell was adored by officers and men."

Taylor tells also of Ewell's marriage during the war to the accomplished Widow Brown, of Tennessee, whom he would invariably introduce and speak of to his friends as "my wife, Mrs. Brown."

The following quotation from General Taylor gives a side light upon his social tastes and upon old Virginia domestic life.

"That night (June 20), on Jackson's march from the Valley to the Chickahominy, we camped between Charlottesville and Gordonsville, in Orange County, the birthplace of my father, Gen. Zachary Taylor. A distant kinsman, whom I had never met, came to invite me to his house in the neighborhood. Learning that I always slept in camp, he seemed so much distressed as to get my consent to breakfast at the barbarous hour of sunrise. His home was a little distant from the road; so, the following morning, he sent a mounted groom to show the way. My aide, young Hamilton, grandson of ex-Governor Hamilton, of South Carolina, accompanied me, and Tom, the devoted family servant, now attending the son as he had, the father in Mexico, of course, followed. It was a fine old mansion, surrounded by well-kept grounds. This immediate neighborhood had not been touched by the war. Flowering plants and rose trees, in full bloom, attested the glorious wealth of June. On the broad portico, to welcome us, stood the host, with the fresh, charming wife, and, a little retired, a white-haired butler. Greetings over with, host and lady, this delightful creature, with ebon face beaming hospitality, advanced holding a salver, on which rested a huge goblet filled with Virginia's nectar, mint julep. Quantities of cracked ice rattled refreshingly in the goblet; sprigs of fragrant mint peered above its broad rim; a mass of white sugar, too sweetly indolent to melt, rested on the mint; and, like rosebuds on a snow bank, luscious strawberries crowned with sugar. Ah! that julep! Mars ne'er received such a tippie from the hands of Ganymede. Breakfast was announced—and what a breakfast! A beautiful service, snowy table cloth, damask napkins, long unknown; above all, a lovely woman in crisp gown, with more and handsomer roses on her cheek than in her garden. 'Twas an idyl in the midst of the stern realities of war! The table groaned beneath its viands. Sable servants brought in, fresh and hot from the kitchen, cakes of wondrous forms, inventions of the tropical imagination of Africa, inflamed by Virginian hospitality. I was rather a moderate trencherman, but the performance of Hamilton was gargantuan, alarming. Duty dragged us from this Eden; yet in hurrying adieus I did

not forget to claim of the fair hostess the privilege of a cousin. I watched Hamilton narrowly for a time. He wore a sodden, apoplectic look, quite out of his usual brisk form. A gallop of some miles put him right, but for many days he dilated on the breakfast with the gusto of one of Hannibal's veterans on the delights of Capua."

Rarely can a soldier write as could Dick Taylor, and none could talk more charmingly. In his veins trickled the culture of generations—ay, of centuries. No wonder he captivated the Prince of Wales, and the Prince honored him with his intimacy. And when Taylor and Sherman met—intimate friends they were, before the war and after—what an intellectual feast and social treat for themselves and the lucky few a-listening! Two brighter men and better talkers were hardly in our country, or in any country.

## OLD BETHEL CHAPEL.

Nestled deep in the heart of the hills of Sumter County, Ala., is Bethel Chapel, surrounded by the oaks of centuries. This is a shrine where the families of five generations gather for a summer's day to renew memories and to cement the ties of friendship. Relatives come from as far north as Birmingham and as far South as Meridian. On June 26, the near-by relatives had made the Chapel very attractive and the graveyard neat and clean. Within the iron-inclosed fence lay the forefathers who had fought in the War of the Revolution, others in the Indian Wars, the War of 1812, the boys of the War between the States and some of the World War heroes.

The orator of the day was the Rev. Robert Fulton, D. D., of Eutaw, Ala., within the sound of whose voice lay, wrapped in eternal silence, his ancestors and kindred. There was music and song, led by the Chapel organist, Mrs. Milton Fulton.

A bountiful table was spread under the shade of the trees where gathered guests and hosts. Reminiscences sad and tender there were, and the promise to meet again (d. v.) on the coming of next June.

On this occasion a mural tablet was unveiled in lasting memory of Capt. Carl McMahon, 123rd Infantry, Dixie Division, World War, grandson of Capt. James M. Winston, of the 16th Alabama Cavalry, War between the States, and his wife, Rebecca Broadnax, daughter of Col. Robert Broadnax, of the War of 1812 and of 1846.

This young officer survived the World War but a short while, dying from disease contracted in France. He met his death bravely. In disposing of his worldly goods, he gave generously to the Orphans' Home in Mobile, Ala. He sleeps in the military cemetery in Mobile, not far from his grandfather's comrades—Semmes, Bragg, Father Ryan, and others.

The mother of Carl McMahon passed the sunny days of her childhood and young girlhood in the neighborhood of Bethel, and at its altar pledged her faith. It is fitting that her son's name be placed on the walls of Bethel Chapel. The inscription on the tablet is as follows:

"Carl McMahon, son of Carl and Annie Gage Winston McMahon, born in Gainesville, Ala., 1886; died in Mobile, 1926. Captain 123rd Infantry, Dixie Division. He gave his life for his country."

[This tribute is offered and affectionately inscribed by Mrs. Kate McD. Brownson, Victoria, Tex., and the chapel is one erected by her to the memory of her father, mother, and husband when Old Bethel Church was moved to a near-by town.]



## A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

BY ELIZABETH LUCAS KENT.

[This story, in diary form, was printed in the magazine issued by the students of Virginia College. It is the story of Julia Gertrude Gardner, of Richmond (who figures here as Rosemary Bromley), and Francis Dunbar Ruggles, of Boston (called Thomas Dunbar), who was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg, serving with the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, C. S. A. The final entry in the diary bears date of the year 1917 (permitted by author's license), though Miss Gardner died in 1905.]

October 3, 1860.

*Dear Diary:* This has been a most eventful day for me. Early this afternoon the Aids came to finish the work on the afghan which they started some time ago. Sarah Ann came over, and we helped by serving tea and pulling bastings. The ladies kept up a steady stream of chatter, plying their tongues and needles equally fast and prolifically. At first the talk was all about Lincoln and the condition in which our country now is, each one giving her views. Then the talk shifted to other subjects, one of them being about a guest the Dunbars expect soon. Mr. Dunbar's brother lives in Boston, and he is sending his son to visit his aunt and uncle. They are all praising him to the skies; why, Sarah Ann and I do not know. A Northerner, at that, but then, he is some one "new," and the ladies need some one about whom to gossip. At any rate, Sarah Ann and I are sure we shall not pay any attention whatever to him. Sarah Ann is very determined at times. She is beside me now, as she is staying the night with me. We shall certainly have a great deal to say when we get into bed, for it has been two weeks since we have been together.

Mammy is coming to blow out our candles, so good night, dear Diary.

\* \* \*

October 7, 1860.

*Dear Diary:* I am very thrilled to-night! I have a most exciting tale to tell you, if I can calm down enough. It is all secret, too, not even Sarah Ann knows about it. This afternoon I started for a short walk, but before I knew it, I was near Kingsbury woods and without Black Bimbo, too! I was a little bit frightened, between you and me, Diary, but no one else will know it. I started back immediately, but had not gone far when I heard a horse coming behind me. Of course I was more frightened than ever, but I hurried on—and mind you, each minute it seemed to get darker! Well, the horse came nearer, and to my horror a man was on it! I had never before seen him, either, and my knees knocked each other. Each minute he came closer, and when he drew up beside me I was almost running. He must have guessed my terror, for he drew rein and dismounted, coming to my side.

O, Diary, he was the dearest man I ever saw! I do not know what I shall do if he has ridden out of my life as quickly as he rode in. He probably has gone forever! Am I very unladylike? But if you could see him—! Diary, he was tall and fair, and had dark, dark eyes, fathoms deep. And he had a dimple in his chin and his eyes wrinkled up when he smiled. He was manly, too! O Diary, I never saw so nice a boy.

To go on, however, he asked me if I had been frightened and if I were far from home, or if he could help me. I do not know what I said, but he walked with me almost to our gate. We talked, too, about the weather, and the condition of the country and trivial things, like whether we liked roses or lilies best. If my mother knew, what would she say? But more shame to me that I would not let him go to my gate!

I did not even ask his name, and would not tell him mine! Oh, woe is me!

Mammy is coming and I must put this under my mattress quickly!

\* \* \*

October 9, 1860.

*Dearest Diary:* I saw him to-day! I was marketing with mother when he rode by. My heart beat like a trip hammer and all the blood rushed to my face. That I should blush like a common girl! Mother thought that I was tired, but fortunately asked no questions. My one consolation is that he is in town, somewhere. But where? And shall I see him again?

\* \* \*

October 10, 1860.

*Dear Diary:* I have not seen the "stranger" to-day, and I feel rather unhappy. Will it ever be thus? We received a card to-day, asking our pleasure at a reception for the Dunbar guest, day after to-morrow. I suppose I shall have to attend with my family, but I do hate meeting a crude Northerner. Good night, dear Diary.

\* \* \*

October 12, 1860.

*Dear Diary:* The biggest disappointment of my life came to-day when I went to the reception at the Dunbars'. My "stranger knight on horseback" was the Dunbar relative. His name is Thomas Dunbar. Yes, he is still nice looking and has the same courteous way, but he is still a Northerner! Perhaps, O perhaps after all, he has Southern blood enough to overcome his crude ways. I pray so.

He talked very nicely with mother and me for almost ten minutes. I am glad I wore my pink dress, for it is more becoming than any other. My waist is smaller than Sarah Ann's, too, even if my nose is rather retrousse, as papa says. He looked at me, but of course, I pretended not to see him. But I did! I think he really liked my pink dress, for it is pretty.

This has been a lovely day, Diary, and I hope I have more like it. Who would have thought I should like that Dunbar boy! Sarah Ann scoffs at me, and says I am like all women and fall for a handsome face. I do not care. She does not know that I met him long before, however. I always did pray for something exciting to happen to me, and it has, along with romance. I really believe I am falling in love—O Diary!

\* \* \*

October 21, 1860.

*Dear Diary:* Mother has told me that for my sixteenth birthday she will entertain some of the young people for me. I am so happy! My birthday is the 6th of November, and besides the party I am to have a new frock. My heart seems about to burst with happiness.

Mr. Thomas Dunbar called on us yesterday and remained for a half hour. Mother allowed me to serve the tea over our great grandmother's silver tea service. Of course, I did not let either know how excited I was. But in the midst of it all I spilled some tea on his fingers while I was giving him his cup. He said no matter, and went on talking but—well, Diary, how could I have been so awkward? I am afraid he will think me stupid. I don't care. If he doesn't want to come to my party, he need not—but I hope he does!

Sarah Ann says that I am not paying much attention to my "bosom friend" lately, but I cannot confide her this. It is just our secret, Diary, for I am—yes, I own up—I do love him.



*Dearest Diary:* I have so much to tell you! Last night, after the party, I was too tired to write, and also, Sarah Ann was here and I will not let her read you, as I used to do. I know I have neglected you, but in preparing for my party and making my new frock, I could not spare a moment. Forgive me, but now I am making up for it all.

Mr. Dunbar called a number of times before my party and of course after that, he came to the affair. He danced with me first, too. I wore my new dress of ivory-white satin and lace, and mother did up my hair for me. I felt really my age, sixteen. The party progressed very nicely, but I saw very little of the last part because—now I shall tell you.

Mr. Dunbar and I walked into the conservatory to sit out a dance, but we argued on the merits of roses and lilies again. Now I know why he likes roses best. He says that my cheeks remind him of the petals of roses and my hair reminds him of the heart of the very prettiest rose in bloom. I know I blushed, but no one was in sight. Then after a while, he said he was going to ask permission of father to woo me, if he had any encouragement from me! I blush to think of it, but I am afraid that I did look into his eyes—did I encourage too much? He did kiss me, though, and I do not ever expect a happier moment. He is a Southern gentleman at heart, and my true knight. I love him!

\* \* \*

December 28, 1860.

*Dear Diary:* Much has happened since I wrote last, and I have grown older in that time. Sarah Ann is still my dearest friend, but trivial things have been cast away by us. I am now betrothed to Mr. Dunbar, and very happy. We are going to be married in early May. Also, some of our States are seceding and war is imminent. It is a sorry day in our history, and we are all praying for the best.

"Tommy" (I may call him that to you, Diary) is a staunch believer in our cause, and talks with father every day. I fear that he wishes too much to go to war. My heart pains me when I think of his going off to fight. O, may we never see that day!

\* \* \*

August 10, 1861.

*Dear Diary:* Many months have passed, and full ones, too. My father and betrothed have both gone to the war, leaving my mother and me desolate. We are trying to bury our grief in work. Much is needed to be done for our men. Every woman of us is working night and day, making comforts for those fighting for us.

Tommy and I were not married as we had planned, for we decided that it had best remain as it was. When he comes home again we shall be married. Surely the war can last but a short time.

\* \* \*

November 6, 1861.

*Dear Diary:* A long, long year ago, on my birthday I was having a party, and was made love to by my Tommy. Now, on that anniversary, mother and I are home, while father and Tommy are fighting. In a few days my brother is leaving for the battle line. What shall we do then? Why do we have to fight? War is so cruel and inhuman, tearing our families apart, and devastating our beautiful country. Never did I dream, on that happy night a year ago, that at this time I should be grieving my heart out, praying for my loved ones. O, why must it all be!

\* \* \*

December 12, 1861.

*Dear Diary:* My dear father is back with us again. But, O, how different he is from my jolly papa of a year ago. He has

lost a leg and can fight no more. He grieves to think he cannot fight longer, yet his spirit is the same, doing what work he can around our home and helping us in our relief work. My blessed father!

I have only fragmentary news from Tommy. He is in the thick of it now and has been doing splendidly. He is rapidly rising in rank by reason of his bravery and undaunted courage. I pray for his safe keeping that he may come home to me again.

\* \* \*

December 16, 1861.

*Dear Diary:* There is nothing more to tell you, other than what I have been writing. Father is mending in health rapidly and is quite strong, getting about on his crutches splendidly. It eats my mother's heart out to see her strong, tall husband now bent and thin, hobbling on crutches.

Tommy is doing well, and is very faithful to me. His letters are my deepest joy.

Our servants are most faithful to us, remaining with us, and going on much as before. They are too fond of my parents to leave. I hope the war will end soon, for we are all rather desperate.

\* \* \*

December 21, 1861.

*Dearest Diary:* My Tommy was here to-day! I saw him for less than an hour, but that was the sweetest time of my life! He still wears the pink rose which I gave him from my hair when he left for the army. It is sadly faded and worn, but he says the "warmth of true love remains." I gave him another, the last in our conservatory, which he placed along with the other, next his heart.

He is thin and tired looking, but his love is the same. He is on the way to another station, carrying an important message. I pray with all my soul that God keeps him safely. God-speed to him!

\* \* \*

December 20, 1862.

*Dear Diary:* My Tommy is gone! Thank God for those few moments together which we had in last December. He has given his life for the cause. During the awful battle at Fredericksburg, while bending over a wounded comrade, a sharpshooter caught him. The message said that "he died without flinching, thinking ever of his cause and his comrades." They also returned to me the packet of letters, containing the faded rose which he wore on his breast. This rose is my last living memory of him.

I shall try to bear my sorrow bravely, but how can I? All over our beloved South are other women bereaved, why should I mourn? I should be proud that my lover was a brave and true man.

\* \* \*

August 20, 1917.

*Dear Diary:* I have found you again after many years, and your pages are now yellow and old. I, too, am now an old woman, about to go on my last long journey. Before I go I want to write once more in my girlhood book that those who read it some day may know the end of the story which it tells.

At the close of the war many bad days went by. My father and mother were old from anxiety and heartaches. My brother was wounded and lay nigh unto death for many weeks. Most happily he was spared us, however. My father died not long after the war's end, my mother following him a few weeks later.



Many months were taken trying to retrieve what we had lost. Our home was but a skeleton of what it had been, as were a great many in our town. Then my brother married, bringing his wife to live in our old homestead. The dear lady was ever a friend to me, and she had none other better than I. We loved as sisters and at her death, some fifteen years later, I mourned her loss as deeply as my brother. She left a very sweet child whom I love as my own.

My love for my betrothed has never grown cold, and I now feel that I am going to be with him soon. I have remained faithful to his memory, never marrying. When he gave his life for me, how could I forget so supreme a sacrifice?

We are now engaged in another war, which makes me unhappy. I have gone through too much sorrow, not to understand and realize what it means. My one happy consolation is that my countrymen are fighting all together, side by side, not as foes. May the war quickly end and men realize that brotherly love is the greatest of the commandments.

ROSEMARY BROMLEY.

NOTE.—Francis D. Ruggles had no Southern blood; he was a thoroughbred Yankee. All his ancestors were of New England. In his father's line he was in the ninth generation from Thomas Ruggles, the first, of Roxbury; and in that of his mother, ninth from Robert Dunbar, of Hingham. All four of his great grandfathers were New England soldiers of the Revolution.

The history of the Washington Artillery, "In Camp and Battle" (Ticknor & Co., Boston, 1885), written by its colonel, relates his acts of signal bravery. The news of his death was communicated by Confederate pickets to those of a Massachusetts regiment, and a Lieutenant Gibson of the latter, invalided home, took the sad intelligence to the family in Boston. Gibson had been his classmate in the Boston English High School. His funeral, with full military honors, took place in Richmond, January 4, 1863, detachments from every military organization in, or stationed near, the city, being in line. The religious services were in the historic Monumental Church (Episcopal), and Governor Letcher, of Virginia, made an address. He was buried in General Terry's family lot in Hollywood Cemetery. Lyon G. Tyler, son of the tenth President of the United States, once said of him: "Although George Ruggles was among the founders of Virginia, none of his race ever came to Virginia until his descendant, Francis Dunbar Ruggles, marched to her defense in arms and shed his blood upon her soil." (William and Mary College *Historical Magazine*.) The allusion is to George Ruggles (1575-1622), Fellow of Clare College, University of Cambridge, and a Brother of the London Virginia Company, which company was this year commemorated in England. A painting of his coat of arms hangs upon the wall of the Virginia Historical Society of Richmond.

#### A MIDNIGHT RIDE WITH THE ENEMY.

BY THOMAS W. S. LAKE, COMPANY A, FORTY-THIRD BATTALION,  
VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

On July 21, 1864, we had succeeded, after an encircling route, in gaining the rear of Sigel's Corps, Schurz's Division, at Mount Gilliad, and there captured three sutler wagons and one of General Schurz's headquarter wagons, also forty-seven prisoners. Though completely surrounded by the enemy, we succeeded in getting our prisoners to the Bull Run Mountains that night. We had to burn the wagons, but we got some provisions from them. At Mrs. Bell's, on the mountain, we

stopped to cook some corn bread and warm the turkey which I invited Colonel Mosby and others to share with me. While we were eating, the Colonel said: "Tom, I want you to take these prisoners; you know the country from here to Culpeper." I entered a protest, but he said I must go, and he would give me a good guard; so on the morning of the 22nd of July, I started with the forty-seven prisoners, including one major, one captain, and two lieutenants. By keeping to private roads and mountainsides, I succeeded in reaching the road leading from Salem, Va. (now Marshall), to Warrenton, about one mile above Bethel, late in the afternoon of that day, without much hindrance.

At this point I met the advance guard of Hancock's Corps. I held the prisoners in a woods close by while Charlie Hall and I reconnoitered, finding the road full of Yankees. Hall, in his usual tone, looked at me and said: "Now what in the devil are you going to do?" I said we would wait until night and march the prisoners right through them, that the "Colonel" took three prisoners through a regiment of infantry once in the daytime. Of course, I was only joking with him. We waited a while and the rear of the brigade came up, so I told him I would ride up the road and see if any more were coming, and when I waved my hand he was to move the prisoners on quickly. I rode on to a point where I could see the road for a mile or more, and there I saw the advance guard of another division, so I waved my hat and we soon had them on the go, and succeeded in occupying the road, only to pick up a few more stragglers to increase our number. Then it was getting dark, so we went about a mile to Mr. Joe Blackwell's and there camped for the night, and we could distinctly hear the rumbling of wagon trains; but we were tired and hungry, having had to subsist on blackberries only, which were plentiful.

By light the next morning we were on the march, and the Yankee cavalry dashed in only to find us gone. I crossed the Rappahannock River at a place called Hart's Ford about sun-up, and got to Culpeper Courthouse after a risky march, turned the prisoners over to General Longstreet there, and got a receipt for them. I left some of my men there and told them I would meet them the next morning on their way back. I then rode back to Rixeyville to Mr. Timberlake's, the Colonel had told me I could stay a while on our time and go to Richmond, Va., before I returned, and I thought of leaving my horse at Mr. Timberlake's and going the next day. At supper that night Dick Lewis and Channey Smith, two of General Lee's scouts, rode up and took tea with us. I knew them both well, and they asked me what I was doing there. When I told them my plans, they said that would never do, as our army was falling back and the Yankees would soon hold the country; that they were going back to Fauquier and Loudoun that night, and I had better go along with them; so I concluded that it would be best for me to do it. After supper we three started and crossed the Rappahannock River at Fox's Mill, about three miles below the Springs. After crossing we could see and hear of Yankees everywhere, but we darted in and around them till we reached Mr. Lewis Shoemate's, where we had some fun. It was about eleven o'clock at night when we got there. There had been a wedding that afternoon, his son John having married a Miss Weaver. A crowd had gathered for the wedding supper, when the Yankee cavalry dashed in and drove off the groom and his associates. The young ladies were about ready when we rode up, the house was all lighted up, and when they found out who we were, they were almost frantic with fear that the Yankees would get us all. We told them we would take the risk, as we had been among them all day and we weren't much afraid. So after a while some of the ladies came down and we had some of the wedding



upper, and the girls gave Channey Smith some wedding cake to dream on that night. After staying a while with these charming ladies, we rode off toward Warrenton on the southern road. Near Mr. Childs' farm, we encountered more Yankees, but we got through them without an incident; we rode off toward White's Mill and down in a bottom, or a little meadow below the mill, where we slipped the bits out of the horses' mouths and turned them out to graze, while we lay down beside the fence to sleep; about one o'clock, we could hear distinctly the tread of the army marching, and we could see camp fires all around us, and O how sleepy we were, having been up nearly all night for four nights before.

As I lay down that night and looked up at the starry canopy, I thought of the rhyme of the ancient mariner:

"O Sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole;  
To Mary Queen the praise be given,  
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven  
That laid in to my soul."

I was soon lost to all that was natural, but we awoke early and were soon in the saddle again. A little way on we rode into a brigade of Yankee cavalry, but we wheeled and soon got out of sight. A lot of stragglers passed now and then until we struck the road leading from The Plains to New Baltimore.

Near Springfield was the home of Mrs. Lewis, mother of Richard Lewis, one of our number. Just about dark we got in sight of this road and there was the head of General Schurz's Division, Sigel's Corps, just coming up. The road was full of wagons, and in the field alongside marched the division. I think those two fellows thought they had me then, as Lewis said to Smith: "What do you say about riding through them?" Smith said all right, then they looked at me and said: "Tom, what do you say?" I said: "You can't down a Mosby man. Certainly, let's go." But I own that I felt a little shaky to see all those Yankees. Our men had on the regular Confederate uniform, a dark gray jacket and dark blue pants which very much resembled the Yankee suits, while I had on light English riding pants and a light gray jacket and could be easily detected; besides, our two men, being General Lee's scouts, had often been in such places, while I had once been with Colonel Mosby in a similar situation. But off we rode, and when we struck them we got just behind what I supposed was General Schurz's staff, about twenty paces in front of the head of the column. We rode for about half a mile before we could see a gap in the fence that led into a road. Then we turned into the road as though to cross over, but the wagon train was so close up that we could not get through; besides, the Yankee cavalry was riding in single file along the wagons. I thought to myself they were determined Mosby should not get this train.

Going in an opposite direction and passing these cavalymen, we sometimes got very close to them. We were in single file also, and I was behind, and I felt a little devilish, like tapping one on the head with my pistol. Then I thought I would try to drag one off his horse, so I rode up close to one, put my knee out and caught him on the knee and nearly dragged him off. I thought he was asleep. I got him out of his saddle, and he looked at me as if to say: "What did you do that for?" But I passed on, and, after riding a mile in this direction, we came to the bottom of a hill where one wagon had stalled and made a gap that we went through to the other side of the road. When through this we rode down to a farm house close to the road belonging to young Lewis. The yard and house were full of Yankees, and when we rode up some officers ap-

proached, to whom we gave a salute. We thought this was Sigel's Corps, so we said to them: "This is General Sigel's Corps isn't it? And we want to know where General Hancock's Corps is, as we have gotten lost and want to find it." They said yes, it was Sigel's Corps and General Schurz's Division just passing. They thought General Hancock was on the road west of them, or in the center of Meade's advance. Then we asked for something to eat and for the man of the house, who was Mr. Lewis's tenant. When he came out, Dick Lewis got close and whispered to him to come to a back field, he wanted to see him; so we rode off and soon this man came out, and we lay there and talked for some time. Springfield, the Lewis home, was just a short way off, and the house was all right, and we learned that General Dilger had his headquarters there. I said: "Channey Smith, let's go down and get him to-night." Channey said: "All right; I am in for it." Then Dick Lewis put in a protest; said no, they would burn his mother's house. I said: "Let's go back to your home and get some of those fine horses hitched to your fence." But he said no again; they would burn the house. At Springfield, Mrs. Lewis had a boarding school of girls, among whom was Dick's youngest sister (half), Louise Cullid Luter. She was a beautiful girl, with long, curly hair and black eyes, and you know how the story goes:

"I've a longing in my heart for you, Louise,  
And that dear old sunny Southern home."

I learned afterwards that it was Captain Dilger of the artillery, who was later on made colonel of artillery, but never got to be general, although his is called "General" now. He was attached to Sigel's Corps at that time, but at this time to Hooker's Division at Chancellorsville and Howard's Corps, and probably did more by the magnificent manner in which he handled his guns to save General Hooker's army than any other man. I learned from one of the young ladies that he was a German and had come over, so he told her, to fight for honor; he had promised Hannah. She said: "Why do you not fight for the South? We have plenty of Hannahs in the South." He said he was sorry he had not done so. He was a polished, educated gentleman, high toned and chivalrous. One of the schoolgirls who had been studying a little French said to him as she passed, in a very airy mood, "Nolena tusgesa," which meant "Don't touch me." Dilger, in a very commanding way, said: "Pardon me, Miss, but I think you seem to be a little rusty in your French; 'No-le-ra tan-gu-ree' if you please."

O, how I did wish for Colonel Mosby that night! We would have had Dilger sure. You may think it a very difficult matter to ride with the enemy, but it was about the easiest thing I ever did. We went about a mile west of them, put our horses in the stable and slept in a good bed the rest of the night; got up early the next morning and watched the Yankee army pass: and along in the late afternoon rode in between to New Baltimore. There three Yankee cavalymen rode up to us, and we took them prisoners, paroled them, and brought out their horses.

So ends the story of my midnight ride among the Yankees.

[From a talk by Thomas W. Lake before a large audience of the Army and Navy Union, U. S. A., composed of veterans of the Union Army and of veterans of the Spanish War, and of Indian War veterans, in Washington, D. C., November, 1905. He was sergeant of Company A, 43rd Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, under John S. Mosby. At his death in 1914 he still carried a bullet in his right leg loaned him by a Yankee in the fight at Mt. Zion Church, Loudoun County, Va.]



## A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

Though many instances have been recorded of the faithful attachment of slaves to their master's family, the following story from the *News*, Southside, Va., of June 21, tells of a rare devotion indeed, and the VETERAN is glad to give it a place in its columns that it may be preserved for future generations. Such devotion is proof that good came to the negro race through the institution of slavery which they would not otherwise have experienced. This is the story

"UNCLE TOM" SIMPSON  
BORN 1810  
DIED JUNE 18, 1928  
"ALWAYS FAITHFUL"

Tom Simpson, "Uncle Tom," was laid to rest in the little Cemetery of the Liberty Baptist Church at Waverly (Va.) to-day.

One hundred and eighteen years old he was when death came to him. That has been established by authentic records in the possession of Mrs. Stanley V. Ellis, of Waverly, great granddaughter of Edwin Burt, on whose plantation, "Burtland," Tom was born.

He was born a slave, his mother and father being one of the twenty-five families of slaves on Mr. Burt's one thousand four hundred acre estate. That was in 1810, and Tom, who was alert and active until 1927, "saw" thirty Presidents come and go, and thirty-one States added to the Union. Through eleven decades (nearly twelve) he was attached to one family, serving five generations of Burts, and by his unfailing fidelity, even through the War between the States, won their respect and affection.

Everybody in Sussex County knew "Uncle Tom," as did many who live elsewhere in Southside, Va. Children of several generations in the vicinity of Waverly have heard his stories of thrilling or amusing experiences in slave days, and of those tragic days and anxious nights during the war—of hiding the women and children in Wild Cat Swamp, on a remote part of the great plantation, for fear that the Yankees would come, as they did, raiding the place four times. They heard, too, countless stories of negro superstitions—of haunts, death signs, mysterious cures, and such; and smiled at Uncle Tom's persistent and seemingly continuous habit of carrying a silver quarter under his tongue "to keep de debil away."

But to the members of the Burt and Ellis families the recollection is of stories handed down through succeeding generations of Tom's great efficiency and faithful service; of his devotion, in all his boyhood days, to Miss Sarah Burt, daughter of Edwin Burt, to whom he was given a few days after she was born, in 1815; and of all he did for his owners, when he was a slave, and for his employers after he was freed against his will.

Tom was five years old when he was given to Miss Sarah Burt, following a custom of that period. Next he passed into the possession of Nicholas Burt, Miss Sarah's brother. Years later he passed into the possession of George E. Burt, son of Nicholas. Then, following the war, he lived on the same plantation, employed by Nick Burt, George Burt's son. When Nick Burt died, about 1921, Tom left "Burtland," where he had lived for one hundred and eleven years and went with Mrs. S. V. Ellis, who was Miss Jennie, daughter of Nick Burt.

"Burtland" is a mile south of Waverly; the Ellis farm is a mile north of the village. Those two miles represent practically the whole world as Uncle Tom knew it.

Until two years ago, Tom was so spry and industrious, always hating to be idle, that Mrs. Ellis permitted him to do chores and look after the lawn and flowers, which he did well. Then he became feeble and the family made arrangements for him to buy with his own savings (he insisted on that) a little cabin in Waverly. They arranged for a family to live with and care for him, and there Tom spent his last days, "up and around" most of the time, but "a little doty," as folks said. In his dotage his stories became somewhat exaggerated and fantastic. One of his favorite narratives, told in graphic detail of his hiding in a tree under which General Lee surrendered, he seeing and hearing everything that went on on that historic occasion.

Tom was married once to the girl of his choice, another slave on the Burt plantation. She became "Aunt Hattie" to all the later Burts; looked after the house with great efficiency, and by her superior cooking won the gratitude of the family and the compliments of the many guests at "Burtland." They never had any children. Aunt Hattie died about twenty-five years ago in her ninety-first year. Tom's mother lived to be one hundred and four.

It was his industry, and the brains he had, that prompted George E. Burt to appoint Tom foreman of the one thousand four hundred acre plantation. Mr. Burt was a sawmill operator, having at one time fifteen mills in operation in seven counties in Southside Virginia. These operations took most of his own time, and it was Tom who had complete charge of the management of the estate—and he kept everybody working. He was only about five feet tall.

He had another important job at that time too. A great shed had been built, alongside the enormous barn, to house the sixty or more mules used in lumbering operations when they were sent back to the plantation at the week end. Knowing mules and how to care for them properly, Tom went over every mule carefully, examining for shoulder bruises or injured feet, and treated those that needed attention.

Tom's sight and hearing remained good until about a year ago. In 1925 Stacy Ellis fixed a radio for him, with headphones, and everybody around Waverly remembers seeing the old man sitting on the porch at the Ellis home, the receivers on his ears, smiling at what he heard or jigging his feet in tune with the coming music. Also, he had a perfectly complete and sound set of teeth to the last.

He often took a "dram," but never became intoxicated. He smoked a pipe occasionally and chewed tobacco most of the time. Always he was smiling. The respect for "white folks," which he conceived when he was a slave in a family that was always fair and generous, continued through life. He never spoke disrespectfully of any white person.

In a hundred ways he was mindful of "spirits," though never, so far as anyone knew, was he afraid of them. He seemingly had them "under control." But it took such devices as a quarter under the tongue to protect him against evil.

He had the distinction of having been one of the first persons in Sussex County to ride in an automobile. The experience did not seem to impress him much, and always, until his one hundred and eighteenth year, he refused to call them autos, invariably referring to a car as a "bicycle."

Interment was in a lot which George Burt had purchased for Tom years ago, beside the grave of his wife, "Aunt Hattie."



## FEDERAL BLUNDERS AT FRANKLIN.

BY THE LATE CAPT. JOHN K. SHELLENBERGER, SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO REGIMENT

(Continued from October Number)

The front line of Strickland's Brigade ran along the foot of the garden of Mr. Carter, the owner of the land on which the battle was fought. The reserve line was posted behind the fence, at the other end of the garden, sixty-five yards away. The ground there being a little higher, to protect themselves from bullets coming over the front line, the men constructed a barricade, using the fence as a basis. When Opdycke's demi-brigade, charging on the west side of the pike, came to this barricade, it halted there. The enemy in the garden then fell back behind Strickland's breastwork. During the remainder of the battle, the opposing lines occupied these relative positions. Every effort made by either side to cross the garden met with a bloody repulse. Mr. Carter told me that he and his family were in the cellar of his house during the progress of the battle; that the cellar was full of men who had taken refuge there, and that he tried in vain to get them to go out and join their comrades in the fight. He was over the ground early the next morning and then saw the dead body of one Confederate soldier lying between the barricade and his house. This body probably indicated the high-water mark reached by the assault. It is only fair to the gallant rebels who penetrated our line to state that Opdycke's charge was made too promptly for them to have any time to recover their wind. In the hand-to-hand encounter, they were laboring under the great disadvantage of the physical fatigue already described.

Returning to my personal experiences, when I had rested sufficiently to be able to sit up, I found at my feet a small can of coffee standing on the embers of a little camp fire and beside it a tin plate filled with hard-tack and fried bacon. Some soldier was about to eat his supper when he was called into line by the opening of the battle in front. I first took a delicious drink of the coffee and then helped myself to a liberal portion of the hard-tack and bacon.

While sitting there, eating and drinking, I incidentally watched the progress of the fighting. By the time I had finished, I was so fully rested and refreshed that thereafter I was able to shout encouragement to the men fighting in my vicinity as loudly as any other company commander. Along that part of the line only the parapet separated the combatants. On our side we had five or six ranks deep composed of the original line, the reserves, and Conrad's men, all mixed up together without any regard to their separate organizations. The front rank did nothing but fire. The empty guns were passed back to those in the rear, who reloaded them. The rear rank was kneeling with guns at a ready. If a rebel showed his head above the head log, down it would go instantly with one or more bullets in it, fired by the rear rank men. In this close fighting, the advantage was all on our side. Our front rank men, standing close up to the perpendicular face of the work on our side, could stick the muzzle of a musket over the top of the head log and, by elevating the breech, could send a plunging shot among the rebels in the ditch outside, exposing for an instant only the hand that discharged the piece. On account of the convex face of the work on their side, they could not reach us with their fire without exposing themselves above the parapet. They kept up the vain struggle until long after dark,

but finally elevated their hats on the ends of their muskets and called over that if we would stop shooting, they would surrender. When our firing then ceased, many came over and surrendered. Many others took advantage of the darkness and of the confusion occasioned by their comrades in crossing the breastwork to slip back to their own lines.

Soon after the firing had ceased, the 64th Ohio reformed its broken ranks a few steps in rear of the breastwork and just east of the cotton gin. I did not learn all the facts that night, but when they came out later, it transpired that every man in my company, save one, who had escaped the casualties of the battle, fell into line. A one thousand dollar substitute fled to the town. I had lost my overcoat, but never had dropped my sword. Some of the men had dropped their knapsacks, or blanket rolls, but every one of them had his gun and cartridge box.

They were all in high spirits over their own escape, and over the part they had played in repulsing the enemy, and were talking and laughing over their various adventures in great glee. The condition of my company was typical of the condition of the other companies in the regiment as I saw while passing along the line inquiring into the fate of some of my friends. I also learned later from Major Coulter, who had been my old captain and who was serving that night as adjutant of the brigade, that all the other regiments of the brigade had reformed in rear of the breastwork in the same way as the 64th Ohio, and that the brigade as an organization had marched from the vicinity of the cotton gin when the order to retreat was executed that night. That was exactly what was to be expected of them from their previous battle record. I never heard the least intimation contrary to the truth, as I have related it, until I read, in 1882, with the most indignant surprise, in Cox's book on that campaign just published, his statement that the brigades of Conrad and Lane rallied at the river, but were not again carried into action. When Cox made that statement he was more concerned to patch up that fatal gap in his own battle line without any outside assistance than he was to tell the truth. In his first official report, for he made two reports, he went to the other extreme. He there stated that on the approach of the enemy, the two brigades in his front withdrew "in a leisurely manner" inside his line. "Leisurely manner" is so good in that connection that it always brings a smile whenever I recall the "leisurely manner" in which Conrad's Brigade made its way back to Cox's line. Moreover, in a letter written to General Wagner three days after the battle, inclosing a copy of a letter to General Thomas, urging the promotion of Colonel Opdycke, Cox took occasion to express the opinion he then held, based on his personal observation, of the conduct of Wagner's Division:

"I desire also to express my admiration of the gallantry of your whole command. Indeed an excess of bravery kept the two brigades a little too long in front, so that the troops at the main line could not get to firing on the advancing enemy until they were uncomfortably near."

Soon after the regiment had reformed, a mortally wounded drafted man was brought in from the ditch outside. No doubt he had reached the ditch in too exhausted a condition to climb over the breastwork and had lain out among the enemy in the ditch, where he had been repeatedly hit by our own fire. The pain of his wounds had made him crazy, for he kept crawling around on his hands and knees, moaning in agony. There were several men missing from my company of whom their comrades could not give any account. Moved by the fate of the drafted man, I crossed the breastwork to search outside if perchance I might find one or more of the



missing ones lying there wounded and bring them aid. I went to a gun of the 6th Ohio battery, posted a short distance east of the cotton gin, to get over. As I stepped up into the embrasure, the sight that there met my eyes was horrible, even in the dim starlight. The mangled bodies of the dead rebels were piled up as high as the mouth of the embrasure. The gunners said that repeatedly when the lanyard was pulled the embrasure was full of men who were literally blown from the mouth of the cannon. Only one rebel succeeded in passing the muzzle of that gun, and one of the gunners snatched up a pick leaning against the breastwork and killed him with that. Captain Baldwin, of this battery, has stated that as he stood by one of his guns, watching the effect of its fire, he could hear the smashing of the bones as the missiles tore their way through the ranks of the enemy.

As I was carefully making my way around one side of that heap of mangled humanity, a wounded man lying at the bottom of the heap, with head and shoulders protruding, begged of me, "for the love of Christ, "to pull the dead bodies off him. The ditch was piled promiscuously with the bodies of the dead and the badly wounded, and heads, arms, and legs were sticking out in almost every conceivable manner. The ground near the ditch was so thickly covered with the bodies that I had to pick my steps carefully to avoid treading on them. The air was filled with the moans of the wounded, and the pleadings of some of those who saw me for water, and for help, were heartrending. As I was walking along toward the pike to get in the pathway on which my company had come back, I passed two rebel flags lying on the ground close together.

It did not occur to me that I would be entitled to any credit for picking up the flags under the circumstances. As I did not want to be hampered with them while continuing my search, I thought that if I did not find what I was looking for I would return that way and take the flags in with me. I had passed on a few steps when I heard a man behind me exclaim: "Look out there!" Turning hastily, thinking he was calling to me, I saw him pitch the two flags over the breastwork. I presume the men there who got possession of the flags afterwards were sent to Washington with them, and possibly may have got medals for their capture.

I felt so uneasy while outside, lest the enemy might make some move that would start our line to firing again, that I kept close to the breastwork, ready to jump over instantly on any alarm. As it was soon manifest that the chance of finding a friend in the darkness, where the bodies were so many, was too remote to justify the risk I was taking, I returned inside our line. From what I saw while outside I have always believed that the enemy never reported their losses fully. Those losses were, in some respects, without precedent in either army on any other battle field of the war. They had five generals killed, six wounded, and one captured. The slaughter of field and company officers, as well as of the rank and file, was correspondingly frightful. It was officially reported of Quarles's Brigade that the ranking officer left at the close of the battle was a captain. Of the nine divisions of infantry in Hood's army, seven divisions got up in time to take part in the assault, and six of these seven were as badly wrecked as was Pickett's Division in its famous charge at Gettysburg.

Our loss was officially reported as 2,326 men killed, wounded, or captured. Almost the whole of it was due to the position of the two brigades in front of the main line. Casement's Brigade, to the left of Reilly's, sustained a determined assault that was repulsed with the loss of only three men

killed and sixteen wounded in his brigade. Casement's men were not hampered in their action by the presence of any of Wagner's men in their front. They could open fire as soon as the enemy came within range.

If the brigades of Reilly and Strickland could have opened fire under the same conditions, they would have done just as well as Casement's Brigade. A critical investigation of our losses, such as I have made, will conclusively demonstrate that at Franklin the violation of the military axiom, never to post a small body of troops in a way to hamper the action of the main body, was directly responsible for the unnecessary loss of more than two thousand of our soldiers. That was the costly butcher's bill our army had to pay for a bit of incompetent generalship. How was it possible for veteran generals of the Atlanta campaign to make such a gross blunder?

It was Schofield's orders that halted the troops outside when on the march to their proper position inside the breastworks. The orders were verbal, which enabled him, after the event, to repudiate them. In his official report, he treated the affair very gingerly: "Two brigades of Wagner's Division were left in front to retard the enemy's advance. Our outposts, imprudently brave, held their ground too long, and hence were compelled to come in on the run." In his book, "Forty-Six Years in the Army," written many years later, he made this vivid comment: "According to the established rules of war, these three commanders—Wagner, Lane, and Conrad—ought to have been tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, shot or cashiered for sacrificing their own men and endangering the army." It is certain that some one should have been shot or cashiered for that atrocious blunder, and that a court-martial should have been promptly convened to determine, after a full investigation, who that some one was. The amount of resistance the two brigades must make, as contemplated by Schofield's orders, "to retard the enemy's advance," is fully explained in the reports of Lane and Conrad. Colonel Lane reported: "I received orders to give battle to the enemy, and, if able, to drive him off; if overpowered to check him as long as possible and then retire to the main line." Colonel Conrad reported: "I sent word to the general commanding the division to ask if he expected I should hold the line I was then on. The General came up and gave me orders to hold the line as long as possible, and to have the sergeants fix bayonets and keep the men in their places."

In both of Cox's two reports he made detailed statements concerning the orders given to Wagner that were intended to fix all the blame on him. In view of Cox's total disregard of the truth, as proved in his statement that the two brigades withdrew in a leisurely manner inside his line, and of his personal interest to shift all responsibility off his own shoulders, his statements, unconfirmed by any other evidence, are not worthy of belief. In his first report he made an important statement which will be confirmed by a statement from Dr. Cliff, to be given later: "About two o'clock, the enemy came in full view. The fact was reported to the commanding general, as well as the disposition of the troops as they were, and his orders received in reference to holding the position." It is notable that he did not state what the orders were. He made that report, and received those orders, in a personal conference with Schofield, when they must have fully discussed the situation. His failure to state what the orders were undoubtedly was intended as a covert threat, as if he should say to Schofield: "If you attempt to hold me responsible for the blunder, I will tell what your orders were." After receiving those orders, Cox returned to the front and took up his station on the knoll in rear of Stiles's Brigade. He remained there, watching all that was going on in front,



until the two brigades were on the run for the breastworks, with the enemy in hot pursuit. He then fell back to the Columbia Pike, in his rear. In one of several letters received from General Stanley, he informed me that as he was riding to the front, after the firing began, he met Cox on the pike in rear of Opdycke's Brigade. It took Hood's army many minutes, with Cox looking on, to march in battle order from the place of its formation to the point where it came within range of Conrad's line, when the firing began. If there was anything in the orders Cox had received from Schofield that contemplated the withdrawal of the two brigades, under any circumstances, without fighting, why did not Cox intervene before the firing began, when he saw that Hood's whole army was advancing to assault? The inference is inescapable: Either Cox was disobeying his orders in the same way as the three commanders, or he put the same interpretation on the orders he had received as they put on theirs—that is to say, the two brigades must hold the position in front until driven in by an overpowering force of the enemy. A few days after the battle, Schofield and Cox, working together, succeeded in making Wagner the scapegoat. On their representations, without any court-martial, or other fair investigation, he was relieved of the command of his division. That was the only punishment meted out to anyone. With that action the matter was quietly hushed up. There still remains much to relate in fixing the prime responsibility for the blunder.

In a written account furnished me by Captain Whitesides, Wagner's adjutant, he stated that about half past two o'clock, Wagner directed him to see Colonel Lane and find out what was going on in his front. From his position on the pike at the gap in the breastworks, Wagner could see Stewart's Corps forming in Conrad's front, as already described. His view of Lane's front was obstructed by the great number of trees on the west side of the pike. Colonel Lane told Whitesides that Hood was forming his army in battle order and that without any doubt it was his intention to attack in force; that the position of the two brigades in front of the breastworks was a faulty one, as they were without any support on either flank, and if they were not withdrawn they would be run over by the enemy, or compelled to fall back to the breastworks under fire. On reporting Lane's statement to Wagner, Whitesides was directed to find General Stanley, the corps commander, and tell him what Lane had said. He found Stanley, with Schofield, at the house of Dr. Cliffe, in the central part of the town, and reported to them Lane's statement. He then returned to Wagner, who received no orders afterwards that he knew of.

The report of Cox and the statement of Whitesides indicate that both Cox and Wagner believed that Hood intended to assault, but that neither of them, with Schofield in easy communication, would take the responsibility of withdrawing the two brigades from the position to which he had assigned them without his sanction. He was a professional soldier, while they were volunteers. When Wagner forwarded the specific report on the situation made by Colonel Lane, and then waited for Schofield to take action, he had done all that the "established rules of war" required of him. For it is not permissible for a subordinate commander, in the presence of the enemy, to change his orders, if he has time to communicate with his chief, without that chief's sanction. Otherwise chaos would prevail on the battle field. On this occasion there was plenty of time, after Whitesides had delivered his report, for Schofield to ride to the front, which he could have done in less than ten minutes, to see what was going on. And yet, with nothing of more importance than waiting for his

dinner to detain him, he never stirred to give the matter any personal attention.

In a personal interview, Dr. Cliffe told me that Schofield came to his house for his breakfast and afterwards made his headquarters there; that after breakfast he retired to a bedroom and slept until noon; that shortly before the opening of the battle, Cox was at his house conferring with Schofield, and staff officers were coming and going until the firing began; that Stanley was with Schofield and they were waiting for their dinner, which Mrs. Cliffe was preparing; that they told him there would be no battle that day because Hood would not attack breastworks; that after dinner they would ride on to Nashville and the army would follow that night. Stanley and Cliffe had been schoolboys together in Wayne County, Ohio, which probably was the occasion of his house being taken as headquarters. He was a well-known Union man, and as it was supposed it might be unsafe for him to remain in Franklin, he was invited to accompany Schofield and Stanley on their ride to Nashville.

General Stanley, worn out by his anxious, sleepless labors of the day and night preceding at Spring Hill, was sick. He spent the day at Cliffe's house and he concurred with Schofield in the belief that Hood would not assault, as is fully stated in his official report: "From one o'clock until four in the evening, the enemy's entire force was in sight and forming for attack, yet in view of the strong position we held, and reasoning from the former course of the rebels during the campaign, nothing appeared so improbable as that they would assault. I was so confident in this belief that I did not leave General Schofield's headquarters until the firing began."

So great was their delusion as to Hood's intention that it could not be shaken by the reports made by their subordinates. Nothing short of the loud roar of the opening battle was able to arouse them into giving any personal attention to the situation. Then, at last, when it was too late to do anything to remedy a blunder that already had progressed so far that it must go on to its full culmination, Schofield and Stanley left the house of Dr. Cliffe. Stanley hurried to the front, which he reached just in time to go in with Opdycke's Brigade. A little later his horse was shot under him and he got a bullet through the back of his neck after he had arisen to his feet. It was a flesh wound that bled profusely, for Mrs. Stanley informed me the shirts he wore were so badly saturated with his blood that she was keeping them in that condition as a family heirloom. In spite of the bleeding, Stanley remained in front until after the fighting was all over. He then went to the rear to get his wound dressed. After his departure, Cox was the senior general on the battle field.

General Schofield has claimed that he scored a great success in his campaign against Hood and that this success was due to his intimate knowledge of Hood's character, gained while they were classmates at West Point, which enabled him to foresee what Hood would do. At Franklin he relied so confidently on his ability to foresee what Hood's action would be that he not only neglected to give any personal attention to the preparations for assault, which Hood was making in plain sight of our front, but he would not give any heed to the reports coming to him from those who had seen the preparations. It was his belief, with no better basis than his intimate knowledge of Hood's character, that Hood was making an ostentatious feint in front to mask his real intention of executing a flank movement like the one of the day before at Spring Hill. In a message to General Thomas, dated at three o'clock, Schofield informed Thomas that Hood was in his front with about two corps and seemed preparing—to attack—no, to cross the river above and below.



He has tried to escape all personal responsibility for the blunder by the false statement that he was over the river when the firing began. Even if that statement were true, and it is directly contradicted by the disinterested statement of Dr. Cliffe, as well as by much other evidence, there is no possible escape for Schofield from the inexorable logic of the situation. There were thousands of private soldiers who knew, from what they could see, that a direct assault by the whole of Hood's army was coming. Why did not Schofield know this when it was so easily knowable? What was he doing during the two hours that Hood's preparations for attack were in progress? If he saw anything of those preparations, he showed incompetence by his failure promptly to withdraw the two brigades from the blundering position to which he had assigned them. If he saw nothing of the preparations, it was only because of a criminal neglect of his duty when the perilous situation of the army, with a greatly superior enemy in its front and a river at its back, demanded his utmost vigilance.

When Stanley started for the front, Schofield started for the rear. Either he interpreted the sounds of the firing to mean that the expected flank movement had begun, and that his duty called him over the river to take care of that flank movement, or he had in mind to provide for his own escape in case the unlooked for assault should prove successful, with the probable destruction of all that part of the army south of the river. North of the river he would have Wood's Division to guard him safely back to Nashville. In his haste he abandoned, in the room in Cliffe's house where he had slept, his overcoat, gloves, and a package containing the dispatches he had received from General Thomas. These articles were not reclaimed until our army had returned to Franklin after the victory at Nashville. In the meantime, Mrs. Cliffe took care of the coat by wearing it herself, and she also safely kept the gloves and the dispatches.

After crossing the river, Schofield rode to the fort that had been built the year before on the high bluff that formed the north bank of the river. From this elevated position, he commanded a good view of a large part of the battle field, and the heavy guns in the fort were engaged in firing on the nearest flank of the enemy. But he was not only well beyond the range of every hostile shot that was fired, he was so far away by the road a staff officer must ride to communicate with the firing line, down the bluff to a bridge across the river thence through the streets of the town and out the Columbia Pike, about two miles in all, that he was wholly out of touch with the troops that were fighting the battle. His presence in the fort had no more to do with Hood's repulse than if he had been back in Nashville. The only order he sent from the fort was the order to retreat, thereby giving up the battle field, with our dead and many of the badly wounded, to a disastrously defeated enemy. When this order reached Cox, he made a manly protest against it. He explained the wrecked condition of the rebel army to the staff officer who brought the order and, giving his opinion that further retreat was entirely unnecessary, he urged the officer to return to Schofield and persuade him to countermand the order. He also sent his brother, Captain Cox, of his own staff, to remonstrate with Schofield and to say that General Cox would be responsible with his head for holding the position. When Captain Cox reached the fort, he found that Schofield already had started for Nashville. The captain hurried in pursuit and, overtaking Schofield on the pike and delivering his message, was informed that the order to retreat would not be recalled and must be executed. In Wagner's Division we had been marching, or fortifying, or fighting for more than forty hours. We

believed that we had reached the limit of human endurance, but we still had to plod the eighteen weary miles to Nashville before getting any rest.

In January, 1865, Schofield, with the corps he was then commanding, was transferred from Tennessee to North Carolina. When he passed through Washington en route, he had the opportunity to give President Lincoln his personal account of his campaign against Hood. He was still dripping, so to speak, with the blood of the slaughtered victims of his incapacity, and yet he had the audacity to claim that he was entitled to the credit for the disastrous defeat that had been inflicted on the enemy at Franklin. The President must have known in a general way that the enemy had made a very determined assault, which had been most disastrously repulsed, but he certainly was ignorant of the details of the battle. In the absence of any information to the contrary, his natural inference would be that Schofield, as our commanding general, was entitled to all the credit that he claimed. At that time the truth concerning Schofield's connection with the battle was known to a few men only, and those who would have exposed his pretensions, if they had had any knowledge of what he was claiming, were all far away in Tennessee. The dishonest claim for distinguished services rendered in the battle which Schofield succeeded in imposing on "Honest Old Abe," may be fairly inferred from the extraordinary promotion given him over the heads of many able and deserving officers—from the rank of captain in the regular army to brigadier general, to date November 30, 1864, with a brevet as major general, "for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Franklin, Tenn."

#### A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

An account of the unveiling of a marker at the grave of Joshua Stone, a Revolutionary patriot, placed by the U. D. C. Chapter, of Chatham, Va., was sent by Mrs. Lizzie Miller Jones, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., who wrote that "the memorial service took place on August 15, 1928, and some fifty to seventy-five of his descendants attended. The marker is near Alta Vista, Va., where he is buried on an estate he owned before the Revolution, and which is still in possession of one of his numerous descendants. The oration was delivered by a great-great-nephew, Dr. J. B. Stone, of Richmond, Va."

#### MEMORIAL ADDRESS

We are gathered here to dedicate a memorial to one of those gallant heroes who fought and suffered in order that we might become the free and independent nation that we are to-day. But for the grim struggle of those sturdy and courageous men, who can say what now might be our state?

Those were stirring times of stress and danger in the early seventies when Great Britain, mistress of the seas, dared trample on the rights of a liberty-loving people and lost an empire. For in the new world the invincible and unbroken vigor and vitality inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race had been multiplied many fold. Here in Virginia were to be found, as a natural heritage evolved to the highest degree, those two glorious Anglo-Saxon traits: Respect for authority and resistance to its abuse.

No children were ever more loyal to a mother than were the Virginia Colonies to the royal house in England as long as their rights were respected. Many were the cavaliers who settled within her borders, and when disaster befell the royal family at home, it was Virginia who invited Charles II to seek refuge within her borders.

As Maury has truly said: "The Virginians were a brave and active people, always ready to defend their homes, were



taught to love and honor their king, but to defend their rights if ever the English crown denied them. They were taught their duty to God, to tell the truth, to respect and protect women, and to fear no man." To such a people submission to oppression and tyranny was unthinkable, and when the mother country refused to see this trait of the young Americans and turned a deaf ear to their pleas for justice, only armed revolt could follow.

Many were the difficulties that faced these pioneers, but they were undaunted, and there followed noble deeds of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice.

As young America mustered her forces to throw off the British yoke, we find many illustrious Virginia patriots in the top rank of those leaders who sought freedom and happiness for their countrymen. Spontaneously and instinctively did the patriots gather throughout the land at various meeting places to decide the course best suited for the common good. In Virginia, after Governor Dunmore had dissolved the House of Burgesses, George Mason, at a meeting in the Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg, drew up the "nonimportation resolutions" as a protest against the unjust taxation of the colonies. At this meeting was issued the call for election of candidates from the counties to a convention of the colonies at Williamsburg (August 1, 1774), and at this convention in Williamsburg delegates were elected to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia (1774).

"Resolutions of Independence" were prepared by Edmund Pendleton and read to the troops assembled at Williamsburg after Virginia was left without a governor by the flight of Lord Dunmore. Patrick Henry, in Richmond, fanned to a white heat the fires of indignation over the unjust taxation and oppression of the colonies.

The Virginia Resolutions of Independence were followed by the Bill of Rights and new constitution of Virginia, both prepared by George Mason. A month later (June 7, 1776) when Congress met in Philadelphia, it was Richard Henry Lee, acting in accordance with instructions from the Virginia House of Burgesses, who moved the adoption of the Resolutions of Independence, declaring: "That these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." And proposed a plan of confederation of the colonies. After Lee's resolution had been adopted, it was the great Thomas Jefferson who was chosen to draw up the necessary paper constituting the Declaration of Independence. And that independence was made a reality by another noble son of Virginia, the matchless George Washington.

As these great leaders aroused the colonies and pointed the way to freedom, men left their peaceful pursuits and answered the call to arms. Many a private soldier, no less a patriot than the chieftains of high rank, made the supreme sacrifice in his country's cause, and though as an individual passed into oblivion, yet will live forever in the hearts and minds of his countrymen for the part he played in the cause of freedom.

During these days of swiftly moving and momentous events, there lived in Virginia a man whose descendants, now scattered throughout the Southern States, are proud to claim as their ancestor. This man was Joshua Stone.

Patriotism, the greatest of civic virtues, has been defined as "love and zeal for one's country," and a patriot as "one whose ruling passion is the love of his country." It is strongest in the most democratic communities. To one imbued with this spirit the words of the poet ring true when he says: "It is sweet and seemly to die for one's country." Surely, in no more convincing way could one show his love for his country than by offering his life in her defense.

That Joshua Stone was a true patriot of this make is shown

by his response to his country's call. We find record of his serving as captain of a company of Virginia Militia, which he himself had raised. We also have record of this company being in service in the State of North Carolina, showing that its activities were not limited to its own State. As we picture him at the head of his company, we like to think of him in the words of Horace, who says: "The brave man was at home in every land, as fishes in the ocean."

Surrounded by and partaking of the spirit of the great Virginia patriots, Edmund Pendleton, George Mason, Patrick Henry, and George Washington, we see this trusted leader with his company of staunch and courageous soldiers fighting for his country's freedom.

It was not given to him to serve his country in any high office of State, but, like many others whose names have never been emblazoned on the scrolls of fame, he did his part in the great conflict. During the long years of war and bloodshed he led his men through many hazardous undertakings, encouraging them by his words of cheer and his example of self-sacrifice. Such is our conception of Joshua Stone, the soldier.

It has been said that "we are quotations from our ancestors." So, combining the facts that have come down to us concerning Joshua Stone, and noting the character of those on whom he left his imprint, we are able to form our ideas of the man himself. We picture him as an unassuming person; a man of intellect, yet modest and not given to display or ambitious self-seeking; a man of strong convictions, reached after due deliberation, and one with the courage to stand up for these convictions. When he spoke it was with firmness, and yet beneath a possibly stern exterior there beat a warm and sympathetic heart. He was the type to whom men turn for counsel and succor when misfortune overtakes them. He was a broadminded and God fearing man, with a zeal for truth and justice, and we believe none seeking his advice ever left his portals without being helped by his words of encouragement, cheer, and wisdom.

After the war was ended and a new nation had been born, there were still great difficulties to be overcome. To establish success, "the sword must be followed by the plow." Additional proof of patriotism lies in taking our full share of public work and responsibility. In peace as well as war, Joshua Stone measured up to his responsibilities. We find him active in civic affairs, working for the welfare of his community and State. He gave freely of his time and talents in the service of those about him. He and his family were prominent landowners and, while successfully managing his own private estates, his balanced judgment often led to his appointment on various committees in the conduct of local public affairs. As an example of such activity, we cite one record that "an act was passed (January 22, 1798) for removing the Superior Court from the town of New London in order to better serve the citizens of Bedford, Campbell, Franklin, Pittsylvania, Patrick, and Henry Counties. Joshua Stone was one of a committee appointed to select a suitable place for this court to meet. So, as a citizen, we see him ever ready and equipped to answer the call of duty in any place of need, whether it were in war or in peace.

We are proud to claim Joshua Stone as our ancestor and to know that in our veins flows the same blood that coursed through his. We cherish his memory and the memory of those who lived and wrought with him. But for the work of such pioneers as he, who helped to lay firm the foundations of our republic, we would not be the right, powerful, and free nation that we are to-day.



We wish to commemorate the life and work of this forefather of ours, and in so doing commemorate also the lives and deeds of all those brave men of the American Revolution who proved upon the battle field their courage and their loyalty, and, undismayed by almost unsurmountable obstacles, struggled on until freedom was achieved. Our desire has found expression in the erection of this simple monument. In its simplicity it is a fitting memorial to that rugged soldier who wrought without ostentation in war and in peace, and whose integrity of soul won for him a high place in the esteem and love of his fellow men.

As we here pay tribute to his memory, we pray that we may have a double portion of his noble spirit.

#### VICKSBURG IN 1863.

The *Heritage*, Mississippi U. D. C. organ, gives the following from a diary of 1863, as some of the experiences of our women under fire during the siege of Vicksburg:

"Saturday, May 16, 1863. Since I last wrote, all has been uncertainty and suspense. Night before last we heard picket firing and one gun and thought the boats were about to commence an attack. The firing was a gunboat, towing a coal barge. Our men secured it and brought it in with eight thousand bushels of coal, which the Federal boats below must need greatly

"Sunday morning: My pen refuses to tell of our terrible disaster yesterday. From six o'clock in the morning until five in the evening the battle (Champion Hill to Baker's Creek) raged furiously. We are defeated.

"Later: I hope never to witness such scenes as the return of our routed army. From 12 o'clock until late at night the streets were jammed with men, wagons, cannons, horses, mules, stock, sheep, everything you can imagine that appertains to an army being hurriedly brought within the entrenchments. As the poor tired soldiers passed, every house poured forth all it had to refresh them. What is to become of all living things in this place when the boats in the river begin shelling, God only knows. We can only hold this place until Johnston can come to our aid.

"Tuesday: There is firing all along the left wing toward the graveyard and toward the center, but not yet on the left.

"Last night we saw a grand and awful spectacle. The darkness was lit up with burning houses all along the line. They were burned that our firing would not be obstructed. . . . We have provided ourselves with a cave, as Gen. Stephen D. Lee says there will be no safety elsewhere.

"Wednesday: Yesterday the firing was continued all along our line until one o'clock, when the enemy threw a strong force against our right where General Lee is. It is terrific. I was up in my room sewing and praying in my heart, O, so earnestly, for our cause, when Nancy (negro servant) rushed up, actually pale, exclaiming: "O, mistress, the Yankees are pouring over the hill and our men are running. Just come to the gallery and you can see." It brought before me forcibly what a state of excitement we were living in when I found that this did not startle me.

I got up, but I suppose slowly, for she exclaimed: "Mistress, just hear them! The shells are falling all around you. You will stay up here until you are killed." I went on the back gallery with my glass, and some men came pouring over the hill as the negro had said, darting through the shells, a brigade running past toward this point, so I thought, perhaps it might not be so bad. In fact, they were reinforcements being sent from other points.

"General Lee's praise is in every mouth. Yesterday at light again the battle commenced.

"About nine o'clock in the morning the gunboats towed some mortars into range of the city and then there was rushing into caves. Mrs. Higgins came up, and we then went into caves for the first time. Colonel Higgins thought we ought to go. There was a sense of suffocation from being under ground, the certainty that there was no way of escape, hemmed in, caged in. For one moment my heart seemed to stand still.

"Saturday: I had to stop writing Thursday, the shells exploded so thickly around us all day. About five o'clock there was a lull and we hoped to get some rest at night, but at six o'clock, as we sat on the gallery, a mortar shell exploded in the shed in front, making me involuntarily jump from my seat. Then another and another from all directions. The gunboats came and engaged in battling, and such a time as we had watching the shells. We were thankful when dark came, for we could better avoid them. We sat or stood in front of the house until eleven o'clock, knowing that it would never do to go to bed, as several houses had been struck. Mrs. Pryor's and Mrs. Willis's. When we walked up to Castle Hill, you must understand that it was not in the usual way. We walked down the street, but had to take the middle of the street. When we heard a shell, we would watch for it, and this was about every half minute. As soon as a shell gets over your head, you are safe, for even if it approaches near, the pieces fall forward and do not touch you; but the danger is that sometimes, while watching one, another comes and may explode or fall near you before you are aware.

"Soon after we got home from the hill, Mrs. Crump came from some cave, where she had been, quite exhausted. We made her come and lie down while we watched, and she got a little sleep. But I do not think many eyes closed in sleep that night. Poor Mary Green, with her little one, was running from place to place all night, and finally went into a cave.

"Monday, May 25: In the midst all of this carnage and commotion it is touching to see how every work of God, save man, gives praise to him. The birds are singing as merrily as if all were well, rearing their little ones teaching them to fly, and fulfilling their part in nature's program as quietly and happily as if this fearful work of man slaying his brother man was not in progress. The heavy firing gives showers every day, and nature is more lovely than usual.

"Later: General Lee and Captain Elliott have just left here. They came in and took lunch.

"Tuesday: General Pemberton was here yesterday. He seems very hopeful. Says he can hold the place sixty days and even more by living on very short rations.

"Wednesday: Many of our men and officers are killed and wounded every day. We do not fire because we have no ammunition to waste, and must save it to repel assault, but that is very discouraging to the men. I had stayed at home every night except two. I could not stand the mosquitoes and the crowd in the cave. Most people spend their entire time in them, for there is no safety anywhere else. Several accidents have occurred. In one cave nearly a whole family were killed or crippled. I send out buttermilk to General Lee and staff every day.

"In some parts of the town the streets are literally plowed up. Many narrow escapes have been made, but I have only heard of three deaths (citizens) from shells.

"Later: Five boats from below and one, a terrible monster from above, engaged our batteries. In a very short time we perceived that the monster was disabled, and a tug came to



her relief. Later men were seen to leave her side. Then she drifted over to the Mississippi shore and there arose the glad shout: "She is sinking." Sinking, indeed she was, and there she lies under the water except for chimneys and her horn. Those from below retired when they saw this, so the battle is over, for to-day, and we are again victorious on water.

"Friday, May 29th: Colonel Higgins came in to show us an official dispatch which General Pemberton had just received by a courier [this must have been Homer or Lamar Fontaine.] The courier brought us 18,000 rifle caps, which we greatly needed, and says two million are on the way. You may judge we were excited. This, the first piece of news from the outside world we have had in ten days, was glorious. We invited Colonel Higgins and some of the battery officers, and General Pemberton and a few others to come up to lunch. And such a thanksgiving for this good news and the sinking of the Federal boat the day before. So we made merry over it.

"Some few timid persons started a petition last week asking General Pemberton to grant a flag of truce to send the women and children beyond the lines. Not one, except the three persons who got the petition up, would sign it. I told General Pemberton I hoped he would grant nothing of the kind, as we had all been sufficiently warned.

"Tuesday morning: On Sunday Mr. Lord, at the request of Alice Lake and myself, held service. There was not much firing and only the ringing of the bell announced service. There were thirty persons. The church had been considerably injured and was so filled with brick and mortar and glass that it was difficult to find a place to sit. Last night there was a terrible fire in town. Nearly the whole of the block from Brown and Johnson's to Crutcher's store burned. One or two persons who had passes to leave the city, if they could, returned last night, General Grant saying that no one should leave the city until it surrendered.

## WITH THE LOUISIANA ZOUAVES.

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

In the September VETERAN appears another list of prisoners on Johnson's Island. It is not to be expected that any one man (or even a half dozen men) could compile a complete list of the officers confined on Johnson's Island without having before him the prison record of prisoners received. I have only a list of those of my own barrack (47) on Rock Island, and a scant half dozen others, not including a half hundred or more whom I knew there, but whose names I did not record. I simply wish to add two names to the VETERAN's list as it stands. Those of Col. Paul Francois De Gournay and Capt. John R. Keane, both of De Gournay's Battalion, 12th Regiment of Heavy Artillery, who were surrendered at Port Hudson, La., July 8, 1863. Captain Keane was one of the "Immortal Six Hundred" sent from New York to Charleston and camped under the fire of our own guns, a most infamous chapter and blot on the pages of the Lincoln-Seward régime. Those gallant and unfortunate victims of fanatical hatred who survived the ordeal were later returned to New York and were sent to Johnson's Island, where Captain Keane died. Colonel De Gournay survived that experience and died of old age some dozen or more years ago in Baltimore. Both were as fine men and officers as any one could wish to serve under.

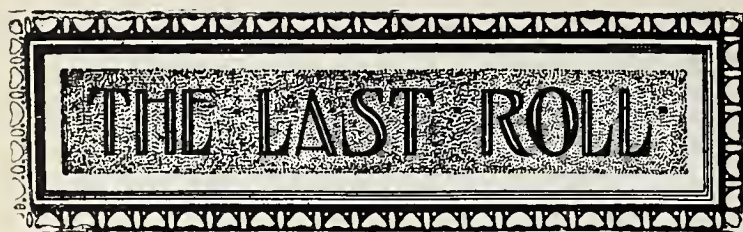
A bit of history of both and the command may not be out of place here. De Gournay's Battalion was organized in New Orleans during March, 1861, as the fifth company of

Copen's Battalion of Louisiana Zouaves, copied after the French "Zouaves d' Afrique," and were quite objects of interest and curiosity wherever we went or were seen during those early days. Only a year or so before Elsworth's Zouaves had created a furore throughout the country in their parade from Chicago to New York and Boston—if not mistaken. Copens determined to go Elsworth one better by organizing a battalion on strictly French lines, a French corps in every detail. The official language was French, uniforms and all accouterments, from gaiters to skull caps, with blue tassels and shaven forelock, and very baggy trousers, veritable "Red, white, and blues," but the white was not conspicuous, only showing on the gaiters. Black shoes and leather leggins—yes, we were a sight, and a wonder all along the route from Pensacola to Richmond and Yorktown, where, after the first battle of the war at Big Bethel, De Gournay's company was detached from the battalion and put into the heavy artillery, while the other four companies remained infantry and were severely cut up a year later at Seven Pines and Cold Harbor, where Major Wheat was killed. After his death, what was left of his battalion (the "Tigers") and the Zouaves were merged into a single command under Colonel Copens and acted as such until after the battle of Sharpsburg.

After that sanguinary battle, the Zouaves and remnant of Wheat's Battalion lost their identity as a command. Colonel Copens had been killed during the battle, they were without a commander, and not enough of them left to form two companies, so the fragments were incorporated with other Louisiana regiments in Harry Heney's Brigade, if I remember correctly. Such was my information by two surviving members in 1873-74. Both battalions were rough and ready fighters, and, so far as I have been able to learn, only one of Wheat's boys remained a year ago. Of the Zouaves battalion, who left New Orleans, March and April, 1861, four hundred and ninety strong, I can learn of none beside myself.

To return to De Gournay's: The battalion was sent first to Pensacola and Warrenton navy yard, then, about the first of June, started for Richmond, and from there to Yorktown and Big Bethel, where we arrived June 12th, two days after the battle. We waited for about two weeks, more or less, waiting for Butler to make another attack. As he did not inaugurate any further move against Magruder, we returned to Yorktown. There, as before stated, De Gournay's company was attached to the heavy artillery and for eleven months, practically, we remained until the night of May 3, 1862, when Johnston withdrew his whole army to Richmond. De Gournay had organized a battalion at Yorktown and was appointed major, as part of the 12th Regiment of Artillery, and was promoted to the lieutenant colonelcy. In the spring of 1863, the command was sent to Port Hudson, where, after two months' siege, the post was surrendered to General Banks, after being reduced to a diet of one ear of corn and a half pound of mule meat per day, as Colonel De Gournay stated to me in a letter only a few years prior to his demise. After that, Johnson's Island—and the end. I had transferred to the cavalry after Mechanicsville, and was in East Tennessee and Kentucky and never saw the company again.





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

"THE Great Commander calls them home;  
Like soldiers, they obey.  
Ere long beneath the azure dome  
Will camp the silent gray.  
No challenge will disturb their rest,  
No dreams, no shock of wars;  
And there will lie on many a breast  
The banner of the bars."

#### JUDGE THOMAS J. THOMASON.

Judge Thomas J. Thomason was born in Chambers County, Ala., August 13, 1845, and departed this life June 23, 1928. He was laid to rest with full Masonic honors.

When very small, his father moved to Roanoke, Ala., where he spent his boyhood days. He attended school there until about fifteen years old.

When the call to arms was sounded in 1861, he volunteered in the service of the Confederacy, joining Company K, of the 14th Alabama, Regiment. He was mustered into service at Auburn, Ala., the day before he was sixteen years old, and his command was assigned to the Army of Northern Virginia. He was in all the principal engagements of that army, except Gettysburg, until October, 1864. At Chancellorsville, he was thought mortally wounded, and received no attention from the surgeons until the day after the battle. A short time after Gettysburg he was again in ranks.

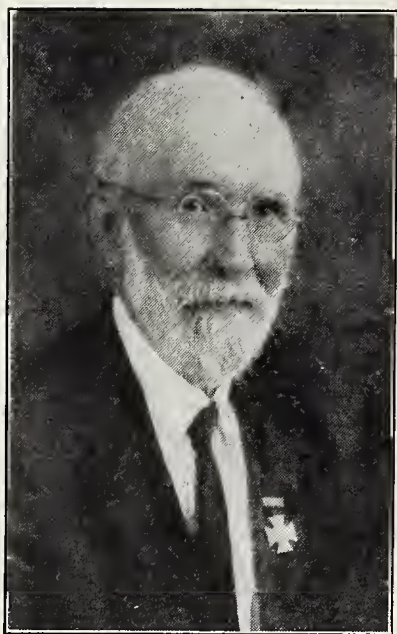
At Petersburg, during October, 1864, while charging a battery, he was again severely wounded by a shell explosion which killed seven and wounded thirteen of his company.

He was slightly wounded three other times.

When the surrender came, he was just able to hobble around on crutches.

After the war he attended a private school, for one year and then moved to Rock Mill, Ala., where he was engaged in the mercantile business for twenty years.

In 1867, he was married to Miss Florida Turner, daughter of Dr. James Turner, of Jonesboro, Ga. They lived happily together for sixty years, and she preceded him to the grave by a little more than a year.



JUDGE T. J. THOMASON.

In 1886, he was elected Judge of Probate of Randolph County, Ala. and served one term.

In 1896, he was elected State Senator from Randolph and Chambers Counties, and served one term.

His official life was clean and entirely satisfactory.

He owned a large farm near Hightower, Ala., where he spent the last years of his life.

He was a faithful and consistent member of the Church from early manhood and regular in his attendance at church and Sunday school up to his last sickness.

He was a Mason for more than sixty years, serving for years as Master of the Lodge.

He was remarkably active up to a very short time before his death, and his mind was clear to the end.

He was a man of sterling character, highly respected by his neighbors and all who knew him. His friends were numbered by his acquaintances, for he never had any enemies. He was firm in his friendship, loyal to the right, a devoted husband and father.

Upon learning of his death, a grandson wrote: "Dear grandpa! If he is repaid for a thousandth part of the good deeds he did and the happiness that he brought during his life on this earth, his hereafter will surely be a happy and contented one."

His loyalty to the Southern cause was exceeded only by his devotion to his family.

He sleeps the sleep of eternal rest. Peace be ever with him.

#### CORPORAL DANIEL C. RICHARDSON.

Another of God's nobleman "has passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees." Corporal David Crockett Richardson, of the "Boy Battery" of Richmond, Va., commanded by Capt. William Watts Parker, departed this life on October 4, at his home on Monument Avenue, in Richmond.

Corporal Richardson was born in New Kent County, Va., on June 9, 1845, and came to Richmond as a boy. At the formation of the "Boy Battery" in March, 1862, at the age of seventeen years, he was among the first to enlist, and was with the command when it was mustered into the service of the Confederate States on March 15, 1862. Corporal Richardson was the second man to be wounded in this command, receiving a severe wound at the battle of Second Manassas, and lay on the field for more than twenty-four hours without attention. Recovering from this disability, he was again with the battery for the battle of Fredericksburg, and was present with the battery in all of its numerous engagements in the Army of Northern Virginia and its service with Longstreet's Corps in Tennessee, returning with the corps in January, 1864, and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

There was no better soldier in any army than Corporal Richardson. During the time that the battery was in winter quarters, Corporal Richardson took up the study of law. In 1867, he entered the law office of Johnson & Guigon, of Richmond, to become three years later Clerk of the Police Court of Richmond, which position he held for ten years. During this time he continued his study of law, and received his degree as Bachelor of Law from Richmond College in 1874. Corporal Richardson served for eight years as Police Justice, retiring in 1884 to resume the practice of law. In 1896, he was elected Commonwealth Attorney of Richmond, filling this position for ten years, afterwards being elected mayor and later, 1912, Judge of the Hustings Court of Richmond, which position he filled until January, 1925, when he resigned on account of his illness.



Judge Richardson was a past Commander of R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Richmond Va. He was stricken by paralysis, October, 1924, and confined, to his bed until the end. He was laid to rest in his Confederate uniform by his special request.

[William M. K. Evans, Commander Virginia Division, U. C. V.]

## MAJ. GEN. THOMAS P. LAMKIN.

(From memorial resolutions passed by the United Confederate Veterans of Alabama, in reunion at Montgomery on October 11, 1928, in memory of Maj. General Thomas P. Lamkin.)

Thomas P. Lamkin was born in Walker County, Ala., March 22, 1844; died at Jasper, Ala., May 9, 1928. He enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company F, 16th Alabama Volunteer Infantry, at the age of sixteen, and, beginning with the battle of Fishing Creek, served throughout the War between the States, proving on numerous battle fields the courage and patriotism characteristic of the true soldier of the South.

After the war he returned to Walker County, Ala., where he took an active part in all civic matters, was elected circuit clerk of his county at the time Houston carried the State for governor; and was until his death very useful in all matters pertaining to the Confederate veterans, being an active member of Camp Hutto, No. 1202, and of which he was Commander for many years. He found pleasure in aiding needy veterans, and provided transportation for a large number unable to pay their way to reunions.

General Lamkin was elected Commander of the Third Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V., and served in this capacity for several years, with the rank of brigadier general. About four years ago he was elected Commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., with the rank of major general, which office he held up to the time of his death. He devoted a large part of his time to matters connected with the veterans' organization, and was very active and helpful in getting the present Confederate pension law enacted.

General Lamkin was a Thirty-Third Degree Mason, Past Master of York Lodge No. 211, at Jasper; a member of all the Scottish Rite bodies at Birmingham; and a member of Zamora Temple, Shrine. He often said he only lived for the Masons and the Confederate veterans, to which organizations he was devoting his energies at the time of his death.

In the death of General Lamkin the State lost a useful and patriotic citizen and the Confederate veterans a brave and gallant leader.

## WILLIAM H. MALONEY.

William H. Maloney, one of the few survivors of the McNeill Rangers, Confederate army, who on February 21, 1865, made a raid on Cumberland and captured the Union generals, Kelly and Crook, while the city was surrounded by thousands of Federal troops, died in October, 1927, in Cumberland, Md., at the age of eighty-two years.

This was one of the most daring exploits of the whole war. There were thirty Confederate soldiers in the party. The generals were held as prisoners in Richmond, Va., until after the war. General Kelly was taken from the old Barnum Hotel, now the Windsor, and General Crook from the old Revere House, both being aroused from their beds.

Commander Maloney was a native of Hampshire County, and was a magistrate at Romney for more than thirty years. For the last six years he had made his home with his daughter in Cumberland.

## T. M. JOYNER.

T. M. Joyner departed this life on September 22, 1928, at the home of his son, L. I. Joyner, at Wakita, Okla., in his ninety-fourth year. He was born in North Carolina, August 5, 1835, but as a small boy he went with his parents to Tazewell County, Va., then in 1860 to Grundy County, Mo. In 1861, he enlisted in the Missouri State Guards under General Price. His Confederate service was with Company H, 3rd Missouri Infantry, to the fall of Vicksburg, 1863. After this, he was with Company D, 3rd and 5th consolidated, to the end of the war. He was with Johnston in front of Sherman through Georgia; was wounded in the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864, and surrendered at Princeton, Va., 1865.

His mind was clear to the end, he had never missed a Confederate reunion when possible for him to attend. He was at Little Rock reunion, where he contracted a deep cold, from which he never recovered.

## GEN. JAMES S. MILLIKIN, U. C. V.

After a long illness, James Shaw Millikin, Assistant Adjutant General, U. C. V., died at his home at Millikin, La., on September 11, at the age of eighty-one years. He was laid to rest in Providence Cemetery there, with Masonic rites, and on his casket was draped the Confederate flag so dear to his heart.

James S. Millikin was born in Carroll Parish, La., in 1847, and when the War between the States came on in 1861, he joined Capt. J. W. Dunn's Company, known as the Floyd Guards; mustered out on account of his age and size, he at once joined the Tiger Rifles at Kilbourne, La., and his command was sent to Missouri, where he had part in the battle of Wilson's Creek and other engagements of that section. He later joined Simmons' 2nd Arkansas Cavalry, and again his age and size were against him, but he then joined the Missouri Minute Men and stayed with this company to the close of the war, under command of Capt. J. C. Lee, taking part in the battles of Centralia, Mo., Lawrence, Kans., and many others of importance.

His grandfather served under Washington in the Revolutionary War, and his father was with Andrew Jackson in the Indian Wars and at the battle of New Orleans, and he carried their heroic traits into his service as a Confederate soldier.

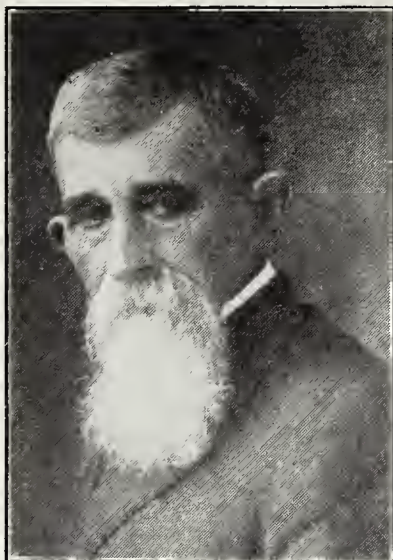
Returning home after the war, July, 1865, he worked in the Recorder's office at Floyd, La., for a while, and then entered the Louisiana State Seminary and Military Academy, at Pineville, La., to complete his education. After leaving college, he returned to Carroll Parish, where he had lived ever since. In 1880, he was married to Miss Alice Keller, of Carroll Parish, and located in business at Bunch's Bend, later engaging in the mercantile business at Lake Providence, from which place he moved to the country and founded the town of Millikin. Of the seven children born to him—three sons and four daughters—two daughters survive him, with their mother. In his own family there were seven boys, of whom one brother is left.

Comrade Millikin became one of the most prominent men of his section of Louisiana, and a citizen of public spirit. Ever devoted to the cause for which he had fought in the sixties, he was buried in his Confederate uniform, showing the rank of general, U. C. V., for he was one of the leaders of the organization in his State. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and liberal in his contributions to his Church; high in Masonry, Knights of Pythias, and other fraternal organizations.



## JOHNSON BUSBEE HARRIS.

On the 6th day of September, 1928, there passed away at his home in Jacksonville, Tex., Johnson Busbee Harris, one of the "Old Guards" of the Confederacy. Comrade Harris was born near Raleigh, N. C., November 25, 1840. He was living in the State of Mississippi at the beginning of the War between the States, and served with honor and distinction as a member of Company G, 3rd Mississippi Cavalry, Chalmers's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. He was paroled at Grenada, Miss., on May 25, 1865.



J. B. HARRIS

On moving to Texas, he located at Karnes City, from which place he moved to Jacksonville, about the year 1910, where he made his home until his death.

His wife, who was Sarah Thankful Young, died in 1913. He leaves four daughters, by whom he will be sadly missed. He was a loyal member of the local Camp of Confederate Veterans of Jacksonville, having served several terms as Commander. He united with the Methodist Church in 1853, and was a faithful member to the day of his death.

[J. A. Templeton, Adjutant Camp No. 1555, U. C. V., Jacksonville Tes.]

## WILLIAM E. BRADLEY.

William E. Bradley, one of Fredericksburg's oldest citizens, died at his home in that city on October 5, at the age of eighty-seven years. He had lived there all his life and was one of the city's most active residents. He served several terms in the city council and was prominently identified with local newspaper work before he retired.

William Bradley served four years in the War between the States as a member of Braxton's Battery, Fredericksburg Artillery, and was at both Gettysburg and Appomattox. His father James H. Bradley, was also in the Confederate army, and his grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution.

Comrade Bradley is survived by a daughter and two sons. Interment was in the Confederate Cemetery, at Fredericksburg.

## C. L. BANNISTER.

C. L. Bannister, one of the best known residents of the Kanawha Valley, died on October 30, 1927, at Shrewsbury, W. Va., aged eighty-three years. He was born at Spring Hill, and had spent his life in the Kanawha Valley. He was a Confederate soldier, serving four years in the war. For many years he operated a ferry at Eagle, and had many friends along the river and was widely known for his many fine qualities of heart and hand.

He was survived by his wife, to whom he was married fifty-eight years, six daughters and two sons, also thirty grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. His six sons-in-law were pallbearers, and twelve grandsons were flower bearers.

Comrade Bannister was a member of the Methodist Church.

## J. R. KELLY.

Died, at his home near Danville, Ga., on September 19, J. R. Kelly, Confederate veteran.

The announcement of the passing of this veteran of the Confederacy brings reminder of his gallant, though reckless, stand in defying, singlehanded and alone, the advance guard of Sherman's army at Gordon, Ga., which is some fifteen miles from Milledgeville, then the capital of the State and to which point Sherman was directing his march. In the later charge by Kilpatrick's Cavalry, he was captured and sentenced to death by a court-martial, but he made his escape and hid in a swamp until the army passed on. Readers of the VETERAN will remember the interesting article which appeared in the VETERAN for September, 1927, and which was contributed by T. D. Tinsley, of Macon, Ga., who now calls attention to the death of this brave, one-legged veteran, of whose heroism he was an eyewitness, and of whom he writes: "There are but few men who wore the gray that are left us, and not one like Kelly."

J. R. Kelly enlisted with Company B, "Ramah Volunteers," later transferred to the 14th Georgia Regiment, under Col. A. V. Brumley. He lost his leg at Jericho Ford, Va., on May 23, 1864, and was afterwards assigned as bodyguard to the famous Confederate spy, Belle Boyd, going with her in and out the Federal lines and assisting in getting valuable information for Confederate commanders. Of the ninety-nine men who enlisted at Gordon, Ga., on July 9, 1861, he is the last to go, surviving his sentence of death by over sixty years. He was buried in the cemetery at Liberty Hill, near Gordon.

## Dr. E. E. ROWLAND.

After a long and useful life, our beloved comrade, Eugene E. Rowland, died at his home at Ruston, La., on September 5, 1928.

Dr. Rowland enlisted in Capt. R. M. Wallace's company, in June, 1861, which later became Company G, of the 9th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, of which he proved a faithful member to the final surrender at Greensboro, N. C., in May, 1865.

This company had upon its roll more than a hundred and fifty men, but to-day the writer stands alone as the only living member of that noted old Company G, which followed Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston to his death at Shiloh and was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Bentonville, N. C., in his last battle.

[George W. Terry, Sulphur, Okla.]

## LEVI R. CASON.

April 19, 1839; May 13, 1927.

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

These words on his tombstone tell the life story of one who wore the gray. Levi R. Cason served with Company A, 28th Georgia Regiment, C. S. A., one of the first to volunteer and with four others of his company, the last to leave after Johnston surrendered in North Carolina. Most of the men left for home at once, but he waited to get his honorable discharge.

A friend to every man, he was loved by all. He was survived by his wife, six children, and eleven grandchildren. The Confederate flag draped on his casket was later presented to the Robert Toombs Chapter, U. D. C., of Toombsboro, Ga., and has since been used on the caskets of more than a dozen Confederate veterans.



## GEN. J. W. GOODWIN, U. C. V.

James W. Goodwin was born at Boone's Hill, Tenn., on November 7, 1845, and on the 26th day of August, 1928, at his home in Asheville, N. C., he fell into the eternal sleep, widely mourned as Christian gentleman, brave soldier, and loyal friend.

In November, 1861, James Goodwin volunteered in Capt. D. G. Smith's company at Boone's Hill, and during the following month his command was placed in S. A. Wood's brigade, and under Gen. A. S. Johnston. He was in many important engagements and was promoted to second lieutenant of his company. He was wounded slightly at the battle of Chickamauga, but afterwards participated in the strenuous fighting around Richmond. While in command of his regimental picket line in front of the Confederate fortifications, April 2, 1865, he was captured and sent to Old Capitol Prison in Washington, D. C., from where he was sent, on May 22, to Johnson's Island, and on the 18th of June, 1865, he was returned to his Tennessee home.

After completing his interrupted education, J. W. Goodwin studied law, and he served two terms in the Tennessee legislature. Most of his life was devoted to newspaper work in Tennessee and elsewhere. He was for a time publisher of the *Fayetteville Express* and other periodicals. For twenty-two years he lived in Asheville, N. C., where he was an active member of Zebulon Vance Camp, U. C. V., and for years he was the efficient Commander of the Fourth Brigade, North Carolina Division, U. C. V., with the rank of general.

He was married to Miss Mary Sumner in Pulaski, Tenn., and this union was blessed with six children.

AT BEAUVOIR CONFEDERATE HOME.—After a long illness, I. H. Mobley died at the Confederate Home, on August 12, aged eighty-four years. He was born in Lawrence County, Miss., August 4, 1844, and served with Company E, 4th Mississippi Cavalry, Starks' Brigade, Buford's Division, Forrest's Corps.

[Marcus D. Herring.

Comrade Mobley was one of six brothers who served in the Confederate army; two of whom are still living, one in Texas and the other in Louisiana.

CORRECTION.—In the sketch of B. L. Stevens, page 348, September VETERAN, it is stated that he was a member of the Urquhart-Gillette Camp, U. C. V., of Norfolk, Va., when it should have been Courtland, Southampton County, Va. This Camp was organized at Courtland on August 18, 1890. This correction is made by L. L. Manry, Commander of the Camp.

AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.—Referring to the article in the VETERAN for September, page 341, on "Confederates Abroad, or Idle Hours at Johnson's Island," Mrs. Felix Smith, of Wayne, Pa., writes that her husband, Capt. Felix R. R. Smith, of the Engineering Corps, was one of those prisoners, and a close friend of Capt. Dan Philips, whose name was signed to the paper, and she didn't understand why her husband's name was not on it. That list simply gave those who had signed the paper found by the kinsman of Talbot Greene, and who sent it to the VETERAN. The full list of prisoners who were incarcerated at Johnson's Island from first to last would be more than the VETERAN could use in one number.

## STILL YOUNG AND ACTIVE.

In a neat typewritten letter, James P. Coffin, of Batesville, Ark., sends his renewal order for the VETERAN, and adds:

"May I be permitted to say that I am writing this letter on my ninetieth birthday (September 22), and I am writing it myself, not dictating it. I was born and reared in East Tennessee; volunteered in Company E of the 4th Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry in the early days of August, 1861, which became Company I of the 2nd Regiment, Tennessee Cavalry, when reorganized, at which time I was elected second lieutenant of the company and served as such until November, 1863, when our first lieutenant was taken from us. I then became first lieutenant and served as such until surrendered near Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston (God bless his memory!), and was paroled May 3, 1865, near Charlotte, N. C., and returned to my home, going then to my wife, who was at her father's home in Hawkins County. In Rogersville, I took my 'cussin' and came to fully realize that mountain climate was not salubrious, and later came west to "grow up with the country, landing in Lawrence County, Ark., later coming to Batesville. And here I am yet, one of the less than twenty Confederate veterans now residing in this county."

May the climate of Batesville continue to be "salubrious" for this comrade and give him many more years of health and activity!

## THE FERGUSON BROTHERS IN THE WAR.

The following comes from Mrs. A. N. McBride, 1818 North Kingley Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.:

Stephen Ferguson enlisted first with the 1st Regiment of Georgia Volunteers. He then joined the artillery, Battalion E, under Stonewall Jackson, and served through the entire war.

D. P. Ferguson also served through the war.

Dave Ferguson was killed in action at Talladega, Ala.

Lon Ferguson joined, when sixteen years of age, with Forrest's Cavalry, under General Wheeler; was captured about the close of the war and kept a long time in Camp Chase, where he suffered everything possible, but finally escaped. He enlisted from Jacksonville, Ala. I would like to hear from any of his comrades.

These were all my brothers, now in heaven.

## MORE THAN A CENTURY OF LIFE.

Elias L. Cheatham, of Chesterfield County, Va., who died in Petersburg last February, had reached the age of one hundred and two years. He was born in 1826, and was a native and lifelong resident of Chesterfield County. During the War between the States he served with Company E, 51st Virginia Regiment. After the war, he returned home and resumed farming, in which he continued to the end. He was survived by a daughter, thirteen grandchildren, twenty-seven great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

WEST VIRGINIA CONFEDERATE.—W. Cam Hart, of Elkins, W. Va., writes to add another name to the list of veterans of that section who have attained great age. This last is Mr. J. W. Dettter, "a fine old Confederate soldier and gentleman, aged eighty-nine, a surviving member of the Stonewall Brigade."



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:* Invitations have been received by the President General to attend conventions of the Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, Ohio, West Virginia, Florida, Tennessee, Maryland, Arkansas, Kentucky, and other Divisions held during the month of October. It would have been wonderful to attend each of these conventions; to become more familiar with their activities, to know personally the women upon whose intelligent interest and hearty co-operation depends the future of these Divisions. The press of work in the office rendered it impossible to accept but three of the invitations. Would that I could have accepted all.

My deepest appreciation and heartfelt gratitude is hereby expressed for the graciousness of the invitations extended and the warm words of personal greeting which accompanied each invitation.

The *Washington Evening Star*, September 12, 1928, carried the following item, which will interest each member of our organization. Under the caption, "Lee Mansion Flagstaff Corroded by Age Removed," the article continues: "Time, working its potent power on Arlington's hills across the Potomac River, has brought down from its fifty-year watch in front of Lee Mansion the towering flagstaff which carried at its head, where all might see, the American flag, and silently ended for all time a controversy over this historic landmark. For many years sectional contention centered about the old staff, the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy objecting to the breaking out of the American flag at its head, the flag that was the banner of the North, while General Lee, whose mansion lay at the foot of the staff, followed the Stars and Bars in the States' conflict. The Grand Army of the Republic, on the other hand, fought for the retention of the staff.

"The Fine Arts Commission in 1925 recommended the removal of the staff because, it explained, the old pole did not harmonize with the beauty of the mansion and landscape. The War Department approved the recommendation and executed a contract with a local concern for the removal of the staff to a position in front of the house of the commandant of the reservation. A storm of protest arose immediately when the Grand Army of the Republic renewed its battle for the prolonged life of the staff. So virile was the objection to its removal that John W. Weeks, then Secretary of War, ordered the removal contract canceled and the staff unmolested."

The United Daughters of the Confederacy yield to none in their allegiance to the flag of a united America, but, as one drives through the grounds of Arlington, it is most pleasing for purely esthetic reasons, as well as from an innate sense of

the "eternal fitness," to have the view from the Lee Mansion unobstructed by a disfiguring flagpole, and one turns with greater reverence than before to the near-by amphitheater where the Stars and Stripes catch the "gleam of the morning's first beam."

The Chairman of Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries is completing a year of most constructive and effective work. Books have been sent by Miss Hanna to George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn.; the University of North Carolina; Emory University, Georgia; Florida Woman's College; Hector Church Memorial Library; Oxford; the Bodleian Library; the American Library in Paris; Parliamentary Library, Ottawa; to all Foreign Libraries, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

*The Pageant of America.*—Four additional volumes of the entire set of fifteen will be completed this month, the remaining three the publishers expect to have completed not later than January or February.

Of the American Photoplays, fifteen are now completed and ready for distribution. The Yale University Press is concentrating on these for the purpose of developing teachers' aids to be used with the films in the classrooms, to be followed by using the films as an apparatus for teaching American history.

## TRANSPORTATION, HOUSTON CONVENTION, NOVEMBER 17-25, 1928.

Mrs. Walter Allen, the efficient chairman of the committee, will supply Identification Certificates to be used when purchasing the railroad tickets. Mrs. Allen's address is 2515 West Grace Street, Richmond, Va. The reduced rates cannot be secured except upon the presentation of the Identification Certificates to the ticket agent.

Mrs. Allen has arranged a most pleasing route, including a stop of some thirteen hours in New Orleans, La., giving an opportunity for the delegates to visit many interesting points in the city. No route, however, is obligatory, and the reduced rates apply on all railroads. But the Identification Certificate *must* be secured in order to obtain these rates.

The hostess Chapters of Houston are preparing many delightful functions and diversions, including a visit to the battle field of San Jacinto, and an afternoon in Galveston.

Amid all the delightful anticipations of these pleasures, may we be ever mindful of the definite purpose of our assembling. From the Pacific to the Atlantic, from Massachusetts and Connecticut to the Gulf of Mexico, we come together primarily to renew our vows to the principles of our organization as defined in the constitution, to remind ourselves of the



unselfish devotion and steadfastness of purpose of our Confederate fathers and the fortitude and unwavering faith of our beloved mothers; we come to render one to another an account of our stewardship, and by friendly intercourse and loving companionship to strengthen the ties of friendship binding us to one another in a mutual interest and a common cause.

Very sincerely,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

## CREDENTIALS FOR HOUSTON CONVENTION.

A message from the Credentials Committee for the Houston U. D. C. Convention, November, 18-25:

Members of the Credentials Committee request you to register as early as possible. Especially are Houston delegates urged to do this.

The registration desks will be found in the room adjoining the Rose Room of the Rice Hotel, and Mrs. J. Wilcox, General Chairman of the Houston Convention Committee, will provide doorkeepers to assist in hastening our work, which begins Friday, November 16.

Yours for a large registration,

THE CREDENTIALS COMMITTEE.

Mrs. L. U. Babin, Chairman, Baton Rouge, La.; Mrs. L. B. Newell, Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. J. C. Blocker, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Mrs. Rudolph Blankenburg, San Diego, Cal.; Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Thomas Newbill, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Richmond, Va.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Alabama.*—With Mrs. George Cryer, President of the William Henry Forney Chapter, of Anniston, presiding, most interesting and enjoyable meetings were held in May and June. At the May meeting, tribute to the late Sidney J. Bowie, of Birmingham, was paid by Mrs. Joseph Aderholt and a most interesting program was rendered.

In the June meeting the program was featured by the Chapter's appreciation to their retiring President, Mrs. Cryer, and Mrs. Harry Ayers, in a fascinating manner, gave a paper on the life and beautiful character of Jefferson Davis.

Fayette Chapter entertained three other Chapters, and many prominent women visitors were heard during its session. Miss Emma Shepherd, the very capable President, presided, and the well-arranged program was beautifully rendered. Among the speakers were Mrs. B. B. Broyles, of Birmingham, our State President; Mrs. C. N. Maxwell, of Tuscaloosa, Vice President; and Judge H. M. Bell, loyal supporter of the Fayette Chapter.

Brief reports were given by Presidents of the visiting Chapters, and the address was by Mrs. C. N. Maxwell, a gifted speaker. Mrs. A. M. Grimsley, Recording Secretary for the Alabama Division, gave the closing prayer.

With Mrs. J. E. Threadgill as President, the meeting of Troy Chapter was good. Splendid reports from recent conventions were given by Mrs. J. B. Leslie.

Our beloved Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky delighted the many members by her wonderful report as chairman of scholarships of the State Division. She reported that eighty-five boys and girls are benefited by this fund each year. She depicted the Confederate reunion at Little Rock, Ark., so vividly that the members felt almost as if they had attended.

Installation of officers for the ensuing year was an impressive part of the program.

At the meeting of R. E. Rodes Chapter of Tuscaloosa, several musical numbers by Miss Ethel Getman of the university and vocal solos by Miss Opal Davis made a colorful

setting to the wonderful talk by Mrs. Charles N. Maxwell, President, given in the form of a report. Mrs. Maxwell, gave in detail the Opelika convention, and was assisted by Mrs. J. Barnett. The unveiling of a tablet at the Georgia-Alabama boundary as a memorial to distinguished Southern heroes was told in a most interesting way by Mrs. Woolsey Finnell.

[Mrs. C. W. Daugette, State Editor.]

\* \* \*

*Arkansas.*—Our Daughters mostly are home from their summering of rest and recreation and the Chapters are active again. The Kellar and T. J. Churchill Chapters began their activities recently, and Memorial Chapter (all of Little Rock) has held its first session since vacation. Delegates were appointed to both State and general conventions. The Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Widows was increased, the appeal being liberally responded to.

On September 27, Admiral Semmes Day, the Historian of Memorial Chapter, Mrs. A. B. Howard, gave some very interesting incidents in his life, both military and naval, also his private life. Chief among them was an interview with President Jefferson Davis in regard to obtaining ammunition to stock his ship, the Sumter, very interesting and instructive. Another ceremony of this occasion was the bestowal of a number of Crosses of Service on our World War heroes.

The James F. Fagan and Jenkins Ferry Chapters very recently dedicated a granite monument on the site of the Jenkins Ferry battle field. The stone was cut from South Carolina granite and finished by Monahan & Son in Little Rock.

Our State convention comes soon in Pine Bluff, and very interesting and exciting times are anticipated.

[Mrs. William Stillwell, Publicity Chairman.]

\* \* \*

*Georgia.*—Mrs. Trox Bankston, State President, has appointed Mrs. Kirby Smith Anderson, of Madison, Ga., who has been Assistant Historian for the past year, as Historian of the Georgia Division. Mrs. Anderson is the successor of Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, for so many years the beloved Historian of the Georgia Division. She is a conscientious worker and has done splendid work for the Georgia Division, both as Registrar and as Assistant Historian.

The annual State convention was held in Atlanta, Ga., October 23-25, with the Fulton Chapter as hostess. There was elaborate entertainment of the guests, and the occasion was one of the most delightful in the history of the Division. The presence of Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President General, and Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, Vice President General, added greatly to the occasion.

The Georgia Division gladly welcomed three new Chapters during the current year, as follows: The Mildred Lewis Rutherford Chapter, at Lithonia, Mrs. C. H. McConnell, President; The Fayette County Chapter, at Fayetteville, Mrs. J. W. Culpepper, President; The Catoosa Chapter, Ringgold, Mrs. M. D. Costephens, President.

[Lena Felker Lewis, State Chairman.]

\* \* \*

*Louisiana.*—This division is working to have the people of the State vote favorably in November on the bill passed by the legislature in May which provides \$210 back pay to those on the Confederate pension rolls. Mrs. F. P. Jones,



Division President, is urging all Chapters to assist. She also is pushing the sales of "Women of the South in War Times."

Four chairs that had been in the State capitol for more than forty years, once the property of Emperor Maximilian, and were donated to the Louisiana Division, by Gov. Huey P. Long, through Mrs. L. U. Babin, Past President, and Mrs. Jones, President, and are now placed in the Dixie Museum at Louisiana State University.

New Orleans U. D. C. will be hostesses on November 17 when general officers and delegates will stop over there for "Play Day." Mrs. Charles Granger, the chairman, leads all Louisianians in attendance at general conventions, having attended seventeen.

Through the First Vice President, Mrs. A. P. Miller, Mrs. Jones, President Louisiana Division, sent a wreath to the dedication of the Winnie Davis Memorial Room in the Jefferson Davis home at Beauvoir, Miss.

\* \* \*

*South Carolina.*—Two of the South Carolina Division officers have been especially active in the effort to have the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" eliminated from the revised Cokesbury Hymnal, issued recently by Lamar & Whitmore, Agents, of Nashville, Tenn.

A letter was written to Mrs. J. Frost Walker, of Union, State Registrar, by this publishing company, asking for suggestions in regard to the book.

Mrs. Walker enlisted the aid of Miss Marion Salley, of Orangeburg, State President, and they both framed letters asking that this hymn, which wounds the hearts of Southerners, be omitted, because it brings back the abolitionist's perverted views against the South in 1861.

The request was granted. We rejoice that this song has been eliminated from this revised Hymnal, and feel that Southern Methodists especially will enjoy singing beloved songs which lift hearts to Christ from its pages with more peace and happiness.

Perhaps it is not so well known, but this "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is used as a standard hymn in every hymn book in use.

Look and see. Perhaps its origin is not known. Do you know that it was written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe to inflame the hearts of the North against the South, and no doubt had a terrible effect in prosecuting the war?

Since we are now brothers in peace and war, it behooves us no longer to sing a song of this nature.

[Zena Payne, Editor.]

\* \* \*

*Tennessee.*—The annual convention of the Tennessee Division was held in Morristown, October 9-12, with the Sam Davis Chapter as hostess, of which Mrs. T. R. James is President. Mrs. Lowndes Turney, State President, gave a detailed report of the condition of the organization throughout the State, which showed that steady progress was being made. There are now seventy-two Chapters, nine new Chapters having been organized during the past year; and she urged that greater stress be laid on the educational work. Her entire report showed efficient work, and a spirit of coöperation on the part of all the Chapters throughout the State for the further advancement of the great work being done.

The convention indorsed the President's action in appointing a committee for the Sam Davis Memorial Home Association. The chairman of this committee told of the State's appropriation for the purchase and restoration of the old historical home of Sam Davis at Smyrna, and for having a road built from the main highway to the home. Furniture of the

period of the sixties will be added to the building by the Chapters and individuals throughout the State.

The convention recommended another memorial scholarship at the University of Tennessee, this to be known as the Gen. A. P. Stewart Scholarship. There are now twenty-nine scholarships awarded to students in this State.

The sum required for the Confederate Memorial Hall at Peabody College for Teachers, at Nashville, has been subscribed by Chapters in the State, but all pledges have not been paid. In the Confederate Room in the War Memorial, Nashville, pictures, relics, and memorials have been placed, others to be added. Especial mention is due the reports of Chapters whose membership is composed of young girls and the Children's Chapters. The Children are deserving of much praise, for to them is given the work to "carry on" as the old members retire and become inactive. That the work will be fittingly taken up and continued was ably demonstrated by the reports from the Children's Chapters. Two books receiving the indorsement of the convention were "The South in American Life and History," written by Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, of Nashville, and "A Youth's History of the War of 1861," by R. G. Horton.

Another recommendation was that the legislative committee endeavor to secure from the next session of the State legislature an appropriation for the maintenance of eligible Confederate women in the Confederate Home of Tennessee. Miss Frazier's bill for this admission to the Confederate Home was passed last session, but it provided no funds for their support.

The convention went on record as favoring an effort to have the school board of Bluff City and the county board of Sullivan County restore the name of "Zollicoffer" to the high school at Bluff City.

To article 9 of the constitution was added: "And a Memorial Day to the women of the Confederacy on April 5."

One of the "red letter" features of the convention was Historical Evening. A most able address on "What Forces or Influences Made the Confederate Soldier the Great Soldier that He Was," by Dr. John Rosser, of Bristol, was given. Nineteen prizes and medals were awarded for the best essays and outstanding work done by Chapters and individuals.

Mrs. J. H. Hardwick, of Cleveland, who organized the Jefferson Davis Chapter, of Cleveland, and one of the most active members of the organization, was elected Honorary President of the Division, an honor justly deserved.

The social features were delightful. There were receptions, teas, and luncheons, one of these at the old Tate Springs, and a drive over the Clinch Mountain road, with its beautiful view of the surrounding country.

The following officers will serve for the coming year:

President, Mrs. Lowndes Turney, Chattanooga.  
First Vice President, Mrs. Charles W. Underwood, Sewanee.  
Second Vice President, Mrs. B. M. Cowan, Collierville.  
Third Vice President, Mrs. Eugene Monday, Knoxville.  
Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. A. Cragon, Jr., Nashville.  
Treasurer, Mrs. T. R. James, Morristown.  
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. P. Taylor, Chattanooga.  
Historian, Mrs. J. Wade Barrier, Johnson City.  
Registrar, Mrs. O. A. Knox, Cleveland.  
Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Kirby Smith Howlett, Franklin.  
Custodian of Flags, Miss Eliza Claybrooke, Nashville.  
Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazier Boyle, Memphis.  
Director of C. of C., Mrs. O. N. Allen, Chattanooga.  
[Mrs. Elliott M. Buchanan, Chattanooga.]



*West Virginia.*—The thirtieth annual convention of the West Virginia Division was held on September 26–27, in Parkersburg, at the Elks Club. The opening meeting and reception were held on Tuesday evening, September 25.

Reports from the various Chapters showed an increase in interest, work, membership, and contributions, to the various causes, both State and national.

The Division project for the treatment and restoration of the Lee Tree on Sewall Mountain was taken up, and work will be started this fall. The Alderson Chapter presented the State President, Mrs. Hoover, with a gravel made of wood from the tree.

Mrs. B. M. Hoover, our most efficient and capable President, was indorsed for the office of Historian General, and her name will be placed in nomination at the Houston Convention in November. There is no one in the entire organization better fitted for this office than Mrs. Hoover. She has been an earnest student of history for years and has done research work in the Congressional Library and War Department. She was a charter member and Chapter Historian of the John Hart Chapter N. S. D. A. R., and one of the founders of the Randolph Historical Society, and is a member of the International Society of the Daughters of the Barons of Runnemede. She has a wonderful amount of historical work to her credit, and, if elected, will make a Historian beyond compare.

The social features of the convention were very pleasant and greatly enjoyed.

The meeting next year will be in Huntington, and all of the old officers were reelected, as follows: President, Mrs. B. M. Hoover, Elkins; First Vice President, Miss Ethel Hinton, Hinton; Second Vice President, Miss Sallie Lee Powell, Shepherdstown; Recording Secretary, Miss Anna M. Stephenson, Parkersburg; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Anna Feamster, Alderson; Treasurer, Miss Mary C. Stribling, Martinsburg; Historian, Mrs. Rudd T. Neel, Huntington; Director Children of Confederacy, Mrs. J. I. Snodderly, Fairmont; Custodian of Crosses of Honor and Service, Miss Maria Vass Frye, Keyser.

## TO OUR VETERANS.

[A toast given by Miss Emma Hampton at the luncheon with which Mrs. J. H. Hardwick, founder of Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Cleveland, Tenn., honored the local Chapter, State officers, and other friends, on Tuesday, September 11, at the beautiful new Cherokee Hotel.]

*Madam Toastmistress, Beloved Hostess, and Honorary President, Daughters of Jefferson Davis Chapter, and Visiting Friends:* I count it an honor, a great honor and a happy privilege, to be permitted to bring to you, to-day, a tribute to our veterans, the first and dearest object of our care.

Many wonder why we love them so and exalt them as we do. That to me is a question easily answered.

Were we to spend a busy lifetime in their service, we could never repay them for what they have done for us.

We should never lose sight of the fact that through four long years they suffered, bled, and an innumerable host of them died to prove their love for us.

Drummond calls love "the greatest thing in the world," and we read in Holy Writ that "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

What a joy it is to look into the beaming faces of those dear old men as they greet us on the street! How our hearts warm toward them as they sit for hours recounting their thrilling experiences of war times! And when, with grateful

tears, they try to express their appreciation of birthday and Christmas showers, picnics, and other entertainments prepared for them, we wish that we might keep them always for the pleasure it gives us to serve them.

We have a most unique distinction in our girl veteran, Blanche Jordan Greene, who was given a lifetime membership in John D. Traynor Camp, U. C. V., in her babyhood, thus bestowing on her the distinction of being the only daughter, or granddaughter who is a member of a Camp of Veterans.

In this beautiful act our local veterans honored her by wrapping around her the mantle which fell from the shoulders of her sainted mother. As this child of our affection blooms into young womanhood, her love for the veterans grows stronger and sweeter; and, as joint hostess with her grandmother, she takes unbounded pleasure in entertaining our "Men In Gray" with an annual memorial dinner, which to them is the crowning glory of every year.

"When the gray line breaks on the last long mile,  
God grant them 'Hail!' and a cheery smile.  
In the brave front ranks may they always stand—  
God keep them there—at his right hand."

## FOR HISTORIAN GENERAL.

The West Virginia Division presents Mrs. B. M. Hoover, President of the Division, as a candidate for the office of Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to succeed Mrs. John H. Woodbury, Historian General, upon the expiration of her term of office in November, 1928.

Mrs. Hoover received unanimous indorsement at the Division convention held in Parkersburg in September, 1928, and her friends in West Virginia and in other Divisions will appreciate support.

For the Division:  
Parkersburg, W. Va.

ANNA M. STEPHENSON,  
Recording Secretary,

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

MRS. JOHN H. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

## HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

*U. D. C. Topic for November.*

Confederate Officers formerly in the United States Navy.

*C. of C. Program for November.*

Make a study of the city of Vicksburg, Miss.; tell where located, who founded it, and named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., 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. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
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.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
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.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

### A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The rare privilege of enjoying real old-time Southern hospitality in the most delightful setting came through a recent visit to Huntington, W. Va., where two weeks that sped all too soon were spent in a round of charming social activities that filled each day with receptions, luncheons, teas, and drives through the wonderful hills and valleys of West Virginia. Mrs. B. B. Burns, mother of our lovely page to the President General at Little Rock, was hostess for the first week, and with our own State President of West Virginia, also President of the local Memorial Association, Mrs. D. D. Geiger, the last week was given, and no words can express to both hostesses the deep joy of the heart in finding such responsive and cordial cooperation in planning every detail of the visit. From the small dinner party given the evening of my arrival, bringing together for acquaintance outstanding women in the work of the Association, to the tribute paid in the beautifully appointed luncheon at the New Hotel Pritchard, when opportunity was given of addressing and meeting more than a hundred members of the Association, with the added presence of the local veterans and heads of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, followed the next day by an elegant reception at the home of my hostess, Mrs. Burns, many Memorial women were enjoyed, with leaders of other patriotic organizations. Later invitations to address the two local Chapters, Nos. 150 and 151, U. D. C., was most appreciated, as was the opportunity to speak before the Huntington Chapter, D. A. R., at their first fall meeting.

The value of personal contact cannot be overestimated, and in meeting and discussing various phases of each organization, the spirit of real interest in our own work is broadened. The hope and prospect of a Junior Memorial Association was ever present, and while slow in materializing, the conferences were encouraging. Such visits bring a realization of the great value of personal contact and the regret that time and strength could not allow more such opportunities. To Huntington, with the charm, culture, and hospitality, and to the friendships formed there, memory will revert with keenest pleasure as long as life shall last. The only sad note was the absence of our dearly beloved former President, whose draped vacant chair was a mute evidence of the sorrow of the community over the passing of Mrs. Emma T. Harvey, beloved wife of Judge Thomas H. Harvey, who is now lying ill, awaiting the summons to call him to the beautiful reunion where parting is

no more, and where with the beloved wife and comrades of the great conflict he shall rest. He wrote his name high upon the honor roll of those who served our beloved Southland during the trying days of the sixties, and who are now, as U. C. V., our proudest heritage.

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The Georgia Division, U. D. C., meets in Atlanta, October 23-26, when our President General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, also First Vice President General, Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, will be guests sharing honors with Mrs. W. Trox Bankston, State President for Georgia, and with Mrs. L. D. T. Quinby, President of the hostess Chapter. All Atlanta is interested in making of this the most enjoyable, as well as successful convention.

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### OUTSTANDING WORK OF THE NEW ORLEANS ASSOCIATION.—

At the last meeting of the Ladies Confederated Memorial Association of New Orleans, La., held September 5, at Memorial Hall, the members were made very happy by the announcement of Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson that the 1928 State legislature of Louisiana had passed an Act presented by the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association, and a committee from the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., for an appropriation of \$2,800 to complete the Endowment Fund of \$5,000 raised for the perpetual care and the equipment and the upkeep of the Louisiana Room, in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. The bill, known as No. 113, was passed unanimously. This is an encouraging message from our Louisiana women to those who are still active and aiming to complete their several funds.

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### SOME THOUGHTS BY THE WAYSIDE.

Drummond wrote that "Love is the greatest thing in the world," and a greater than he has said that "Love is the fulfilling of the law, love one another," and yet despite this, from almost every outstanding organization—political, patriotic, cultural, or social—comes the echo of an undercurrent of unrest, of petty jealousies, of lack of Christian charity among our women's organizations. Clubs are split up, Chapters disrupted, Associations wavering with unrest, and leaders everywhere puzzled as how to best bring harmony among the membership. No chain is stronger than its weakest link. Success comes only through united effort, and the putting of personalities aside in "honor to whom honor is



due." Place the cause above the person, bearing ever in mind the divine promise, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall inherit the kingdom of God." May we each one strive in our little sphere to make of this world a more beautiful place in which to live.

Mrs. Winnie McWhan, who has been appointed Custodian of Properties, is a sister of our dear Miss Daisy Hodgson, and of the same splendid type of patriotic Southern womanhood—loyal, true, and dependable—which insures the best care of all that is placed in her possession.

Let me urge that every Association begin at once to canvass for subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine, which is the official organ of the U. C. V., the U. D. C., the Memorial Association, and the S. C. V. Only through keeping in touch with the VETERAN can we have a comprehensive understanding of all the great work being accomplished for the cause so dear to our hearts. Do not wait, I beg, until January, but get pledges now.

With every good wish for success in all your work, and affectionate regards to each,

Cordially, MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

A card from Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary General from New Orleans, announces the death of the Vice President of the New Orleans Memorial Association. The local Association, she says "feels most keenly this loss, but the work must go on with more effort than ever. It will not be long before the last of the men in gray will be laid away, and the women of the sixties are rapidly following."

Miss Hodgson also announces "success in securing from the Louisiana State legislature an appropriation for the Louisiana Room in the Confederate Museum of Richmond, Va., \$2,800. For years the Ladies Confederated Memorial Association of Louisiana has been hoping to reach the goal. While the bill to pay the veterans and their widows \$240,000 due them, our bill, too, was favored and went through the House and Senate with but one dissenting vote. This amount gives the Louisiana Room an endowment of \$5,000, a perpetual upkeep. The difference between \$2,800 and \$5,000 was raised by the loyal Confederate Memorial Association, assisted by a band of faithful coöperative U. D. C." The late President of the local Memorial Association was Mrs. W. J. Behan, former Regent of this room; upon her death in 1918, our beloved Daisy M. L. Hodgson has held that honor on the Board of Regents for the State.

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While in the New England States this summer, on vacation bent, inclination again drew me into an afternoon among musty documents, safeguarded in the Old Boston Mass., State House, now a Mecca for those who delight in events of the past. "Come, read," invited my companion and husband, himself a lover of the ideals of the Old South. Together we peered over the glass exhibit case to read two enlightening documents.

The first, a hand bill, printed in 1830, in Boston, announcing that on Friday afternoon a certain man by name of Thompson, an abolitionist, would be tarred and feathered on the Boston Commons because of his activities. He would, however, be permitted to run the gauntlet between two lines of young men selected to punish him.

The second, an excerpt from an address by Daniel Webster, at Faneuil Hall, March 7, 1854, in which he admonished that "we should not permit the fanatics and abolitionists to secure control of our affairs of State. If these fanatics secured con-

trol and enforced their will, the Constitution of free States was endangered, for they would stop at no effort to force upon Americans their interpretation of that Constitution, and to compel every one to think as they thought through oppressive violence, and our country would be torn by strife and drenched in blood."

ANNIE CARTER LEE.

(From the *Southern Churchman*.)

Died, October 20, 1862, at Jones Springs, Warren County, N. C., Annie Carter Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

"Earth to earth, dust to dust—"  
Saviour, in thy word we trust;  
Sow we now our precious grain,  
Thou shall raise it up again;  
Plant we the terrestrial root  
That shall bear celestial fruit;  
Lay a bud within the tomb  
That a flower in heaven may bloom.  
Severed are no tender ties,  
Though in earth's embrace she lies,  
For the lengthening chain of love  
Stretches to her home above.  
Mother, in thy bitter grief,  
Let this thought bring sweet relief—  
Mother of an angel now,  
God himself hath crowned thy brow  
With the thorns thy Saviour wore,  
Blessed art thou evermore;  
Unto him thou didst resign  
A part of the life that was thine.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust—"  
Sad the heart, sweet the trust;  
Father, thou who see'st Death  
Gathering grain at every breath,  
As his sickle sharp he wields  
O'er our bloody battle fields,  
Murmur not that now he weaves  
This sweet flower into his sheaves.  
Taken in her early prime—  
Gathered in the summer time—  
Autumn's blast she shall not know,  
Never shrink from winter's snow.  
Sharp the pang that thou must feel,  
Sharper than the foreman's steel,  
For thy fairest flower is hid  
Underneath the coffin lid;  
On her grave thou dropp'st no tear;  
Warrior stern must thou appear;  
Crushing back the bitter grief  
Which in rain, demands relief.  
Louder still thy country cries,  
At thy feet she bleeding lies;  
And before the Patriot now,  
Husband, father both must bow.

But unnumbered are thy friends,  
And from many a home ascends  
Earnest heartfelt prayers for thee  
"As thy days thy strength may be."

—Tenella.

[Sent by Col. W. L. Timberlake, Crichton, Ala.]



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

EDMOND R. WILES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Adjutant in Chief*  
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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## GENERAL S. C. V. ACTIVITIES.

### NEW CAMPS ORGANIZED.

Felix H. Robertson Camp, No. 129, S. C. V., Waco, Tex., was organized September 26 with the following officers and members:

Tom Hamilton, Commander; Sam R. Scott, First Lieutenant Commander; J. W. Dudley, Second Lieutenant Commander; W. B. McJunkin, Adjutant; Bert Perry, Treasurer; Barney A. Garrett, Quartermaster; Hon. Giles P. Lester, Judge Advocate; Dr. J. T. Harrington, Surgeon; W. D. Stallworth, Historian; W. D. Rogers, Color Sergeant; J. W. Sedberry, Chaplain. Other members: Dr. J. E. Lattimore, Dr. H. T. Connally, O. M. Weatherby, L. A. Woods, Holt Massey, F. Latham Downs, Alva Bryan, I. N. Rainbolt, Frank Holt, Lawrence Westbrook, C. T. Reisner, Birch D. Easterwood, John A. Hughes, Dr. W. A. Trice, E. W. Carter.

Camp D. H. Boyles, No. 228, S. C. V., of Marlin, Tex., was organized September 27, 1927. The officers and members are as follows: George H. Carter, Commander; W. E. Hunnicut, First Lieutenant Commander; Ben H. Rice, Second Lieutenant Commander; J. H. Barnett, Adjutant; Dr. J. W. Tolbert, Treasurer; J. M. Liles, Quartermaster; Prentice Oltorf, Judge Advocate; S. A. Watts, Surgeon; Dr. F. H. Shaw, Historian; R. E. Cox, Jr., Color Sergeant; D. S. P. Rice, Chaplain. Other members: Dr. O. Torbett, E. B. Holloway, Dr. N. D. Buie, A. B. Johnson, C. W. Rush, J. B. Oltorf, J. J. Gallaher, Jr., D. R. Emerson, Dr. S. S. Munger, Dr. E. P. Hutchings.

### FOR LARGER CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

A drive to arouse interest in the increasing of pensions of Confederate veterans and widows of Confederate veterans is to be started soon by Edmond R. Wiles, Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. He is to make talks at several State conventions of Confederate veterans and Confederate organizations, in which he will stress the obligation of the State to the representatives of the Confederacy.

A compilation has been made which shows that in thirteen Southern States, not including Missouri, a total of 22,529 veterans and 33,173 widows are being paid pensions by the

States in which they live, ranging from \$8 to \$50 a month. The number of Confederate veterans living to-day is estimated at not more than 26,000.

No report was received from Missouri when asked for information on Confederate pensions. However, there is not a large number of veterans in that State, as was noticed from the small number that registered at the reunion in May.

Arkansas is the most liberal State in the South regarding its Confederate veterans and widows. Each is paid \$50 a month, a fund obtained from the sale of Confederate pension notes. The original note issued was for \$3,000,000, to which \$1,000,000 will be added next year. The fund will have a large balance from the next note issue, after deductions are made for the whole year's pensions.

### CHANGES IN LAW URGED.

Commander Wiles has recommended several changes in the pension law which, if enacted, would provide more benefit to Confederate veterans and would correct conditions now existing that are detrimental. Other States are expected to follow the leadership of the Arkansas legislature in providing for the welfare of their own veterans and widows.

Mr. Wiles has recommended that the time of residence of a veteran or widow in Arkansas before a pension can be obtained be raised from one to three years. This would remove the temptation to move to Arkansas just to obtain the pension.

Quarterly meetings of the State and county pension boards are recommended to pass on applications. In many cases death may overtake the veteran or the widow before the board can act on the application.

A pension of \$200 a year is recommended for all negro ex-slaves who can establish beyond question the fact that they served their masters in the War between the States and to negroes who can establish their enlistment in an organization of the Confederate army or navy. Four States of the Confederacy now pay pensions to negro servants and to those actually enlisted in the Confederate service. These are North Carolina, which pays \$200 a year; Tennessee, \$10 a month, and Mississippi and Virginia, which pay \$40 a year. A bill is pending in Louisiana to pension negro body servants.



## WANTS BOARDS INCREASED.

Additional members of the State and county pension boards also is recommended on account of the ages of the veterans who are serving on them, to facilitate handling of pension applications, and to protect the State against any possible fraud in the cashing of pension warrants, an auditor, to be paid from the pension fund, is recommended.

The Division Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the State President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy are recommended to be members of the State pension board, in addition to the Division Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, the Secretary of State, and State Auditor. To county boards, Mr. Wiles recommends adding the county judge and a member each of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The list of living veterans and widows in each State, compiled by Mr. Wiles, is of historical interest as well as of value in showing the first such report completed in several years and the rapid thinning of the host that once was the pride of the Southland.

It is a deplorable fact that only a few States pay as much to sustain its Confederate soldiers as is allowed for its dependents and paupers, which in many States is \$300 a year. The pensions paid in some States are inadequate to sustain a veteran or widow without outside assistance, and efforts are to be made to bring about a division upward in the Confederate pensions.

No set amount is recommended for pensions, Mr. Wiles stated, except that each State should put its Confederate veterans on a par with other States that are paying a pension that will provide the necessities of life.

## FUTURE ACTIVITIES.

(REPORT OF JOHN HALLBERG, COMMANDING TENNESSEE DIVISION.)

(Continued from October Number)

### SCHOOL HISTORIES.

There have been histories and histories—histories which taught whole truths, and histories which taught no truth at all.

The dangerous results of these characterless historians responsible for the questionable histories written and published in the seventies, eighties, and nineties of the last century, have created an unwarranted criminal atmosphere around the political leaders of the "Old South" and the military leaders of our Southern armies. To the reasonable minded but uninformed person this is rank injustice; but to the school child whose mind offers fertile soil for the growth of these dangerous and hurtful impressions, it is a sad tragedy.

The present hour offers a more encouraging outlook. Public opinion is gradually changing and leaning away from these hurtful and unwarranted charges. A more sincere and sympathetic understanding of our point of view is being entertained. This had been accomplished through the energetic efforts put forth by the Veterans, Daughters, and Sons. Let us examine statements of those whose leadership in the North is undisputed:

It was William Howard Taft who set aside a plot of ground in Arlington Cemetery to receive Confederate dead.

It was the late Theodore Roosevelt who had the Confederate rank of general placed upon the gravestone of Gen. Joe Wheeler.

It was the martyred William McKinley who said in Atlanta: "It is now time for the Federal government to take care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."

It was the late Warren G. Harding who said: "There were ambiguities in the Constitution that could only be wiped out by a baptism of blood."

It was Calvin Coolidge who said: "They were all Americans fighting for what they believed to be their rights."

Expressions from these representative leaders show clearly the direction public opinion is taking. These kind and generous statements should stimulate our efforts to establish the truth of the cause, the truth of every battle, and the truth of the entire story. Close inspection of all histories should be continued with the view of correcting any facts which contradict the true situation.

## SLAVE UPKEEP.

During the war, the Southern women were usually left alone on the large plantations and homes with only their slaves for protection. Camps should seek these worthy black men and, if found in need, should render assistance. The expense of such upkeep will be found very small. They will average less than one ex-slave to each Camp. The cost of their upkeep will only be a few dollars a month, spent for grits and tobacco and some old cast-off clothes.

## ERECTING MARKERS AND DEDICATING CEMETERIES.

Division and Camp headquarters should regard with sacred respect their activities in erecting markers, monuments, and building and dedicating cemeteries.

We should be on the alert in developing from a State standpoint monuments to individual heroes, to certain companies, battalions, brigades, and divisions, and armies of the Southern cause, the historic record of which leans strongly for its background upon the local color of some Southern State. Battle fields should never be forgotten, and the best means of preserving them is through monuments to these great strategic struggles.

## OUR UNKNOWN SOLDIERS.

We have our unknown soldiers sleeping in unknown graves. At Silverdale (close to Chattanooga), a cemetery was discovered during the year 1900 where one hundred and fifty-seven unknown Confederate soldiers were buried.

Many Confederate soldiers returned to their firesides in health and in their strength. Many returned home in a crippled condition, but many of them never returned to see the homeland they loved for to be welcomed once again to the arms of friends and relatives. These heroes passed away in the darkness of the night before the bright rays of peace had brought an end to the weary struggle. Many of these heroes sleep to-day in unknown graves.

Besides these unknown graves, no mother has ever come and expressed her tribute of parental affection. No orphan's tears have mingled with the dewdrops which have fallen from the skies. No blood or marriage relations have come to these graves and knelt down and offered up to God an expression of prayer. The memory of these unknown heroes deserves our greatest offerings. They deserve our first flower and our first tears.

It is the duty of the Divisions and Camps to locate all such graves and cemeteries. Every record should be carefully inspected for names and dates, after which proper and fitting respect should be shown the graves by erecting markers and monuments, and by caring for cemeteries.



## A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

The following letter was received by Comrade R. C. Crouch, of Morristown, Tenn., in response to expressions of appreciation to the little blind poet of Scotland, whose tribute to Stonewall Jackson appeared in the *VETERAN* for September. She writes thus:

114 TANTALLON ROAD, LONGSIDE,  
GLASGOW, S. I., SCOTLAND, 27, 9, 28.

"Dear Mr. Crouch: Your letter simply radiates a glow of kindness, and I should like to say a very cordial 'thank you' for the appreciation and good wishes which it contains.

"I am very proud that my verses have found their way into a magazine devoted to the exploits and achievements of the gallant Confederates, who never fail to stimulate my enthusiasm and fire my imagination. Generals Jackson, Lee, Beauregard, Stuart, A. S. Johnston, and J. E. Johnston, all occupy a place in my gallery of heroes, and I have read so much about them that I have come to regard them as living, breathing friends, who yield a rich quota of stimulus and inspiration for the demands of the day. The Southern cause must be fragrant with many precious memories to you, when you served so long under its banner. It makes the events of these stirring years very real to me to come into letter converse with some of those who participated in their hazards and triumphs.

"I live in a little world where the bookshelf and the typewriter both play a prominent part. The former serves to widen the mental horizon and quicken my interest in the past, while the latter gives my prose and verse that shape and form in which they go forth to find a place in newspaper and magazine. My days speed swiftly by in these congenial employments, while I have other interests, such as music, radio, and writing to friends. I am wheeled in my chair to church, and on many out-door rambles, when weather permits, so that I get a surprising amount of enjoyment out of the quiet happenings of the every day and an eshaustless fountain of pleasure from my writing, when ideas are fertile and inspiration strong. Some years ago, I gave a number of recitals of my own work, and my verses on General Jackson always aroused great interest on account of their theme.

"I only hope that a closer union of sympathy and understanding may speedily be an accomplished fact between your country and ours, and that both may join in labors for the well-being of the world.

"With cordial Scottish greetings from our circle to yours, and every kind wish,

"Yours in appreciation and regard,

BARBARA ROSS MCINTOSH."

## SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veterans, 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 company.

STEINER-STONER FAMILY.—If interested, I will furnish genealogy from 1397 on this family. Very interesting to those desiring to join the D. A. R. or S. A. R., as it gives Colonial and Revolutionary data. I also have the family coat of arms.

E. BOYD MARTIN, Hagerstown, Md.

## HISTORY OF WALTHALL'S BRIGADE.

In this number of the *VETERAN* is advertised the "History of Walthall's Brigade," written by the late E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, Miss., who served as adjutant general of Walthall's Brigade. The manuscript of this history of the brigade, with other important papers, was turned over to Dr. Dunbar Rowland, Director of the Department of Archives and History for the State of Mississippi, several years ago, but its publication has been delayed until now. Of this history, Dr. Rowland wrote:

"Of the many distinguished writers who have prepared and collected Confederate history for the Historical Department, none have been more helpful and sincerely interested than Gen. E. T. Sykes, of Columbus. His accurate and scholarly history of Walthall's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, which was recently presented to the Department, makes one of its most valuable contributions to Confederate history and will form a part of one of the most interesting volumes issued, or likely to be issued, by the Director in the future."

Later, in writing to the author a personal letter, Dr. Rowland said: "Your monogram, with the brigade order book and correspondence between Generals Walthall and Pettus as to statements of the Alabama colonel in the Lookout Mountain fight, now in my possession, make your file as to Walthall's Brigade quite complete; and what you too modestly term 'A Cursory Sketch' deserves to be ranked with the best interpretations of the deeds of our fathers."

Read the advertisement in this number and order a copy from the daughter of the author. All survivors of Walthall's Brigade should be interested in this work.

## VALUABLE LEE DOCUMENTS.

Two interesting documents connected with Gen. R. E. Lee have been reproduced in pamphlet form by the Lee Museum Committee of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., and can be procured at 25 cents per copy. One of these pamphlets gives the famous "General Order No. 9," General Lee's farewell address to the Army of Northern Virginia; the other is the "Last Will and Testament" of our great General, and so far as known is the only document of the kind ever written by General Lee. Both of these pamphlets will be valuable additions to any collection bearing on the life and service of General Lee. Send orders to the Lee Museum Committee, and thus make a contribution to that work.

## HISTORICAL CHRISTMAS CARDS.

A Christmas card of more than ordinary interest and beauty is that gotten out by Matthew Page Andrews, our "historian," and which will help to keep before us the priority of the Jamestown settlement. The card is illustrated with pictures of the three ships which brought the first "goodly company" to our shores—the Goodspeed, the Sarah Constant, and the Discovery—and the little bit of historic record given makes it all the more worth while. Three cards for one dollar, with a discount on large lots. Order from Matthew Page Andrews, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

WANTED.—Information on Capt. Pat Simms, Company K, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, and a list of the surviving members, if any. The skirmishes or engagements which took place at Monticello about April 11, 1863; and on the Confederate burial ground at Monticello, also J. C. Slaughter.

RAMON GEORGE EGAN, 433 Milwaukee Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.



## THE RED CROSS.

The National Chamber of Commerce expresses its confidence in the American Red Cross by calling upon its member organizations to contribute to disaster relief, only upon Red Cross assurance that an appeal is necessary. Business men in nearly every community are to be found as leaders of the local Red Cross Chapters, or coöperating in their welfare projects for the community. The annual Roll Call, from November 11 to 29, is another opportunity to serve the community by helping to enroll a full Chapter membership in the Red Cross.

Mrs. Lizzie E. Woodson, Glasgow, Ky., writes in behalf of John A. Carver, of Clarksville, Tenn., now old and feeble and in need of a pension, who served under Captains Beaumont and Akers of some Tennessee Regiment. At the close of the war he was at home on sick leave and did not get his discharge papers. Anyone who can testify to his service will please communicate with Mrs. Woodson.

The Library of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va., wishes to complete its file of the VETERAN, and any friends who want to contribute their old volumes from 1893 to 1— are asked to communicate with Miss Nellie T. Gibbs, Librarian, as to what volumes or numbers can be furnished.

Mrs. Sallie Owen, widow of William Franklin Owen ("Bud" Owen, he was called), living at Marvell, Ark., seeks to establish her husband's record as a soldier of the Confederacy. It seems that he and his cousin, John Owen, and one George Brown, all young boys, went to a camp near Kingston, Ga., and enlisted, but the war closed before they were really in it, and they were paroled at Kingston. He was enrolled in the company of Capt. Jim Vault, first lieutenant Sam Smith, under a Colonel Johnston, evidently of Georgia troops. Any information is asked for.

If there is anyone living who knew Solomon Pruett as a Confederate soldier, please communicate with David M. Cloud, Benton, Ark. Pruett was a soldier of an Alabama regiment, and while stationed at Tuscaloosa and helping to build breastworks, his leg was broken and he was furloughed home. Returning to the army, he worked in the government wagon shop at Tuscaloosa and was honorably discharged in 1865. He also had two brothers in the service. His widow is poor and needy, and any information on his service will help her to get a pension.

WANTED.—A thousand dollar Confederate bill. Anyone having one for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN. A patron wishes to secure this for his collection of Confederate money.



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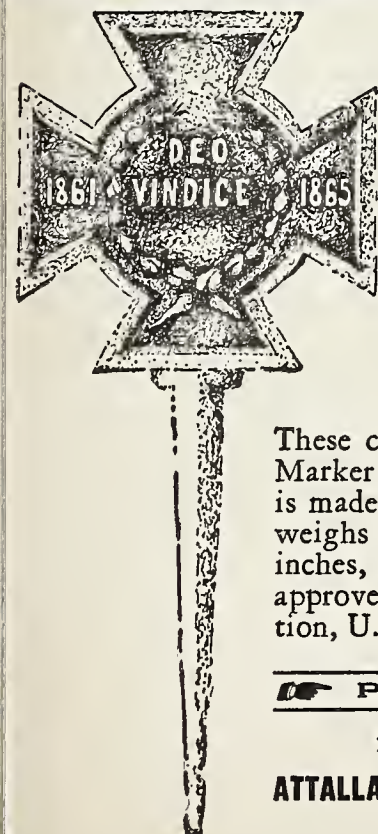
## U. D. C. Confederate Seals

for the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund have been reduced to one cent each. They may be procured from MISS SALLY WASHINGTON MAUPIN, 2004 Maryland Ave., Baltimore, Md.

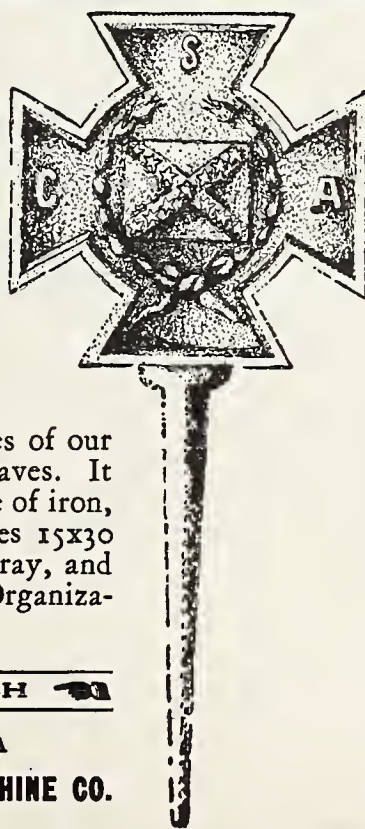
## WANTED TO BUY

Any old books on or by Edgar A. Poe; or any edition of John B. Tabb's poems. Will also buy old books on Virginia, or by Virginians, or copies of newspapers known as "Saturday Museum" or "Dollar Newspaper," published in Philadelphia in 1842 and 1843. Address COLLECTOR, Box 442, RICHMOND, VA.

The widow of John M. Hyatt, now living at Lubbock, Tex., is in need of a pension, and would appreciate hearing from anyone who can give any information on the war service of her husband. It seems that he was in the last call for troops and worked for the Confederate government at Kaufman, Tex. What company he was connected with and also what work he did for the government are necessary to be known. Address Mrs. Sarah M. Hyatt, 1626. Eighth Street, Lubbock, Tex.



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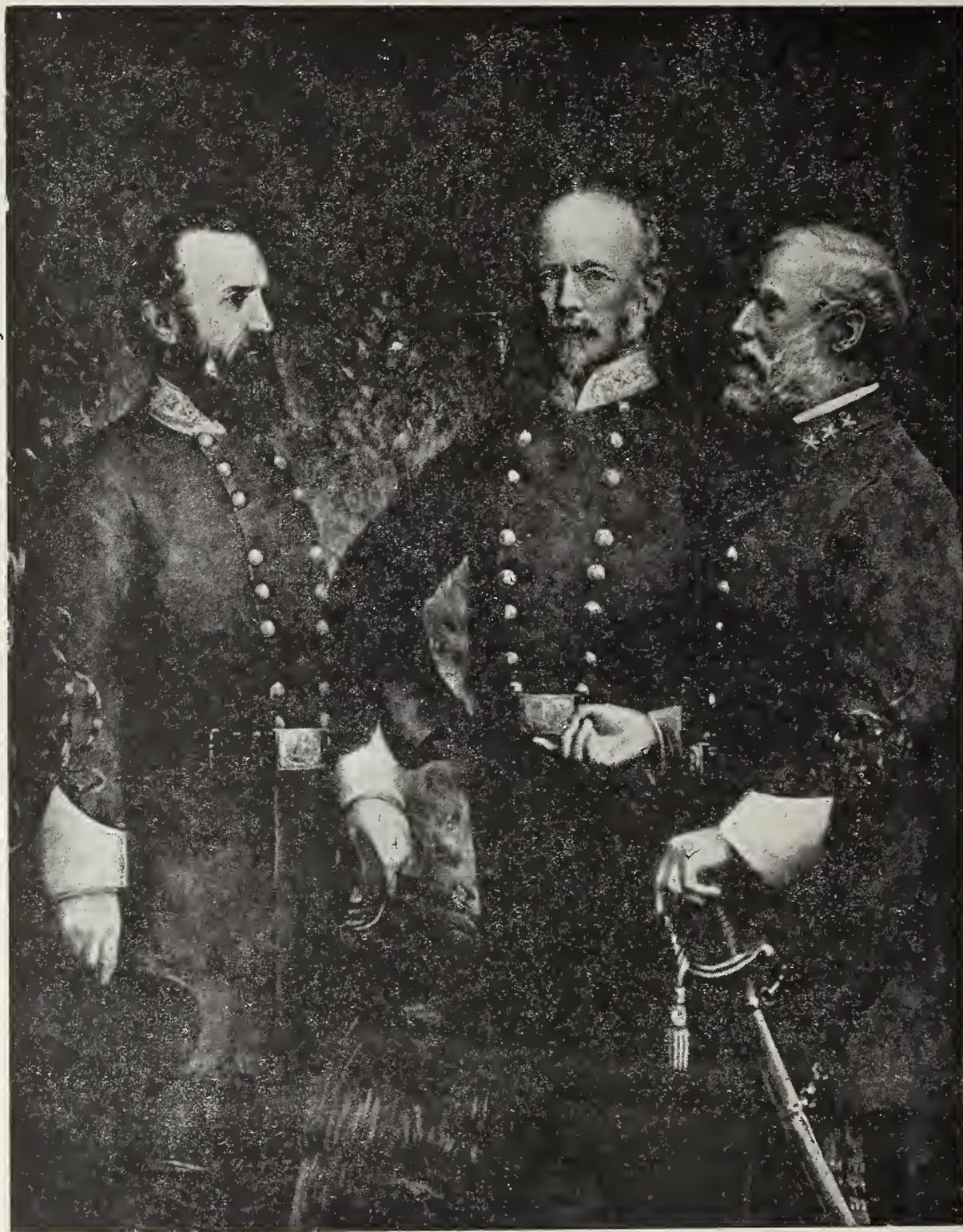
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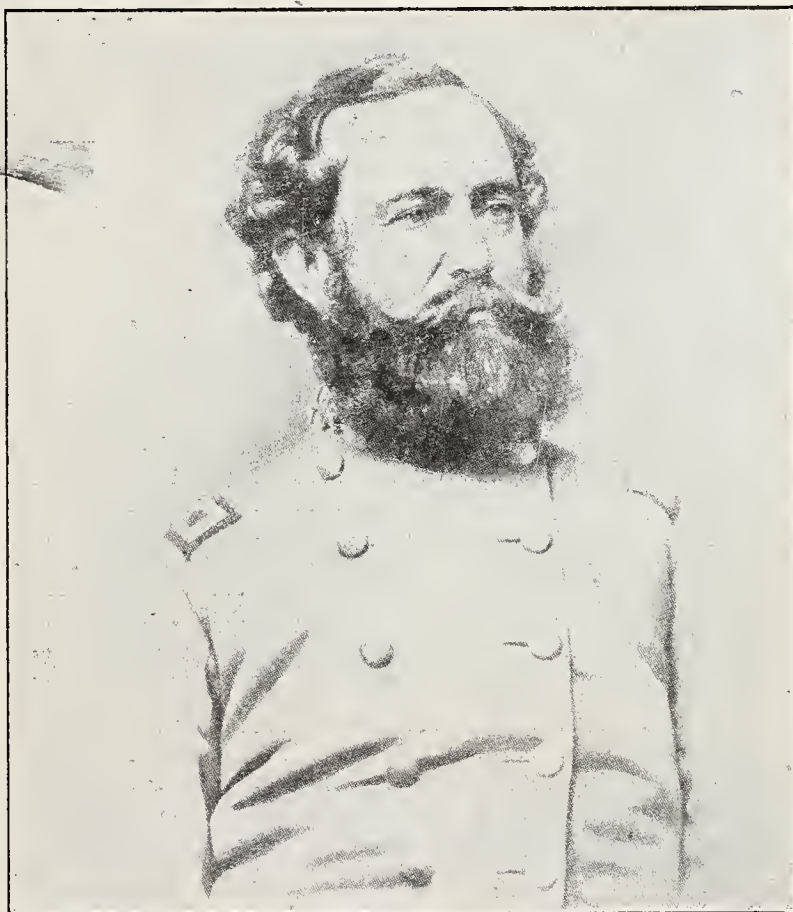
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VOL. XXXVI.

DECEMBER, 1928

NO. 12



GEN. WADE HAMPTON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

From a war-time photograph in the Photographic History of the War.  
By courtesy of the Review of Reviews Company. (Page 448.)

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## TO FLOWER LOVERS.

Among the VETERAN readers there are many thousands who love to grow their own flowers, from which they derive recreation, pleasure, and health. To them the gladiolus is doubtless well known as the "satisfactory" flower, responding so beautifully to the care bestowed upon it, and they will be interested in this offer of gladiolus bulbs which are guaranteed, for the editor of the VETERAN has had splendid success with bulbs from the same source and would not make the offer without knowing they were to be depended on. The bulbs are small, but are guaranteed to bloom the first year.

This is the offer for December: Add twenty-five cents to your renewal order, and the VETERAN will have a package of twenty bulbs sent to you postpaid (the packages run from twenty to twenty-five bulbs). These packages are of mixed varieties or all of "Le Marechal Foch," a fine, large pink, as may be preferred.

This offer good for December. Order from the VETERAN at once.

**GOOD WORK FOR THE VETERAN.**—Some recent reports from Capt. J. W. Porter, Commander of the Camp at Shawnee, Okla., place to his credit some twenty-seven new subscriptions secured there by his efforts, and many of these take the book on General Lee in connection with the subscription, a total of \$78 being sent with these orders. Captain Porter writes that he is now nearly ninety years old, but still able to get around among his friends and will always do what he can to keep the VETERAN alive. With such an example of interest in our journal of Confederate history, and such a start for the intensive campaign which is planned for the building up of the VETERAN's circulation, the result of it should mean a circulation doubled in 1929. Who will be the next to join in this good work?

**A SPLENDID RECORD.**—Rev. William Cocke writes from Huntington, W. Va., in renewing his subscription: "I love to read the VETERAN, and am proud of having been a Confederate soldier for three years and eight months. I am one of Stonewall Jackson's boys and furnished the litter bearers to take him off the field when he was wounded. All of his boys loved him and had absolute faith in him. . . . I am now the only living member of Company H, 22nd Virginia Infantry; was in twenty-one battles, and had two ribs broken, but lost only ten days out of my service during the war."

**ALABAMA'S LIBERAL PENSIONS.**—Referring to the article in the VETERAN for November, S. C. V. Department, page 436, on pensions paid by the Southern States, and in which it is stated that Arkansas is the most liberal in providing for its Confederate veterans and widows, to whom is paid \$50 per month, Rev. H. S. Doak, of Huntsville, Ala., writes: "Alabama also pays her veterans \$50 per month, the legislature of 1927 having raised it to this amount." So this gives Alabama priority in the good work, and Arkansas has followed a good example.

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J. R. Russell, Sr., Bonham, Tex., is interested in securing a pension for an old veteran there, J. P. Helton, who served in Company A, 1st Tennessee Regiment, enlisting at Knoxville, Tenn., in May, 1862; his home was in Knox County nine miles from Knoxville. This old comrade is now eighty-five years old and in need of a pension and will appreciate hearing from anyone who can testify to his service in the Confederate army.

D. C. Morris, of Lexington, Mo., is trying to get a pension for Charles Robert Zeysing, but has no data on his record; he remembers only that he was in the battle at Cynthiana, Ky., and also in Vicksburg with his father, Ervin Zeysing. This comrade is now eighty years old and has nothing to depend on, and the effort is to get him in the Confederate Home of Missouri.

Mrs. Violet Durr, Box 82, Elmore City, Okla., would be glad to hear from anyone who can testify to the service of her husband, Thomas A. Durr, who served with Company A, 5th Kentucky Infantry, enlisting September 16, 1862, at Williamstown, Ky. She is old and needs a pension.

Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Bradenton, Fla., needs the January, February, March, and June numbers of 1893 to complete his file of the VETERAN, and anyone having these copies to dispose of will please communicate with him.

Miss R. E. Ricks, 326 Sunset Avenue, Rocky Mount, N. C., has a large painting of "The Burial of Latané," by W. D. Washington, which she offers for sale.

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*A Cursory Sketch with Personal Experiences of*  
**WALTHALL'S BRIGADE**  
Army of Tennessee, C. S. A., 1862-1865

By E. T. SYKES  
LATE ADJUTANT GENERAL, WALTHALL'S BRIGADE

With an Introductory under date of September, 1906, by a committee of three comrades of the Brigade—viz.: Hon. Thos. Speight, M. C., Late Capt. 34th Miss. Regt.; Judge J. W. Buchanan, Late Capt. 24th Miss. Regt.; Col. T. C. Carter, 27th Miss. Regt. **Price, \$1.50**  
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# 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.  
Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.  
Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



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.

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SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXXVI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER 1928

No. 12.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

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GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. . . . . *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. . . . . *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. . . . . *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

*Comrades, Daughters, Sons:* In the November issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I called your attention to the historic facts of my personal observation and knowledge in regard to the beginning of the War between the States at Fort Sumter, in April, 1861. In the December issue of the VETERAN I invite your attention to historic facts of my own personal observation and knowledge at the close of the indefensible, economic war, waged in the cruel spirit of Puritan intolerance and selfishness.

Early in June, 1865, in company with hundreds of fellow soldiers returning to their respective homes, I marched afoot from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to my home city of Montgomery, the "Cradle of the Confederacy." As we passed through the hallowed fields where thousands of our dear, dear brothers were sleeping, the question would come to mind: "Has the light of civilization been extinguished, and are we now living in the dark ages?" Wanton desolation everywhere! I vividly recall the pathetic scenes of this depressing march, and will remember them to the end. Among these comrades were probably a score of one-legged soldiers on their crutches, moving slowly along, and in spite of their disabled condition they would greet their fellows with a smile, or a joke, as we, in passing, would put our arms around them, always with loving words; often it would be with tears responding to tears.

It has been justly claimed that among the Confederacy's great contributions to the world have been the character of its leadership, its acceptance of defeat with equanimity and without apology, and its patience in suffering.

We confidently invite the truthful historian of any people in any age to show a public servant superior to our martyred chief, Jefferson Davis, in the cultural graces of personal bearing and in the virtue of unselfish patriotism, in heroic endurance, in devotion to principle, in nobility and integrity of character. No cause ever had a grander champion, no principle a purer victim. His fame belongs to us now. In the future it will belong to the world. We point with pride to the clear record that the Confederate government was administered on a plane of manly courage, absolutely devoid of duplicity and prevarication, and the war waged in the spirit of humanity, as well as on the open plane of fearless defiance. In fraternal spirit,

A. T. GOODWYN, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

## A BUSY MAN AT NINETY-TWO.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, ex-Commander in Chief, U. C. V., who was ninety-two years old on November 7, is at his office as president of the Fort Worth National Bank at eight-fifteen each morning. Work keeps him young.



## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### SOUTHERN PARENTHOOD.

BY HALLIE M'CORMICK VINSON.

Our heroes of the South now sleep in peace—  
Our fathers, our beloved mothers, too;  
Loyal they were and faithful to a cause  
They thought was righteous, justified, and true.

No thought of self, a sacrifice for all—  
They answered "Here," and gladly stepped in line,  
Those heroes true, who heard their country's call  
And thought of home and homeland as a shrine.

Shall we not heed the call that comes to-day,  
Their children, left behind, to carry on?  
Shall we not tell the world in song and lay  
The beauty of their deeds and lives now gone?

Yes, we must catch the torch and know no fear;  
The shield, they proudly bore, we must not mar—  
Those knights of old, our parents loved and dear,  
Who, brave in death, have crossed the eternal Bar.

### FATHER RYAN'S BROTHER.

In the search for definite information on the service rendered by Father Abram J. Ryan to the Confederacy, the record of his brother, David Ryan, to whom he dedicated two beautiful poems, has been discovered. Mr. Ramon George Egan, 433 Milwaukee Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich., sends it to the VETERAN, with request for additional information about young Ryan, Capt. Patrick Simms, with whom he served, and J. C. Slaughter. Mr. Egan writes:

"David Ryan enlisted in September, 1862, at Springfield, or Bryantsville, Ky., in Capt. Patrick Simms's Company K, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, which was under command of Col. R. S. Cluke, John H. Morgan's 2nd Cavalry Brigade, Third Division, Army of Tennessee. David Ryan was either mortally wounded or killed in action in the vicinity of Monticello, Ky., about April 11, 1863. J. C. Slaughter, who reported Ryan's death, was connected either with Captain Corbett's company, Kentucky Artillery, or with Company E, 14th Kentucky Cavalry."

It seems strange that the information on Father Ryan's service should be so meager, when his personality made him a distinguished figure wherever he was. It is said that he was chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia, also that he served in that capacity with the 8th Tennessee Regiment, but no official proof of this has been established. However, it is hoped that there may yet be found some one who can give definite information of him during the War between the States, when he must have given that service which his intense loyalty to the South would have called forth.

FROM AN OLD SCRAPBOOK.—Mrs. Gen. R. E. Lee recently presented thirty-seven pairs of gloves, made with her own hands, to a detail of men from the 52nd Regiment, North Carolina troops, engaged in rebuilding the Plank road near Orange Courthouse, Va.—Contributed by Charles B. Mumford, Muncie, Kans.

### A CORRECTION THAT DOES NOT CORRECT.

The story of the book bound in human skin, now in a library in Denver, Colo., reproduced in the VETERAN for November (page 403), brought the following from H. F. Montgomery, of Anniston, Ala.: "I noticed the article of Frank S. Reynolds some weeks ago in the *Argosy* (*All-Story-Weekly*), and at once wrote the publishers for the address of the writer. They sent my protest on to him, and his letter in response is inclosed. It is dated at Fort Morgan, Colo., and he says: "*My Dear Mr. Montgomery:* I have just heard from the *Argosy* people of New York, who referred your letter to me, and I note what you have to say in regard to Gen. John Hunt Morgan. I am sorry that this mistake was made, and I shall right it with the publishers. There is, of course, a book in the school in Denver bound in Indian skin, but the Indian was killed by another John Morgan [evidently]. My city was named after a General Morgan, and, looking over the list of Morgans, I see there was a John Hunt Morgan and a John Tyler Morgan, both in the Civil War. It might have been John Tyler Morgan who presented the book to the school, or some other John Morgan, but it was not Gen. John Hunt Morgan. I always try to get the facts; in all of my long period of writing, this is the first mistake; but I shall right it with the publishers, in justice to the general. By the way, the man whom this city was named for was also in the Civil War, from Kentucky. . . . While John Hunt Morgan was born in Alabama, yet he spent most of his time in Kentucky, as some of my great uncles knew him."

Mr. Montgomery adds: "Was there ever such ignorance or bad faith, I should say. I wrote him again and assured him that it was not John Tyler Morgan either, and for him to look among the Yankee generals for a Morgan to suit his purpose."

The idea of associating any such repulsive deed with either of the Morgans mentioned, or with any Confederate soldier, is too ridiculous, and this space is given to further mention of the subject simply to show it up in all its falsity.

### CORRECTIONS.

In the article on President Lincoln's Inaugural, by Capt. S. A. Ashe, in the October VETERAN, some omissions were inadvertently made by the "make-up man" and not caught in revision, and these omissions caused an indefiniteness in some of the paragraphs which rather destroy the meaning, therefore, the VETERAN wished to make these corrections. Omitted parts in italics.

On page 367, ending the first paragraph, the closing sentence should be: "Up to this time, each Colony had only tacitly agreed to coöperate in measures to secure *their rights as British subjects.*"

On same page, same column, the paragraph beginning "So the Declaration was the act of the colonies," should end thus: "This confederation was to go into effect only in *case and when each State had agreed to it. The last one to agree to it was Maryland in 1784. Before 1781 there was not even a confederation between the States.*"

WAR.—But what cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness that God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbours, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world! I pray that, on this day when only peace and good will are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace.—Robert E. Lee, to Mrs. Lee, Christmas Day, 1862.



## HONOR TO THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

A most beautiful tribute of loving pride and patriotism was paid on September 24, at Robinson Springs, Elmore County, Ala., to Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans, and his no less accomplished wife.

The occasion marked the opening of the Consolidated School for its third year's work, and in the large auditorium were gathered children representing the fifth generation known to General Goodwyn. The arrangement was ideal in that the youth and older persons from the West Elmore communities and other sections were gathered to pay tribute to this illustrious representative of our Golden Age of Heroes.

General Goodwyn, descended from a noble line of ancestry, has from youth to age upheld a standard of gentle breeding, intellectual culture, and high attainments, which have had far-reaching influence among those who have been privileged to know him. From a boy's prize at school to honorable positions in the war of 1861-65, and other high honors to the zenith of his manhood, Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans, give great pleasure and joy to those who claim General Goodwyn for their very own, and who keenly appreciate honoring him in his native home.

The occasion was touching and beautiful. The auditorium, filled with bright-faced school children, like lovely flowers set in a frame of older persons, filling every seat and nook, was an exhilarating scene to those on the stage, who were Gen. A. T. Goodwyn and Mrs. Goodwyn, General Wilkerson, Commander of First Alabama Brigade; Hon. H. H. Hall, Commander of Robinson Springs Camp; Capt. Paul Sanguinetti, Mark D. Young, Joseph Reese and W. D. Hogan, all of Camp Robinson Springs. Rev. R. H. Hudson offered a prayer. Hon. R. T. Goodwyn, son of the honorees, gracefully introduced the speakers, naming his mother as the "Commander of the Commander in Chief."

General Goodwyn made a splendid and impressive address to the youth of the community. Mrs. Goodwyn told many interesting and spirited incidents of the General's boyhood. Mrs. H. H. Hall gave a beautiful address on General Goodwyn as a neighbor, a citizen, and a soldier. Miss Eva Frazier read a paper briefly outlining General Goodwyn's career in the Confederacy. Mrs. Scott Trevarthen sang, "The Homespun Dress," accompanied by Mrs. Charlie Edwards. Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw and Mrs. N. G. Elmore, from Montgomery, paid thrilling and stirring tributes to the Confederacy. Many tributes of flowers, candy, and telegrams were received and the happy hour closed with "America" in concert. The Parent-Teacher Association served delicious refreshments.

### IN APPRECIATION.

The Sophie Bibb Chapter, U. D. C., passed the following resolution:

"Whereas, the United Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled at Little Rock, Ark., in May, 1928, elected as their Commander in Chief Gen. Albert T. Goodwyn, of Alabama; therefore, be it

"Resolved by the Sophie Bibb Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Montgomery, Ala.: 1 That we are deeply grateful that this highest honor within the gift of the veterans was bestowed upon a distinguished Alabamian.

"2. That we rejoice in this tribute to a beloved friend and share the joy of his wife, who is one of our valued members.

"3. That we felicitate the veterans upon choosing as their standard bearer the highest type of Southern gentleman, a Christian, patriot, and scholar."

Mrs. Belle Allen Ross, Mrs. W. J. Hannah, Mrs. Bibb Graves, *Chairman*.

## TO CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WEDDING.

Fair day, and fairer greeting, friend,  
All joy be yours, within, without.  
May gladness girdle you about  
And love lead on till journey's end.

May high adventures of the dawn  
Return in memory's aftermath,  
And down the magic bridle path  
May knightly deeds still spur you on.

They never age whose names are set  
In fame's immortal diadem,  
And you who companied with them,  
Bear something of their glory yet.

Now peace her healing wings has spread  
And plucked from ancient wounds their pain;  
And wedded years threescore and twain  
Have passed serenely o'er your head.

May she whose presence decks your days  
And makes each forward-faring stage  
A high and lovely pilgrimage,  
Enrich with sunshine all your ways.

Sweet thoughts keep vigil on your hearth,  
Till drawn by contacts rich and rare;  
Children, and children's children there,  
Will find a Paradise on earth.

Across the surge of swelling seas,  
I send this ship of rough-hewn rhyme,  
And trust that in its charted time  
In haven it shall rest at ease.

A heavy cargo crams the hold,  
Of wishes numbered without end;  
Take these in simple token, friend,  
Of what my words would fain unfold.

These lines were written by Barbara Ross McIntosh, the young Scotch poet referred to in the VETERAN for September. In appreciation of the friendly interest shown by Captain Dinkins, who wrote her of the approaching anniversary, she wrote the poem in commemoration of this interesting event of November 15, 1928, completing sixty-two years of happy wedded life.

THE CREED OF THE OLD SOUTH.—That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civic liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake. But even that will not long be necessary, for the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple. If, however, the effacement of State lines and the complete centralization of the government shall prove to be the wisdom of the future, the poetry of life will still find its home in the old order, and those who loved their State best will live longest in song and legend—song yet unsung, legend not yet crystallized.—*Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve.*



## LEST WE FORGET.

BY CHARLES W. SUPER, ATHENS, OHIO.

The fact seems to have been singularly overlooked that the first translation of the Iliad into English on this side of the Atlantic was made in Virginia as early as 1825 by William Munford. The work was not again undertaken until near the beginning of the seventies of the last century, when W. C. Bryant published a translation of the Iliad.

William Munford was born in Mecklenburg County, Va., in 1775, and died in Richmond in 1825. His father had been a soldier in the war of the Revolution and was the author of two dramas entitled "The Candidate" and "The Patriot," both of which were printed in Petersburg, Va. Both dramas dealt with the Revolution and were considered spirited in their day.

William Munford studied law under George Wythe. He was elected State senator and held several public offices, the last being that of Clerk of the House of Delegates. He was the author of a volume of poems which was published in Richmond near the close of the eighteenth century. In 1800, he delivered a eulogy on his friend, Chancellor Wythe, in the capitol at Richmond.

Munford completed his translation of the Iliad in or about 1825, but it was not published until 1844 in Boston in two fine volumes. These volumes have become very scarce, and the copy that afterwards came into my possession is the only one I have seen for sale. The Library of Southern Literature contains a brief quotation from the volumes, but I have not noted any biographical information. The editors of the work do not seem to have appreciated the important place in American literature occupied by Munford's work. This translation of the Iliad is not only remarkable for its excellence, but hardly less so as the work of a man who lives in a comparatively out-of-the-way part of the world at a time when books were difficult to obtain even in the largest cities on this side of the Atlantic.

William Munford, lawyer and poet, was born in Mecklenburg County, Va., in 1775, and was the son of Robert Munford, the dramatist. After receiving his education at William and Mary College, he was admitted to the bar and soon became prominent in the politics of the State. It is said that his classical tastes were developed under the eminent George Wythe, who was his instructor in law. Besides a work entitled "Poems and Compositions in Prose" (Richmond, 1798), in which there are some delicate touches of thought, he also made an excellent translation in verse of Homer's Iliad, which was published in two volumes by a Boston firm. He died in 1825.—*Library of Southern Literature, Volume XV.*

## THE MOCKING BIRD.

From the vale, what music ringing  
Fills the bosom of the night  
On the sense, entranced, flinging  
Spells of witchery and delight!  
O'er magnolia, lime, and cedar,  
From yon locust-top, it swells,  
Like the chant of serenader,  
Or the rhymes of silver bells!

Listen! dearest, listen to it!  
Sweeter sounds were never heard!  
'Tis the song of that wild poet—  
Mime and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

—Alexander Beaufort Meek.

## COL. ST. LEGER GRENFELL, C. S. A.

CONTRIBUTED BY W. L. CHEW, DALLAS, TEX.

Referring to the special inquiry in the VETERAN for November, in relation to Col. St. Leger Grenfell, in 1863, Lieutenant Colonel Fremantle (afterwards Lieutenant General Sir Arthur W. Fremantle, Governor of Malta, etc.), of the Coldstream Guards English Army, has this to say in his "Three Months in the Southern States," published after his return to England. In that part which relates his visit to the Confederate army in Alabama, commanded by Generals Polk and Bragg, (date May 30) he says: "Ever since I landed in America I had heard of the exploits of an Englishman called Col. St. Leger Grenfell, who is now Inspector General of Cavalry to Bragg's army. This afternoon I made his acquaintance. I consider him the most extraordinary character I ever met. Although he is a member of a well-known English family, he seems to have devoted his whole life to the exciting career of a soldier of fortune. He told me that in early life he had served three years in a French Lancer regiment, and risen from a private to *sous lieutenant*. He afterwards became a sort of consular agent at Tangier, under old Mr. Drummond Hay. Having obtained a perfect knowledge of Arabic, he entered the service of Abd-el-Kader, and under that renowned chief he fought the French for four and a half years. At another time he fitted out a yacht and carried on a private war with the Riff pirates. He was brigade major in the Turkish contingent during the Crimean War, and had some employment in the Indian mutiny. He has been engaged in war in Buenos Ayres in the South American republics. At an early period of the present troubles, he ran the blockade and joined the Confederates. He was adjutant general and right-hand man to the celebrated John Morgan for eight months. Even in this army, which abounds with foolhardy and desperate characters, he has acquired the admiration of all ranks by his reckless daring and gallantry in the field. Both Generals Polk and Bragg spoke to me of him as a most excellent and useful officer, besides being a man who never lost an opportunity of trying to throw his life away.

"He is just the sort of man to succeed in this army, and among the soldiers his fame for bravery has outweighed his unpopularity as a rigid disciplinarian. He is the terror of all absentees, stragglers, and deserters, and of all commanding officers who are unable to produce for his inspection the number of horses they have been drawing forage for. He looks about forty-five, but in reality he is fifty-six. He is rather tall, thin, very wiry and active, with a jovial English expression of countenance, but his eyes have a wild, roving look which is common amongst the Arabs. When he came to me, he was dressed in an English staff blue coat, and he had a red cavalry forage cap, which later General Polk told me he always wore in action, so making him more conspicuous. He talked to me about (General) John Morgan. He said in one of the celebrated telegraph tappings in Kentucky, Morgan, the operator and himself were seated for twelve hours on a clay bank during a violent storm, but the interest was so intense that the time passed like three hours."

It would be interesting to know what the government record in Washington would show as to why this heroic Englishman was persecuted after the war was over.

Out there is Appomattox, where on every ragged gray cap the Lord God Almighty laid the sword of his imperishable knighthood.—Henry W. Grady.



## COMMANDER SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. C. V.

In the death of Gen. D. W. McLaurin, commanding the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., the organization lost one of its most active and prominent members. Death came to him on July 14, at the old home near Dillon, S. C., to which place he had gone after attending the State reunion, U. C. V., in Bennettsville, June 13-15. He had lived in Columbia for the past twenty-five years, but he could never call any place home except his plantation in Dillon County. He had served in the office of the Comptroller General and was put in charge of the Confederate pensions. In 1919, he was elected as Pension Commissioner and took charge of the office at Columbia. He had previously served as a member of the State legislature and as land commissioner, and was a well-known figure in public life of the State for many years.

Daniel W. McLaurin was born in Marlboro County, S. C., December 16, 1843, a son of Laughlin L. McLaurin, the family distinguished not only in South Carolina, but in other parts of the South. One ancestor, John McLaurin, came from Scotland in 1783, at the age of eighteen and located on land near the present town of McColl, and which was long known as the McLaurin plantation.

Daniel W. McLaurin and his twin brother, Hugh L. McLaurin, served with Company G, 23rd South Carolina Infantry, A. N. V., with Evans's (later Wallace's) Brigade, and he was almost constantly on duty in Virginia, except for the period the brigade was assigned to duty during the siege of Vicksburg. He was three times wounded, and was captured shortly before the surrender and taken to Point Lookout prison, from which he was released as late as July 3, 1865.

After the war he gave his best years to agriculture, and then followed his years of public life. He was one of the original trustees of Winthrop College, and for over fifty years was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was married in 1868, to Miss Martha C. Lucas, of Marion County, who died some years ago. He is survived by one brother, Luther McLaurin.

In the *VETERAN* for September, 1925, appeared an interesting article on the McLaurin twins, of South Carolina, giving their records as Confederate soldiers and the reminiscences of Gen. Daniel McLaurin of the *Hundley*, the first successful submarine, on which he had done some work when stationed on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, in 1864.

## MY CHRISTMAS DINNER IN 1863.

BY CAPT. RICHARD BEARD, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

After the battle of Chickamauga and the disaster to Bragg's army at Missionary Ridge, both armies, Federal and Confederate, retired into what Grover Cleveland would have called a state of "innocuous desuetude," the Federal army going into quarters between Chattanooga and Tunnel Hill, Ga., while the Confederate soldiers of what became General Johnston's army built their log huts, with stick and dirt chimneys and clapboard roofs, on the hillsides about Dalton, and took their winter's rest, and there they were to remain until the opening of the Dalton-Atlanta campaign.

During this interval I managed to secure a leave of absence from the army for twenty-five days. I had been wounded at Chickamauga and was sent to LaGrange, Ga., where I was to remain until I was again fit for duty. I fell in love with the beautiful little city and was charmed with the people whom I had the good fortune to meet. So I determined to spend my leave of absence there. LaGrange has now become one of the most interesting and progressive cities of Georgia.

Soon after my arrival I met W. J. Whitthorne (commonly

known as Billy Whitthorne) and Joe Percy, of Nashville, Tenn. Both of them belonged to the 1st Tennessee Regiment, and I knew them well. In later years Whitthorne became colonel of the 1st Tennessee Regiment in the Spanish-American War, and so highly distinguished himself and his regiment in the Philippines as to receive the commendation of President McKinley. After the war, Joe Percy became a doctor of fine repute in Texas.

We three secured lodging and board at the home of a Mr. Bohannon, who lived in the heart of the town. He was an old gentleman, quiet and unobtrusive; he didn't seem to be engaged in any business, and his whole income seemed to be derived from his three boarders. There were no luxuries on the family table, and there was even a woeful scarcity in the very necessities of life.

Soon after we were installed in our room, he informed us that he had a turkey for the Christmas dinner. This was delightful news to us, and we looked forward with gratification to the coming Christmas. He frequently talked of his turkey, and it seemed to be the pride of his life. But on Christmas Eve, as I was sitting alone in our room, the old gentleman came in, looking sad and forlorn, and at last he said to me:

"Captain Beard, I have bad news to tell you."

Surprised, I responded: "What is it, Brother Bohannon?"

"The turkey died last night; he died of a sore throat."

"Well," said I, "that's bad, sure enough."

"Well," said he, "don't you think we can eat him anyhow?"

"Well," said I, "I reckon so," but I had no idea of eating any part of that turkey.

The old gentleman passed out and soon Whitthorne came in, and I told him of the tragedy of the turkey. He was shocked, but game, and said: "We'll not eat any of the turkey, but let's not tell Joe Percy anything about it, so we'll have the joke on him."

Christmas day came on and the Christmas feast was spread on the table. I thought to myself that I had never seen a finer looking turkey. There he lay in that dish, stuffed with truffles to the throat, swimming in rich gravy, and garlanded with sprigs of green parsley; I hated to turn that turkey down, but I had to do it.

Brother Bohanan commenced carving. He whacked into the turkey, and put a large piece of the breast on his plate and handed it to me, saying: "Captain Beard, have a piece of the turkey?" "No," said I, "Brother Bohanan, I have had too much Christmas, and I don't feel like eating any of it." This rather stumped the old gentleman. The plate was passed to Whitthorne, and he declined. I don't recall his excuse, but this stumped the old gentleman more than ever. It then passed on to Joe Percy. "O, yes," said Joe, "I'll take it. There is nothing that I enjoy more than a Christmas turkey."

The dinner came to an end, and we scattered. A short time after dinner, I was again in my room alone, and Brother Bohanan came in; he looked sad and woebegone. He sat down and said to me: "Captain Beard, I can't understand why you didn't eat any part of the turkey at dinner?"

"Well," said I, "the reason is that you told me the turkey had died with a sore throat, and I couldn't think of eating any part of a diseased turkey."

"O," said Brother Bohanan "didn't you know what I meant? I just meant that we had cut his head off."

This was a boomerang. I felt hacked. Whitthorne and I had lost the best part of the Christmas dinner on account of the facetious remark of Brother Bohanan; but we made up our loss to some extent by attacking the cold remnants of the turkey at supper.

But Joe Percy had the joke on us.



WADE HAMPTON, THE CAVALRY LEADER, AND HIS TIMES.

[An address made before a historical meeting of the Goochland (Va.) Chapter, U. D. C., by Mrs Julia Porcher Wickham.]

Wade Hampton was the Moses of his people, the God-given instrument to help them free themselves from their enemies. Having accomplished this task splendidly, with the help of Gen. M. C. Butler and other patriotic associates, he retired to the Governor's Mansion in Columbia, where he reigned peacefully for four years, and died in an honored old age. When the white men of the State were again in the ascendancy, you can imagine how the people rejoiced as they went about the tasks of their daily lives, free at last from that plague of carpetbaggers and their negro associates which had overrun South Carolina after the war.

Why this State should have been so peculiarly afflicted in this way more than any of the others I do not pretend to know, but I have before me, as I write, a photograph of the Radical legislature of South Carolina which preyed upon the people of the State until, after a hard fight, they were driven out by Hampton and his men. This was known as the Reconstructed legislature. Fifty of them were negroes and mulattoes, thirteen were white men, all of them "fellows of the baser sort," as the Bible expresses it. Of the twenty-two among them who could read and write, only eight could speak grammatically; forty-one could only make their mark; nineteen paid taxes to the amount of only about one hundred and fifty dollars apiece, and the rest paid none at all—and yet it was this body that had the power to levy taxes on the white people of that impoverished State of over four millions a year for six years. I am telling you this to show the crisis Hampton and his associates had to meet, and did conquer gloriously.

And now for our hero himself!

Three great South Carolina soldiers, his forbears, had borne the name of Hampton, so he came naturally by his fighting spirit. His grandfather fought in the Revolution, and was made a major general for his distinguished services. After this war was over, he turned his attention to the planting of cotton and became one of the richest planters of the United States.

Wade Hampton II fought at the battle of New Orleans by the side of Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," of whom it is said that he resigned more offices in the service of the United States than any other man had ever occupied! When the victory of New Orleans was won, Hampton was sent to tell the news to President Madison. The only way then to make the journey was to ride through the country from the Mississippi Valley to Columbia, S. C., the distance being about seven hundred and fifty miles. He rode one horse the whole way. This noble animal swam rivers, plunged through swamps, followed unbroken trails, and completed the journey in about ten days, an average of seventy-two miles a day. From Columbia, Colonel Hampton went by public conveyance to Washington and delivered Jackson's message to the President.

When that war was over, Colonel Hampton lived for the rest of his life at Millwood, the beautiful home of the Hamptons near Columbia, which, doubtless, it gave Sherman great pleasure to have burned down when his star was in its unfortunate ascendancy.

Wade Hampton III was born in Charleston, March 28, 1818. He was brought up at Millwood, and led the country life of a boy of his period. He owned fine horses and became, as a matter of course, a skillful rider and a keen sportsman. He received his education at home, principally from tutors, until

he was ready to enter the College of South Carolina, where he completed the prescribed course. Afterwards he spent some time in the study of law, though he never became a lawyer, but after the death of his father, took charge of the large estates he had inherited. His habit was to spend his winters on his plantation in Mississippi, much of his time on horseback, frequently in the swamps hunting bear. He was so strong physically that he could lift from the ground to the shoulders of his horse the body of a large bear, slain in the chase, and thus carry it home. It was said that no other man in that whole region was strong enough to lift a weight like that.

When the war began in 1861, Hampton at once started to raise a troop of footmen and cavalry, which was called The Hampton Legion, a name destined to become celebrated throughout the South and North. Taking these men, he moved rapidly north and arrived at Manassas on the morning of the first battle of that name. His six hundred riflemen took an immediate stand near the stone bridge, and for two hours kept back a large body of the enemy. Hampton then led his men forward with a rush until, struck by a bullet, he himself could go no farther, but his men charged on until they drove the enemy back, capturing two of their cannon and fighting on until the end of the battle.

At the battle of Seven Pines, he led an entire brigade of infantry, and he took part in all the battles around Richmond, having the honor at one time to command one of Jackson's brigades of foot soldiers. It was said that during the hottest of the fighting he was always cool and bold and skillful. He was just in his native element.

General Hampton was at this time about forty-four years old. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with an unusually handsome face. His manner was full of that genial South Carolina courtesy for which the men of his class and time were noted. He was as polite to a private as he was to the commanding general. The very tones of his voice showed how he loved his men, and they adored him.

The *Charleston News and Courier* of October 10, 1894, contained the following interesting account of one of General Hampton's most thrilling and successful adventures, which, much abbreviated, I will give in the words of the writer, who had shared the experience. He said:

"After that fateful day—May 11, 1864—when a bullet from the enemy took from the cavalry corps its great commander, J. E. B. Stuart, at Yellow Tavern—that man whom Longstreet said was the greatest cavalryman America ever saw; that man upon whom Jackson threw his mantle, like Elijah of old; that man upon whom General Lee depended for eyes and ears—General Lee did not have to look for his successor; no, he was close at hand, and had carved his name with his saber high in the list of the world's great soldiers. It was Wade Hampton upon whom the mantle fell; and who was worthier?

"But, I am writing now of Hampton's great 'cattle raid,' in September, 1864, which very few people seem to have heard of, but which was one of the most brilliant and successful deeds in all Confederate history.

"In the early part of 1864, General Lee's army was facing Grant's at Petersburg. The Confederate soldiers were hard up for food. Sometimes we had bread, sometimes meat, sometimes neither. On the 8th of September, General Hampton reported to General Lee that his scouts had discovered a large herd of cattle, belonging to the enemy, on Coggin's Point, on James River, and asked permission to go down and drive them into our own lines. The General was probably hungry himself, and reluctant to let so much good food go to waste.



"Permission being given for the raid, the arrangements were rapidly made. Only men accustomed to the country and the use of the ax were taken along. The command left Wilkinson's Bridge at an early hour on the 15th and struck out on a trail for Sycamore Church, in Prince George County, a central point and nearest the cattle, and the place where the largest force of the enemy was camped. General Hampton's idea was that by disposing of them there, it would be impossible for the enemy to concentrate any force in time to interfere with the main object of the expedition. By a forced march, the command reached the Blackwater. General Hampton knew that the bridge had been destroyed, and purposely selected this route, as the Federals would not be likely to look for an attack from that quarter. When we reached this bridge, we were halted and dismounted, while arrangements were being made to get us across. I shall never forget how the boys went out into the fields and dug up sweet potatoes, but, being stopped when they were going to make fires, ate them raw!

"The bridge rebuilt, we crossed over the Blackwater at night, and were particularly enjoined not to make any noise. Nothing was heard but the steady tread of the horses and the rattle of sabers. The guns of the artillery had been muffled with grain sacks. Some time about half past three or four, we were halted in a road, very dark, and overhung by branches of trees. Everything was as still as death. One by one the men would slip down from their horses, overcome by fatigue, and soon most of us were dozing on the ground with our bridle reins around our elbows. The horses, too, slept and showed no disposition to move or disturb their sleeping masters. At five in the morning, General Rosser made the attack. At the sound of the first gun, every man who had dismounted sprang to his horse, and we heard the well-known 'Rebel Yell,' that cry which had struck terror to our enemies on a hundred bloody fields. It is an exultant sound, unshrouded by the form of words. We rode the picket down and found the camp on both sides of the road. Some, of course, were up and on guard, but the majority of the Federals were in bed in their little buttoned tents. We ran them out and took them prisoners in their night clothes. I remember how forlorn they looked as we mustered them later in the day, many sitting on barebacked horses with nothing on but their shirts.

"General Rosser, it appears, had about as much as he could attend to. He encountered Colonel Spear's 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, the same command that had made a name for itself as a fighting regiment. They made a good fight for their meat, but Rosser finally whipped them, and they fell back, leaving their dead and wounded on the field as well as their camp. General Rosser, without delay, began to drive the cattle out. General Hampton said later, in his report to General Lee, that there were 2,486 of them. We made all haste to get out of the woods, General Rosser leading with the cattle. We had a fight around Ebenezer Church, and I well remember how the dismounted men, as they advanced through the bushes to a mill pond, bellowed like the bulls, and called to the Yankees to come over and get their cattle. However, we got back to our camp after having traveled one hundred miles and had two fights, but, best of all, we had brought an abundance of fresh meat for General Lee's starving army, and many of his men had not tasted any for months. Meanwhile, the Federals had learned something of what was going on, and general after general sent dispatches to one another, but nothing was done; still we had carried out a raid which I think ranks as high as any performance of any troops—and I am surprised that it has not been given the prominence it deserves."

This interesting account of a noteworthy deed was written by Col. D. Cardwell, probably of the Ashland, Va., family of that name.

About this time, General Hampton was himself very severely wounded. He describes it in a letter to a friend: "I have been pretty roughly handled, having received two saber cuts on the head, one of which cut through the table of my skull, and a schrapnel shot in my body, which is there yet. But I am doing well and hope to go home in a few days."

At Brandy Station, his eldest son, Preston Hampton, rode recklessly into the very hottest fire. His father sent his son Wade to bring him back. As young Wade reached him, Preston, mortally wounded, fell from his horse, and the one brother stooping to raise the other, was himself shot down. General Hampton dismounted, kissed his dying boy and, leaving them both in the hands of his friends, rode back into the thickest of the fight. At the head of his men he fought the rest of the day. Wade recovered, but the General said that he must be removed to another command, for he never would endure another such day of agony.

He was not able, unfortunately, to save his home town, Columbia, from destruction by Sherman, being, indeed, far away at the time; but, late in the war, at Fayetteville, N. C., Hampton gave Sherman's cavalry a hard blow. At early dawn, with drawn swords, one thousand Confederate horsemen dashed into the camp where five thousand Federal cavalymen lay asleep. Among the tents rode the Confederates, led by Hampton and Butler. The whole body of Federal cavalry was scattered and nearly a thousand wounded, killed or captured. . . . And thus the fighting went bravely on until the end came with the surrender of the armies of Generals Lee and Johnston.

The Carolinians, who had fought so bravely for their country, returned now to their homes to find many of them burned and themselves in utter poverty. Mrs. Chestnut, of South Carolina, tells in her "Diary" of their return to their plantation near Columbia, and, finding that among all the white people of the party, none had enough money to pay a ferryman his fare, her negro maid put her hand in her pocket and brought out a sufficient amount to get them home.

After the third and last Confederate governor had been led from his office to a Federal prison, the country which had for so long borne the honorable name of the Commonwealth of South Carolina was called Military District No. 2 (which you know was also done in Virginia). Negroes were put into Federal uniforms and given entire charge of the affairs of the unfortunate State. It cannot be denied that there existed a feeling of deep enmity against the State in Washington and that nothing was left undone there which would try to the utmost the patience and endurance of the people.

Every negro was given the right to vote, but this was denied to all white men who had in any way aided the Confederacy, which, of course, meant all the decent men of the State. This time, from 1868 to 1874, came to be known as the "Time of the Robbers." All power was in the hands of the Negroes and a few white men who had flocked to the State to enjoy the loot, which was to be found in abundance on all sides. The Federal judges were the most venal creatures possible, and no justice was to be had from any of them if the complainant was a native South Carolinian. If a negro stole from a white man, the latter invariably found, to his astonishment, that if the case came before the court, it was he who always received the punishment.

The political campaign of 1875-76 was probably the most exciting one that this or any other country ever went through;



and it was a red-hot one in South Carolina, where the native-born population was determined, cost what it would, to overthrow the carpetbag and negro government and to rid themselves of a tyranny that was no longer bearable. None but a desperate people would ever have thought it could be done, because the negroes greatly outnumbered the whites, and also because it was necessary to avoid any conflict with the United States government, which was *behind the negroes*. Gen. Wade Hampton, Gen. M. C. Butler, and Capt. Frank Dawson (editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*) were the leaders of that forlorn hope.

Rifle clubs were formed all over the State. The members of these were called by the carpetbaggers "Red Shirts," because, for economical reasons, they wore red shirts in place of more expensive uniforms. The carpetbaggers tried to give the national government the idea that these clubs were composed of bandits, when the truth was they wore made up of veterans of the war and of young men who had grown up in the interval, and who came from the best families of the State. Where ever there was a political meeting, there "Red Shirts" would appear and insist on a division of time with the Republican orators.

I seem to have neglected to say that his was when General Hampton was running for governor against a Republican candidate. His friends had asked him to become the Democratic candidate, and he consented. He went through the State and spoke to great crowds of people in every county. Companies of "Red Shirts" rode with him wherever he went. The negroes, who were much afraid of their former masters, as soon as these appeared, would slip away, but they voted the Republican ticket just the same, all except our Daddy Ned. Your will pardon me, I am sure, if I tell you about him for just one minute. Daddy Ned was a "colored gentleman" of the best type. He grew up on my grandmother's plantation with my uncles; and when this crisis came, he said the ticket which suited his white people was good enough for him, and, in spite of threats against his life, he went to the polls and voted the Democratic ticket every time, and nobody dared molest him. He was very handy with a gun, Daddy Ned was, and a fine shot, and they were afraid of him. I am glad to pay this little tribute to a faithful friend and servant even at this late day.

Col. James Morgan, in his "Recollections of a Rebel Reefer," gives a fuller account of the condition of affairs in South Carolina than anyone else I know; and he says this:

"The story of the Reconstruction period in South Carolina has never been told in print, except in the files of the *News and Courier*, and now that nearly all of those who passed through that nightmare are dead, I fear that the present generation will never realize its horrors. But, believe me, South Carolina was the nearest approach to hell on earth, during the orgy of the carpetbaggers and negroes, that ever a refined people was subjected to.

"An imported negro sat on the Supreme Bench, his colleagues being carpetbaggers. A native-born South Carolinian who associated himself with these people was called a scalawag—Governor Moses was one of them. He fought bravely through the war for the South, married a woman of a respectable family, and then joined these creatures in robbing his native State. When he was governor the helpless whites were compelled to submit to outrages by the presence of United States troops, who were there to see that we did not run amuck among the carpetbaggers and scalawags. While these thieves lived in luxury, their lives must have been mentally very uncomfortable, for they well knew that if the

troops should be removed for a moment their lives would pay the penalty of their outrages. But the swag was so rich that not even fear for their lives could induce them to let go, even after they had accumulated riches beyond their most extravagant dreams. Their only safeguard was the soldiers, the regular officers having such contempt for them that they would hold no social intercourse with them, and the privates hated the negroes with a bitter hatred, and took no pains to disguise their feelings.

"White carpetbaggers seemed to have so much money that they did not know what to do with it. I have seen one of them walk into a drinking saloon by himself, and ostentatiously order a quart bottle of champagne, take one glass of it, and carelessly throw a ten-dollar bill on the counter and tell the barkeeper to keep the change; and this in a community where people, bred in affluence, were suffering for the very necessities of life.

"The salary of the comptroller was eighteen hundred dollars a year. Dr. Nagle, who held the office, had arrived in Columbia literally in rags. In the first year of his encumbrance—out of his salary, of course—he bought a fine house and a carriage and horses, with gold-mounted harness among other things, and, incidentally, built a bridge across the Congaree River that must have cost thousands of dollars."

The authorities in Washington were asked, of course, to lend their aid against Hampton and his party, but they quickly realized that the people of the State were absolutely determined not to submit any longer to the rule of the carpetbaggers and negroes. As one of the South Carolinians expressed it, the people were grimly certain that the persecutors should go: in carriages if they would, or in hearses if they must. The Federal authorities, therefore, began to see that to enforce their rule would only mean the death of many an innocent negro, so Hampton was allowed to be inaugurated governor without interference.

From that time on the white people of the State have managed the affairs of the commonwealth to suit themselves, and thus, quite literally, Hampton, being the right man in the right place, became the leader of his people.

## TWO CENTURIES OF NEGRO SLAVERY.

FROM THE KANSAS CITY TIMES.

One hundred years ago New York abolished slavery within its borders. The history of slavery there before that is forgotten now, but it existed for two hundred years. The Dutch started it by importing negroes early in their colonization of New Netherlands. Negroes helped build the forts of New Amsterdam under the stern directions of one-legged Peter Stuyvesant. They fought in the Revolution for the "rights of man," but remained slaves even in the North until fifty years after the Declaration of Independence.

From earliest colonial days New York has had a large negro population, fully one-seventh of the settlers being negro bondsmen, says J. Charles Lauc in the *New York Times*. To-day it outnumbers the entire population of Memphis, Tenn. Harlem is regarded as the intellectual capital of the race, negroes come from all over the world as free men to seek their fortunes. Millionaires and paupers, merchants and dock laborers, all strata of American life, are found in New York, the largest negro city in the world.

The century has marked the rise of a whole people, taken as captives from tropical forests, into the urban civilization of a far-distant continent; an advance from servitude to the status of free citizenship.



New York just missed being the great slave market of America, in spite of its early and continuous agitation for abolition. It had more slaves than any other Northern colony. Many an auction of negroes brought by way of Curaçao and the Barbados, as well as direct from Africa, was held in the old Meal and Slave Mart at the foot of Wall Street. The site is still pointed out to tourists.

Early New York was familiar with the horrors of the barracoon, or slave pen, and the auction block a full century before Harriet Beecher Stowe moved the country with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Many of New York's most prominent citizens were large slaveholders. At the same time New York, like Boston and Philadelphia, was a hotbed of anti-slavery sentiment.

The names of two governors were prominent in the movement, Daniel D. Tompkins and De Witt Clinton. In 1799 the State provided for the freedom of those born in slavery thereafter—though such freedom was not to be accorded until the ages of 28 and 25, respectively, were attained by men and women. Almost the last act of Governor Tompkins had the effect of finally slashing the bonds of slavery. On January 27, 1817, he sent a special message to the legislature recommending the entire abolition of domestic slavery in New York, to take effect on July 4, 1827.

The recommendation was approved and a statute enacted so that the institution no longer had legal existence in the State, although slave trading and fugitive slave hunting kept the people in constant turmoil over the fundamental issue between free labor and slave labor.

The law sponsored by Governor Tompkins was not put into effect until the administration of his rival, De Witt Clinton. The liberating clause in the final decree against slavery, as signed by Governor Clinton, read:

"And be it further enacted that every negro, mulatto, or mustee, within the State, born before July 4, 1799, shall from and after the 4th day of July, 1827, be free."

This act freed the older slaves as the earlier one had liberated the younger. All negro folk were included. The group of "mustee" mentioned in the law was of Spanish and negro extraction, the word being a Yankee corruption of "mestizo."

After the abolition of slavery, New York continued to be the center of a great slave traffic. Opposition to giving up the slaves was only shattered finally by the civil war.

"Blackbirding," or the kidnaping of negroes for slaves, was a major branch of commerce in spite of the solemn convention between the United States and Great Britain in 1808 to end the African slave traffic. While the slaver who captured negroes thus became an outlaw, the slave trader and breeder who sold them in this country—breaking up families, parting husbands and wives and parceling out children—were unblushingly active.

New York in 1858 was described by the *London Times* as "the greatest slave-trading mart in the world." The figures seem to bear it out. The *New York Evening Post* listed eighty-five ships fitted out from New York from February, 1859, to July, 1860, for the slave trade. The *New York Leader* asserted that "an average of two vessels each week clear out of our harbor bound for Africa and a human cargo." It was estimated that New York took 60,000 negroes from Africa to Cuba in a single year.

The Dutch introduced slavery into the colonies. In 1621, all the Dutch private companies trading with Africa and America were merged into the celebrated West India Company, which fitted out men-of-war against Spain. It imported into Brazil in the four years ending 1623 no less than 15,450 blacks to work its sugar plantations. Between 1623

and 1636, the Dutch captured from the Spaniard 2,356 negroes. In 1641 they reduced Sao Paulo de Loanda in Africa. With this source on the one side and Brazil and Curaçao on the other, they obtained complete control of the slave market.

In 1625 to 1626, six or seven years after the Dutch had discharged a small initial cargo of slaves in Virginia, the first negroes were brought to Manhattan. Among them were Paul d'Argola, Simon Congo, Anthony Portuguese, John Francesco and seven others. Soon thereafter the West India Company publicly promised "to use their endeavors to supply the colonists with as many blacks as they conveniently can."

The empire-dreaming West India Company planned to raise food crops with slave labor in the New World, these to be exchanged for sugar, oil, and tropical products raised by other slaves in Brazil. Opposition from indentured white laborers, climatic rigors, and the defeat of the Netherlands on the seas shattered this dream.

The log of the slave ship St. John gives some insight into the horrors of the traffic. One hundred and ninety-five negroes were crammed into the hold of the vessel. Bad food, short rations, want of water, foul air, and dysentery were among the afflictions, and as a consequence fifty-six slaves died on the journey.

Slaves helped build New York. The town was merely a trading post when the first cargo arrived. To the chagrin of the Dutch West India Company, the settlers would buy very few slaves, and even the company's grant of great patroonship estates failed to promote a plantation régime. The bulk of the slaves left on the company's hands were employed in erecting forts and tilling the land.

In 1644, the company changed the status of these negro laborers from slavery to tribute paying. It gave eleven of them their freedom on condition that each pay the company every year twenty-one bushels of grain and a hog. At the same time their children were to be the company's slaves. It was proposed by Governor Stuyvesant that negroes be armed with tomahawks and sent in punitive expeditions against the Indians; but nothing came of that.

Dutch farmers on Long Island and in Westchester bought slaves readily, and the village of Gravesend petitioned in 1651 that the slave supply might be increased. One parcel arriving in 1664, described by Stuyvesant as old and inferior, was sold at prices ranging from 255 to 615 florins—about \$100 to \$250, depending on the vigor of the slave. A great cargo of 300 slaves reached port only to be captured by the British. Change of flag, however, made no change in the status of the slave.

Private manumission of slaves was frequent. The negroes' participation in the Revolution aided the movement for voluntary liberation. One of the first heroes of the revolution was a slave, Crispus Attucks, a mulatto, one of the four victims of the Boston massacre. He was buried with the other three by a procession of Boston citizens starting at Faneuil hall. The four bodies were placed in one grave, which bore this inscription:

LONG AS IN FREEDOM'S CAUSE THE WISE CONTEND,  
DEAR TO YOUR COUNTRY SHALL YOUR FAME EXTEND;  
WHICH TO THE WORLD THE LETTERED STONE SHALL TELL  
WHERE CALDWELL, ATTUCKS, GRAY, AND MAVERICK FELL.

But, although Attucks was slain as he led a band of patriots to twit the British soldiery and was thus honored, and



though many other negroes fought in the American armies in the Revolution, the abolition of slavery was not intended by the framers of the Bill of Rights. Jefferson's plea against slavery was stricken from the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, opposed by plantation owners and slave traffickers. However, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Edmund Randolph, all slaveholders, felt deeply concerned, and in the North leading statesmen actively championed the freeing of the slaves.

Vermont took the lead. Delegates to her convention of 1777 which claimed statehood "framed a constitution with a bill" of rights prohibiting slavery. The opposition of New York on the slavery issue delayed Vermont's recognition as a State until 1791. Meanwhile, abolition was growing. Massachusetts, then Maine and Pennsylvania put an end to slavery, followed by New Hampshire.

### SABINE PASS AND THE FORTY-TWO

(Contributed by John E. Gaskell, Past Commander, 4th Texas Brigade, U. C. V.)

'Tis a stirring tale, and a true one too,  
Of the fort at Sabine Pass and the band of forty-two;  
Just forty-two men to defend the fort there on the Texas shore,  
Where the stream from the lake at Sabine flows, to join forevermore  
The mighty Gulf of Mexico. This little fort, with this little  
host  
Of men who wore the gray, was all that was left to guard the  
coast,  
In the days of sixty-three,  
From the enemy's ships that came by sea,  
To conquer and invade. But, O! they were brave and stout of  
heart—  
This was their lot; to do their part;  
This but their one desire! And now, behold!  
At last one day, all majestic and pompous and bold,  
There rode on the waves, sweeping proudly along,  
A fleet of ships, twenty-five strong—  
Nineteen gunboats, steamships three, and dreaded sloops of  
war—  
This was what the little fort faced; this the enemy they saw,  
This little band of forth-two men, as they strained their eyes  
to gaze,  
Out to the horizon, through the haze,  
On that eventful day! The news soon spread.  
Within the fort powder was scarce, and even the bread  
Was gone. But loving hearts soon heard the call.  
And Kate Doran, faithful soul, herself cooked food and fed  
them all—  
Aye, she did more—with trembling hand,  
She wrote these words to that little band:  
"Fight like the devil—and not like men!"—and O! the thrill  
That touched that group when they heard these words! How  
their hearts stood still!  
Then brave Dick Dowling, in command  
(There were forty-one beside him, in that band)  
Spoke: "What say you, men? Shall we fight and die,  
Or blow up the fort, while there's time to fly?"  
Quick came the answer from the forty-one—  
Was their's a cause to shun, or they the men to run?  
Nay! With a tightening of the jaw, and a glitter of the eye,  
They lustily gave the brave reply:  
"We'll stay—we'll fight," and Dowling answered, and proud-  
ly, too,

"So say I; we'll see it through.

Now we must keep well within the fort, nor must we make a  
sound,

Nor fire at them a single round,

Until I give the word. Close let them come. Aim well.

Remember, men, our ammunition's low, and every shot must  
tell."

(Of cannon they had only six, and they were old and small,  
And meager was their powder and their shot and ball.)

Now down upon them bore the ships—and what a sight to  
see!

All well equipped and fully manned for every emergency.

Fifteen hundred men had they; these were men to land,

Besides their sailors, officers, and others to command.

And now the ships began to fire upon the little fort. And how  
their guns did roar,

As the shells burst forth, to crash and shriek and soar!

It seemed the very earth about was rent and torn in twain,

And over there, across the plain,

With straining, tear-dimmed eyes,

Brave Kate Doran watched, beneath those Texas skies,

This tragic drama played,

While by her side, with hands upraised, sweet Sarah Varburg  
prayed.

All through the tumult she stood there,

Her arms stretched forth in prayer,

As over and over again, she cried: "O God, be with us now!

Give to our boys thy strength this day, and, dear Lord, show  
them how

To send these invaders away, we pray. O guide their every  
shot—

We beseech thee, hear our cry, O Lord, and here upon this  
spot,

Grant us a miracle; hear our plea;

And we will give forever, Lord, the glory all to thee!"

Abroad the ships, there was surprise, and some amusement,  
too,

That no reply came from the fort; it seemed a holiday. They  
little knew

That crouching there, with nerves on fire and every muscle  
strained,

The noble forty-two kept vigil grim, with every shell that  
rained!

Closer drew the vessels now; the flagship Clifton led;

And on her deck was the commodore, the commander, and the  
head

Of all the fleet. On they came, yet closer still,

And now, at last, within the fort, there came the thrill

Of Dowling's magic word to fire, and to the guns, with eager  
spring,

Each man applied himself. And how those shots did leap and  
sing!

And O! the havoc they did bring, the destruction that they  
wrought,

As every shot went true and straight to find the mark it  
sought.

Ne'er were such marksmen—no guns e'er spoke,

Like those six little cannon, through that fire and smoke!

On board the ships, pandemonium reigned—

Panic seized them, with terror unfeigned!

The proud ship Clifton, in distress,

Soon ran up the white flag; surrendered—with eagerness;

And the commodore offered his sword—to the forty-two!

The ship Sachem was badly crippled too,

And soon was captured, and later proudly bore



The flag of her conquerers there on the shore:  
The gunboat Arizona tried to flee,  
Badly wounded, but to sink later to eternity  
With two hundred and fifty souls, all lost. Of prisoners alive,  
Four hundred and seventy-two were left to survive—  
All guarded and held by that little band  
Of forty-two men on that Texas land!  
The other ships hastened to scamper away,  
Not pausing to fight, in their fright and dismay.  
And mark this well: Of all that daring forty-two,  
Not a man was scratched, when they got through!

So this is the story, and as I said before, 'tis a true one, too,  
Of that little fort at Sabine Pass, and the dauntless forty-two.

And I often wonder,  
As I sit and ponder,  
Was it Sarah Varburg's prayers that won,  
Or the brave heart of each man behind his gun,  
Or the cause they fought for? Who can say  
Whence came all the glory of that great day?

—John Acee.

## THE BATTLE OF SABINE PASS—A VIEW FROM BOTH SIDES.

FROM THE BEAUMONT (TEX.) JOURNAL 1926.

A tall, white lighthouse looking out across the blue waters of Sabine Pass is one of the few landmarks remaining that were a part of the landscape there sixty-three years ago, when the Federal armada of twenty-one ships steamed into the pass to capture the city defended by Lieut. Dick Dowling and his "forty Irishmen."

Barely discernible are the lines of old Fort Griffin, on the opposite shore from the lighthouse and nearly a mile up the pass, where Dowling and his immortal band manned their six guns and repulsed the invading hosts. Knolls and hollows mark the earthen breastworks of the old fort. Clumps of salt cedars, knotted and gnarled into an almost impenetrable thicket, with here and there an oleander bush pushing a flaming mass of flowers against the green, and a fig tree or two bearing a little fruit, struggle above the rank marsh grasses and weeds covering the uneven ground.

The long oyster reef that in 1863 divided the pass into two channels, is still offshore from the point that was the site of Fort Griffin. On each side of this reef, through Louisiana Channel on the east and through Texas Channel on the west, over against the Louisiana and Texas shores, the gunboats of the Federals moved in battle formation against the city of Sabine Pass. Parts of this reef are seen above the water at low tide, and waves rolled up the pass before the sea breeze show its lurking presence as they break into whitecaps on the shallows.

Changing with the passing years are the stories of the famous battle of Sabine Pass. What actually happened on the afternoon of September 8, 1863, has lost none of the color in the retelling from generation to generation, though sixty-three years elapsed since the engagement was fought at Sabine Pass. But now out of the legends and the varied accounts of the battle come the official reports of Dick Dowling and other Confederate leaders, together with those made by the Federals who were on the scene. From a volume of these records compiled by experts in the United States Navy Bureau of Records are taken the versions given by participants in the battle of Sabine Pass.

"The fight lasted from the time I fired the first gun until the boats surrendered," Dick Dowling writes in his report, adding, "that was about forty-five minutes."

Still in the lilting, Irish vein, Dowling cites to his commanding officer the signal services of Assistant Surgeon George H. Bailey, "who, having nothing to do in his own line, nobly pulled off his coat and assisted in administering Magruder Pills to the enemy," calling the shot and shell from his fort after Maj. Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder, commanding the Confederate district of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, with headquarters in Beaumont, and facetiously applying the medical term to bear out his quip as he reports a surgeon turned gunman.

The outcome of the battle that left two prized Federal gunboats, the Clifton and the Sachem, in the hands of "the Rebels," sent two other warships fleeing precipitately for the open Gulf and abandoning upwards of four thousand soldiers on the transports to get out as best they could brought for Dowling and his forty-four Irishmen of the Davis Guards a resolution of praise and thanks from the Confederate States Congress, and drew upon Commodore H. H. Bell commanding the Federal West Gulf blockading squadron official disapproval from Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy in President Lincoln's Cabinet.

The series of bad breaks ending in the "complete failure of the expedition against Sabine Pass" started when the gunboats arrived off the pass on Sunday afternoon, September 6, 1863. The blockading gunboat Owasco, Lieutenant Commander John Madigan commanding, was withdrawn without leave to Galveston for oil and coal. He left the Sabine Pass blockading station at 10:30 o'clock on the morning of September 6, a few hours before the gunboat Granite City, leading the fleet to Sabine Pass, arrived. Thinking they had missed their rendezvous when no blockading ship was sighted, the commanders of the Clifton, Arizona, Sachem, and Granite City, with the transports, sailed back over their course to the eastward. The mistake was discovered as Calcasieu Pass was sighted, and the prows of the warships and such transports as had arrived from Southwest Pass, at the mouth of the Mississippi River, turned westward again toward Sabine Pass, thirty miles away.

Under orders given by Commodore Bell, the fleet was to assemble offshore, at night, and surprise the Confederate forces in Sabine Pass with an attack at dawn. Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Frederick Crocker, captain of the Clifton, was commanding officer of the naval expedition. He was cooperating with Maj. Gen. W. B. Franklin and Maj. Gen. G. Weitzel, commanding First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, who were in charge of the troops, artillery, and army supplies on the transports.

But the best laid plans of the commodore and the generals were thrown out of kilter because a blockading ship was "A. W. O. L." from her station off Sabine Pass. Sunday night was lost looking for Sabine Pass entrance, and Monday went by with the gunboats cruising off shore collecting the transports bearing up from Southwest Pass. Thus for twenty-eight hours practically the entire Federal fleet assembled off the pass was in full view of the Confederates. Dick Dowling's report states that at 2 A.M. on the day of the battle he saw the ships signalling outside, and manned his guns, expecting an attempt would be made to enter the pass. This signalling was in preparation for the reorganized plan of attack after the original project fell through. When dawn came on September 8, the day of the battle, not the entire fleet, but the Clifton only steamed into the pass to reconnoiter.



Captain Crocker hove to with the Clifton opposite the lighthouse when she came inside about 6:30 A.M. on the battle day. From that position he fired twenty-six shots at Fort Griffin, approximately a mile away. Two of these shots hit the rampart of the fort, while the others went over their mark, "all, however, in excellent range," drolly commented the intrepid Dick in his report of the affair.

Dowling allowed to pass unnoticed the early morning compliments paid his fort and his forty-four Irishmen by the leading Federal battleship. The stars and bars of the Confederate flag floated over the ramparts unscathed by the Clifton's shells and shot.

The early morning bombardment of the Clifton was heard in Beaumont, and Col. Leon Smith, commanding Marine Department of Texas, "took a horse and proceeded with all haste to Sabine, from which direction I could distinctly hear heavy firing." He arrived about three o'clock that afternoon, in time to be in the fort before the battle was over.

After an hour of futile firing at the fort without getting a sign of any rebels in the vicinity, Captain Crocker swung the Clifton around and went out to Sabine bar, where the fleet of gunboats and transports awaited word from Sabine Pass. Decision having been made to strike that afternoon, final details for the attack were lined up by the naval and army commanders, and the fleet moved to an anchorage below the lighthouse. The plan was for the Clifton to go in first, taking the port, or Texas, channel on the western side of the oyster reef dividing the pass. The Sachem was to go along the Louisiana shore with the Arizona following, and engage the guns of the fort, while the Granite City, following the Clifton up Texas channel, was to protect the landing of troops and artillery from the transports at "Old Battery Point," some thousand yards below Fort Griffin, near where the Union Sulphur Company's terminals are now located.

After the Clifton withdrew from her reconnoitering and shelling trip and had gotten the other warships and transports over the bar, all was quiet until eleven o'clock. Cap. F. H. Odum, commanding the post at Sabine Pass, at that hour, ordered the Confederate gunboat Uncle Ben to steam down near the fort for the purpose of making a feint and showing the enemy all was right.

"They honored us with three shots, which all passed over and clear of us, after which all remained quiet until three P.M., when eight of the enemy's boats commenced moving up the Pass," Captain Odum's report stated.

Dowling, in his report, sets forth that it was the Federal gunboat Sachem which fired at the Uncle Ben, opening up on her with a thirty-pounder Parrott gun, firing three shots.

Shrouded in secrecy was the entire expedition to Sabine Pass. Guardedly Rear Admiral D. G. Farragut, of Mobile Bay fame, refers to it in a communication as early as July 30, 1863. "Captain Crocker has a little project on hand for the Sachem which I think well of, and will inform Commodore Bell of it and let him say when they can go down there," the rear admiral wrote from his flagship, the Tennessee, to the senior officer in Berwick Bay.

Admiral Farragut shortly afterwards left for New York on a leave of absence, and further plans for the Sabine Pass battle were handled by Commodore H. H. Bell, who assumed command of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron during the admiral's absence.

The Federal ships weighed anchor about three o'clock in the afternoon on September 8, and moved up the pass in battle array. Seven transports followed the warships, with the transport General Banks, carrying Maj. Gen. Weitzel and

five hundred soldiers, directly astern of the Granite City. Before this formidable aggregation Dick Dowling held his Irish gunners in check. The fort was without a man, for all the Federals could see. No shot had replied to the shells sent over by the Clifton early that morning. Except for the screaming sea gulls circling the ships, the chugging of the engines, and the swish of the waves, the quiet of the sultry September mid-afternoon was unbroken.

The Sachem was about twelve hundred yards away, almost abreast of the fort, when boomed the terrific blast of Dowling's guns, fired broadside on the advancing fleet. An answering explosion on the Sachem and clouds of steam enveloping her gave evidence of the deadly aim of Fort Griffin's gunners. A shot had gone through the Sachem's steam drum. Her panic-stricken crew, many scalded in the live steam, jumped overboard. Some of them managed to swim to the Arizona near by. Others, how many will never be known, drowned. Acting Volunteer Lieutenant A. Johnson, commanding the Sachem, stuck to his post and was taken prisoner. His ship grounded on the reef, hopelessly damaged and the crew killed, wounded or panic stricken, the skipper of the Sachem signaled the Arizona to come up and tow the vessel off and out into deep water. The Arizona, however, was not without troubles of her own. Of too deep draft for the shallow waters of Sabine Pass, she had grounded several times as she followed the Sachem into Louisiana Channel, and even while the stricken vessel called for aid, the Arizona was in the mud and the ebbing tide swung her bows across the channel. Finally, Lieutenant Johnson ran up the white flag on the Sachem.

Almost simultaneously with the blowing up of the Sachem, the Clifton was put out of control and grounded when a shot from the fort severed her rudder rope. The tide swung her in such a position that she lay in direct range between the gunboats Granite City and Arizona, and the fort, making it impossible for gunners aboard those vessels to continue firing. Thus under the direct fire of Dowling's guns, almost in the shadow of the fort, the Clifton bore the brunt of the battle. Even in this position, and with part of her guns on the off side, with her crew abandoning their posts to save their lives, the Clifton fired the three guns remaining in action for over half an hour, until a shot passed through her boilers and machinery, completely disabling her.

#### PLANTATION LIFE BEFORE THE WAR.

[Reminiscences of Mrs. Laura Cook Wardlaw, as told to Miss Mary Macy Ratliff, of Raymond, Miss., her niece, and arranged by her for publication some years ago.]

I was a little girl twelve years old when "The War" began. No matter how many other wars the world may see, it will always be "The War" to me, for it was a terrible experience for anyone, but especially so for an imaginative child, and it changed all the prospects of my life.

I had always lived on a plantation belonging to my father, Col. McKinney L. Cook, about a mile from Edwards Depot, as it was then called, in Hinds County, Miss. The home place—for we had one south of us called Sligo, another near Baird, on the Mississippi River, and another near Bayou Mason in Louisiana—was situated on a high bluff overlooking Big Black River, which ran in front of the house. This bluff was a beautiful place to all of us young people. My father would never allow a tree or vine cut from it, so it was just as nature fashioned it. We gathered lovely flowers growing there in profusion, wild calacanthus, woodbine, or coral honeysuckle, yellow jasmine, violets, ferns, holly, and



white and red haw. In their season, we gathered chinquepins, hickory nuts, walnuts, muscadines, grapes, wild plums, and spring plums. It was a great place for the young ladies to walk with the young men who came to see them. Two of my sisters' husbands chose this place to ask the important question and receive the answers which made them happy.

The plantation was called Moss Side by my sister Lydia, who was a young lady enjoying the care-free life of a popular young lady of the time. I think she called it that because of the long gray moss that hung on the trees on the bluff and in the valley that lay between the house and the river. The yard was large and had beautiful shade trees, under which I loved to play with my two brothers, Tom, who was two and a half years older, and Willie, who was two years younger than I. I loved to decorate the house with the lilacs, crêpe jessamines, crêpe myrtles, roses, and altheas, which grew in the yard and garden.

The house was a typical country house of the time, with wide galleries and halls, built for comfort, especially during the long, hot summers. It was two stories high, with tall pillars on the front gallery, and a cross hall in the back connecting it with the old house, which has since been torn down. The new part is now used as a residence for the white teachers and President of Mount Beulah College for Negroes.

In the front hall there was a staircase with railing and banisters of solid walnut from our own black walnut trees. Besides those in the swamp, where this came from, my father had a line of them nearly two miles long. I have read that a black walnut log, nine feet long and six inches square, was

worth \$52, and I wished I had those I remembered so well as a child.

From the west windows upstairs we could see a good part of the place that was under cultivation. It was a level field, containing about twelve hundred acres, extending down the road toward Smith Station. This was often an advantage during the war, as we could see the Yankees coming some time before they reached the house, and we could hurry and eat a meal before they got there to take it away from us.

Our parlor was on that side, down stairs, and it, as well as the rest of the house, was finished in white plaster, and so well was it done that even the frescoes were still intact the last time I was there, several years ago. About sixty-two years it had stood; for that part of the house was built in 1853 or 1854.

Instead of building, my father wanted to sell, as he had a good offer for the place, and move to Texas. He believed that war was coming, and as he was an old-time Whig, he was not in sympathy with the secession spirit, though when his State seceded he was loyal to it and did all he could to help the Confederacy. My mother was not willing to go to Texas, because it was so rough and wild out there. She had left her home in Wilson, La., which was settled earlier, and had come with my father to Hinds County when it was first opened up and called the New Purchase, so she dreaded to go to another new country.

But I started to tell about the furnishings of the parlor. My mother bought the rosewood furniture, which I now have, in New Orleans, paying \$500 for it. It was imported from France, and is the same style as the furniture that Greenwood

LeFlore bought from Malmaison, Napoleon's home, though the massive carvings are not overlaid with gold, as that is. The French government, I have been told, has tried to buy this furniture from LeFlore's descendants, offering large sums of money for it, but they value it so highly they will not sell. Money could not buy mine because of the sweet memories of those early days before I knew the meaning so well of sorrow. Ours was upholstered in rose-colored satin damask. The set originally had two sofas, two large arm chairs, and eight small chairs, but a Yankee officer took a large chair and three small ones



THE WINNIE DAVIS ROOM IN BEAUVOIR MANSION, AS RECENTLY RESTORED. A PORTRAIT OF "THE DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY" HANGS ABOVE THE MANTEL. (See VETERAN for November.)



to his camp. My mother went to see him and asked if he would not give them back to her, but he said: "*I certainly will not, madam.*" She then asked him if he would not give them back when he had to move, knowing he could not take them with him, and he said perhaps he would; but he did not.

On the floor was a beautiful Axminster carpet, costing \$90 and at the windows were embroidered net lace curtains that cost \$29, a piece, in New Orleans, where we did most of our shopping. About the year 1853, my father had taken Sister Mary to New Orleans and bought her a rosewood piano, and, although she was married before I was seven years old, she left the piano in the parlor for Sister Lydia and me to use. Russell Cook has the long French mirror in its gilt frame and the marble-topped stand that it rested on. Mother had such a pretty ornament in front of the mirror—a pink stand, in which was a white magnolia that could be taken out and flowers put in the stand. It was stolen during the war, I suppose at the same time that the Yankee soldier broke the large hand-painted vases that were on the mantel. Just as he was about to break them, my little maid said to him: "O! Mister, don't break them pretty things! Give them to me." He chipped a piece off of each one with his sword and gave them to her, and after he left she gave them to me. I have them now to remember her faithfulness . . . On the mantel also was a white Parian marble clock, beautiful in every line and of exquisite material. I still have that, too, to remind me of those happy hours when, a little girl, I would sit by my mother in her beautiful parlor and listen to the talk of the ladies who came to spend the day, or watch them do their exquisite needlework and fine embroidery. We still have some done by my half-sister, Lavinia, whom I adored as only a baby sister can love the oldest sister who makes a pet of her from her babyhood. Sister Lavinia lived in Louisiana, and when we went to see her we had to go on horseback and carry our clothes in saddlebags, if it was winter time; but in the summer, when the roads were good, we went in mother's big carriage, with either Uncle Willis or Uncle Cæsar to drive us. The carriage had soft cushions upholstered in woolen damask, and had glass windows above the doors that could be closed when it was cold or it rained. I loved to look through them and see the flowers and birds in the woods as we were passing. When we were going to church or to a dining, or picnic, or to spend the day, the gentlemen nearly always rode horseback, and if it were not too dusty, they would often ride near and talk to the ladies in the carriage. This was the custom even when young men were escorting young ladies to a party. The chaperone and girls rode in the carriage and the young men on horseback usually, though not always.

We had a large garden of three or four acres, and we raised quantities of vegetables for our own table and for all of the negroes. We had strawberries, raspberries, and, in the orchard peaches, plums, grapes, figs, pears, and apples. Watermelons were grown in such quantities that they would be carried to the field for the hands by the wagonload every day during the season. Mother used to raise every year between five hundred and eight hundred chickens and seventy or eighty turkeys, one hundred or more geese, and numbers of ducks.

Sometimes ladies and gentlemen would go horseback and drive partridges into nets spread for them. They also made turkey traps for wild turkeys in this way: A pen would be built and covered with brush, with an opening on the ground dug out under a broad plank which went all around the trap inside. Corn was spread some distance along in front of it and the flock would be so busy following the trail of corn they would be in the pen before they realized it; then they would be

so frightened they would keep running around the trap with their heads up, looking for a place to get out, and never see the opening at the bottom.

The gentlemen had deer clubs, and I have often seen a servant who had been with them ride up with a big fat deer on his horse. Mother would dry some of it, and it was fine when broiled with rich butter. There was a great deal of wild game in the country then, but we were glad that the bears had gone farther into the uninhabited country. We could see the marks of their claws on some of the beech trees.

We had a great many cattle, and usually killed one hundred or more fat hogs, but also had to buy barrels of pickled pork for the hands. Once a train, running just back of the house, ran over one of the cows and was thrown off of the track, about eleven o'clock in the day. My father came to the house and told mother about it, and she said: "Tell everybody to come to the house and get dinner, trainmen and all." A lady who was in the party said there were sixty in all, and that there was plenty for everybody, and one of the most bountiful and best-cooked dinners she ever ate. My father never thought of expecting pay from the railroad, as people would now, for the cow, but later they sent mother a set of solid silver tablespoons. Some Yankee took them off during the war, and I suppose some of his children are using them now.

When ladies came to spend the day, as they often did, they came about ten o'clock and stayed to early tea. All the ladies took great pride in having an elaborate dinner and something very dainty for tea. At an everyday dinner, my mother usually had three kinds of meat and five or six vegetables, besides sweet things, such as dried fruits, cakes, pies and custards. Everybody had quantities of dried fruit, pickles, and preserves. My mother always cooked her preserves a little (brought them to a boil each day for three days) and they never spoiled even when kept in the big, broad-mounted jars with only a cloth tied over the tops. We did not have glass-sealed jars as we do now. They were put in the sun during the day, which kept them in good shape by toughening them and also partially cooked them; so they did not have to be cooked much each day. They were clear and beautiful, and so good! Sister Elvy, who was married and lived near us, used to take many prizes at the State Fair by her exhibits of pickles, preserves, and jellies. We all loved to go to the annual State Fair to meet our friends and see what each one had on exhibition.

We usually milked thirty cows, for mother sold all of her surplus butter in Vicksburg at a good price. Mammie and Delia did the milking.

There were sixty-seven darkies on this place. We still have a tax receipt showing that my father paid taxes on that many in the year 1857. With the exception of the house servants, the darkies lived in the "Quarters," a row of cabins about a quarter of a mile back of the house. Each cabin had a little garden, where they could raise anything they wanted to. In the lower part of our yard to the east, there was a house built for a hospital for the darkies. It had two rooms, a large one for the patients, and a smaller one for a cook room.

Aunt Viney kept the little negroes in cold or rainy weather in a house built for the purpose, and the bigger children looked after them under her supervision. When it was pleasant, they took them to the fields and kept them under the big oaks that were left in the fields for that purpose. The mothers would come here every two or three hours and nurse the babies. Cool water was brought to the field every few hours in a cart for the "hands." Aunt Viney was the wife of Uncle Abel, the fisherman, and had a position of much re-



sponsibility and more authority with the children, which she enjoyed. Uncle Abel had a gig and would gig turtles to be used at the "big house" for turtle soup. He also caught fish from the river, both with his hooks and trap. He also had a boat to aid him in his work. Whenever cypress shingles or logs had to be gotten out of the cypress brake, which was down by the river, Uncle Abel was sent as head man over the other darkies. Some cypress shingles that he got out and my brother-in-law put on a smokehouse in 1859 are still on the house.

Mammy, whose name was Ginny, was Daddy's wife. His name was Toney. She was a little black Guinea negro, very quick and active, a splendid servant, but very high strung, and, when once thoroughly aroused, a perfect terror. She was devoted to us all, but especially to my mother, and proved her loyalty many times during the trying years of the war. She stayed with us to the end, and it was sometimes due to her that we did not have the very bread taken from us by Yankee soldiers. She once fought one for a ham she was cooking. Daddy was the butcher, and when he came to die he said all the hogs and beeves he had killed troubled him. Sister Mary said: "But, Daddy, that was your work and you had to do it." "Yes, but Little Miss, I took pleasure in it," he said. She told him if he was sorry about it and would ask God to forgive him, he would do so, and he seemed satisfied. He was one of the servants who said he was converted through the Bible readings and talks Sister Mary used to give them every Sunday afternoon when she was a young lady.

My father and some neighbors paid a white minister to preach to their darkies at the little schoolhouse once a month. Then, too, many of the churches had galleries in them for the negroes to sit in if they cared to do so. They could have their membership in the white Churches, and the communion was passed to them just as to the other members. Some preferred to go to the schoolhouse, where they could be freer to express their emotions.

Uncle Willis was the blacksmith, as well as one of the gardeners, and sometimes drove the carriage. He superintended the young negroes in working the garden. Sallie was the washer and ironer, and Minerva was seamstress. Delia, Liza, and Millie worked around the house, and Harvey was the yard man. My father used to say he could make fifty bales of cotton with "the trash gang," as he called all of those who did not work in the field under the overseer. Mr. Dick Hume was overseer when the war came on and till the second year after it begun, when he enlisted. Rena was head cook under Mammy. Until about the year 1845, all the cooking was done on the fireplace and in brick or iron ovens. Potatoes baked in an oven are far superior to those cooked any other way. We had big cranes in the fire place for the pots, and skillets with iron tops so they could have fire under them and over them; waffle irons, with long handles, to be put over glowing coals, and when done on one side, turn on the other. Father bought one of the first cooking stoves ever brought to this country. On rainy days, the women would come to a room used for the purpose and mother would cut out their clothes and the seamstress would show them how to make them. We also had one of the first sewing machines. It was a Singer.

Rations were issued by the overseer once a week. At dinnertime, the women were dismissed from the field earlier than the men in order to cook their dinners. In the morning they cooked while the men were getting their teams ready.

When a darky was sick, he was put in the hospital and received the best of attention. My mother often sat up all night to direct Aunt Viney when one was very sick. She had

so much practice in this way that she learned a great deal about medicine, and was very successful with her patients. In one epidemic she had thirty cases and lost only one, a baby six weeks old. A neighbor lost eight darkies one night. All of the doctors in the vicinity lost a great many patients at this time. She usually doctored her darkies herself at this time, though she sometimes called in a physician.

At one time, a neighbor sent for mother and asked her to do something for her small child, who had scarlet fever. She had just lost two children with it and believed this one was going to die. Mother said: "But you have the doctor treating her." "Well, he hasn't done her any good, and I believe that she is going to die just like the others unless you will treat her as you did your children," was the response. Mother treated the child all night and by morning the crisis had passed, and she was much better.

## THE COAT OF GRAY.

BY LOUISE MANNING CROSLAND.

I once unpacked a valued chest  
Where sacred treasures lay,  
And there I found a soldier's coat  
Of old Confederate gray!  
With reverence I lifted it,  
Examined ev'ry fold;  
And then I thought, if it could speak,  
Just what there might be told!

The gray, once stainless, new, and bright,  
Was tattered now, and torn;  
And there were marks of shot and shell  
Its wearer, too, had borne.  
Then while I gazed, it seemed I caught  
A whiff, so gentle, light,  
Of smoke that rose from camp-fire glow  
When tales were told at night!

The gilded buttons, chevrons, too,  
That graced this coat of gray,  
Worn by a Southern soldier lad  
Through many a bloody fray,  
Were tarnished now by battle smoke  
And dulled by passing age;  
But to our country's history  
They gave a valued page!

Within this sacred garment soon  
I found a hidden part!  
'Twas just a pocket, small, secure,  
Sewed o'er the wearer's heart!  
Then from this sanctuary's depths  
A secret soon lay bare:  
There slept a tiny Testament,  
A mother's hands placed there!

I felt I trespassed holy ground,  
So then, with rev'rent hands,  
I creased again the gray coat's folds  
To bide well time's demands;  
And there within its resting place  
That article will stay,  
As twilight years pass o'er the heads  
Of wearers of the gray!



# THE ORIGIN OF THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BY MRS. WILLIAM LYNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Pride in citizenship has its justification in Scripture, for St. Paul was proud of his privileges as a Roman citizen; and, through Holy Writ the cities of the past are visualized with the characteristics for which noted. Richmond has always boasted her "Seven Hills," like Rome, and taken her place in the culture of the Old South since its early beginnings. My grandmother remembered when there were only about fifteen houses in Richmond, but, as Virginia stretched westward, logically the city grew in industry and inhabitants. When my mother bought her wedding clothes, she did her shopping in Richmond, and was the guest of her kinsman, the mayor of the city, Mr. Tate, in 1826, so from that date the happenings of Richmond were well known to us, for my father, Senator William A. Moncure, of Ellerslie, boarded at the Swan Tavern and Spotiswood Hotel, where, naturally, one gleans more news than if a resident of a private home. His family lived in the country, but he and his first cousin, Mr. Conway Robinson, were participants in every public event that happened in the capital of Virginia, Mr. Robinson being the son-in-law of United State Senator Benjamin Watkins Leigh, for whom Leigh Street is named.

Early in the life of the municipality, Mr. Robinson deplored there was no Mercantile Library, and he kept this lack before the minds of the council until an appropriation was made to meet with this demand; so that, as their appointee, he journeyed to Europe and purchased (from his own purse) paintings and books which were housed in the Athenæum on Marshall Street, near Eleventh. This was in reality the beginning of the Virginia Historical Society, and in the Athenæum William Makepeace Thackeray delivered his lectures when Richmond was honored by the two visits from the famous author of "Vanity Fair," whose novels, "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians," still retain their popularity despite the avalanche of modern literature. Thackeray lectured on Swift, Pope, Fielding, Goldsmith, and English court life under the Georges and Queen Anne, not popular subjects with the masses.

It is a truism of the ages that great talent and genius often belie an unattractive personality; yet, despite address, Thackeray became most popular in Richmond, for he was more responsive and receptive than Dickens had proved, though his writings have never swayed the public like the "Christmas Carol" and "Tale of Two Cities." Since the World War, that masterpiece of Dickens is read and screened now with all the popularity of a "best seller," for the American Expeditionary Force resurrected it, and those masterpieces of Dumas and also Scott's "Quentin Derwood," for better knowledge of the terrain of France and the cockpit of Europe, the Ardennes and Haute Marne.

While in Richmond, Thackeray was the guest of Mrs. Robert Stanard, whose home later became the Westmoreland Club. Between him and John R. Thompson, then editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* (1853), there developed the warmest friendship, and his impressions of Richmond show that the hospitality extended was duly appreciated, for here were many cultured minds with whom he could enjoy that rare communion of English criticism. Mrs. Stanard's husband had been most intimate with Edgar Allan Poe when he lived with the Scotch Allans on Fifth and Main Streets.

In describing his trip to the capital of Virginia, Thackeray wrote: "I am delighted with the comfortable, friendly, cheerful little town (Richmond seemed so to one familiar with

London), the picturesquest I have seen in America." And he adds: "I am having a good little time—pleasant people; good audiences; quiet cheerful hotel." On his subsequent visits for brief intervals, he is again loud with praise, declaring: "At Richmond, I had a pleasant little time, a very pleasant little time."

Now, these were the views expressed in correspondence, but the views which Thackeray voiced to those with whom he chatted are far more entertaining, for he spoke of the statue to Andrew Jackson in the park opposite the White House in Washington, D. C., thus: "The hero is seated on an impossible horse, with an impossible tail, in an impossible attitude." But Thackeray greatly admired Trumbull's paintings in the Rotunda of the National Capitol, the Surrender at Yorktown, and the Baptism of Pocahontas; and he was enthusiastic over the Houdon statue of Washington in the capitol in Richmond, feeling all artists should travel thither to see it before attempting to make the equestrian figures of the first President, which did not appeal to him in many cities.

It seems astonishing to us, enjoying, as we now do, the fruits of the tropics through the invention of cold storage and quick transportation, but Thackeray had never seen fresh bananas until he visited Richmond; and this delicacy he deemed a true delight. But even I can recall when tomatoes were termed "love apples" and were placed on the table as an ornament rather than a vegetable, of which we were not expected to partake. A friend of mine recently returned from Charlotte Town, Prince Edward Island, tells me that our Suffolk peanuts are there displayed in shop windows, not to be purchased, but as *an exotic*; and likewise many English people inquire if our Hanover sweet potatoes grow on trees. But, though bananas appealed to Thackeray, he disliked our fine Lynnhaven oysters, especially when served on the half shell, and declared he could not swallow them, for the sight too vividly recalled to his imagination the "ear of the high priest's servant which St. Peter cut off with his sword." My father and Cousin Conway Robinson heard him make this remark, and between them ever after it was an unending cause of mirth.

My recollection of these incidents was later enriched by many conversations in my own home, where Col. John B. Cary, Mr. Edward Y. Cannon, and Mr. George W. Anderson (father of Col. Charles J. Anderson), who used to come often on Sunday afternoons to cheer my invalid husband.

These were scholarly men, with Yale training and vast erudition. Col. Cary maintained at Hampton the finest boys' academy in Virginia in ante-bellum days; which left an impress like Rugby upon his pupils, among whom was young Gordon McCabe, than whom Virginia has never numbered a more finished scholar. He belonged to the same company in the Confederate army with my husband; and his second wife was Miss Cary, a daughter of his old teacher, to whom he wrote a beautiful sonnet entitled, "Dreaming in the Trenches" (just prior to the battle of the Crater). Col. McCabe was the student who first floated the Confederate flag above the rotunda of the University of Virginia, which Prof. Holmes and Prof. John B. Minor hastened to lower lest the University be burned for treason, as the Commonwealth had not then seceded.

Colonel McCabe always maintained a deep friendship with the poet Tennyson, whom he later visited in England; and when Thackeray was found dead in his bed on Christmas Eve—though the War between the States was at its most perilous crisis in old Virginia, yet McCabe was such a scholar first (and soldier afterwards) that he snatched time sufficient





VIRGINIA HOUSE, HOME OF THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, RICHMOND, VA.

centuries are still plainly discernible, and are as unique as coats-of-arms of the working class; for, from the guilds sprang "town meetings and the rule of the people in that democracy vouchsafed by the Magna Charter. In this connection, and as the United States is soon to have a President whose father was a blacksmith, it is well to note and chronicle that President Tyler of Virginia, who sleeps at sacred Hollywood, descended from that Wat Tyler, the blacksmith who headed the labor element and wrested the Magna Charter from King John. The Cavalier contingent in Virginia always had its ballast in the sturdy yeomanry and guild element, for the privileges of the London

to write a review of the great English novelist for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which appeared in 1864. Later in life Gordon McCabe became the president of the Virginia Historical Society. That post is now held by Judge Daniel Grinnan, formerly of the Virginia Chancery Court, whose life began on the historic banks of the Robinson River near its confluence with the Rapidan, all battle sites in the war of the sixties, for here the Richmond Howitzers (my husband's company) encountered and defeated the Pennsylvania "Bucktails" close to "Brampton," the old Grinnan home. Judge Grinnan's aunt by marriage, Mrs. Joseph Bryan, bought the residence of Gen. Robert E. Lee in Richmond and presented it for the needs of the Virginia Historical Society. Her sisters, the Misses Stuart, traveled with Miss Mary Custis Lee to India and the families were always most intimate. The Franklin Street war residence of General Lee has long become too small for the present purposes of the Virginia Historical Society, so that the new building, known as the Virginia House, will now fulfill a special need in the heart of Virginian antiquarians while lending a trace of architecture and traditions that nestle back far in the realm of Mother England.

Virginia will add to the attractions of Richmond in soon opening the doors of this wonderful new home for the Historical Society, or Association, in what is called "Virginia House," where will be housed the priceless relics that belong to the Old Dominion through her heritage as "Mother of Presidents" and oldest of colonies, as well as "Mother of States and Statesmen."

This new structure is new only in the sense of having been recently brought to Virginia and rebuilt in Richmond. It is constructed of materials brought from old England, and was once known as Warwick Priory, which was completed in England in 1565. The material is a species of sandstone, mellowed to a beautiful tint by the touch of time, with the stones still showing the moss that age has accumulated, and, also, which is most interesting, the craft marks of the guilds who were the masons that builded in those olden days, when the guilds were just beginning to take that prominent part in English civilization which marked the rise of "Guild Halls" as the form for the labor element. These emblems after four

Company's convoy required a man's having a trade to be an emigrant to the colony on the James River, to safeguard the land from idle adventurers.

This "Virginia House" is situated in the loveliest surroundings of attractive Richmond, where a superb view of the James River leads the trail of memory to old Jamestown Island, and embodies in its structure a replica of "Sulgrave Manor," the original home of the Washington family in England. In the wing of the house, the portraits and relics of the Virginia Historical Society are to be domiciled; and a preservation in our republic of America, where most that is noblest and highest comes to our inheritance through English ideals. Like Sulgrave Manor in England, it shows the Washington coat-of-arms above the entrance; and authentic history points to the characteristics of the Father of his Country as heiring his birthright from a race that was true to Church and crown. The Virginia House has a roof of the old stones that came from England, only where once wooden pegs held them in place, now copper wire secures them fast as a part of this unique structure. The massive original oaken stairway and beautiful balustrade and wall panelings are a liberal education in the art of woodcraft; for it takes the fancy across the seas to the days of "Merry England," when "Good Queen Bess" herself, in her royal pilgrimages, made a tour to this historic site, which was old even in her time. Little did speculation then, though Drake was sailing the high seas, ever dream that a priory of original stones would some day follow the explorers to the land named in honor of England's Virgin Queen; in 1572 she slept beneath this very same roof, and a stone in the west wing of the building bears the royal arms in commemoration of this event.

The windows of the Virginia House are of the finest tinted glass ever seen in the United States and are the equal of any abroad, challenging comparison with the cathedrals of Europe; for four centuries of sunlight have tinted their shade to a color which cannot be imitated; and here and there are medallions of stained glass that are colored by the melting of silver into the molten glass, which was the earliest method of producing colored glass as well as the most lasting and expensive. The beams over the fireplaces are of hewn flaked



white oak, as sound and hard as when hewn centuries ago. One can vision the carols and yule log, of those festive scenes!

The gift of the Virginia House to the people of the old Commonwealth of Virginia, and be it remembered there are but three commonwealths in the United States—i.e., Virginia, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania—comes through the generosity of Alexander W. Weddell, Jr., a native-born Richmonder, whose heritage was noble blood from a long line of those immortal Virginians who lived to the glory of God and died for conscience. Mr. Weddell is essentially a self-made man, having carved his own life from the inspiration of those who gave him birth, for he possessed nothing of fortune as a boy but the great privilege of a sainted mother, at whose knee he heard of tragedy such as seldom befalls the sorrows of the human heart. Through self-endeavor, he has earned education and served as private secretary and consul general at many foreign posts, including long residences in Denmark, Italy, Greece, Cairo, India, Mexico, and the Near East, while sojourns in Calcutta, Athens, Beirut, and East Africa have given him a comprehensive appreciation that "be it ever so humble there is no place like home." He is prejudiced in his love for Richmond as the city of his birth and of hallowed memories, so that, in making it his home, is exemplified the truism to the Southern heart, "Carry me back to Ole Virginny" as being a cycle of Cathay.

The cause of the hold of the capital of Virginia on Mr. Weddell's heartstrings is most pathetic. He is a liberal, broad-minded man in all that foreign travel and study in universities at home and abroad can give, yet, indwelling, are the tender lessons learned in childhood of those terrible days when war made of Virginia a blood-soaked battle field, and of tragedies perpetrated in the frenzy of passion which have left an impress that cannot be forgotten, even if forgiven.

In that section of Richmond where rises old St. John's Episcopal Church, within whose walls Patrick Henry made his memorable speech for "liberty or death," and where Virginia conventions met to ratify the Federal Constitution, there are two tablets—one to the memory of Alexander W. Weddell, Sr., late rector of St. John's Church and, I say it reverently, than whom there was never a more beloved man in Richmond—a big hearted giant of a man, who chose to give of his talent and tremendous energy to the glory of God rather than fame. In any walk of life or on any battle field, Rev. Dr. Weddell would have made his mark by those compelling qualities which men revere. He devoted his short life to up-building Virginia, just as Gen. Robert E. Lee was doing at Lexington in the college hall after Appomattox—only Dr. Weddell preached the Word of God, and encouraged the people to bear their heavy burden when proud old Virginia was bereft of her statehood and listed as "Military District, No. 1." By his side there toiled a little woman, frail, sweet and beautiful—Penelope Margaret Wright Weddell—who, early left a widow, had to maintain and rear a large family of children when her sainted husband was called with the summons, "well done," to enter into the joy of his Lord.

To-day, close to the spot where sleeps, Chancellor George Wythe, the signer of the Declaration of Independence (and the instructor in the law of John Marshall, the Chief Justice), and where also rest the remains of the mother of Edgar Allan Poe, are buried in the same grave Alexander Weddell, Sr., rector of old St. John's and the woman he adored, "Dear little Mrs. Weddell," as every one called her. She was lovely in spirit and her soul illumined her face like a beatific vision, so that wherever she moved, always modestly like a violet, people said, "That is Mrs. Weddell," and gave the

homage her character and charm of personality warranted. Every one knew she had passed through "deep waters", been baptized literally with tears and those drops of blood like unto Gethsamane. Her father, the sainted Dr. Wright, of Virginia, who, like the Great Physician, gave his time and talent to the art of healing, was executed by a tribunal when "Beast Butler" came up the Peninsula. Dr. Wright had won the love of Norfolk and Portsmouth by his great services when those cities were plague infested with yellow fever; he stayed, he served, he was never recompensed save with the love of the community and the respect of the commonwealth.

Dr. Wright was a strong Union man in days of the sixties, and he stuck at his post as a doctor of medicine in the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, where his services to women and children went on. All Virginia felt he was sincere in his convictions, and none questioned his privilege to be a Union man; his conscience could not go against the sovereign power of the United States. But Norfolk and Portsmouth early fell under Federal control with the seizure of the navy yards. The details of tragedy can never be explained, but one day, as Dr. Wright was going from his home, where he had just eaten a wedding anniversary dinner with his family, he met a body of noisy negro troops on the pavement, who were most insolent. The sight of negroes in the blue uniform always excited the people of Norfolk to a great degree, seeming like "insurrection"—since negroes were then slaves in Virginia. Dr. Wright was unarmed; he never carried a pistol, as he held that no man should take another's man's life. Quietly and unostentatiously, he was simply passing as a private citizen along the street when the negroes would not give way, but jostled him, pushing him in the gutter. Nobody could ever explain how it happened; he was beset by this mob with drawn swords, and to defend him, somebody thrust a pistol in his hand. How it happened was never known. Anyway, the pistol went off as a soldier lunged against him. Dr. Wright did not shoot, but the pistol was accidentally fired and a Union soldier fell! Instantly the good Doctor was seized and carried to prison, tried later by military tribunal, and sentenced to be hanged! He was manacled and marched through the streets of Norfolk. His trial was absolutely unfair, but he never for a second doubted the outcome, so accepted his fate without a tremor, save regret at forfeiting his life on so false a charge and leaving his dear ones.

Then his young daughter, Penelope Margaret Wright, went to the prison at nightfall and, though under espionage, with concealed clothing succeeded in draping her father as a woman and disguised thus, he left the jail, where a carriage was awaiting; while his daughter put on his boots and got in his cot, sticking her feet outside the blanket at the foot, so as to give herself the height of a man (she was very small). A sentry, however, spied Dr. Wright and noted he was much taller than the woman who had been admitted to see him. The alarm was given; Dr. Wright was retaken, and his penalty soon ended on the gallows. Three Episcopal ministers accompanied him to the scaffold, and his remains lay in state in Christ Church in Norfolk, where floral tributes were so many the flowers had to be tacked to the casket to keep them from falling off. The coffin of cypress had been made under the direction of the martyr, for martyr truly was this gentleman, of whom the General Assembly of Virginia passed highest eulogiums on his merits as a citizen, his worth in his profession in yellow fever plagues, and his high and exalted character at all times and under grievous provocations and



## THE CITY OF CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

BY MRS. A. R. DODSON, HISTORIAN TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chattanooga is a city with a background of history and romance, the history of the great war of the sixties, the romance of the Old South. In addition to all its fine traditions, it is a thriving modern city, noted for cordial hospitality and every other characteristic of Southern cities. All about are places of rare scenic and historic interest—Signal Mountain, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Moccasin Bend, while the Chickamauga battle field (now a National Park), Snodgrass Hill, Lee and Gordon's Mill, Orchard Knob, Tunnel Hill, all have their interest as landmarks of history.

Chattanooga is also an important manufacturing city of Hamilton County. Located on the Tennessee River, at the foot of Lookout Mountain, in the southeastern corner of the State, it is the gateway to the whole Southern country. The city was founded in 1836, when it was known as Ross's Landing, from the name of a famous Cherokee chief, and in 1852 it was incorporated as a city under its present name. It was but a scattering town in 1860, with a population of less than three thousand, but its strategic situation made its occupation of value to the Federal government and it became the center of their great military operations.

The territory of that region became an almost continuous battle field, extending along the lines of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway and the Western and Atlantic Railroad, from north of Chattanooga to and beyond Atlanta, Ga. The concise story given here of each of the important engagements thereon should enable the reader to get a clear and comprehensive idea of this tremendous campaign. On these fields of glory were fought some of the most desperately contested battles of the war, and the memory of the valor there displayed will stir the blood and awaken the patriotism of American citizens for generations to come, and doubtless inspire them to similar deeds of heroism should the defense of their sacred rights again require it. The beauty of the well-kept grounds, the imposing monuments commemorating important events, and the many memorial tablets explaining the various actions make a visit to these battle fields an event of supreme interest and inspiration, as well as instruction.

On the 18th of September, 1863, was fired the first gun of the great battle of Chickamauga, which, though showing a greater loss for the Confederates, was undoubtedly a Confederate victory, a victory dearly bought. General Bragg, in command of Confederate forces there, gave his losses as two-fifths of the force there engaged. But of far greater importance to the Confederacy was the loss of Chattanooga, to which the Federal army had retired, and which they now proceeded to fortify. The Federal losses were in the neighborhood of 17,000 men, and arms in proportion, but Chattanooga was worth the price, and this great loss of life was seemingly compensated for in the possession of such a stronghold as Chattanooga. General Forrest strongly urged the following of the Federal forces into Chattanooga, as they retired from the fields of Chickamauga, but Bragg did not see the value of further effort just then, and the city was lost to the Confederacy forever. Nightfall put an end to the contest, and the Confederates, unmolested by general pursuit, abandoned all their positions before Chattanooga, leaving there 6,000 prisoners, 40 guns and 7,000 small arms in the hands of the Federals. General Bragg then took position at Ringgold and Dalton, and the next day the command under Gen. P. R. Cleburne, beat off a reconnoitering party under Sherman at White Oak Ridge. This may be said to have been the end of the Chattanooga campaign. The strength of the Federal army

strain. The rough cypress wood casket was shaped with a boxlike top over the face, and there the doomed man had placed the pictures of his family, wife and children, which he wished buried with him. One of these pictures was that of his oldest son, who had been killed three months before, at the age of twenty-one, while leading his men at Gettysburg, fighting for the South. His family later made their way under flag of truce to Petersburg, where the sympathy of the Commonwealth went out to welcome them; but his daughter, Mrs. Weddell, who tried to rescue him, could never forget this experience, of which people spoke always with hushed breath—In a whisper one would heard it said; "She risked her life to try to save her father. Beast Butler's gang hanged him, one of Virginia's noblest sons!"

And now her son, the donor of the Virginia House to the State, has placed a tablet to her memory in old St. John's Church, Richmond where the populace pauses by the shaft just outside the door beneath which she sleeps with her noble husband a sample of all that is highest in the home life of Virginia when altars of sacrifice required the faith of the patriarchs to meet the burdens of the day. Often there are white carnations on the ground above her, emblems of love and purity and motherhood, palms and floral tributes, where droning bees and the sigh of the wind in the trees breathes a requiem of unspoken heroism that hallows the sacrificial altars of the Southland.

From one of her boys, bereft of his father when a little lad, Virginia is proud to receive the tribute of the Virginia House—for the relics of the past seem but emblems of that higher life, that loftier existence where, in the fullness of God's mercy, all tears are wiped away. The city of Richmond is made richer by such memories; the visible sign of the Virginia House is but a reminder, in housing the temporal treasures of a glorious civilization, of the Spartan spirit and Christian virtues of the Wright-Weddell family. Truly, in thinking of Mrs. Weddell, one always thinks of those lines; "The cup of strength to other souls in their great agony," for though she has joined the choir invisible, whose music is the sweetness of the world, yet her memory "lives always in lives made better by her presence" and her heroism, of which little was said while this quiet gentle soul shed her influence on a community which honored her while living, and her tragic history will be remembered like Jephtha's daughter and Abraham's sacrifice, for voluntarily, and knowing full well what it meant, she went to her father's aid and took upon herself all that might befall as a penalty in trying to effect his escape and release.

History has few if any such parallels. The name of Penelope Wright Weddell stands supreme in the annals of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Richmond, as one, if not the most heroic, of all the galaxy of Southern heroines. Great was the risk, but greater her filial devotion. Success did not crown her efforts, but sublime was the motive; and to this spirit Virginia bows in reverence too deep for words.

Bard of the South!—the "Summer Rose"

May perish with the "Autumn Leaf,"

The "footprints left on Tampa's shores"

May vanish with a date as brief:

But thine shall be the "life" of fame;

No winter winds can wreck thy name;

And future minstrels shall rehearse

Thy virtues in memorial verse!

—Alexander Beaufort Meek, on the Death of Richard Henry Wilde.



was about 80,000, while that of the Confederates was some 50,000. The Union loss in killed and wounded did not exceed 5,000, while the Confederates suffered much more severely, the losses in prisoners especially being disproportionately large.

Missionary Ridge, six miles in length, is on the east side of the city, and from it a series of beautiful views of the country on each side is obtained as one drives by automobile over the splendid roads about the mountain or rides the street cars which run for three miles on the crest of the Ridge, passing over much of the ground which was the scene of the assault of the Ridge by Union forces under Grant in 1863.

Orchard Knob was the site of General Grant's headquarters in 1863-64, and it is now studded with fine monuments. The National Cemetery, owned and cared for by the government, covers an area of over one hundred acres, and within its gates over 14,000 Union dead are buried.

The Confederate Cemetery, on East Fifth Street, Chattanooga, is a beautiful spot, maintained and cared for by the Daughters of the Confederacy of the city. Within its boundaries are buried about 1,250 Confederate soldiers, and many memorial tablets of bronze bear their names.

Lookout Mountain is impressive in its ruggedness. It is so located as to be the principal vantage point from which to view the picturesque Chattanooga region, and matchless scenes of mountains and valleys are unfolded before the gazing eye. Rising abruptly from the valley, and from the very edge of the Tennessee River, the mountain commands an entrancing view of Chattanooga, the broad curves of the stream—Moccasin Bend—one of the most sublime scenes on the American continent, with other mountain heights and expanses of rolling country to be seen as far as the eye can reach.

In addition to its rich scenic and historic assets, Chattanooga offers many inducements as a convention city. Splendid hotels and sight-seeing facilities are offered. An important factor in the selection of Chattanooga as a convention place by many great gatherings is the magnificent Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Auditorium. In this great building is a main theater seating 5,500, with a full-sized, fully-equipped stage; a smaller theater seating fifteen hundred; a score of lesser assembly rooms, seating from fifty to five hundred. A wonderful Austin organ, costing \$5,500, is a feature of the main theater.

Most notable of famous men of Chattanooga was Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, Confederate States Army. Born in Rogersville on October 2, 1821, he served with great honor in the Confederate army, and at the time of his death in 1911, he was one of the Commissioners of the Chickamauga National Park. Gov. James B. Frazier (also United States Senator), Thomas N. Preston, of the American Bankers Association, and other men of note have had prominent connection with the city of Chattanooga.

A brief résumé of the outstanding points of this city at the present time shows the following: Population, 97,500; in "Greater Chattanooga," an area of twenty-five square miles, the population shown by the 1927 directory was 148,586; principal industry, manufacturing, in which there is an investment of \$140,575,000, and there are 384 factories, nine railroad lines, two steamboat lines. The bank clearings are \$408,846,265. Form of government, commission. There are 204 acres in city parks and 158 miles of paved streets. The investment in public schools is \$3,373,547. Elevation above sea level, 672 to 975 feet.

Chickamauga National Park, ten miles south of Chattanooga, owned by the United States government, covers an

area of more than six thousand acres. It was on this field that the important three days' battle of Chickamauga was fought, and which was recorded as being the bloodiest in history. The park is kept in its natural state, many of the old frame buildings being preserved as they existed during the engagements. Over 2,000 monuments, tablets and markers have been erected by the government and various States, which help toward a clearer understanding of the battles. Lines of battle, spots where officers were killed, and other points of interest are designated, the study of which can be followed with much interest for several days.

Everywhere are interesting relics of the "Battle Above the Clouds," on the summit of Lookout Mountain, and General Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge, commemorating these most formidable natural fortresses. Cannon similar to those used at the battle are in the exact position that they occupied during the battle. Numerous steel towers have also been erected upon the tops of which the whole plain, the ridge and the mountains are spread in comprehensive array.

Fort Oglethorpe, regimental cavalry post, designated for a brigade post, is immediately to the north, and is the best cavalry training center in this country. In both recent wars, Chickamauga, hallowed by events of civil strife, has been largely used for mobilization and training when the nation was engaged with foreign foes. A trip through this beautiful park, with its many fine driveways, will be remembered as one of the most interesting ever taken.

Just forty-five minutes from the station at Chattanooga is handsome Signal Mountain Inn, which crowns the summit of this beautiful and romantic mountain by that name. It is reached by the most up-to-date interurban car line in the South. The scenery from the cars as they go up the mountain, and from Signal Point, cannot be surpassed anywhere, with the Tennessee River on one side and the Palisades on the other. The car winds its way to a height of 2,000 feet above the sea with a continual shifting panorama of beautiful landscapes.

### *THE SIXTH MISSOURI AT CORINTH.*

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, the military establishment of Missouri consisted of ten divisions designated as the State Guard. Only the "First," commanded by Brig. Gen. D. M. Frost, of St Louis, had any trained men. These were of the 1st Regiment commanded by Col. John S. Bowen. Each division was commanded by a brigadier general, some of whom had seen service in Mexico. Maj. Gen. Sterling Price was commander in chief.

After the Camp Jackson affair, Colonel Bowen reassembled his companies, made his way to Columbus, Ky., and joined the army of Gen. A. S. Johnston.

As a counter stroke to the capture of Camp Jackson, Governor Jackson instructed General Moorman, of Kansas City, to take possession of army stores at Liberty Arsenal. A few days later, Captain Price, at Fort Leavenworth, was ordered to occupy Kansas City. This move was in violation of the Price-Harney treaty, and aroused a bitter spirit among Southern sympathizers, and in three days, State Guards to the number of twelve hundred gathered near Independence. Then quickly followed the unfortunate affair at Rock Creek, the retreat to Lexington, where several hundred others had gathered; there to Cowskin Prairie, in McDonald County, fighting the battle of Carthage and routing Sigel on the way. General Price joined his small army at Cowskin, and, being reinforced by Gen. Ben McCulloch, proposed an attack on



General Lyon at Springfield, Mo. On the way, and while in Ironton at Wilson Creek, they were surprised by Lyon, but fought so well that after six hours of desperate fighting they killed Lyon and repulsed his army. Lacking authority to proceed farther into Missouri, McCulloch returned to Arkansas. Price, however, marched north, surrounded and captured Lexington, and was preparing to march on to Kansas City when he learned that several Federal contingents were moving to surround and destroy him. He returned to the southwest, then marched to Osceola, and from there to Springfield, where he went into winter quarters.

While at Osceola, the organization of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th regiments of infantry, C. S. A., the 1st Regiment of Cavalry, and three batteries of artillery was completed. At Springfield, Col. Thomas H. Rosser began the organization of a regiment, and had mustered in four strong companies when the approach of two Federal armies, one from Rolla, the other from Kansas City, induced Price to fall back into Arkansas; nor did he halt until safe in the Boston Mountains. Here he was joined by Major General Van Dorn and Generals McCulloch and McIntosh. At a council of war it was planned to move on General Curtis, who, with sixteen thousand Federals, was camped at Cross Hollows. In the battles of Pea Ridge and Elkhorn Mountain, McCulloch and McIntosh were killed and General Slack mortally and General Price slightly wounded, and the army repulsed. General Van Dorn was then ordered to transfer his army to Mississippi and report to General Beauregard at Corinth.

At Memphis, Colonel Rosser was ordered to the command of the post. This left his battalion of four companies to the command of Maj. Eugene Erwin, who, by midsummer, had brought in six more companies, bringing it up to a full regiment, captained as follows:

Company A, McKinney, Jackson County; Company B, Taylor, Lafayette County; Company C, Cooper, Howard County; Company D, Duncan, Johnson County; Company E, Woodard, St. Genevieve County; Company F, Weidemeyer, St. Clair County; Company G, Clark, Platte County; Company H, Hickey, Adair County; Company I, Dickey, Saline County; Company K, Parsons, Cape Girardeau County.

By autumn, the 6th Missouri Regiment was fairly well drilled and seasoned.

In September, 1862, General Price, who had been joined by two more divisions, advanced on Iuka, Miss., which he occupied just after the Federal occupants had hurriedly abandoned it. Price had been encouraged to make this move by a report which indicated that General Grant, in command of North Mississippi and West Tennessee, had been ordered to Middle Tennessee and Kentucky, with a part of his forces, leaving Corinth and Jackson, Tenn., with greatly weakened garrisons. This report was a false one, and after a few days at Iuka, Price's scouts reported both Grant and Rosecranz moving on him with largely superior forces. General Rosecranz, with an army that alone outnumbered Price's, advanced from the direction of Purdy, Miss., while Grant was coming from Corinth and Jackson. As Rosecranz was closer up, Price, leaving General Maurey to match Grant, moved out and attacked Rosecranz, holding Erwin in reserve to be used when and where most needed.

At the sound of the first gun, Erwin was in a fever of impatience. Hoping to be ordered into action, he formed the regiment in line and awaited developments. Soon the battle opened in earnest. We could hear the deep intonations of the artillery and incessant roar of small arms as Colonel Rogers, of Texas, led his heroes in that charge that has gone down in history as one of the "most gallant in modern times."

From where we stood we could see the white smoke lift itself above the green of the tree tops and float away on the evening breeze, and we wondered how long it would be before we could join in the *mêlée*. We could see the rays of the sun grow slant, and feel the coming of night. We could see ambulance after ambulance coming in with their ghastly loads of maimed and wounded men, and we felt that the little aid we could give was needed. Longingly we looked up the dusty lane beyond which the battle was raging to see a courier bringing orders that would send us to the front. Isn't it strange that men will feel that way even when realizing the horrible realities of battle? Yet it is so, and just as the leveling rays of the sun were giving their last kiss to the tree tops, we hailed with loud cheers orders that sent us double quickening to the firing line.

At the farther end of the lane in the edge of the grove, General Price awaited us. He wore a gray blouse, and the dying rays of the setting sun emblazoned his features, features of true soldierly nobility. He raised his hand in salute as we swept past, and said: "Ah, my noble boys. Would to God I had had you here an hour ago!" There was an unmistakable pathos and anguish in his usually cheerful voice, and tears were on his cheeks. We knew then that some great disaster had befallen, and learned a few minutes later that Gen. Henry Little had been killed. Had we been there an hour earlier, General Little might not have been killed, the battle saved.

Night had fallen, and the two armies slept so close to each other that conversation was only in whispers, lest we draw each other's fire. A council of war was called. General Price wanted to attack Rosecranz at daylight, but as it became known that Grant, with twenty thousand men, more than all the Confederates available, was in striking distance, a retreat was determined upon. The retreat was begun early next morning and continued until Booneville was reached. Here Price received a letter from Gen. Earl Van Dorn proposing a union of forces at Ripley and a sudden move on Corinth. Ripley was only thirty-five miles away and the undertaking seemed promising.

On September 30, the movement began. The combined forces comprised three divisions—to wit: Price's (the Missourians and one Mississippi regiment), Maurey's, and Lovell's; besides these a small force of cavalry. By night we had reached Pocahontas on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, almost equidistant from Corinth, Bolivar, and Grand Junction, threatening all three of those points.

On the morning of the first, we moved in the direction of Corinth, Gen. Frank Armstrong masking our movement with the cavalry. That night we reached a point between Corinth and Chewalla, about seven miles from the former. Corinth, a town of fifteen hundred people, was at the crossing of the Memphis and Charleston and Mobile and Ohio Railroads. It was a strong strategic point and had been a coveted position ever since the waves of war had rolled so far southward. In the previous April, Halleck, with one hundred thousand men, had laid siege to it while being held by General Beauregard with forty thousand men. Beauregard, one of the most accomplished engineers in the Confederacy, had strongly fortified the place, and in moving upon it Van Dorn knew he would have Beauregard's old works to carry by assault. Halleck's advance, however, had been from the northeast, and on that side of the city Beauregard's strongest defenses had been constructed. These consisted of redoubts mounted with artillery and connected by breastworks made almost unapproachable by abattis of fallen timber.



It was partly to avoid the strongest of these works and partly to keep the forces of the enemy divided that the Confederate commander first moved north to Pocahontas and then turned to the right and drove straight toward Corinth.

Price's division, following the Chewalla road, encountered the enemy three miles from Corinth on the morning of the 3rd and brushed him back. Hebert's Brigade, comprising the 6th Missouri Regiment, Samuel's Battalion, and the 42nd Mississippi, was thrown forward, its right resting on the Chewalla road. Finding only a skirmish line in its front, it advanced until it found itself confronted by a line of formidable earthworks, in front of which was an almost impenetrable abattis of fallen trees. Nothing daunted, the men picked their way through, never halting until clear of abstrusion. But the Federals had not waited to receive our attack, and had abandoned their strong position without firing a shot. The brigade continued its forward movement, shifting to the left until its left wing reached the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, its right resting on the Chewalla road. Here we encountered General Davies's Division of Illinoisians, strongly posted on a timbered ridge, with an open field some two hundred yards wide, in his front. Davies's center was protected by a battery of field guns. Captain Landis's strong battery of 12-pounder Napoleons was quickly thrown into position, engaged the Federal guns, and after a thirty-minute duel put them out of action. This was the signal for the infantry to attack, and the brigade was in immediate motion. Raising a cheer, we drove straight at our formidable foe.

The Federals did not open fire until we dashed into the open field. Then they gave us a volley that left a line of gray where it struck. The right of our regiment moved forward without obstruction and drove the first line of the enemy back upon his support, but on the left the movement was not so successful. In front of Company B, was a small house. In passing this, the company was thrown into confusion, and Captain Taylor, in righting the line was killed and Lieutenant Hickman wounded. Hardly had it recovered from this disaster when it found further obstruction in an impenetrable mass of briars and undergrowth. Extricating themselves from this new trouble, the men pushed on and reestablished the alignment. The regiment now held the ridge from which Davies had been driven, but was exposed to a rifle fire of unparalleled destructiveness. General Davies had massed his men in a depression about thirty yards from his first position, and the battle became fierce and bloody.

The Missourians, dropping to their knees, reckless of the storm that was sweeping their line and depleting their numbers, delivered their fire with a coolness and precision that were wonderful. The rattle of musketry became a roar like unto the plunging of mighty waters. The combatants were not more than thirty yards apart and the battle smoke made a blue haze about them that rendered outlines indistinct even at that short distance. On the right, Samuel's Battalion became shaky from the terrible punishment it was receiving, and but for the almost superhuman exertions of Captain Furnish, its commander, would have abandoned the field. On the left, the 42nd Mississippi, comprising half of the brigade, had lost its commander, and was falling back slowly, fighting feebly. This left the 6th Missouri almost without support, and it bore the brunt of the desperate conflict almost alone. Major Vaughn had been killed early in the action. Lieutenant Colonel Hudspeth had been borne from the field with a wound from which he never recovered. Colonel Erwin received a painful hurt in his foot, but stayed with his men as long as he could endure his suffering. Captain McKin-

ney was shot through the head and killed instantly. Captain Dickey suffered a like fate. Captain Cooper was led away with a shattered left arm. Lieutenants Weidemeyer and Bluit fell dead while leading their men, both shot through the heart. Captain Duncan was wounded in the leg, Lieutenant Hickman in the arm, and Lieutenant Parish mortally shot. In less than an hour every commissioned officer but four, and every noncommissioned officer but six, had been killed or wounded. Ensign Huff received nine wounds before resigning the colors, wet with his blood, to a comrade. The fighting became dogged. All the animal in man was aroused. No one seemed to think of death; the ruling impulse was to destroy. If a soldier's ammunition became exhausted, he replenished his box from that of the dead. If his gun became fouled or overheated, he gathered another from a disabled comrade and fought on till crumpled up by an enemy bullet or until the arrival of succor. No one thought of seeking safety in flight. The air was full of whizzing missiles of death. These swept past with the swish of a wing or the whine of a dog in distress. One could see by little puffs of dust where they smote the flying splinters or bark, where they hit a tree, stump, or shrub, or by the falling or doubling up of a comrade when they reached the intended mark.

Company A, of which I was third sergeant, suffered terribly. That morning at roll call, rank and file numbered thirty-two men. Of these, seven were killed outright and twenty were wounded. I was left the ranking officer for a moment, got a Minie ball through my right hand, and finding I could no longer use it, left the company, now reduced to five men to a corporal, and repaired to the rear.

General Davies, ascertaining that the 42nd Mississippi was giving way, pressed forward his right and, turning our position, poured a deadly fire into our flank. Still the few that were left fought on, merely facing around to meet the attack from the changed direction. Just as I started to the rear, I met Phipper's Texas Brigade coming to our rescue. On the double they came, bayonets fixed and flashing in the setting sunlight, muskets at shoulder. Pivoting on their right where it touched Samuel's line, maintaining excellent formation as it swung into position, delivering a volley that hurled Davies back on his supports, then, had not daylight failed, in another hour Corinth would have been ours.

This clash of Missouri against Illinois and Indiana was like lightning striking lava as it flows down the riven sides of Vesuvius. Ah! but those blue coats fought, fought with a courage that was grand; and many a wife was widowed, many a mother bereft in that day's bitter struggle for mastery. Our men held the field. After dark came a flag of truce, asking privilege to remove a wounded or dead officer. He was found still alive, but it required the removal of sixteen bodies to get to him. Good evidence that we had done some good shooting too.

Next morning what remained of Erwin's Regiment was summoned to roll call. None had been taken prisoners, none had run away, yet of the three hundred men who had gone into battle the previous day, only thirty answered. Of the commissioned officers left there were the adjutant and three lieutenants. Of course, these did not cut much of a figure in the desperate fighting on the fourth, but that battle was such a glorious test of Southern valor that a few words in description are always in order.

As previously stated, Corinth was at the crossing of two railroads. In one of the angles formed by the crossing was the station house, and near by the Tishomingo House. The Chewalla road, coming in from the west, trended a ridge sparsely cumbered with stumps, otherwise clear. Upon the



apex of this ridge, its guns commanding the approach from south and west, was Battery Robinette, mounting six Parrot siege guns. Back of this and overtopping it was Battery Williams, with nine guns. These, from the well-chosen position of emplacement, commanded three quadrants of a circle. To the left of this fort, looking north, was a star fort with five guns. Farther to the left, a bastion or Fort Richardson, mounting six guns, with effective command of approaches from north or northwest. On the extreme right of the Federal line were two three-gun lunettes. All these, lunettes, forts, and batteries, were connected by rifle pits. It was behind these, protected by the heavy guns of his forts, that General Rosecranz organized his powerful defense. Hamilton's Brigade held his right, Davies's Division, with six companies of Yates's sharpshooters, joined on his left. Stanley's Division, its left resting on Battery Robinette, held the center. McKenna's Division and McArthur's Brigade completed the line. Each flank was guarded by cavalry, and several batteries of field guns, protected by hay and cotton bales, were dispersed at intervals along the front. The reserves were posted on College Hill.

The Confederate army comprised three divisions. Price's Division of Missourians formed the left, Maurey the center, and Lovell the right. The plan of battle was for Price to open the fight by an attack on Rosecranz's right and center; Maurey was to strike as soon as Price became engaged; Lovell was to advance farther to the right and turn the Federal left. Had this plan been carried out, Corinth, undoubtedly would have been taken. As it came to pass, Maurey got in action too late and, from some unexplained reason, Lovell failed to move at all.

The first hours of the morning were consumed in a furious cannonade of the Federal position, which was returned with spirit. Then Price moved. Debouching from the wood in which he had concealed his advance, his three brigades swept forward to the attack. As they emerged from cover they appeared a mere mass of men. Then the mass took on form, the form of the letter V, its point forging ahead as if to pierce the enemy's line. The two wings spread out, swiftly advancing, widening, and expanding, and as these wings came into alignment, dashed straight ahead. Then burst the storm. Every red-mouthed cannon from the frowning brow of Robinette on the right, to the most distant lunette on the left, belched forth their destructive fire. A sheet of flame leaped out from fronting rifle pits and showers of iron and leaden hail smote the onrushing men from Missouri with terrible and deadly effect. Great gaps were torn in their ranks, to be filled as soon as made. They were under the concentrated fire of fifty cannon and ten thousand rifles. Not for a moment did they halt. Bending their necks as do men when protecting themselves from storm-driven hailstones, they pressed rapidly ahead. Every instant death smote. It came in a hundred shapes, every shape a separate horror. Here a shell, short fused, exploding in the thinning ranks, would rend and leave its victims and spatter their comrades with brains, flesh, and blood. Men came out of that storm looking like workers in an abattoir. Men's heads were blown to atoms. Fragments of human flesh still quivering with life would slap other men in the face, or fall to earth to be trampled under foot. Men went down in hundreds, but the others went on, yelling like demons, fighting like Missourians. So impetuous was their onslaught, even against odds, that the enemy's first line was carried and his center pierced. Stanley's men gave ground, but were saved from disaster by the timely arrival of reinforcements. Yates and Davies were hurled out of their strong position, and the Missourians were filling and storming across the plaza of

the Tishomingo House when the arrival of the reserves forced them out again. Fort Richardson was stormed and taken, but its captors were too weak to hold it. Hamilton, overlapping the Confederate line, now swing to the left and, taking it in flank, threaten its rear and forced it gradually back. Price, witnessing the slaughter of his gallant boys and hearing no supporting guns on his right where Maurey and Lovell should be at work, ordered the recall. Never had a charge been more bravely made. Never had soldiers displayed sublimer heroism than that of the Missourians on that fatal morning.

One of the witnesses of that wonderful charge was General Villapigue. Trained in the army of Napoleon where the soldier's uniform and highly drilled movement counted for much, this dainty Frenchman had seen those Missourians march in review, ununiformed and unkempt as to attire, poorly drilled, and inefficient in the manual of arms, and exclaimed: "*A bas! Sans culotte, sans culotte!* Those men will run at the first fire." This morning, however, his eyes were opened, and he exclaimed: "Grand! Grand! With a hundred thousand soldiers like those, I could fight my way across Europe!"

After recovering from his wound and returning to his regiment, Colonel Erwin had the following inscription placed on the regimental battle flag:

"SIXTH MISSOURI INFANTRY,  
C. S. A.

EUGENE ERWIN, COMMANDING.

THIS REGIMENT WAS THE FIRST TO CHARGE THE INNER INTRENCHMENTS AT CORINTH, MISS., AND TWENTY-SIX OF ITS THIRTY COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND TWENTY-TWO OF ITS NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICERS WERE KILLED OR WOUNDED.

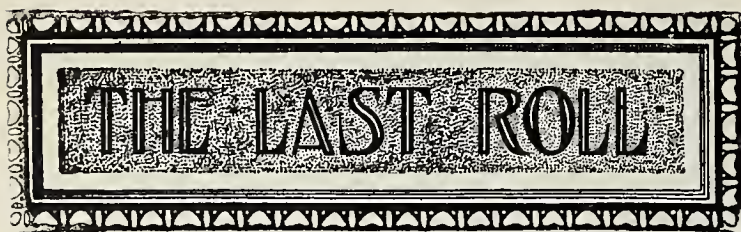
WILLIAM HUFF, ENSIGN,  
RECEIVED NINE WOUNDS IN DEFENSE OF THIS FLAG BEFORE RESIGNING IT TO A COMRADE, AND OF THE THREE HUNDRED WHO WENT INTO THE BATTLE ONLY THIRTY ANSWERED TO ROLL CALL AFTER."

## YANKEEISM—OR CRUELTY REFINED.

It having been announced that a large number of Confederates would arrive in this city yesterday afternoon, a large concourse of people assembled in the vicinity of the refreshment saloons to review the Secesh. The train containing them had but fairly arrived when the rain commenced to descend in torrents. So great was the curiosity of both women and men that the cooling drops of the refreshing shower did not deter them from rushing down the street to the end of the wharf, where the steamer Major Reynolds was stationed to receive the Rebel passengers for Fort Delaware.

Two companies of the 88th Ohio, that had accompanied them from Camp Chase, acted as a guard. The arduous duties of these men were amply repaid; the ladies and gentlemen of the refreshment saloons came forward with baskets full of delicious viands and distributed to these soldiers of the Union, who filled their stomachs, while the Secesh merely feasted thier eyes. Among their number was Brigadier General Churchill. Nearly all of the prisoners were officers of high grade, who were captured by Rosecrans at Murfreesboro and Arkansas Post. They were four hundred and eighty of them in the party, and as the Reynolds moved slowly down the stream, with the starry emblem floating gayly over her, a small assemblage of "Young America" saluted the ears of the Rebel foes with groans.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, April, 1863.





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

Whose was the hand that painted thee, O Death!  
In the false aspect of a ruthless foe,  
Despair and sorrow waiting on thy breath—  
O gentle Power! who could have wronged thee so?

Thou rather shouldst be crowned with fadeless flowers,  
Of lasting fragrance and celestial hue;  
Or be thy couch amid funeral bowers,  
But let the stars and sunlight sparkle through.

—Henry Timrod.

#### CHARLES MCKIMMON.

Another member of that immortal Army of Northern Virginia has answered the last roll call and rejoined his comrades.

On July 14, 1928, Charles McKimmon heeded the summons of the Veiled Angel even as he had heeded the call of his State and country sixty-five years before.

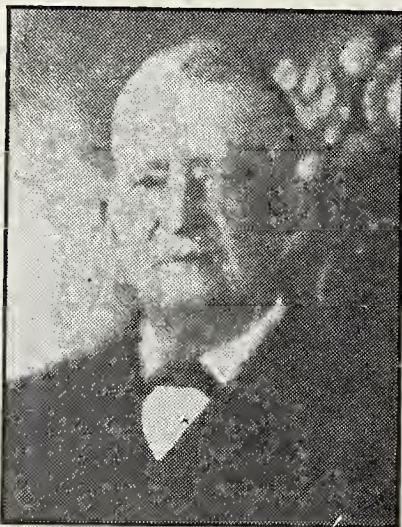
In the early autumn of 1863, a boy in his teens, he enthusiastically volunteered in the army of the Confederate States, becoming a member of the 1st North Carolina Artillery, better known as Manly's Battery.

Enduring the rigors and discomforts of the winter of 1863-64, he participated with his command at the battles of Medearisville

and Spotsylvania, and continued with Manly's Battery steadily till the end of the war. Practically, he took part in every clash that the army of Lee had with the forces of Grant in the closing months of 1864 and early 1865. The battery was engaged with the enemy almost daily in the Petersburg campaign. It was his boast that he had never been paroled.

The evening before the surrender of General Lee, the battery had been detached from the main army, with orders to seek a junction with General Johnston's men, and it was many miles away when news of the surrender came. For this reason, no member of Manly's Battery was ever questioned as to his parole, and also because the battery was shortly afterwards scattered.

Returning to his native city, Charles McKimmon entered the dry goods business and early became prominent in the mercantile life of Raleigh. The position which he had attained and the esteem in which he was held in the city of his birth are best attested by the following editorial in the *Raleigh Evening Times*:



CHARLES M'KIMMON

"In all human relations of this section there probably has not been a man in a generation who was more generally accepted as a friend in Raleigh and Wake County than the late Charles McKimmon, dead at the age of eighty-three.

"His life started with war when he was one of those heroic boys of sixteen who played men's parts in the Confederate armies. It continued, mixed with struggle and success, for many active years of business. It ended as he would have wished with the merciful quickness so much desired by those of keen sympathies and genial activity.

"Of late years Mr. McKimmon had gone about the business or irradiating cheer to the army of people he knew and who knew him when he walked abroad. He had come to a great serenity and happiness. He aged beautifully. Frost was upon him, but he was soundly ripe. Like an autumn apple on a tree on which few of his fellows remained, he glistened in the sun, speckless and sweet.

"The twig snapped. His passing will cause many a pang of regret. But his death was of that happy sort which carries a denial of mourning."

#### GEN. W. J. BEHAN, U. C. V.

One of the prominent leaders of the Confederate organization in New Orleans, La., was lost in the death of Gen. W. J. Behan on May 4, 1928, after a few days' illness. As soldier, statesman, business man, and civic leader in New Orleans and throughout the South for more than a half century, his passing was widely deplored. Although he had reached the advanced age of eighty-eight years, he had been active and vigorous almost to the last. It is thought that he was the last of the commissioned officers of the Washington Artillery, one of the oldest military organizations of the country, famous as a fighting unit of the War between the States.

With the Washington Artillery, William J. Behan first served as a nonsommissioned officer, then as lieutenant, and later as major, and shared in its wide renown in the Army of Northern Virginia. Since the war he had also been honored by his native city and State, having served as mayor of New Orleans, head of the State militia, and leader in the fight of the seventies to put the city under white control. Later he served as postmaster at New Orleans, and for eleven years commanded the State Division of United Confederate Veterans.

William J. Behan was born in New Orleans, September 25, 1840, and was educated at the University of Louisiana (now Tulane University), and at the Western Military Institute at Nashville, Tenn. When war came on, he enlisted with the Washington Artillery and participated in the seizure of the Federal arsenal at Baton Rouge, the command later going to Richmond and joining the Confederate forces there. After the war he engaged in business in New Orleans, and was an active business man to within a few days of his death. He was married in 1866 to Miss Katie Walker, who died some ten years ago, and he is survived by two daughters and a grandson.

Officers of the Washington Artillery attended the funeral services of General Behan in full uniform and took part in the final rites at the grave. He was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery at New Orleans.

#### MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

The following Veterans of Lowndes County, Miss., have died during this year of 1928:

J. T. Harrison, Columbus; A. J. Ervin, Crawford.

[W. A. Love, Adjutant Camp, No. 27, U. C. V., Columbus, Miss.]



## COL. ANDREW JACKSON BATES.

Andrew Jackson Bates was born on a farm in Dade County, Mo., July 22, 1844. When War between the States came on, he enlisted in September, under General Rains for six months.

During that time he was in the battle of Lexington, Mo., and assisted in the capture of General Mulligan and forty-two hundred Federal soldiers. He then enlisted with Gen. Sterling Price at Mitchell Springs, Benton County, Ark., for three years, and joined Company F, 3rd Missouri Cavalry. Col. John T. Coffee commanded this regiment which was attached to Gen. Joe Shelby's Brigade. He served in this brigade during most of the war, and participated in all of the Shelby raids and most of the battles fought by Shelby and his command.



ANDREW J. BATES

After serving three years, he enlisted for three more years and served throughout the war. He was never captured nor wounded, though his horse was shot from under him at West Port, Mo., in the raid of 1864. He was at Corsicana, Tex., when the surrender came.

In the fall of 1867, he came to Bentonville, Ark., and engaged in the grocery business. He was married December 13, 1868, to Miss Ellen Thamer Sloss. He organized the first bank in Benton County in 1884. He sold his interest in the first bank and organized the First National Bank with George P. Jackson as president and D. W. Peel as cashier, where he has been interested since. Colonel Bates was president of the First National Bank from 1912 until 1920 and resigned to apply himself to his other interests.

Colonel Bates accumulated possibly the largest fortune and paid more taxes than any one man in Benton County. He willed his large estate to his wife with whom he lived for sixty years. The estate upon the death of Mrs. Bates is to be divided among his numerous relatives, the Confederate Home, and the Crippled Children's Home in Little Rock, for the care of Confederate graves in the City Cemetery at Bentonville, and the remainder is to establish a hospital and sanitarium to be located in Bentonville and to bear the name of his wife and himself. The aim of this institution will not only be to benefit and minister to the unfortunate of Bentonville and the surrounding territory, but to the entire South and.

Colonel Bates was a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN since its first issue and has every number filed. He was also a very intimate friend of Mr. Cunningham, the founder and first editor. He enterprised and made very liberal contributions to the Confederate monument in his home town. This monument is one of the finest in the State of Arkansas. He donated regularly and frequently to charity and offered a haven of refuge to all of the poor and unfortunate in his locality. He especially loved the children in his neighborhood, and he was cherished and respected by all of the little ones with whom he came into contact. He was eager at all times to assist his relatives and friends, and his support could be relied upon in any emergency.

His bravery and fortitude were never questioned, and no man ever accused him of mistreating an enemy in war or a competitor in business. When the war ended he clung with all of his heart's blood to the love and justice of the cause for which he had fought. He entertained no bitterness at the final accounting. "Colonel Jack," as he preferred to be called by friends, answered to the last roll call on earth at his home in Bentonville, Ark., October 24, 1928.

The wife of his youth, relatives, and a host of friends walked with him to the brink of that river which he crossed to enlist with the God of Battles and Just Rewarder of all faithful and brave. His body was laid to rest with those of his friends who preceded him—Col. James H. Berry, Col. Sam Peel, and his own brother, Seth Bates, in the City Cemetery in his home town. His death was marked by that Christian spirit which predominated his life. He was a believer in the Cumberland Presbyterian faith, and in his last moments his immortal spirit caught a gleam of glory divine and swept triumphantly through the gates of the city of God.

The writer of this sketch officiated at the funeral services in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was assisted by every pastor in the city. He was with Colonel Bates in his last hours and witnessed his last triumphant statement: "I forgive everybody." As bravely he fought, as bravely he lived, so bravely he died.

[William T. Thompson, S. C. V., Bentonville. Ark.]

## ALFRED M. GOODWIN.

A brave Confederate soldier answered the last roll call with the passing of the spirit of Alfred M. Goodwin on July 24, 1928, at his home in Clifton Forge, Va. He was a native of Louisa County, Va., and his home for a long time was in the Cuckoo vicinity, where he owned and operated a farm until about sixteen years ago, when he made his home in Clifton Forge, prompted by the wish to spend his declining years near to those dear to him, several of his children living there. In a short time he had identified himself with the activities of the community, joining the Baptist Church there and also the Alleghany Roughs Camp of Confederate Veterans, of which he was Commander at the time of his death. For the cause of the Confederacy he had made many sacrifices, but never did he express regret for the part he took therein or lose interest in the Southern cause. Joining the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, he stayed in until the surrender, his service being with Sturdivant's Battery, and was in and around Petersburg all during the time of Grant's occupation of that territory. His command was in the crater section for some time before the explosion; and afterwards he marched and fought all the way to Appomattox. The uniform which he wore through the war, and which he proudly wore to so many reunions, now hangs in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, sent there some years ago. He was buried in the uniform which replaced the original in his U. C. V. connection.

Comrade Goodwin was a loyal son of the Old Dominion and truly exemplified the life and character of an old Virginia gentleman. He was sympathetic in his nature, courteous in his demeanor, devoted to his family, and true to his friends. But, above all, he was a Christian gentleman, regular in attendance on the Church services, and he let nothing stand in the way of his duty to God. His wife, who walked by his side through many years of happy married life, preceded him to the grave some six years ago. He is survived by three sons and three daughters.



## EDWARD CARTER, ONE OF THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED.

Entered into the life eternal, at Carter Hall, Warrenton, Va., on October 3, 1928, Edward Carter, eldest son of Maj. Richard Henry Carter and Mary Welby DeButts, of Glen Welby, Va., at the age of eighty-five years.

Capt. Edward Carter was born at Glen Welby, August 19, 1843. He was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, but left there at the beginning of the War between the States and joined the 8th Virginia Infantry under Col. Eppa Hunton. He was in the battles of Ball's Bluff, the seven day's fighting around Richmond, second battle of Manassas, and Gettysburg; was in the immortal charge with the bravest of the brave of Pickett's Division, where he was severely wounded and left on the field with the dead. Later, he was found and taken to the hospital at Chester, Penn., then in prison at Fort McHenry, later Fort Delaware, from where he was sent with six hundred Confederate officers to Morris Island, S. C., and placed under fire of the Confederate guns. He was sent to the hospital at Fort Beaufort, S. C., from which place he was exchanged and returned to Virginia, reaching home just before the surrender.

Captain Carter came home on crutches and used them the remainder of his life. In September, 1867, he married Miss Jane Peter Turner, of Kinlock (daughter of Edward C. and Sarah Beverly Turner), who died about a year ago. He is survived by four children (Rebecca Welby, Mrs. William A. Stewart, Jr., of Baltimore, Mrs. Mary DeButts Foster and Mrs. Nina C. Heimerin), six grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

Captain Carter was Commander of Joe Kendall Camp Confederate Veterans. He was the highly esteemed cashier of the Fauquier National Bank, also a director. He was a vestryman of St. James Episcopal Church of Warrenton, Va.

Captain Carter came of a noble family, was a devoted husband, a loving father, a true friend and neighbor, and a man of the highest probity of character, greatly loved and universally admired and trusted by all who knew him in every walk of life. His exemplary Christian life was an inspiration to all with whom he was thrown in contact, a splendid example of the Virginia gentleman, unassuming and unselfish, given to an honest and faithful performance of every duty; he was content to live his life of faithfulness and trust and all of his life to walk humbly with his God.

[R. B.]

## C. C. BUCHANAN.

C. C. Buchanan, of Waycross, Ga., answered to the final summons on the 2nd of November, dying at the age of eighty-seven years, from the effect of injuries sustained some ten days before.

Comrade Buchanan first enlisted for the Confederacy with the Savannah Volunteer Guards, and at the expiration of their time of enlistment, he joined Company G, 4th Georgia Cavalry and so served to the end, taking part in all the engagements of his command. He never received a wound, and never was absent from roll call but four days in the four years, and that was because of sickness.

Born in Laurens County, Ga., he had lived in Waycross for some forty years, and there was Commander of the South Georgia Camp, No. 819, U. C. V. for the past ten years. He was a local preacher for many years, and died widely regretted. He was a devoted husband and father, a noble citizen, and true friend. He is survived by his wife and two daughters, eleven grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren, also a brother.

[T. E. Etheridge, Adjutant.]

## FRANK F. WARD.

Frank F. Ward, born in Wadesborough, Ky., January 28, 1845, died on October 3, 1928, after a long illness, aged eighty-three years. He enlisted in the Confederate army under General Forrest, and the captain of his company was his brother, Rufus K. Ward. He was regularly discharged from the army after the surrender of General Lee and returned to his home. In July, 1873, he was married to Miss Lily Brown, formerly of Mississippi, and settled near Conyersville, Tenn. Twelve children were born to them, of whom four sons and two daughters survive him, also five grandchildren.

Comrade Ward joined the Methodist Church some forty years ago and remained a faithful member of the Church at Conyersville to his death. He was known throughout the whole country as an earnest Christian. He had long been a member of the Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., at Paris, Tenn., though prevented by illness from participating in its activities for some years.

He laid down the implements of war in 1865 and resumed the paths of peace, and after life's fitful journey, beset with numerous difficulties, he sleeps well.

[P. P. Pullen, Paris, Tenn.]

## JAMES K. P. PEAK.

James K. Polk Peak, who died at Spring City, Tenn., on November 8, at the age of eighty-four years, was a son of Gen. Luke Peak, one of Andrew Jackson's associates in the Indian Wars of Alabama and Georgia, who died at the beginning of the War between the States. The mother of James Peak lived to be one hundred and one years old, dying a few years ago.

The elder sons of this family (Thomas, James K. Polk, and William D. Peak, the latter not fifteen years of age) enlisted on June 1, 1861, in Captain Boggess's company, of which John M. Lillard was first lieutenant, both of these officers having served in the war with Mexico. The company became a part of the 26th Tennessee Infantry, of which Lieutenant Lillard was elected colonel. The regiment was sent to Bowling Green, Ky., and then was in the battle of Fort Donelson in February, 1862, where it sustained considerable loss, was surrendered, and went to prison. In August, 1862, the men were exchanged at Vicksburg and the command was reorganized, becoming a part of John C. Brown's Brigade. It served gallantly in the battle of Murfreesboro in December of that year. Later the brigade was in command of Colonel Lillard, and in the battle of Chickamauga that gallant leader received eighteen shrapnel wounds, and the regiment was literally mowed down.

In all the engagements of this command, James Peak and his brothers had their part, but in the reorganization of the army under Johnston at Dalton, Ga., the older and younger brother were sent to McKenzie's 5th Tennessee Cavalry. James Peak went through with the original command, in the Atlanta campaign, back to Franklin and Nashville, and back to Georgia and the Carolinas, under Johnston at Bentonville and to the end. Only one member of the company is now living, Thomas B. Neil, of Meigs County.

Returning home, Comrade Peake was married to Mrs. Jack McPherson, of one of the leading pioneer families of Meigs County. Most of his life was spent in farming, which he gave up when he located in Spring City several years ago. He was a good soldier, a splendid citizen, a fine man in every way.



## A. M. WITCHER.

A. M. Witcher "passed over the river" at his home near Liberty Hill, November 19, 1928, and was buried in the Liberty Hill Cemetery. He was a native of Virginia, coming to Texas in 1859. He was a resident for several years of Burnet County, moving thence to Williamson County and settling near Liberty Hill. He was born in 1842, and was therefore in his eighty-seventh year. He was the father of eleven children, nine of them surviving him. His wife preceded him to the grave many years.

When War between the States was declared, he, like the true patriot he was, tendered his services to the Confederacy, enlisting in Company C, 16th Texas Cavalry, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A.

Comrade Witcher served until the close of the war, and since that time has faithfully discharged every duty of a good man, a good citizen, and a true soldier of the cross, uniting with the Baptist Church at the early age of fourteen. He was a faithful and active member of Camp Bedford Forrest, No. 1609, U. C. V., of which only four members now survive of the original Camp there of sixty members, only one of the veterans being able to attend the funeral services conducted at the Liberty Hill Baptist church.

[J. H. Faubion, Commander Camp Bedford Forrest, No. 1609, U. C. V.]

## BRIG. GEN. JOHN J. NEASON, U. C. V.

A great loss has come to the United Confederate Veterans in the passing of Gen. John J. Neason at his home in Jacksonville, Fla., on September 23, 1928, after several weeks of ill health.

Reared in Savannah, Ga., he enlisted in the Confederate army and served as captain of Company C, 10th Georgia Cavalry. His command was in Young's Brigade, M. C. Butler's Division, Hampton's Corps, of the Army of Northern Virginia. His last fight was at Bentonville, N. C. Captain Neason was provost marshal of Young's Brigade at the surrender of Johnston's army, and was a tried and true soldier of the South.

In recognition of his many virtues, and in honor of his memory, the Daughters of the Confederacy of Jacksonville, Fla., passed memorial resolutions expressing their sense of loss in the death of this beloved veteran of the Confederacy. [Natalie K. Warriner, Jacksonville, Fla.]

## R. H. FULLER

One by one the members of W. L. Byrd Camp, No. 1545, U. C. V., at Ada, Okla., are answering the last roll call. The passing of Comrade R. H. Fuller recently takes another beloved comrade to the heavenly bivouac.

Fuller was a member of Company C, 4th Arkansas Infantry, of which McNair was the first colonel.

Comrade Fuller was eighty-three years old. He was a Christian, a member of the Methodist Church, and a loving husband and father. Worn out by the fatiguing labors of the day, he has retreated from the battle fields of life to take his well-earned rest in the silent peace of departed heroes.

We, his sorrowing comrades in arms and fellow citizens in time of peace, stand as sentinels to guard his memory until our own summons come. May a halo of glory surround him throughout eternity.

[Committee: J. C. Cates, chairman; W. B. Cantwell, M. A. Sells.]

## L. N. BLOCK.

Death has again visited Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1316, U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., and taken our Comrade, L. N. Black, who answered to the last roll call on November 1, aged eighty-two years.

Comrade Black was born in August, 1846. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, and before he was sixteen years old he took part in the battle of Belmont and others with General Govan's Brigade. When discharged in 1862, he returned home and enlisted in Company B, McGee's Regiment of Cavalry, and was orderly sergeant of his company. He was on the raid with Gen. Sterling Price through Missouri in 1864. There are now only four members of the company left.

Comrade Black was married in 1866, and his wife survives him.

[W. P. Brown, Commander, Wynne, Ark.]

## JOHN M. PRESTON.

On the 14th day of October, 1928, John Montgomery Preston, of Seven Mile Ford, Va., would have reached the goodly age of ninety years, but twenty days before that date, his Saviour came "to receive him unto himself," as he had promised, into that better land, where no sorrow is.

Captain Preston went into the Army of Virginia from the university, beginning with the Harper's Ferry raid, and served until wounded at Mine Run by a ball that passed through his thigh, shattering the bone. He was captain of Company B, of the 48th Virginia Regiment.

## AN ELOQUENT EULOGY OF GENERAL LEE.

(Extract from an article in the *Montreal Telegraph* of 1864, reviewing the Federal campaign of that year. Contributed by Charles B. Mumford, of Muncie, Kans.)

So far, we repeat, the campaign has failed at all points. The Federal armies have been hurled to certain slaughter, with a cold-heartedness worse than devilish. No general ever exhibited so great an indifference to the lives of his soldiers as Grant. It is impossible to say that his army has not fought well and endured all the hardships, dangers, and labors of the campaign with heroism and docility.

They were directed by a butcher and opposed by the greatest general of his or any other age.

Posterity will rank General Lee above Wellington or Napoleon, before Saxe or Tuerenne, above Marlborough or Frederick, before Alexander or Cæsar. Careful of the lives of his men, fertile in resource, a profound tactician, gifted with the swift intuition which enables a commander to discern the purpose of his enemy, and the power of rapid combination which enables him to oppose to it a prompt resistance; modest, frugal, self-denying, void of arrogance or self-assertion; trusting nothing to chance; among men, noble as the noblest, in the lofty dignity of the Christian gentleman; among patriots, less self-seeking, and as pure as Washington; and among soldiers combining the religious simplicity of Havelock with the genius of Napoleon, the heroism of Bayard and Sidney, and the untiring, never-faltering duty of Washington.

If this great soldier had at his command the forces and material against which he is called on to contend, the superiority on land and the supremacy on water, in six months the whole of the Federal States would be prostrated at his feet. As it is, he has made his own name, and that of the Confederacy which he serves, immortal.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

*"Love Makes Memory Eternal"*

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*  
Chatham, Va.

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga. . . . . *First Vice President General*

MRS. R. F. BLANKENBURG . . . . . *Second Vice President General*  
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MISS MARY L. G. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn. . . . . *Corresponding Secretary General*

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MISS MARION SALLEY, Orangeburg, S. C. . . . . *Historian General*

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. . . . . *Registrar General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. JAMES E. WOODARD, Wilson, N. C. . . . . *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. . . . . *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*

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

## THE CONVENTION AT HOUSTON.

The big State of Texas has a habit of doing things in a big way, and no exception to that rule was the entertainment of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the thirty-fifth annual convention in the city of Houston, November 20-24. Everybody and everything in Texas seemed to coöperate in making the occasion most enjoyable, and the song, "Have you ever been to Texas in the spring?" promised no more delights than were provided at this autumn time in the hospitality of its people, in its bright sunshine and crisp yet balmy air, making up a welcome from the heart of Texas so that visitors felt they were indeed in the hands of friends.

The following brief report is but to give an outline of the convention proceedings, which will be taken up again in fuller detail as the editor may deem necessary.

The impressive service at Christ Church on Sunday before the convention was a special honor to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and an eloquent tribute to this great organization, the Confederate cause and its leaders was voiced by the rector, Rev. W. S. Allen, who spoke as though inspired.

Welcoming Evening came on Tuesday, the exercises being held at the City Auditorium, with the stage beautifully decorated in flags and flowers. Most impressive was the entrance of officials and honor guests, the long procession closed by the President General, preceded by the flag bearers holding aloft the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars. Mrs. J. C. Wilcox, general chairman, presided, charming all with her gracious personality. Speaking for the three Chapters of Houston—the Jefferson Davis, the Oran M. Roberts, and the Robert E. Lee—she gave a welcome unsurpassed, and introduced the speakers of the evening. For the city, Mayor Holcome expressed whole-hearted welcome; Judge Chester Bryan spoke for the State, representing Governor Moody; for the Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas, six thousand strong, welcome was given by Mrs. Forrest H. Farley, President of the Texas Division; and for the Houston Daughters, Mrs. J. C. Foster gave a beautiful welcome, which was read by Mrs. Wilcox most feelingly, and in which she told of the devotion of General Foster to this great organization and that his last service on earth was for the Daughters of the Confederacy. It will be remembered that General Foster, then Commander in Chief U. C. V., joined in inviting the Daughters to Houston, and he had begun the work of securing funds for their entertainment when called from his earthly activity. "His sweet spirit from the very gates of heaven will waft a welcome" was the close of the welcome from his companion of more than fifty years, and fell as a benediction over the assemblage.

Speaking for the United Confederate Veterans, Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, Commander in Chief, called upon his helpmeet of sixty years to read his speech, which she did most effectively. Judge Whit Boyd, of Houston, brought a welcome from the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Mrs. J. J. Quinn gave greetings from the patriotic associations.

These addresses were responded to in behalf of the U. D. C. by Mrs. Charles Lanier, of Connecticut, and then followed the presentation of the President General, the Honorary Presidents, Past Presidents General, and convention pages.

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The business sessions were held in the auditorium of the Rice Hotel, official headquarters, and the opening session on Wednesday morning carried out the usual preliminaries. In the afternoon memorial services were held for those who had passed during the year. This was presided over by Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Chattanooga, Tenn., and special memorials were to Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, Past President General, by Miss Marion Salley; to Mrs. R. Philip Holt, by Mrs. Walter F. Woodward; to Mrs. John W. Tench, by Mrs. Amos Norris; to Mrs. W. D. Mason, by Mrs. J. P. Higgins; to Miss Mildred Rutherford by Mrs. St. John A. Lawton; to Gen. J. C. Foster, by Miss Katie Daffan; Gen. Felix Robertson, by Miss Decca Lamar West; Gen. Edgar Taylor, by Mrs. William Roberts.

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The President's report at the morning session and other official reports at the afternoon session brought out the great work of the organization, showing its many activities and progress made. The evening of Wednesday was given over to Division Presidents, whose reports of work undertaken and accomplished show no diminution of effort to carry on the great endeavor of the organization to establish the truth of Southern history, to educate the youth of the South, and to make more comfortable the last years of our Confederate veterans, who gave all and suffered all for the principles of liberty under righteous government.

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On Thursday morning came the election of officers, in which nine old officers were unanimously reelected and two new names added to the staff, these being Mrs. Rudolph Frederick Blankenburg, of California, Second Vice President General; and Miss Marion Salley, of South Carolina, Historian General. Four names were added to the list of Honorary Presidents, these being: Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Tennessee; Mrs. J. C. Foster, Texas; Mrs. Mary Alexander Field, Connecticut; Miss Annie Wheeler, Alabama, daughter of Gen. Joe Wheeler. All were the unanimous choice of the convention.



The Thursday evening program featured the Historian General's work, and Mrs. Woodbury's address showed our Confederate history as "Our Heritage." She told of the general rule of ignoring the South and her great men in books which are being circulated in libraries, schools, and book-stores, and of the many false and inaccurate statements disseminated in that way. That the South must have her rightful place in history was her strong closing point.

The presentation of Crosses of Military Service followed the address, in which four Texans were thus honored, though only two of them could be present to receive them—Col. Isaac Seaborn Ashburn, of Houston, and Sergeant Eldridge Moore, of Austin, the latter being the first private to receive the Cross from the general organization. The Crosses for Senator Tom Connelly, of Marlin, and Col. B. B. Buck, of Fort Sam Houston, will be presented at the State convention in December.

A parade of the States closed the program, the representatives being in costume of "Auld Lang Syne," and many of these costumes had much of historic interest in addition to contributing to a colorful scene.

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On Friday morning came the selection of a place of meeting for 1929, and the invitation of Biloxi, Miss., was accepted with enthusiasm. This invitation was presented by Mrs. B. S. Shinn, President of the Mississippi Division, strongly seconded by Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Mississippi, who has done so much for the preservation of the old home of Jefferson Davis at Biloxi. It was at Beauvoir that his last years were spent, and there he wrote his history of the four years under the Confederate Government, and this old home in future years will be a shrine of Confederate sentiment.

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Some of the committee reports were most gratifying in the showing of accomplishment. Especially so was the report by Mrs. Edwin Robinson that "Our Book," "Women of the South in War Times," had been so well taken up that only five hundred copies remained of the edition of ten thousand contracted for, and that in another year these could be placed easily with the proper coöperation of Divisions and Chapters not yet "over the top."

A resolution to present service crosses to veterans of the Spanish-American War of Confederate descent was passed by this convention, the selection of a design for this being placed in the hands of a committee, of which Mrs. Wallace Streater, of Washington, D. C., is chairman. This tribute to the Southern boys who gave their patriotic service in our first war following the sixties is a recognition of their valor justly deserved.

The proposition to buy the Stratford estate, the birthplace of Gen. R. E. Lee, was presented to the convention by Mrs. Charles Lanier, of Greenwich, Conn., and a committee, of which she is a member, was appointed to give the matter thorough consideration and report at the next convention.

The city of Montgomery, Ala., first capital of the Confederacy, has offered the U. D. C. a building in that city as a depository for its records and for its business meetings; and another offer came from Chattanooga of a valuable lot on one of the mountain developments, on which to build headquarters.

The convention closed at a late hour on Saturday evening, the last action being the installation of new officers.

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The social entertainments were enjoyable and will be taken up next month, with the prize list of winners for 1928.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Kentucky.*—The State convention of the Kentucky Division was held in Nicholasville, opening on the evening of October 16 with the President's dinner. The banquet room of the Christian church was beautifully decorated in Confederate colors. On the tables were silver vases filled with red and white dahlias and red and white tapers. Place cards, designed by Mrs. W. T. Fowler with toasts also written by her, were used. Mrs. Wolford Dean, President of the John Hunt Morgan Chapter, presided and in a most charming manner read a toast to each guest. After the dinner a business session was held.

On Wednesday morning the session opened with processional of the officers and pages. These pages, from the Alleen Young McCarty Chapter, C. of C., gave greetings in the form of a song written for the occasion by Mrs. McCarty. Cordial welcome was voiced by the heads of various organizations, while the mayor, in reality, presented Mrs. W. T. Fowler, State President, with two huge keys of the city.

The report of the State President showed that her year has been a busy one, with wonderful results. Two new Chapters organized, one at Eminence and one at LaGrange, and she had signed the papers of seventy-one new members. She stressed educational work and true history, and brought before the organization a list of worth-while books, both fiction and reference, that might well be reviewed at meetings. During the year she has come in contact with all parts of the State through district meetings.

All officers and chairmen of committees made excellent reports and showed that their work had been well taken care of.

The Quill Club Breakfast was held on Thursday morning at Glenwood Inn, with thirty-five in attendance.

Memorial Hour was presided over by Miss Mary Moore Davis, of Covington.

Each year the Division gives two beautiful trophies—a silver loving cup to the Chapter making the greatest increase in membership, and a medal to a C. of C. for historical work. The former went to the Lexington Chapter, while the latter was awarded to a member of the Cynthiana Children of the Confederacy.

Officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, Mrs. W. T. Fowler, Lexington; First Vice President, Mrs. George R. Mastin, Lexington; Second Vice President, Miss Nannie D. Clarke, Millarsburg; Third Vice President, Mrs. P. D. Davis, Earlington; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Annie Belle Fogg, Frankfort; Recording Secretary, Miss Frankie Reid, Hickman; Registrar, Mrs. Stanley Johnson, Lawrenceburg; Historian, Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, Louisville; Treasurer, Mrs. E. L. Bryan, Guthrie; Auditor, Mrs. John O. Street, Elkton; Custodian of Crosses, Miss Willie Lear, Nicholasville; Permanent Custodian of Records, Mrs. George T. Fuller, Mayfield; Chaplain, Mrs. A. C. Durham, Danville; Vice Chaplain, Mrs. Justus A. Price, Eminence; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. John H. Clelland, Lexington.

Historical Evening is always an interesting occasion, but has been outstanding since Kentucky has had the honor to claim the Historian General, Mrs. John L. Woodbury. Mrs. J. P. Bryan, Historian of the local Chapter, had charge of the historical program. She presented Mrs. Woodbury, who gave a most illuminating talk, "Kentucky in the War between the States." A quartet from Asbury College, Wilmore, rendered delightful music. Installation of the newly elected officers was in charge of Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, former President General.

[Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, Louisville, Ky.]



*Missouri.*—The Confederate veterans annual reunion was held at the Confederate Home at Higginsville, on September 27. The veterans, wives, and widows were guests of Superintendent and Mrs. F. H. Chambers and the Confederate Home Board. The meeting was called to order by Gen. Charles C. Harvey, of St. Louis, Commander of Missouri Division. The same officers were elected for the ensuing year.

At the noon hour a delicious chicken dinner was served. Music for the day was furnished by four of the "girls" from the Home dressed in costumes of the sixties. The meeting adjourned to meet at the Confederate Home in 1929.

In the afternoon Memorial Park was dedicated to the valor of the Confederate soldiers. This park is located directly south of the main avenue. This ninety-two acres is ideal, with seven beautiful lakes, trees, shrubs, winding drives, and flowers. Before this park was begun the land was almost unsightly, but now, a veritable "Garden of Eden." People came for miles to witness this dedication ceremony, and at sundown many were heard to say: "We have come to the end of a perfect day."

The thirty-first annual convention of Missouri Division, U. D. C., was held at the School of the Ozarks, Hollister, Mo., October 17-19, with the School of the Ozarks as hostess. The charming hospitality of this school and President and Mrs. R. M. Good will long be treasured in the hearts of every Missouri Daughter.

The convention was called to order by the President, Mrs. Charles B. Faris, on the morning of October 18, and reports of important committees were given.

Memorial Hour on Thursday afternoon was conducted by Mrs. W. B. Gibson, of Blackwater, and loving tributes paid the following: Gen. A. A. Pearson, Division Commander for Missouri; Mrs. J. Le Roy Smith, Historian, U. D. C.; and Mrs. Childress, President of the Chapter at Troy, Mo.

On Friday morning the election of officers for the ensuing year was held as follows: Mrs. C. B. Faris, St. Louis, President; Mrs. George Longan, Sedalia, First Vice President; Mrs. John C. Stone, Kansas City, Second Vice President; Mrs. A. J. Harrington, Webb City, Third Vice President; Mrs. Earl Billings, Kansas City, Treasurer; Mrs. L. A. Berry, Independence, Recording Secretary; Miss Nancy Warner, St. Louis, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. H. E. Genser, Higginsville, CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press; Miss Mary R. Ellis, Kansas City, Historian; Mrs. Robert Reynolds, Marshall, Chaplain; Mrs. Murry Dyer, Mexico, Recorder of Crosses.

The social functions for the delegates seemed all the more delightful in comparison with the sterner details of the convention.

On Wednesday night the convention opened with a banquet in Stevenson Hall, with Mrs. R. M. Good presiding. Greetings were extended by Mr. Rex Clark, Mayor of Hollister. A delicious five-course dinner was prepared and served by the girls of the school.

On Wednesday afternoon the delegates and State officers were given a boat ride up Lake Taneycomo. The scenes up this beautiful lake are not to be described.

On Thursday afternoon the citizens of Branson and Hollister took the delegates sight-seeing through the mountains and up Presbyterian Hill.

After the convention closed on Friday the boys and girls of the school paid a tribute to the Daughters, and every member of the Missouri Division left the "School of the Ozarks" feeling that investments in the work of this school pay splendid dividends in Christian character.

[Mrs. H. E. Genser, Editor.]

*North Carolina.*—The thirty-second annual convention of the North Carolina Division met in Greensboro, October 9-12, and was an unusually well-attended and interesting meeting. The Guilford Chapter, for the third time, was hostess to the Division, and, as before, provided many delightful social features.

Outstanding was the address of our President General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, who reviewed the recent work of the general organization, giving high praise to the North Carolina Division for its part.

The annual report of the Division President showed that North Carolina has maintained its standard in accomplishments during the past year. A rising vote of appreciation was given by the convention to Mrs. Woodard after the reading of her report, and many rose to express praise of her administration. Reports of other officers presented a comprehensive review of the entire work of the Division, all showing progress along every line of endeavor. First in the thoughts of the Daughters is care of the veterans and women of the sixties, and constant attention has been given to the two Homes.

The Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund has been oversubscribed, as well as the Tubercular Sanatorium bed fund. Several special objects were reported as being completed. The special educational endowment fund of \$3,000 has been finished, making for the Division three endowed scholarships, besides twenty-three other gift scholarships for descendants of Confederate veterans. One of these endowments was the gift of \$3,000 by Mrs. S. D. Craige in memory of her father, the late P. H. Hanes, of Winston-Salem.

The Memorial Chapel at the Confederate Women's Home at Fayetteville is entirely subscribed for, another gift from Mrs. Craige of \$1,000 being the final accomplishment of this work. The restoration of the grave of Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew and the placing of an iron fence with memorial tablet around the burial plot has been accomplished.

Four new Chapters have been organized at High Point, Wagram, Boone, and Plymouth, and the Chapter at Lincolnton reorganized. New registrations show four hundred and eighty members.

The chief feature of Memorial Hour was a beautiful tribute to the memory of the late Mrs. R. P. Holt, a beloved President of the North Carolina Division. On Historical evening a most delightful address was given by Rev. A. S. Wilcox on "What the Women of the South Contributed to the Confederacy." This was introduced by Southern songs and a reading, "The Making of the Stars and Bars." A very impressive feature of this Historical Evening was the awarding of the Cross of Service to two of North Carolina's distinguished World War soldiers, General Faison and Admiral Scales. Children's Evening was made most delightful by the High Point Chapter C. of C., who gave a charming program of Confederate songs, readings, and dances. This was followed by the presentation of prizes for finest reports and essays by the children of the Division.

While welcoming the new President, Mrs. E. L. McKee, of Sylva, it is with genuine sorrow that the North Carolina Daughters are giving up Mrs. Woodard. Her fine administration has been marked by great harmony and increased interest throughout the Division. Mrs. Woodard has freely given of herself, her time, and her life to the promotion of the objects of the organization, and her real sincerity and splendid womanhood have greatly endeared her to the Daughters of the North Carolina Division.

[Mrs. John H. Anderson, Editor.]



*Ohio.*—The Ohio Division held its twenty-seventh annual convention, October 10–11, in Cincinnati, the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter acting as hostess. The most outstanding and notable of reports made by Division officers, chairmen, and special committees was that of Mrs. M. W. Crocker, chairman of the Committee of Dedication of the Robert E. Lee Marker, unveiled on October 9 on the Dixie Highway, near Franklin, Ohio. This achievement, the dream of our Division President, Mrs. Porter, was beautifully planned and executed. It was perfect in every detail, as was the golden day and the setting. Before the closing of the morning session, the Division was delighted to welcome Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian General; the first time a general officer has honored us with her presence at a convention.

Reports of the Chapter Presidents were heard at the afternoon session, after which the Division elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter (third term); Second Vice President, Mrs. Charles St. J. Chubb; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Fred A. White; Registrar, Mrs. Walter H. Scott; Historian-Custodian, Mrs. E. Lee Hawes.

The beautiful Installation Ceremony was then conducted by Mrs. Juliet H. Preston, as Mistress of Ceremonies, who gave a most impressive address to the newly-elected officers, emphasizing loyalty of members to officers and responsibility of officers to members.

A wonderful Southern dinner was followed by a most interesting program, Mrs. J. B. Doane acting as toastmistress. Mr. C. Adair Harrell, Assistant City Manager, welcomed the convention in behalf of the city of Cincinnati. An ardent Southerner, Mr. Harrell made a deep impression upon his audience by his statement that the New South, in its tendency toward commercialism, must look to the Daughters of the Confederacy to preserve for it and remind it, in various ways, of the idealism of the Old South, for we are the custodians of a civilization that has gone irrevocably from us, and it is we who must keep its beautiful memories forever green.

Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, Division President, responded delightfully in behalf of the appreciative visitors from Ohio. Mrs. Lowell H. Hobart, National Presidential Candidate of the D. A. R., was called upon for a toast as grandmother of "The Youngest Daughter of the Ohio Division," just three days old; Mrs. John L. Shearer responded charmingly as "The Wanderer," and expressed the delight she felt at coming back to her friends in her adopted State. Miss Mary Hukill, in lovely voice, and dressed in the quaintest "befo' de wah" costume, sang a group of old Southern songs. Mr. Stonewall Jackson Beauregard Macklin, the composer of one of them, "I'm Going Back to Dixie Right To-Night," was present at the dinner and was introduced amid much applause. Mrs. Doane then introduced the speaker of the evening, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, who recounted the wonderful development and scope of the office of the Historian General.

The morning session of the 11th was occupied by the discussion and acceptance of the newly-revised Constitution; the Nominating Committee for the officers to be presented in the 1929 convention was elected; and Honorary Membership to the Ohio Division was conferred upon "Aunt Mary" McNeil, widow of a Confederate soldier, and the beloved charge of the Ohio Division; Mr. and Mrs. Berry A. Brown, and Miss Rose Herget, of Franklin, Ohio, who so devotedly and untiringly assisted the Lee Memorial Committee. Miss Herget, who lives just across the Dixie Highway from where the Marker is placed, has asked the privilege and honor of perpetually keeping fresh flowers beside it. A Northerner, she, too, loves and reveres the memory of General Lee.

[Mrs. Charles Chubb, Editor.]

*Virginia.*—Mrs. William Allen Roberts, of Chase City, was again elected to head the Virginia Division, which met in annual session in Alexandria, October 2–5. The meeting was marked by the utmost harmony, and business was dispatched quickly under the guiding hand of Mrs. Roberts.

Reports made by the various officers were encouraging and showed that the Chapters are endeavoring to carry on the work of the organization. The supreme work of the Virginia Division is the relief work, which is under the supervision of Mrs. A. C. Ford, who was appointed to fill the place made vacant by the death of Mrs. Randolph, who had carried on this work for so many years. Mrs. Ford's report showed that the Chapters throughout the Division had co-operated in this work. The work of the Children of the Confederacy was emphasized and an attractive program was given when this work was presented. Mrs. John H. Davis, of Lynchburg, was elected to lead the Children for the next year.

The Historical Evening was one long to be remembered. It was held in the old Presbyterian meeting house. Dr. Douglas Freeman, of Richmond, gave a brilliant address on the "Background of the Lees." Crosses of service were presented to Dr. Stuart McGuire, to Maj. Greenlee Letcher, of Lexington, who was in command of the Rockbridge Artillery. Major Letcher is the son of the famous war governor of Virginia.

One of the outstanding features of the evening was the offering of a prize on a historical subject in honor of Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, mother of Mrs. Roberts, President of the Division. This was done by Mr. Wallace Streater, who takes an active interest in the work of the Daughters.

The convention was quite largely attended by visitors as well as delegates from the various Chapters throughout the State. The next meeting will be held in Wytheville.

[Mrs. Anne V. Mann, Editor.]

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

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

MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

*U. D. C. Topics for December.*

Our Confederate Organizations.

*C. of C. Program for December.*

Make a study of the city of Chattanooga, Tenn.; tell where located who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.



# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*  
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., 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. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*  
Fayetteville, Ark.  
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.  
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*  
Atlanta, Ga.



## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter  
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster  
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh  
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright  
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn  
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins  
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred  
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.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith  
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller  
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields  
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner  
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

*My Dear Coworkers:* Again the cycle of time swings round to the happy Christmas season, when a *Te Deum* of praise rises from all Christian hearts, and the glad refrain swells out in acclaim, "Unto you a child is born, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." In grateful remembrance, ours is the gracious privilege of scattering the sunshine of peace and joy and with unselfish love to brighten and bless the lives of those less fortunate than our own. May no shadow of sorrow cross the threshold and only the blessings of an all-wise Providence crown your day with unspeakable happiness. Ring out the glad refrain, "Lo, the Prince of Peace is come," with "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

With deepest appreciation of all your splendid efforts put forth in the advancement of our sacred cause, and with a loving message from the heart for each of you, I am as ever, your faithful and devoted President General.

\* \* \*

The President General has appointed Mrs. William F. Williams, of Atlanta, as a member of the local advisory board of the C. S. M. A. Mrs. Williams comes of a distinguished Kentucky family, her father, Gen. Sam Davis Blackburn, of Bowling Green, an outstanding figure in both the civic affairs of his State as well as having served with distinction as a soldier of the sixties. Since early childhood, Mrs. Williams has continuously given her services to the work of the Memorial Association, and is First Vice President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association. A loyal friend, true to every trust, intensely patriotic, she will give the best of service.

\* \* \*

As your representative, many invitations have been received to participate in occasions of deep significance, which would have proved of unusual charm and pleasure, but which could not be accepted because health would not allow. Foremost the invitation to be your representative as a guest of honor at the general convention, U. D. C., in Houston, Tex., which the remembrance of a most delightful stay in Charleston the past year made very hard to put aside, especially since the courtesy was extended through the gracious charm and cordiality of our loved and admired friend, and President General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant.

The many friends of Mrs. D. D. Geiger, President of the Memorial Association of Huntington and State President of West Virginia, rejoice in her convalescence from a recent serious illness, and hope soon to know of her being in her accustomed place in the many patriotic organizations to which she gives such loyal support and service.

\* \* \*

One of the happiest occasions of the year was the meeting of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., in Atlanta, entertained by old-time friends of the Fulton Chapter. Being in my home town, it seemed like going back home after an absence. The call came to take up the work as President General, C. S. M. A., at the time when serving as First Vice President of the Georgia Division for four years. Having accepted, this year, chairmanship of Memorials under Mrs. Trox Bankston, a long-time friend, privilege was given of paying honor and tribute in the Memorial Hour to our beloved Historian General, Mildred Lewis Rutherford, whose passing leaves our C. S. M. A. bereft indeed. The presence of our honored and beloved President General, U. D. C., Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, and First Vice President General, Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, gave added brilliance and charm to the convention as well as opportunity of renewing old friendships and forming new ones, as well as inspiration to more faithful and better service, and a linking together of ties that strengthened the chain of Southern patriotism. Let's be true to the cause whenever duty calls.

He serves best who loves most.

\* \* \*

The lure of dear old Beauvoir, so filled with memories and traditions of the past, linking our destinies with the life of the last and only President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, the vicarious sufferer for the South, came back afresh on the occasion of the dedication of the Memorial Room to Winnie Davis, "the Daughter of the Confederacy," a fulfillment of the dream of Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, who worked long and tirelessly for its realization. A love for the cause less devoted could never have overcome the many obstacles, and Mrs. Kimbrough is to be congratulated upon her success. Inability to the present was sincerely regretted, and a lost pleasure.

MARGARET A. WILSON,  
*President General, C. S. M. A.*



## INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS AND FINE SENTIMENT.

From Homer T. Green, of Minneapolis, Minn.:

"In the September VETERAN appears "Lights and Shadows of May Time," giving a few extracts from letters received by me from my cousin, Mrs. Wirt Johnson Carrington, of South Boston, Va. We had been in correspondence for several years until her death in July last, at the age of eighty-two, the result of an accident. Early in our correspondence, we agreed that we would continue it until she became a hundred years old. I believe we could have carried out this agreement had it not been for the accident that befell her. Her mother lived to be ninety-five and a cousin, my grandmother, to be ninety-nine. One only of her brothers and sisters remains, John N. Johnson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., commanding the Eastern Department of Forrest's Cavalry, who joined John Morgan's command at the age of seventeen and, after that command was captured, he with others joined General Forrest. One sister married General Imboden after he returned from the war.

"A peculiar thing in connection with my memory of the War between the States is that the names of General Beauregard, Captain Imboden, who commanded a battery under Stonewall Jackson at Bull Run, Colonel Mosby, and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who claimed to Mrs. Carrington that he was a relative, impressed themselves upon my mind more vividly than other commanders in the Confederate army. How can it be accounted for, mental telepathy or what?

"My father's name was Israil Chew Green. The first man to reach John Brown in his stronghold at Harper's Ferry was Lieutenant Israel Green. Strange coincidence! My grandmother Green's maiden name was Mary Jackson. Her family came from North Carolina to Virginia, where she married my grandfather Green and they moved to Clinton County, Ohio, and there reared a large family of boys and one girl. Very little is known of my grandparent Green's immediate family. My mother's maiden name was Rachel Moorman. She was named Rachel at the request of her grandfather, Thomas Moorman, in honor of his mother Rachel, his cousin, Rachel Moorman Butterworth, aunt of Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio, and his cousin, Rachel Moorman Goggin, whose daughter Pamela married Samuel Clemmons. This son, John C., was father of Sam L. Clemmons (Mark Twain).

"The Moorman family is traced back to 1607, several of whom accompanied Lord Ashly to South Carolina and thence worked their way to Bedford, Halifax, and Clark counties in Virginia. My grandparents Moorman came from Lynchburg, Va., to Ohio at an early date. One Micajah Moorman was one of the trustees of Lynchburg at its organization. His daughter Mary married John Lynch, founder of Lynchburg, and their daughter Zerilda married into the Davis family from which Jefferson Davis sprang.

"John Lynch was a relative of Colonel Charles Lynch, who, with Bob Adams (a relation of the Moorman family) constituted themselves a court during the Revolutionary war and with a fallen tree trunk as a judge's bench tried and executed several who were there convicted of treason to the newly formed government. From this the name "Lynch law" originated.

"The Butterworth house at Butterworth Station, Ohio, and my grandfathers house at Jamestown were stations on the Underground Railroad, through which many slaves reached freedom in Canada. My sister, who visited the Butterworth home a few years ago, in describing it in a letter to me, had this to say: 'We went to a room where run-a-way slaves used

to be hidden (the Butterworth house was one of the stations on the Underground Railroad). The floor is of cement as hard as rock. One side of the thick wall is against the hill. . . .

"I never tire of reading stories of the Southland. Thomas Nelson Page's stories fascinate me and Mrs. Carrington's letters overran with delightful stories of ante bellum days. I should dearly have loved living during those days."

"In the words of the poem 'Reunion,' on the first page of the September number—

"May the North and South, each chastened in her turn,  
From the past, a lesson of forbearance learn'

and in unity proceed to make this, the greatest country on earth, greater still."

## IN GRATEFUL SPIRIT.

No one on this 1928 Thanksgiving Day should feel more thankful than the "Guests" at the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Pikesville, Md. The dinner was indeed a dream, and a most substantial one at that. The table was not only beautifully, but also artistically decorated with colored panels, flowers, and other devices to add to the effect that only the hand of a cultured woman knows how to give. The turkeys were perfectly cooked, countless vegetables grown on the premises were served, also home-made pumpkin pie, which carried one back to the good old days, "befo' de war," and a treasury note, fruit, candy, etc., were at each man's plate to enjoy at his leisure. Most of these luxuries were donated by the ladies of St. Mark's on the Hill, and it warms the heart of a Confederate veteran to know that there are still generous people who remember that these old men, now feeble and near their graves, once gave the best of their youth and strength and fought for a righteous cause. No praise is too great to extend to Captain Tunis for the ability he has displayed in the management of this Home, and especially for his excellent judgment in selecting his assistants who, working with him, have made this Home a home indeed.—*Hobart Ainsmith, Baltimore, Md.*

THE LAST BATTLE, WON BY WOMEN.—The following amusing incident was copied from a paper by the late Capt. John H. Martin, of Hawkinsville, Ga., in which he said:

"The last guns of the Confederacy had been fired on the battle fields and the Confederate military organizations had disbanded, when the heartless despot in command of New Orleans issued an infamous order that prayers must be said in all the churches for Abraham Lincoln. Into St. Luke's Episcopal Church, which had only ladies attending services, strode one of the satrap's subaltern officers with an imperious step and strut, handed the order to the minister, and, in a pompous, insulting manner, turned and ordered prayers for Lincoln. Like a flash of lightning, impelled by the same heroic impulse, every woman in the house, spontaneously and instantly, without a word, assailed the officer with hat pins, parasols, and everything at their command. The cowardly cur beat a hasty retreat and reported to his superior officer that if any further orders for prayers for Lincoln were to be served on the women of New Orleans, another must be found who was fool enough to undertake the serving, for he had had enough and had thrown up the job. This might be aptly termed the last battle of the Confederacy, and while the last fought by the men was not a success, the last one fought by the noble, grand, brave women of New Orleans in defense of honor and all that was true and pure and patriotic was a conspicuous success."—*Contributed by Miss Lena Felker, of O. C. Horne Chapter, U. D. C., Hawkinsville, Ga.*



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

EDMOND R. WILES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. .... *Adjutant in Chief*  
JAMES F. TERRELL, JR., New Orleans, La. .... *Inspector in Chief*  
J. S. UTLEY, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Judge Advocate in Chief*  
DR. JAMES H. ECKENRODE, Richmond, Va. .... *Historian in Chief*  
DR. GEORGE R. TABOR, Oklahoma City, Okla. .... *Surgeon in Chief*  
W. D. JACKSON, Little Rock, Ark. .... *Quartermaster in Chief*  
CLIFTON RATCLIFF, Oklahoma City, Okla. .... *Commissary in Chief*  
REV. JOHN DURHAM WING, Winter Park, Fla. .... *Chaplain in Chief*

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EDMOND R. WILES, *Chairman* ..... Little Rock, Ark.  
N. B. FORREST, *Secretary* ..... Atlanta, Ga.  
R. G. LAMKIN ..... Roanoke, Va.  
ALBERT C. ANDERSON ..... Ripley, Miss.  
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JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY ..... Wichita Falls, Tex.  
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A. W. TABER, *Relief* ..... Austin, Tex.  
J. L. HIGHS AW, *Monument* ..... Memphis, Tenn.  
JOHN H. ROBERTSON, *Memorial* ..... Oklahoma City, Okla.  
JOHN ASHLEY JONES, *Textbook* ..... Atlanta, Ga.  
LUCIUS L. MOSS, *Finance* ..... Lake Charles, La.  
DR. MATHEW PAGE ANDREWS, *American Legion History* ..... Baltimore, Md.  
COL. W. McDONALD LEE, *Rutherford* ..... Irvington, Va.  
JOHN ASHLEY JONES, *Stone Mountain* ..... Atlanta, Ga.



## DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

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ALBERT C. ANDERSON, Ripley, Miss. .... Army of Tennessee  
J. E. JONES, Oklahoma City, Okla. .... Army of Trans-Mississippi

## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

MAJ. JERE C. DENNIS, Dadeville. .... Alabama  
JOHN L. CARTER, Little Rock. .... Arkansas  
DAVID JAMES CARTER, 1514 Kimball Building, Chicago. .... Illinois  
RUFUS W. PEARSON, 1130 Barr Building, Washington, D. C.  
District of Columbia and Maryland  
H. B. GRUBBS, 320 Broadway, Eastern Division, New York, N. Y.  
JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee. .... Florida  
DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah. .... Georgia  
J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington. .... Kentucky  
JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport.  
Louisiana  
W. F. RILEY, SR., Tupelo. .... Mississippi  
EDWARD C. FISHER, 6219 Pershing, St. Louis. .... Missouri  
DR. G. R. TABOR, Oklahoma City. .... Oklahoma  
A. D. MARSHALL, Pacific Division. .... Seattle, Wash.  
JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry. .... South Carolina  
JOHN HALLBERG, Chattanooga. .... Tennessee  
E. S. MCCARVER, Orange. .... Texas  
CHARLES T. NORMAN, Richmond. .... Virginia

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## GENERAL ACTIVITIES.

TO ALL DEPARTMENTS, DIVISIONS, BRIGADES AND CAMPS,  
S. C. V.

I feel that you should know something of my activities in the interest of the Sons' organization since my election as Commander in Chief at the Little Rock reunion last May.

In accepting so great an honor from my comrades, I felt that I could not do so without assuming at the same time a responsibility.

Believing that great good would result from personal visits of the Commander in Chief to the various State reunions of Veterans and Sons, I have visited, I am glad to be able to say, every one held in the South except the Virginia reunion, which came too soon after the close of the general reunion in Little Rock, of which I was general chairman, for me to get away. State reunions visited were: Oklahoma State reunion in June at Tulsa; Texas State reunion at Tyler, October 3-5; Arkansas State reunion at Little Rock, October 9-10; Florida State reunion at Jacksonville, October 10-12; Mississippi State reunion at Winona, October 23-25; making five in all.

Arrangements were made for raising the pledge to the Manassas Battle Field Fund of Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas during my attendance, and the balance of Florida's pledge, \$114, was raised in cash and sent in.

The matter of increasing pensions for veterans was stressed in every address delivered before the joint bodies, with the result that Florida will increase her pensions \$10 per month, to \$50 when the legislature meets; and steps are being taken in Mississippi, Texas, and Oklahoma to increase the pension in those States at once.

Great interest was manifested in the Sons' meetings, and a large increase in membership can be expected this year from all indications. The future existence of our organization depends on what we are able to show this year in the way of a material increase along this line. *Don't fail* to call your Camps together and go to work in earnest for new members, and renewal of old.

I confidently expect to be able to announce soon that the obligation on Manassas has been discharged and that the

Sons of Confederate Veterans are in full possession of this historical battle ground. Cordially and sincerely,

EDMOND R. WILES, *Commander in Chief, S. C. V.*

## HISTORIAN IN CHIEF.

Owing to the death of Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, on June 26, 1928, who was reelected Historian in Chief, at the convention in Little Rock, Ark., the Commander in Chief has appointed Dr. Hamilton James Eckenrode, of Richmond, Va., as Historian in Chief, to rank as such from June 26, 1928, to fill the vacancy.

Dr. Eckenrode is a member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, S. C. V., of Richmond, and, for the information of the members throughout the Confederation, the following record of Dr. Eckenrode is taken from "Who's Who in America," 1928-1929:

"Hamilton, James Eckenrode, Author, Editor, b. Fredericksburg, Virginia, April 30, 1881, son of John Hamilton and Mary Elizabeth (Myer) Eckenrode. Ed.—Ph.D. Johns Hopkins Univ., 1905, unmarried; Virginia State Archivist, 1907-18; Prof. Economics, Univ. of Richmond, 1914-16; Appointed State Historian of Virginia, 1927; Member American Historical Ass'n; Va. Historical Soc.; Southern Historical Soc. (Sec.); Presbyterian. Clubs: Westmoreland, Country of Va. Author: History of Virginia During the Reconstruction, 1905; Separation of Church and State in Virginia, 1911; The Revolution in Virginia, 1916; Life of Nathan B. Forrest, 1918; Told in Story (Textbook) 1922; Jefferson Davis, 1923. Compiler of lists of the Colonial and Revolutionary Soldiers of Virginia; Editorial Writer; Editor Southern Historical Soc. papers, Vol. 43 to 45. Home: Westmoreland Club, Richmond, Va. Address: State Office Building, Richmond, Va."

In making the appointment, the Commander in Chief, Edmond R. Wiles, requests that the Historians of the Divisions and Camps cooperate with the Historian in Chief, in all historical matters, and they are urged "to aid and encourage the record and teaching, with impartiality, all Southern history and achievements from Jamestown to this present era, seeing to it especially that the events of the War between the States are authentically and clearly written."



## COMMANDER OF THE CENTRAL DIVISION, S. C. V.

A great loss has been sustained by the S. C. V. in the death of John Adams Lee, of Chicago, Ill., Commander of the Central Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, which occurred on October 10. He was born at Flemingsburg, Ky., in 1851, and thus was too young to take any part in the grim struggle of war, but he was early imbued with a deep love for the Confederacy and a firm conviction of the righteousness of its cause, and that faith remained with him through life. In his early years he was ordained a minister of the Christian Church, and though his life was directed into other pursuits, he often served as minister where needed and without remuneration. His was a life of wide variety, his activities covering the fields of statesmanship, the ministry, business, journalism, and patriotism.



JOHN A. LEE

In the work of the Sons of Confederate Veterans he found a most congenial field, and upon the organization of the Camp in Chicago, he was made Commander of the Central Division, comprising the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. With him, in this work so dear to his heart, walked his wife, Virginia Gathright Lee, Honorary Life President of the Illinois Division, U. D. C., whose congenial companionship was ever an inspiration in his highest endeavor. To her and to the children of their union the sympathy of our organization goes out in deepest measure.

## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

### NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

The term of office of J. D. Paul, Commander of the North Carolina Division, having expired, a vacancy exists in the position of commanding officer.

Comrade Henry M. London, of Raleigh, has been appointed Commander of this Division until its next annual reunion. He will at once appoint his official staff and brigade commanders, pursuant to Article X, Sections 3 and 8 of the General Constitution, and inaugurate a campaign for the organization of new Camps and the reorganization of inactive Camps, and make report thereof to General Headquarters.

### MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

W. T. Riley, Sr., Commander Mississippi Division, announces the appointment of the following comrades as members of his staff and Brigade Commanders to assist him in aid work: Adjutant and Chief of Staff, John M. Witt, Tupelo; Inspector J. E. Brown, Blue Mountain; Judge Advocate, Rucks Yerger, Gulf Port; Commissary, R. A. Pullen, Aberdeen; Surgeon, Dr. W. H. Scudder, Mayersville; Historian, Dunbar Rowland, Jackson.

First Brigade, Dr. W. H. Anderson, Boonville; Second Brigade, C. B. Cameron, Meridian; Third Brigade, Walter M. Hampton, Magnolia; Fourth Brigade, M. T. Bynum, Jackson.

Commander Riley requests that a systematic campaign be launched by each individual Camp for the purpose of in-

creasing its membership. Each Camp will prepare and send to Division Headquarters, not later than December 31, 1928, a full and complete roster of officers and members paying their dues for 1929, together with the per capita tax to National Headquarters, which is \$1 for old members and \$2 for new.

### VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Charles T. Norman, Commander Virginia Division, announces the election of the following Brigade Commanders for the year 1928-29: First Brigade, John T. Kevill, Portsmouth; Second Brigade, David L. Pulliam, Richmond; Third Brigade, Robert H. Angell, Roanoke; Fourth Brigade, J. Edward Beale, Remington; Fifth Brigade, Commander Charles S. Roller, Fort Defiance.

By unanimous vote of the convention, the Legislative Committee, consisting of the hereinafter members, was continued for the year 1928-29: Robert S. Hudgins, chairman, Richmond; Hon. Morgan R. Mills, Richmond; Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond; W. McDonald Lee, Richmond; W. W. Old, Norfolk; John Saul, Salem; Col. Heirome L. Opie, Staunton; Hon. Homer Richey, Charlottesville.

### TEXAS DIVISION.

Commander Ed. S. Carver announces that the following members will constitute the staff of the Texas Division for the current year: Adjutant, H. M. Kinard, Orange; Assistant Adjutant, L. C. Lawson, Austin; Color Bearer, Capt. Royal G. Phillips, Tyler; Assistant Color Bearer, Thomas B. Lewis, Houston; Surgeon, Dr. E. R. Walker, Ballinger; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. W. W. Bouldin, Bay City; Historian, C. E. Gilbert, Houston; Assistant Historian, Dr. J. B. Thomas, Sulphur Springs; Chaplain, Rev. W. N. Claybrook, Tyler; Assistant Chaplain, Raymond Robbins, Athens; Quartermaster, Barney A. Garrett, Waco; Assistant Quartermaster, L. M. Liles, Marlin; Judge Advocate, Judge W. H. Reid, Dallas; Assistant Judge Advocate, B. W. George, Corsicana; Inspector, Fred White, Port Arthur; Assistant Inspector, A. W. Barfoot, Lamesa; Commissary, J. B. Stephenson, Dallas; Assistant Commissary, R. N. Wade, Mineola.

### CAMPS ORGANIZED.

Camp Roger Q. Mills, of Corsicana, Tex., was organized on October 4, 1928, with thirty members. The officers are: Commander, Charles H. Mills; First Lieutenant Commander, C. L. Jester; Second Lieutenant Commander, William J. Rochelle; Adjutant, Frank Lemon; Treasurer, Alton N. Justiss; Quartermaster, C. G. Davidson; Judge Advocate, B. W. George; Surgeon, W. W. Carter; Historian, L. A. Wortham; Color Sergeant, L. W. Ashmore; Chaplain, Ed M. Polk, Sr.

Camp Howdy Martin, of Athens, Tex., organized October 6, 1928, has fourteen members. The officers are: Commander, W. R. Bishop; First Lieutenant Commander, Dr. A. H. Easterling; Second Lieutenant Commander, A. S. Robbins; Adjutant, D. M. Dickerson; Judge Advocate, J. J. Faulk; Quartermaster, W. D. Justice; Treasurer, S. R. Hawkins; Surgeon, J. K. Webster; Historian, R. L. Chalmers; Color Sergeant, J. C. Carroll; Chaplain, Raymond Robbins.

Camp Governor Henry T. Allen, of Shreveport, La., was organized October 29, 1928. The officers are: Commander, R. Colbert; First Lieutenant Commander, Robert E. Hunter; Second Lieutenant Commander, H. S. Potts; Adjutant, J. B. Morgan; Treasurer, P. C. Willis; Quartermaster, O. L. Baggett; Judge Advocate, Hon. Fred M. Odom; Surgeon, Dr. Rudolph E. Lea; Historian, J. Fair Harden; Color Sergeant, Aubrey M. Pyburn; Chaplain, Dr. R. E. Goodrich.



## THE SOUTH IN AMERICAN LIFE AND HISTORY.

A work of surpassing interest and value is the volume on "The South in American Life and History," prepared by Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, of Nashville, Tenn., under the auspices of the Nashville Chapters, U. D. C. It has been strongly indorsed by the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., and high praise and commendation have come to the author from many sources. The dedication of the book presents its theme and motif with great force, as follows:

"To the civilization of the Southland, with the view of presenting the truth of its history, its part in building up our great nation, the United States of America; the motives directing its political movements; its defense of the ideals and principles upon which its government was founded; the brilliant achievements of its armies and navy; the magnificent work of its statesmen and leaders, with special emphasis upon the outstanding examples—George Washington, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee."

The following quotations from some of the many letters which come to the author's desk daily will give an idea of its reception:

"I have persued with pleasure and profit your recent work on 'The South.' It has many things to commend it, not only to the South, but the nation as well. Your plan is admirable, showing as you do, the part played by our section in establishing these United States. Worthy of special mention are your discussions of slavery, State rights, and religious freedom, and your descriptions of the battles and campaigns of the War between the States. No historian has done that better. A careful reading should be given to your chapter on 'The Confederate Navy,' about which so little is known."—*Judge Joseph Higgins, Nashville, Tenn.*

"It is an invaluable addition to my library. I would not part with it. I congratulate you on this splendid literary achievement, so worthy a contribution to Southern literature and history."—*Mrs. McKenzie, First Vice President general, U. D. C., Monteuma, Ga.*

"Your style is wonderful for clearness and vigor. I shall be pleased to recommend the history for general study. In fact, Mrs. Selph, I think it would be profitable if the general organization would adopt it for historical study. It is already so well arranged for study and it gives in concise form the most salient facts of our history."—*Mrs. George Hughes, President Arkansas Division, U. D. C., Benton, Ark.*

"I am enjoying the history. My father was one of those brave soldiers, and he was also a great teacher. Reading the story as you have written it, brings it clearer to my mind than anything I have had since he taught it to me."—*Mrs. Haskell Rightor, Sr., Nashville, Tenn.*

With such commendation, the book should have a place in every home of the country, in libraries, schools, that the truth of Southern history may have its full circulation. A splendid gift for Christmas.

Send orders to Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, 5007 Michigan Avenue, Nashville, Tenn. Price, postpaid, \$2.20.

THE GLORIOUS CONFEDERATE LADIES.—A City Point correspondent of the *New York Herald* says: "Here, as everywhere else that my observation has extended, the women of the South are our most uncompromising foes. The intensity of their hatred is really appalling."—*From a scrapbook compiled during and immediately after the War between the States. Contributed by Charles B. Mumford, Muncie, Kans.*

## SURE-FOOTED CONFEDERATE MULES.

SOME years ago a Confederate soldier told me the story of how he saved his wagon from the Yanks.

He said he was with Johnston on the retreat from Murfreesboro to Chattanooga, Tenn. He was a teamster. When their wagon train got to the Tennessee River, their army, except the wagons, had all got across. They had been there but a short time when the Yankee cavalry made a dash on them and caused a wild scatterment of wagons and teams such as he had never seen before. When the cavalry struck them, he was going straight toward the railroad bridge. He whipped up and drove his four mules as hard as he could drive.

He was not thinking that the bridge had no floor. He was for getting across the river. As it happened, there was a 2x12 plank spiked down on each side of the rails clear across the bridge.

When the mules came to the bridge they never hesitated for an instant. The two lead mules struck the boards between the rails with the two wheel mules following. The wheels of the wagon were just the width of the track and kept on the planks.

When the teamster saw what he had got onto, he did not know what to do, he was so frightened. But he held his breath and kept going, with the river yawning 100 feet or more below him and no chance to escape death if the mules got off the narrow planks. The sure-footed mules kept straight as a line, however, and came out on the other side safe and sound.

When he drove up to where the army was, he found they had been breathlessly watching the thrilling drive, and such cheering greeted him as was never given another. An officer got in the wagon and had him to drive out to where their camps were, and there the officers gave him a great ovation.

But he said it was not he that deserved the credit. It was the blamed mules. They took the bits in their mouths and the lead mules just naturally took charge of things. His was the only wagon and team of that big train that was saved.—*C. M. Eldridge, Company G, 3rd Tennessee Cavalry U. S. A., Denison, Tex., in National Tribune.*

## SETTLEMENT AND ADMISSION OF STATES.

FROM A CLIPPING OF THE BALTIMORE SUN, JANUARY, 1863.

Few readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor of research is often saved by such a table as the following:

- 1607, Virginia was first settled by the English.
- 1614, New York was first settled by the Dutch.
- 1620, Massachusetts was first settled by the Puritans.
- 1623, New Hampshire was first settled by the Puritans.
- 1624, New Jersey was first settled by the Dutch.
- 1627, Delaware was first settled by the Swedes and Finns.
- 1635, Maryland was first settled by the Irish Catholics.
- 1635, Connecticut was first settled by the Puritans.
- 1636, Rhode Island was first settled by Roger Williams.
- 1650, North Carolina was first settled by the English.
- 1670, South Carolina was first settled by the Huguenots.
- 1682, Pennsylvania was first settled by the William Penn.
- 1723, Georgia was first settled by Gen. Oglethorpe.

These States were admitted into the Union as follows: 1792, Kentucky; 1796, Tennessee; 1802, Ohio; 1811, Louisiana; 1816, Indiana; 1817, Mississippi; 1818, Illinois; 1819, Alabama; 1820, Maine; 1821, Missouri; 1836, Michigan; 1836, Arkansas; 1845, Florida; 1845, Texas; 1846, Iowa; 1848, Wisconsin; 1850, California; 1858, Minnesota; 1859, Oregon; 1860, Kansas.—*Contributed by Col. W. L. Timberlake, Crichton, Ala.*



**WANTED.**—A copy of the Life of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, by Hughes. Address the VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., stating condition and price asked.

J. E. Hobeika, Box 306, Dillon, S. C., collecting material on Gen. R. E. Lee and will appreciate hearing from any of our veterans who served directly under General Lee or his corps commanders in the different campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. Original material especially desired.

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Hon. M. L. Earle, ex-mayor of Jacksonville, Tex., wishes to get in communication with any connections of J. H. Martin, who was the first mayor of Jacksonville, serving during the years 1873 and 1874. It is understood that he moved to Central Texas about 1876 and settled near Hillsboro.

A patron of the VETERAN wishes to get a copy of "The Woman in Battle," by Madame Velasquez, known as "Lieutenant Buford" in the Secret Service of the Confederacy. Anyone having a copy of this book for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN.

W. H. Wood, 229 Center Street, Alva., Okla., wishes to secure any letters, manuscript, or other documentary evidence on the actions of Jefferson Davis during 1861-65, or any book dealing especially with the War between the States written from the Confederate viewpoint. Anything new, not already in books about President Davis will be well paid for.

In renewing his subscription, Col. W. A. Love, of Columbus, Miss., says: "I purpose to continue to the end—to the last roll call. It is with pleasure that I note the improved appearance of the VETERAN typographically and in the maintenance of its valuable historical features."



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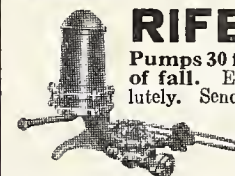
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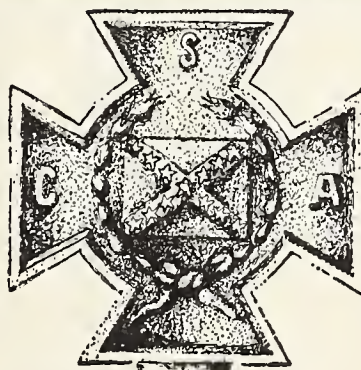
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