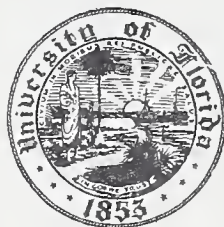


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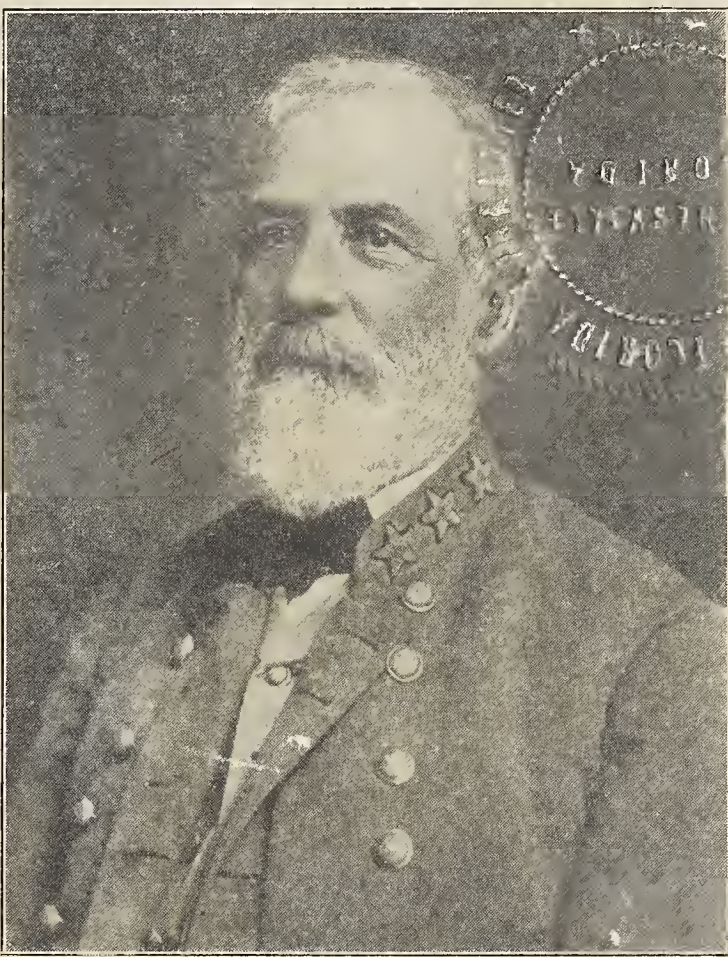
Confederate Veteran

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VOL. XXXVII.

JANUARY, 1929

NO. 1



GENERAL LEE "IN THE FIELD"

Best known picture of General Lee—first picture made of him in war time

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

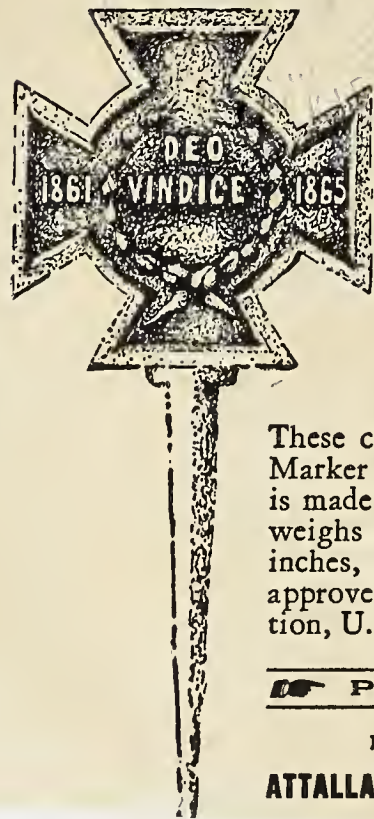
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Mrs. Annie Duncan, Friendship, Tenn. (care of F. M. Schindt), wishes to hear from any survivors of Forrest's command who can testify to the service of her husband, W. D. L. ("Bill") Duncan, who was in Buford's Regiment of Cavalry, Cheatham's Division. She is trying to get a pension.

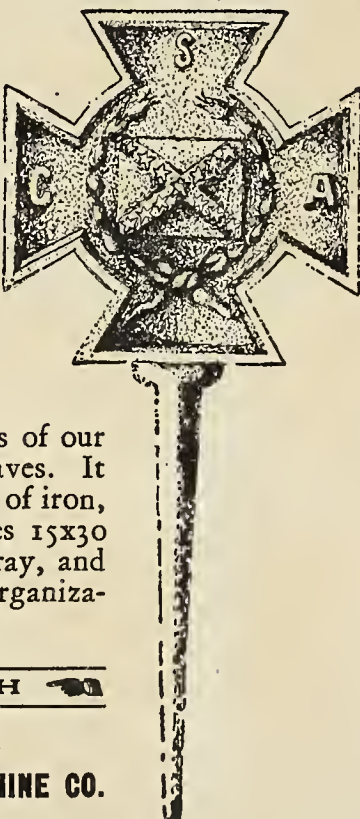
Mrs. Charles F. Cochran, Secretary U. D. C., Gainesville, Tex., is interested in securing a pension for the widow of Richard H. Alwood, and any comrade or friend who can testify to his service

will please write her. This soldier grew up in Louisiana and in 1863, at the age of sixteen, enlisted with the 8th Louisiana Regiment (Tigers) and was later transferred to the 9th Louisiana, serving to the close of the war as a private.

J. C. Bean, 507 South Lindsey Street, Gainesville, Tex., would like to exchange his copy of John Esten Cooke's "Life of Stonewall Jackson" (in good condition) for a copy of the "Life of Gen. R. E. Lee," by General Long, or some other good writer.



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By J. A. CASKIE

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PANAMA CANAL PAYS BIG

Figures compiled at the War Department show that 46,833 commercial vessels have passed through the Panama Canal since its opening up to July 1, 1928, paying tolls of \$193,307,722 carrying cargoes aggregating 215,200,000 tons.

During the same period, 1,267 toll-paying vessels have passed through the canal with 2,617,728 tons of cargo. The equivalent tolls for these vessels would have been \$8,967,419. Of the toll-paying vessels which transit the canal since its opening, 4,139 United States government vessels have passed.

National Tribune.

Confederate Veteran

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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. XXXVII. NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1929 No. 1. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
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GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

NEW YEAR MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

To My Comrades: At the beginning of the new year, I greet you with love, and in the prayerful and confident hope that as, in the course of nature, our ranks are more and more depleted, we may become nearer and dearer to each other in loving helpfulness, each doing his part in correcting the numerous errors of sectional history that have purposely concealed the cause of the war and the spirit in which it was waged. Let us plead that the scholarship of our country may give us a fair history, not Southern, not Northern, but an American history, doing justice to all involved. When such a history is written and the truth revealed to the public view, simulations and dissimulations will be exposed and the cause of the war will be clearly shown to have been Puritan greed just as the spirit that governed it was indefensibly symbolized by the sword and the torch.

The twenty-five thousand comrades of the gray now surviving should keep in as close touch with each other as possible. This end can be best attained by our generous support of the ably edited official organ, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which is our common center of communication.

Daughters and Sons, I earnestly invite you, in meetings of your Chapters and Camps, to urge each and every member to subscribe to this valuable publication. It is the one magazine that belongs wholly to us, to our organizations, and we should support it with joyful activity.

Faithfully yours, A. T. GOODWYN.

THE REUNION IN 1929.

The reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Charlotte, N. C., has been set for June 4-7, 1929.

ROBERT E. LEE.—One of the greatest, if not the greatest of all the generals who have spoken the English tongue.—Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C. B.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

SACRED DAYS.

January 19.—ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

January 21.—STONEWALL JACKSON.

January 14.—MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

Tho' Homer sings of Grecian Isles
 In strains that every heart beguiles,
 How warriors fought and heroes fell
 For Helen, false and fickle belle;
 Tho' France with martial joy may own
 The greatest warrior world has known,
 Let Albion proud as is her due,
 Boast of decisive Waterloo—
 And yet Virginia rightly claims
 The greatest galaxy of names
 In modern times, if not in all,
 Names which for adoration call.
 First, Henry, whose impassion'd zeal
 And eloquence made others feel
 The force of his resistless plea
 For either death or liberty;
 Then Washington, where can you trace
 In annals of the human race
 In any clime, a greater claim
 To immortality and fame?

And still to-day Virginia gives
 A name that now and ever lives;
 As softening centuries come and go,
 This name, will ever greater grow,
 This name as moveless as the base
 Of yonder mountain from its place.
 The North, the South, the East, the West,
 Alike will honor Lee, the best,
 The highest, noblest type of man,
 Yet genuine American.

In war a sword without a stain,
 In peace so gentle and humane
 That hostile critics were disarm'd
 And prais'd the man they would have harm'd.

Lee, an immortal, cannot die—
 Fixed star in fame's eternal sky,
 Where none will ever brighter be
 Than name of Robert Edward Lee.

—Duval Porter.

THE SOUTHERN SKIES.

When I gaze upon the heavens, wonder and awe
 strike deep into my soul and leave a reverence and
 humility that nothing else can give. Throughout
 the ages that have flown away, the dwellers of the
 firmament are just the same as when the Mighty
 Builder of the universe marked their place and put
 them in the heavens.

As the sun bids us all good night and sinks behind
 the southern hills, the golden glow it often casts upon
 the heavens is beyond the power of mortal to de-
 scribe. There is a wondrous grandeur in the heavenly
 hosts that deck the southern skies, a never-fading
 beauty that "mocks at time" and bids defiance to al-
 laws save those of God. Time has left no trace that
 speaks of age; they are as young as when their course
 began. No faltering steps impede their march o-
 mark a limit to the course they'll run.

Deep in the soul of man abides the hope and trust
 of everlasting life, and immortality shines from
 every star, the moon, the sun, for they are one with
 time that reaches far beyond the grasp of man, yet
 speak to him of life beyond the stars.—E. P. Lacy
 Birmingham, Ala.

SOUTH CAROLINA PENSIONS.

Calling attention to an error in the statement as to
 the pensions paid by South Carolina, (page 40 of the
 November VETERAN), Henry T. Williams, a member
 of Camp Sumter, U. C. V., of Charleston, S. C., and
 chairman of the Board of Honor of Charleston
 County, says: "Confederate pensions awarded by
 the State of South Carolina are \$130 per year and not
 \$66 per month. In this county the Board of Honor
 divides the pension money, so much per capita, to
 widows being on the roll as inheritors of the amount
 which would have been paid to their husbands.
 The net amount paid each is \$130 per year."

THE VETERAN IN NEW FORM.

This number of the VETERAN shows a radical
 change in appearance of its reading contents, and it
 is hoped that this change will make a good impression
 generally. For one thing, it can be read much more
 easily, and that is in its favor with those who depend
 upon their eyes for much service. Another thing
 considered was the reduction in cost of publication.
 As the VETERAN grew older, it became a more
 expensive publication on a more limited income.

Let us know what you think of its new form.

And don't forget that your coöperation in building
 up the VETERAN'S circulation is a part of our
 program for 1929. "All for one" means a publica-
 tion of greater usefulness to all.

DAUGHTER OF MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

An interesting figure passed from the life of Richmond, Va., with the death of Mrs. Mary Maury Werth, daughter of Matthew Fontaine Maury, which occurred in that city on November 16, in her eighty-fifth year. Her life had been identified with that of Richmond since the years of her young womanhood, and she was a distinguished member of the Richmond society during a notable period, noted among her time and generation for distinctive traits of mind and manner. She became the wife of James R. Werth, of Richmond, who survives her with their two sons and two daughters.

Mrs. Werth was one of the eight children of Matthew Fontaine Maury and Ann Herndon, and she was born at the Naval Observatory in Washington in 1844, where her distinguished father was at the time stationed in the service of the government. The early years of her life were largely spent in Virginia—at Fredericksburg, later at the University of Virginia, and then at Lexington, where Commodore Maury was a member of the faculty of the Virginia Military Institute. She was closely associated with her father in his scientific work, in which she and her sisters acted as his amanuenses, and as long as he lived was his constant companion. She was with him in England when he was receiving the homage of a scientific world quick to award him the honors that America seemed scarcely to realize had been merited by his epochal researches. "Every quality that distinguished the Virginia gentlewoman was hers—the keenest intelligence, the sharpest wit, the largest interests, the most superb measure of self-control, the most unyielding fidelity to the obligations of home, of Church, and of State. To talk with her was to live for the moment in the atmosphere of that Virginia which would have blossomed in great literary and scientific achievement had not the war destroyed genius and ruined property. Yet there was something gloriously self-effacing about her, despite her strong and positive personality."

A charter member of the Confederate Memorial and Literary Society of Richmond, for more than thirty years, Mrs. Werth had devoted much of her time and energy to the patriotic work connected with the Confederate Museum, and through which many valuable contributions were made to the museum. She served as First Vice President of the Society and later as chairman of the committee which looked to the placing of markers on many buildings in the city associated with the history of the Confederacy. The Confederate flag was displayed at half mast over the Confederate Museum on the day of her funeral, and the officers of the society attended the funeral in a body.

OUR "MASSACHUSETTS CONFEDERATE."

Sad news has come to the VETERAN in report of the death of Dr. A. W. Littlefield, known to VETERAN readers for his many contributions in prose and verse to its columns, in all of which there was a deep and tender sentiment for the South and its people. His death is a loss that will be felt by all who are interested in having the Southern principles known and understood; to the VETERAN it means another gap in the thinning ranks, for he was its friend, faithful and true. It was his pleasure to be known as the "Massachusetts Confederate," and he was ever ready to express that sentiment which he held in his heart for the South and the cause for which it had so nobly contended in the sixties.

Dr. Littlefield was a honorary member of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., and from that Chapter comes this tribute: "In the death of Dr. Littlefield, the United Daughters of the Confederacy have lost a real friend. He was the beloved Chaplain of the Boston Chapter, and we called him our 'Massachusetts Confederate.' Although he had passed the allotted threescore years and ten, his death was sudden and came as a great shock to all his friends. A delegation from the Boston Chapter attended the funeral services on December 19, at the First Unitarian Church, at Middleboro, Mass., of which he had been the pastor for many years.

"Dr. Littlefield's interest in all things Confederate was profound, and his spirit and thought will always be with us. His interest in a lonely grave in Virginia, his beautiful sonnets about our beloved South are our heritage from him. His presence at our annual luncheon to honor General Lee will be sadly missed, for on these occasions he was at his best. The words upon the General Lee Marker on the Dixie Highway are from his heart and pen. They are his own memorial to us, for, as he wrote of General Lee, 'He cometh into his own,' so we of the Boston Chapter can say likewise, 'He cometh into his own.' We shall miss him."

WAS IT RIGHT?—In reference to certain articles which were taken from Arlington, about which you inquire, Mrs. Lee is indebted to our old friend, Capt. James May, for the order from the late administration for their restoration to her. Congress, however, passed a resolution forbidding their return. They were valuable to her as having belonged to her great-grandmother and having been bequeathed to her by her father. But as the country desires them, she must give them up. I hope their presence at the capital will keep in the remembrance of all Americans the principles and virtues of Washington.—
Letter by Gen. R. E. Lee.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY IN REUNION.

BY REV. J. W. DUFFEY, OF WASHINGTON, D. C., ONE
OF MCNEIL'S RANGERS, IN BALTIMORE SOUTH-
ERN METHODIST

Since the War between the States there have been many reunions of the veterans of that war, but they have been on strictly sectional lines—the blue meeting with the blue and the gray with the gray. On one occasion, however, there was an exception, when the blue and the gray met in friendly relations at Moorefield, W. Va., and that joint meeting, it is claimed, was the first one held.

Moorefield had been the rallying point during the war for McNeill's Rangers, a company organized for scout duty and assigned to that section as the field of their operations. The Rangers had held one reunion at Moorefield, August 23, 1893, and, when arranging for a second reunion at the same place, they extended an invitation to the officers of the 22nd Pennsylvania Cavalry and as many of the privates as could come.

There had been many encounters with detachments of that regiment. Those Pennsylvania troops, especially the company known as the Ringgold Cavalry, had made many trips from Keyser to Moorefield, coming without invitation and usually at inconvenient hours, hoping to catch the Rangers napping. General Sheridan, in his "Personal Memoirs," tells how he trapped Maj. Harry Gilmor, who was having a comfortable night in the home of Mr. Moray Randolph, located on the southern fringe of Moorefield. When Gilmor retired that night he did not imagine there was a Yank within forty miles, but when he was aroused from a deep sleep, he found his bedroom filled with them. He was taken to prison and kept until the war closed. It was impossible to find out in advance when or where the enemy in scouting bands would appear. On that account McNeill's Rangers never camped two nights in succession in the same place. The night of Gilmor's capture the Rangers were camped in the woods less than a mile distant.

At that time the population of Moorefield was approximately five hundred. Its Main Street was lined with an exceptional number of substantial brick buildings, dwellings and business houses, compactly located; its sidewalks were paved with brick, which was the best material then in use in the larger towns and cities; its roadway was banked with small river stones, making a firm and smooth street. Some of the Yanks who came with dire intent during the war were impressed with the attractive appearance of the town, and after the war came back and became residents.

The officers who were present at the joint meeting,

August 21, 1901, were Col. A. J. Greenfield, in command of the 22nd Pennsylvania Cavalry; Adj. J. S. Isenberg; Capt. J. McSmith, Capt. David Hart, Lieut. Felix H. Crago, and Adj. T. H. McKee, of the 1st West Virginia Infantry.

Among the privates was one known as "Tall Tom." Tom came near paralyzing the committee on transportation. His height was over seven feet, to which was added high-heel boots and a double story beaver hat. The only public conveyance between the railroad and Moorefield was a primitive stage-coach, which used up the best hours of a long day in making the trip. For this occasion it was supplemented with carriages, buggies, and any wheeled vehicle that could carry two or more persons. But Tom's height could not be adjusted to any of them. He was finally assigned to the rear end of the stage-coach, the place intended for baggage, riding backward, his feet dangling in the air. Tom said it beat walking by a jugful.

The big day was well filled with a varied program. One outstanding feature was the greetings, fellowship, and reminiscent speeches in the courthouse. The speech making, which expressed the sentiment of good will and united friendship, drew the longest and loudest applause, though a close second to it was the severity with which both sides scored the cowards who were silent and inactive, if not invisible, during the war and who, since the war, have been most industrious in stirring up bitterness and maintaining strife. The men who were on the firing line and who know what war is have been the first to "bury the hatchet" and promote peace.

In the afternoon the climax came when those men formed in double file, a blue and a gray in locked arms, to march through those streets where, in other years, mounted and armed, they had chased on another many times, and if the casualties were negligible it was due, not to a weak intention, but sorry marksmanship. McNeill and Greenfield led the column, preceded by a brass band. From the adjoining counties men, women, and children were there to witness the parade. No circus with menagerie had ever drawn so large a concourse. It was said many had come just to see a tame Yankee, or you could put your hand on and who would not kick or bite. Tall Tom and the shortest Rebel that could be found were hooked together to bring up the rear.

The throng of spectators banked along the line of march were unrestrained in their enthusiasm and vociferous cheering, while the stately mountain hovering round the town, the silent witnesses of the strife of other years, seemed to nod approval and pronounce the blessing of peace on the scenes of the hour.

The next morning the guests left, and the last one seen was Tall Tom, riding backward and waving a farewell with his beaver hat.

The following year the Rangers became the guests of the 22nd in Pennsylvania, and were loud in their praise of the generous and kind treatment they received.

GENERAL HUGER AND MALVERN HILL.

BY ROBERT BARNWELL, FLORENCE, S. C.

History should be written right, and nothing can be of more interest to veterans than the history they made.

In an article on Seven Pines, I had sought to free General Huger from a statement of "Comrade Masley's," holding him responsible for not seizing Malvern Hill, by urging that it was Holmes and not Huger who had been assigned that task (according to all the histories, as a matter of fact). And now comes Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, a frequent and able contributor to the VETERAN in spite of his eighty-three years, who would have it that "Mr. Barnwell is mistaken in some of his statements about Malvern Hill"; and tells how, on July 2, General Lee said to General Huger in his hearing, "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 our infantry."

Of course, Malvern Hill, on July 2, was in Lee's possession, the battle having occurred on the 1st, and as Huger came to Malvern Hill, on that day for the first time, with Jackson and Magruder, Jackson's troops leading, and as the line of battle was not formed till 4 P.M., when skirmishers attacked Armistead of Huger's Division, it is clear that the conversation Captain Dinkins heard was on some other occasion. We can say it probably was the day of Frazer's Farm, June 30, when, as a matter of fact, Huger had been delayed by felled trees on the Charles City Road and did not get up till night fall. At Malvern Hill, Huger marched and fought *with the army* from first to last. He was under Magruder and fought on the extreme right, except that Holmes was over on the river road with a special task. His batteries were knocked to pieces as fast as brought to place. All of his three brigades—Armistead, Wright, and Mahone—were in the thick of the fight and behaved most gallantly. Barksdale was next to their left and a little in the rear. Gordon was on their side. Of course, it was a "tall fight," one to Captain Dinkins's liking, but all were happier when the enemy was gone next morning. Huger received not a word of censure from General Lee for Malvern

Hill. He had simply been a division general, going in early and with great vigor, and staying far into the night.

To make it absolutely plain, let the events of the "Seven Days" be reviewed.

On June 26, General Lee, leaving Magruder and Huger in the lines before Richmond, attacks at Beaver Dam on the north side of Chickahominy. Next day, at Gaines's Mill, he defeats the enemy and drives him south of that river. On the 28th he reconnoiters to find what the enemy is doing. On Sunday, the 29th, he strikes him at Savage Station near night fall, with some of Magruder's troops. On the 30th, Holmes is ordered from New Market to seize Malvern Hill, but finds it occupied by heavy artillery, and the Federal fleet active in aiding the army. Magruder, who has that day been marching from Savage Station to the Darbytown Road and down that to the Longbridge Road, in order to help in a battle planned for the Crossroads at Frazer's Farm, is diverted to aid Holmes, and then called back to Frazer's Farm. Jackson is unable to cross White Oak Swamp. Huger, trying to get to Frazer's Farm from the Richmond lines by way of Charles City Road, is delayed by felled timber till near night fall. Longstreet and A. P. Hill fight the battle of Frazer's Farm in late afternoon. On *July 1*, Holmes is over on the river road flanking the Federal position, but unable to attack, while the rest of Lee's army is marching the few miles from Frazer's to Malvern Hill. Jackson leads; Longstreet comes last. Huger, a division general, now under Magruder, who commands three divisions, follows Jackson, and for the first time sees Malvern Hill, by this time crowned with the enemy's immense army.

Perhaps it was Holmes to whom General Lee addressed his question.

HISTORY OF THE SOUTH.—The history of the South is yet to be written. He who writes it need not fear for his reward. Such an one must have at once the instinct of the historian and the wisdom of the philosopher. He must possess the talisman that shall discover truth amid all the heaps of falsehood, though they were piled upon it like Pelion on Ossa. He must have the sagacity to detect whatever of evil existed in the civilization he shall chronicle, though it be gleaming with the gilding of romance; he must have the fortitude to resist all temptation to deflect by so much as a hair's breadth from the absolute and the inexorable facts, even if an angel should attempt to beguile him. He must know and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him God!—*Thomas Nelson Page.*

YALE UNIVERSITY HONORS A SOUTHERN STATESMAN.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

Recently, at Houston, Tex., the writer had the privilege of announcing to the thirty-fifth convention, U. D. C., the extension of the special honor conferred by Yale University upon Judah P. Benjamin, of the Class of 1829, and subsequently a member of the Confederate Cabinet. In 1925 this honor took the form of an endowment for the Yale School of Law in memory of Mr. Benjamin, who is, perhaps, the only individual in history who achieved distinction at the bar of three countries, or under three governments—namely, the United States, the Confederate States, and Great Britain.

According to a letter of November 15, 1928, from Mr. George Parmly Day, treasurer of Yale University, additional endowment has been added to "perpetuate the memory of Mr. Benjamin in the field of government." If Yale University and its students receive the benefit of the first endowment by reason of funds afforded the School of Law, the University authorities are now arranging, in memory of the Southern statesman a peculiarly happy educational presentation to the cities which saw most of Benjamin's activities in America, New Orleans and Richmond.

In short, under the terms of this endowment, the Yale University Press authorities have offered "a set of prints of the fifteen complete Chronicles of America Photoplays to Tulane University in New Orleans, La., for use there and, under the auspices of the University, in the schools of New Orleans; at the same time sending another set of prints of these fifteen productions as a gift in memory of Judah Philip Benjamin to the Board of Education of Richmond, Va., for use in the schools of Richmond."

Mr. Day's letter conveyed the additional announcement: "In the deeds of gift covering the use to be made of the films in New Orleans and in Richmond, we have provided that the local Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in each of these cities may exhibit the pictures in their respective cities under such terms and conditions as may be deemed proper by Tulane University in the case of New Orleans, and by the Richmond Board of Education in the case of Richmond."

The recognition in the North of the distinguished career of Judah P. Benjamin, quondam "rebel," if you please, is characteristic of the policy of those who have been carrying forward the exceptional—really stupendous—enterprises which the Yale University Press has undertaken. As long as I have been associated in an honorary or advisory capacity with Mr. Arthur H. Brook, the active head of and, I

believe, the prime mover of these extraordinary undertakings, I have not observed any evidence of narrowness in sectional outlook. We have been in apparent disagreement on but one subject, the matter of the comparative merits and services of Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. We have reached the conclusion that Hamilton was preëminent in one field and Jefferson in another. But now, *while I have the floor*, I would add that Jefferson was preëminent in several fields.

In my opinion, the South should generously respond to this happy spirit in support of the two most ambitious projects of the Yale University Press—the historico-educational Photoplays and the publication of the unequalled gallery of American prints brought out in the fifteen-volume work entitled "The Pageant of America." These two efforts are, in their respective spheres, unique, and it is the writer's purpose to try to present for the VETERAN readers, or for the Southern people generally, the story of the *Pageant*, as seen from within in the process of preparation, and also from without as a finished product.

In this New England recognition of Judah P. Benjamin, one is reminded of the late Charles Francis Adams's great address of some twenty-odd years ago: "Shall Cromwell Have a Statue," which was another way of referring to the recognition then suggested for a far greater "rebel" than the capable leader of the "Ironsides."

It would be a splendid thing for some American means to create a similar Foundation at the Yale Scientific School in honor of the greatest of the many great scientists America has produced—Matthieu Fontaine Maury.

THE PURCHASE OF STRATFORD.

The option on Stratford, the old home of the Lee of Virginia, and the birthplace of Gen. Robert Lee, has been taken up by the William Alexander Jr., Chapter, U. D. C., of Connecticut, of which Mr. Charles D. Lanier is President. The terms of the sale by its last owner, Charles E. Stuart, were two hundred thousand dollars for the historic old home and three hundred acres of land, and this sum will be raised by the Connecticut Chapter with the assistance of others interested in this far-reaching enterprise. Plans for the establishment of the Robert Lee Memorial Foundation are now being perfected by Mrs. Lanier. The idea is to make of Stratford a national shrine similar to Mount Vernon and Monticello. An additional sum of three hundred thousand dollars will be required for the renovation and restoration of the old home and gardens and the erection of a guest house.

Stratford was the home of the Lees of Virginia since early colonial times, and it is one of the most historic places in America, of interest to every patriotic organization of the United States, as it is closely linked with the Colonial, Revolutionary, and other historic periods of the country. A history of this wonderful old home, Stratford on the Potomac, has recently been written by Ethel Armes, author of "The Washington Manor House," the booklet which did such effective work in helping to accomplish the restoration of Sulgrave Manor, the English home of the Washingtons, by the Colonial Dames of America. The sale of this booklet, "Stratford on the Potomac," will be one of the main sources of revenue for the restoration of Stratford Hall. The booklet sells at one dollar, but will be furnished at a reduction in lots of twenty-five or more. Orders should be sent to Mrs. Charles D. Linnier, President William Alexander, Jr., Chapter, U. D. C., Greenwich, Conn.

LAST GENERAL OFFICER OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

The last survivor of the general officers of the War between the States, of both North and South, is Gen. Adelbert Ames, of Massachusetts, who celebrated his ninety-third birthday at his home near Lowell on October 31. He is also the oldest living graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point. The Egbert Jones Camp, U. C. V., of Huntsville, Ala., sent him a telegram of congratulations, expressing the sentiment that "the imaginary lines between the North and the South had been obliterated by the Spanish-American and World Wars," and to this General Ames replied: "I thank you sincerely for your congratulations. Am wholly in sympathy with your sentiments. One of your heroes, Gen. Pelham, to whom you have erected a monument, was a classmate of mine at the United States Military Academy, West Point, for five years. He was a most popular member of our class and wholly reliable. Saluting you, I salute him and your State." This Camp at Huntsville is one of the most active in the organization, and keeps up a good membership. At a dinner given to the members last February by the Daughters of the Confederacy at the home of Mr. Robert A. Moore, who is the Assistant Adjutant, the Camp took into full membership a former Union soldier, Maj. S. F. Sweinhart, who has lived in Huntsville almost ever since the war. Mrs. Alice McCravy, daughter of Capt. C. L. Nolen, acting adjutant of the Camp, and, in appreciation of her devoted service during many years, the Camp recently presented her with a handsome silver water pitcher. Capt. J. A. Steger is Commander of the Camp.

VALUABLE GIFT TO U. D. C.

BY MRS. J. A. ROUNTREE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

At the recent convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Houston, Tex., the gift of a fifty thousand dollar brick school building was tendered to the organization from the city of Montgomery, Ala., to be used as permanent headquarters for the safe preservation of historic property, record files, and other documents as need to be cared for.

The gift was tendered by the mayor of Montgomery, Hon. William A. Gunter, officially through Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, Honorary President, U. D. C., and President of the Sophie Bibb Chapter, of Montgomery, "in affectionate memory of the departed heroes who wore the gray and sacrificed their lives for the cause of right and liberty."

In addition to giving his indorsement to the gift, Gov. Bibb Graves wired the convention his assurance that upon its acceptance, he will recommend to the legislature of Alabama that a sufficient appropriation be made for its support and upkeep.

The building offered is located in the heart of the city, within short walking distance of the first capitol of the Confederacy, and \$50,000 is considered a conservative value. No financial obligation is attached to its acceptance, the only provision made being that if at any time the Daughters of the Confederacy cease to use it for their own purpose, the property shall revert to the city of Montgomery.

In tendering the gift to the U. D. C., Mayor Gunter wrote: "The Confederacy had its birth in the hearts and on the soil of Montgomery. Jefferson Davis knelt in prayer at Old St. John's and asked Divine guidance for the sacred cause he represented. Time has not dimmed the memory of our people for the love of the South. We still keep watch on the tower that guards white supremacy and the rights of the States. We shall hand down to our children and our children's children a love that passeth understanding for the noble band, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who stand guard to preserve memories no true Southerner can ever forget. Montgomery desires to become the permanent home and official headquarters of the U. D. C. because we *know* there is not left in all the South a love so great as the love of our people for the heroes of the sixties."

The building offered will be available for occupancy by the U. D. C. in June, 1929, and its acceptance has been referred to the Executive Committee for action. Mayor Gunter has invited the committee to visit Montgomery at any time that suits its convenience, bring a legal representative to go over the details of transfer, and to be the guest of the city during their stay in Montgomery.

COL. GEORGE M. DUGAN—A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

Colonel Dugan was a member of Forrest's Cavalry. He followed Forrest in all the daring and desperate enterprises that made Forrest's Cavalry the wonder of the world.

I knew Colonel Dugan. We were in touch with each other during his service, except for three months when he was in prison at St. Louis in the winter of 1863-64. He was a man of enduring, sterling qualities, calm, dignified, courageous, and refined, splendid, never demonstrative; but as a faithful friend, he was supreme. His attitude at all times was to go forward and be unafraid. In emergencies he was like a volcano, and he would stand out in any company, more than holding his own, in all the qualities that make a man. He could always show high courage in the face of danger, and it was reassuring to feel the contact of his strong and capable presence.

Thinking of Colonel Dugan makes the dreams of youth come back again, but that cannot be, cannot be! I shall never be able to express my appreciation of him, but I shall maintain intact, as long as I live, the sacred memory of him. Whatever it is that makes a man matter, George Dugan had it in full measure. He had the gift of making friends, and that is one of God's gifts. My friendship for him is undimmed in the long retrospect of years and the imperishable past.

Colonel Dugan has passed on, and, dying, left to me a vast number of clippings cut from Northern papers during the war. They constitute a part of the history of that time, and should be preserved in durable form. I am therefore asking that the VETERAN publish the following letter from Gen. George B. McClellan, sent to E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, after McClellan's defeat in the battles before Richmond. McClellan's forces exceeded one hundred thousand men while General Lee's strength did not exceed sixty thousand. The letter admits defeat, and censures Stanton severely. This is the letter:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

SAVAGE'S STATION, June 28, 1862—12:20 A.M.

"I now know the full history of the day. On this side of the river, the right bank we repulsed several strong attacks. On the left bank our men did all that men could do, all that soldiers could accomplish, but they were overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, even after I brought my last reserves into action. The loss on both sides is terrible. I believe it will prove to be the most desperate battle of the war. The sad remnants of my men behave as men. Those

battalions who fought most bravely, and suffered most, are still in the best order. The regulars were superb, and I count upon what are left to turn another battle in company with their gallant comrades of the volunteers. Had I twenty thousand, or even ten thousand, fresh troops to use to-morrow, I could take Richmond; but I have not a man in reserve, and shall be glad to cover my retreat, and save the material and *personnel* of the army. If we have lost the day, we have yet preserved our honor and no one need blush for the Army of the Potomac. I have lost this battle because my force was too small.

"I again repeat that I am not responsible for this and I say it with the earnestness of a general who feels in his heart the loss of every brave man who has been needlessly sacrificed to-day. I still hope to retrieve our fortunes, but to do this the government must view the matter in the same earnest light that I do. You must send me very large reinforcements and send them at once.

"I shall draw back to this side of the Chickahominy, and think I can withdraw all our material. Please understand that in this battle we have lost nothing but men, and these the best we have.

"In addition to what I have already said, I only wish to say to the President that I think he is wrong in regarding me as ungenerous when I said that my force was too weak—I merely intimated the truth which to-day has been too plainly proved. If at this instant, I could dispose of ten thousand fresh men, I could gain the victory to-morrow.

"I know that a few thousand more men would have changed the battle from a defeat to a victory. As it is, the government must not, and cannot, hold me responsible for the result.

"I feel too earnestly to-night—I have seen too many dead and wounded comrades to feel otherwise than that the government has not sustained the army. If you do not do so now, the game is lost.

"If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any person in Washington.

"You have done your best to sacrifice this army."

G. B. McCLELLAN.

"To Hon. E. M. Stanton."

ACCEPTANCE.

We do accept thee, heavenly Peace!
Albeit thou comest in a guise
Unlooked for—undesired; our eyes
Welcome through tears the kind release
From war, and woe, and want—surcease
For which we bless thee, holy Peace!

—Margaret J. Preston

A THRILLING RACE OF ENGINES.

In the railway station at Chattanooga, Tenn., there are two old engines of antiquated type which are of much interest to the throngs which pass through this gateway to the South. A thrilling story is connected with those old engines, a story of daring in the days of war when they were being operated by the Confederate forces in and about Chattanooga. This story has been told and retold in the VETERAN, but it is ever new to the coming generations. It is the story of that daring band of marauders known as the Andrews raiders, who undertook to cut off railroad communication below Chattanooga, Tenn., and otherwise separate Confederate commands from their base of supplies, and it is the story of the capture of that band and the just punishment meted out to them, though some of them escaped while being held in jail. The death of the last of these survivors some years ago, as announced in the newspapers of the country, brought to this interesting account by John T. Boifeuillet in the *Atlanta Constitution*:

"The Andrews raiders were so called from their leader, James J. Andrews, a tall, black-bearded man, of Flemingsburg, Ky. I have gleaned from historical accounts the particulars of their bold, daring, reckless scheme, which was to destroy fifteen bridges on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, tear up track, and do whatever other possible damage to the property.

"This destruction was intended to cut off railroad communication south of Chattanooga, separate the Confederates from their base of supplies, and make easy the capture of Chattanooga by a division of Sherman's army, in command of Gen. O. M. Mitchel, who had camped near Shelbyville, Tenn. The project was suggested to General Mitchel by Andrews, a Federal spy and contraband merchant, who was to be paid sixty thousand dollars in gold if successful.

"Twenty of the raiders were members of the 2nd, 3rd, and 33rd Ohio regiments, and two were citizens of Kentucky. Seven of the spies volunteered and thirteen were detailed for the hazardous mission, all under the direction and control of Andrews, who was familiar with the route and many details of the Western and Atlantic Railroad. He and his fellow raiders, dressed in civilian clothes, traveled overland from Tennessee to Marietta, Ga., twenty miles north of Atlanta. At Marietta, about 7 o'clock on the morning of April 12, 1862, they boarded a north-bound passenger train from Atlanta, drawn by an engine named the 'General,' Captain W. A. Fuller, conductor, and Jeff Cain, engineer. The spies bought tickets to different places in order to divert suspicion.

"When Big Shanty, now known as Kenesaw, was reached, the train was stopped and the passengers and crew got off for breakfast at the Lacey Hotel. Andrews knew the situation so well that he had previously decided to seize the engine at this place, as there was no telegraph office from which news of the audacious plot could be promptly flashed abroad. The raiders uncoupled the engine and three empty box cars from the passenger coaches, and, with the 'General' manned by two expert engineers, started at rapid speed toward Chattanooga. Conductor Fuller, through a window of the breakfast room, espied the moving engine, and his first impression was that it had been taken by Confederate deserters from Camp McDonald, near by. He had no idea the raiders were Federal soldiers.

"A hand car was obtained by Conductor Fuller, Engineer Cain, and Anthony Murphy, superintendent of the road shops, and they commenced pursuit, gathering reinforcements as they rolled along. When they reached Acworth, they found that the fleeing raiders had blocked the track by fifty crossties, and the telegraph wires were torn down for some distance. Fuller and his resolute men speeded forward, but were hurled into a ditch near Etowah, due to two rails having been removed at a short curve.

"At Etowah, they found an old engine, the 'Yonah,' belonging to Mark A. Cooper, used on a spur track running to his iron works, and this Conductor Fuller and his party ran at the rate of sixty miles per hour from Etowah to Kingston, being halted at the latter place by southbound freight trains. Andrews' raiders had been delayed at Kingston by these same freight trains, and at the time four of them were riding on the 'General' and the remaining eighteen were in the rear box car. This strange outfit on part of Conductor Fuller's train excited the curiosity of the road's agent and other Western and Atlantic employes, and, in response to inquiries, Andrews replied that he was running a powder train through to General Beauregard, then at Corinth, and that Conductor Fuller's regular train was following behind, and, as if in evidence of the truth of this latter statement, a red flag was attached to the rear of the last empty car. Andrews was such a plausible talker that he induced the agent to give him the switch keys, and then he rushed the 'General' onward.

"Conductor Fuller, seeing that he and his men would be delayed for some time at Kingston on account of the freight trains, told all to get on the little engine, 'William R. Smith,' of the Rome Railroad, Oliver Willey Harbin, engineer, which was stationed beyond the freight trains, and then dashed forward. A few miles north of Kingston, or about

four miles from Adairsville, sixty yards of the track had been torn up by the raiders, and the engine 'Smith' was compelled to give up the chase.

"Fuller and his dauntless companions started to running forward on foot and soon met the south-bound express freight, and it was signalled to stop. Peter Bracken, of Macon, as brave a man and as skilled an engineer as ever handled a throttle, was in charge of the engine 'Texas' that was pulling this train. Henry Haney, a gallant fellow, and who subsequently became the popular and efficient assistant chief of the Atlanta fire department, was the fireman of the 'Texas.'

"The situation was explained to Bracken, and he backed his train to Adairsville, where the cars were put on a siding, the engine was uncoupled and the entire Fuller force got on it, and then Engineer Bracken started the 'Texas' in hot pursuit of the track wreckers and bridge burners.

"A short distance north of Calhoun the pursuers came in sight for the first time of the pursued, who dropped one of the three box cars to stop the way of the 'Texas.' Fuller promptly had this car coupled to the 'Texas,' and the same disposition was made of a second car, which the raiders had detached near Resaca, and when Resaca was reached the two cars were placed on a siding. Obstructions were encountered on the track from there to Dalton, and at one place, when the 'Texas' had a speed of fifty-five miles per hour, the noble engine safely passed over a rail which had been laid across the track at a curve.

"Conductor Fuller sent a telegram from Dalton to the Confederate General Ledbetter in command at Chattanooga, telling him of the seizure of the train and not to let the raiders pass Chattanooga, should he (Fuller) not capture them in the meantime. This wire never got through to Chattanooga, as the raiders had cut the wires beyond Dalton.

"On leaving Dalton, Engineer Bracken told Fireman Haney to fire the 'Texas' to the very last degree. Bracken then threw wide open the throttle, and, with screaming whistle, the fearless engineer shot his locomotive like an arrow through the tunnel, in relentless chase of the desperately fleeing Federals. After an exciting dash of two miles, the 'Texas' came in sight of the 'General.' In their desperation, the fugitives, between Ringgold and Graysville, set the third and last box car on fire, with the intention of letting it loose on the next bridge and destroy the structure.

"The pursuit was nearly over. The racing engines were almost in touch. The 'Texas,' under the firm hand, steady eye and stout heart of Engineer Bracken, and the constant firing of the faithful Haney, was acting beautifully. But fuel on the

'General' was about exhausted, the engine began to sag, and at a spot between Ringgold and Graysville the fugitives jumped from the 'General' and took to the woods, Andrews exclaiming to his associates 'Every man must take care of himself.'

"They were swiftly pursued by armed and mounted men, and in a few days all of the twenty-two raiders were captured."

THE CONFEDERATE LOSS AT VICKSBURG

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

I have before me a copy of the *Vicksburg Citizen*. I. M. Swords, proprietor—certainly editor. The date in print is Thursday, July 2, 1863, but, as a matter of fact, it did not go to press that day! It is printed on elegant wall paper, and the contents are very interesting. Vicksburg was surrendered by General Pemberton to General Grant. Pemberton was a Northern man who had served with Grant in Mexico, and they were acquainted with each other. I have always felt very sorry for Pemberton. I never saw him but once. In 1862, he had been sent to take charge at Charleston. I called to pay my respects. He had given orders to various members of his staff for certain work to be done at different points. While I was with him these officers came and made their respective reports. Their reports were very unsatisfactory to him; he became agitated and running his hands through his hair, in great distress exclaimed: "O, you young men will ruin me—ruin me!" The scene was very distressing to me. I sympathized with him—Northern man, a Confederate general, his preparations for defense not progressing as he desired, his conduct liable to misconstruction."

More than two years had elapsed and he was in the Mississippi Department under Gen. Joe Johnston but in command of a large movable army in the field. Johnston has recorded the facts, mentioning that Pemberton did not obey his orders. On page 187 of his "Narrative," Johnston says that he "received information from unofficial sources that the army had abandoned the line of the Big Black River and fallen back to Vicksburg. On this information my fourth order to General Pemberton was dispatched. It was: "If Hayne's Bluff is untenable, Vicksburg is of no value, and cannot be held: if, therefore, you are invested in Vicksburg you must ultimately surrender. Under such circumstances, instead of losing both troops and place, you must if possible save the troops. If it is not too late to evacuate Vicksburg and march to the northeast."

On May 18, Pemberton acknowledged the receipt of the order to evacuate Vicksburg. In his note

amberton said, that he had called a council of war of his generals and that it was impossible to withdraw the army from their position with such morale and material as to be of further use to the Confederacy. On the 19th, the investment was completed.

Receiving this note on the morning of the 19th, Johnston replied: "I am trying to gather a force which may attempt to relieve you. Hold out." So the last Johnston assented. He should have repeated his order to evacuate and cut his way through. Some forty-two days of siege followed. In the meantime, Johnston was preparing, if practicable, to attack Grant and open a way for the evacuation.

President Davis and the Secretary of War were not averse to the necessity of abandoning Vicksburg, and though they could not furnish Johnston with all the aid he desired, yet they thought he had enough to drive Grant off. At length Johnston wrote to Amberton that he would make his movement on July 7. But the delay was fatal. The garrison of about 30,000 men and the citizens had alike been resorting to every expedient to sustain life.

Seldom has history recorded so large a force holding out to the verge of starvation. Grant, having occupied commanding positions on every side, bombarded at will. But the bombardment was not continuous. It seems as if Grant knew his business, and let Father Time do his work. Supplies cut off, the result was certain. Yet there were daily casualties not only among the beleaguered garrison, but among the citizens. Says the *Citizen*: "Mrs. Glass was instantly killed on Monday. Her husband is now in Virginia, in Moody's Artillery. Jere Askew, one of our most esteemed merchants, was wounded at the works in the rear of our city and breathed his last on Monday." Yet it is recorded: "Grant's forces did a little firing Tuesday afternoon, but the balance of the day was comparatively quiet. Yesterday morning they were very still, but early in the afternoon sprung a mine on the left of our center and opened fire along the line for some distance."

There is a whole column of press dispatches copied from Northern papers, June 20, 21, telling of the situation and the Confederates at the East, among them: "The opinion in official circles at Harrisburg is that the rebels have serious designs on Baltimore. Fears are entertained for the safety of that city." A Chambersburg dispatch says: "the rebels are scouring the country for horses, and have got 2,000 head of cattle and 2,000 horses."

The editor says of Lee in Maryland: "Lee, holdingagerstown, threatening Washington, within a few miles of Baltimore. Onward and upward—their

war cry. Our brave men are striking terror to the hearts of all Yankeedom. To-day the Mongrel Administration of Lincoln, like Japhet, are in search of a father, for their Old Abe has departed for parts unknown. Terror reigns in their halls. Lee is to the left of them, the right of them, in front of them!"

Certainly, the spirit of the editor, I. M. Swords, was all that could be wished. He sought to keep the garrison in good heart, to cheer them up, to strengthen their resolution and to set an example of confidence in the result. Still he was a faithful chronicler. In recording the death of Colonel Griffin, he writes: "General Smith's impetuous division seems singularly unfortunate. He has lost many gallant men;" and, speaking of Griffin, portrays him as altogether admirable and gifted with the noblest and highest qualities. "May the soft south winds murmur sweet requiems over his grave and twilight dews fall gently, like an angel's teardrop, and moisten his turfy bed."

Of the food supply, it is written: "If aught would appeal to the hearts of stone, the present necessities of our citizens would do so. Our wants are great, but still we can conscientiously assert our belief that there is plenty within our lines to last until long after succor reaches us. A rumor has reached us that parties are now selling flour at five dollars a pound, molasses at ten dollars a gallon, and corn at ten dollars a bushel."

"We are indebted to Major Gillespie for a steak of 'Confederate beef.' We have tried it, and can assure our friends that if it is rendered necessary, they need have no scruples at eating the meat. It is sweet, savory, and tender, and so long as we have a mule left we are satisfied our soldiers will be content to subsist on it." Mrs. Swords also tells of how a "venerable feline" was ruthlessly put to death, and "the defunct Thomas" was prepared for the gastronomic delectation of numerous friends to partake of a rabbit stew!"

But while there was suffering in Vicksburg, the editor says: "The Yanks outside our city are considerably on the sick list. Fever, dysentary, and disgust are their companions, and Grant is their master. The boys are deserting daily and crossing the river, cursing Grant and the abolitionists generally."

There was "a marriage, at one of the hospitals, of Charles Royall, Prince Imperial of Ethiopia, and the lovely Rosa Glass, Arch Duchess of Senegambia, the affair being of great magnificence—and now:

"The foe may hurl their deadly bolts
And think we are a-frighted;
Well may we scorn them, silly dolts,
Our Blacks are now united."

At the top of the last column is: "*Ondit*—that Great Ulysses, the Yankee Generalissimo, surnamed Grant, has expressed his intention of driving into Vicksburg on Sunday next and celebrating the Fourth of July by a grand dinner, and so forth. When asked if he would invite General Joe Johnston to join, he said: 'No, for fear there will be a row at the table.' Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is to 'first catch the rabbit'" etc.

The paper in which the above appears was to have been issued July 2, but after the above was in type, there was delay. At the bottom of the column, as issued, is this—

"NOTICE.

July 4, 1863.

"Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the Union floats over Vicksburg. General Grant has 'caught the rabbit'; he has dined in Vicksburg, and he did bring his dinner with him. The *Citizen* lives to see it. For the last time it appears on 'wall paper.' No more will it eulogize the luxury of mule meat and fricasseed kitten; urge Southern warriors to such diet nevermore. This is the last wall paper *Citizen*, and is, excepting this note, from the types as we 'Yankee printers' found them. Copies will be valuable in years to come as a curiosity."

The paper was issued by Yankee printers!

Yes, Vicksburg fell! Pemberton at first proposed to Grant to let his army march out and escape, "thus evading needless bloodshed." Grant refused. But it was agreed that the army should be paroled and march out in a body. It took time to make out the parole list, there being 30,000 men. Then they as an organized body marched out, but presently, companies, regiments left during the march, and the men under parole went to their homes in Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Texas, Louisiana—and thirty thousand soldiers were lost to the Confederacy. Then the garrison at Port Hudson, six thousand, surrendered and were paroled. The 36,000 were never exchanged, and so the Confederacy lost at one blow 36,000 soldiers, and had the care of all the Northern prisoners we held on our hands, to be supported and cared for. Such was the first great blow to the Confederate cause.

Had General Johnston insisted on saving that army by withdrawing it from Vicksburg as first ordered, the North would probably have abandoned the contest in the autumn of 1864 or earlier.

THE LAST SLAVE SHIP.

[An inquiry sometime ago as to the last ship which brought slaves to the shores of this country started an investigation which has not brought the definite information desired, but it seems that all the information secured points to the *Wanderer* as being the last slave ship sent out from this country in that nefarious trade. The story as given in the following is taken from a newspaper account, copied for the *VETERAN* by William D. Sullivan, of Gray Court, S. C.; and as the story is verified in some particulars by court records, it is given here as so much history. It is hoped that this will be the means of securing further information on the subject, and especially if it is not according to the facts in the case.]

The *Wanderer* was the vessel which landed the last cargo of African slaves in the United States, and this voyage was a disastrous adventure. This ship was built in New York in 1856, by Joseph G. Bayless for J. T. Johnson, a member of the New York Yacht Club. Shortly after the *Wanderer* was launched from the ways of the Bayless shipyard, Johnson sold it to Captain Corrie, who retained it until the year 1859. It was about this time that Charles A. Lamar, of Savannah, Ga., a young man of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic of Southern families, decided to make the experiment of bringing a cargo of slaves from the West coast of Africa, landing them at some point on the southern coast of the United States. This adventurous and daring young man was tempted to undertake this risky enterprise by the enormous profits awaiting those who succeeded in landing negroes in America without attracting the attention of the courts and officers. The importation of slaves had been outlawed in this country for nearly half a century, and such was the vigilance of the British, French, and American war vessels in patrolling the West African coast and in running down suspicious craft that few other than the most daring and to say foolhardy cared to run the risk of a slave voyage. Lamar took into his confidence Captain McGee, of Columbia, Ga.; Richard Dickerson, of Richmond, Va.; and Captain Egbert Farnum, a former mail rider and Indian fighter.

Proceeding to New York, these men purchased the *Wanderer* from Corrie, joined the New York Yacht Club, and spent money lavishly in such manner as to render themselves extremely popular with the smart set of that period. Lamar ordered Farnum to take the *Wanderer* to Charleston, S. C., telling his friends he intended taking a pleasure trip to China. The same report was circulated at Charleston, S. C., where a few weeks later Lamar and his friends joined Farnum. In the late spring of 1859 they set sail for parts known only to themselves.

The voyage to the mouth of the Congo River on the West African coast occupied about twice the tedious period, owing chiefly to the fact that Lamar was obliged to steer clear of a great many vessels he had no desire to meet. The ship's destination was, however, reached in safety, since it entered the Congo River unobserved by the warships patrolling the coast. The anchor of the Wanderer had hardly settled in the river's mud before Lamar and his associates were bargaining with the native chiefs and half caste Portuguese slave traders for the delivery, at a point known as Brozzeville, of four hundred or more negroes. The negotiations were scarcely concluded when a curious incident happened, an incident that brought out the wonderful self-possession, resourcefulness, and cleverness of Lamar.

The meeting with the chiefs and traders had just adjourned, and the owners of the Wanderer were stepping from the yawl to the yacht when a British man-of-war appeared in the river, anchoring only a few hundred yards from the slaver. The moment Lamar caught sight of the vessel, he ordered the crew of the yawl back to their oars, and, with armum, struck out for the representative of her British Majesty on the high seas. He mounted the deck of the man-of-war, and proceeding straight to the cabin, introduced himself in a manner so thoroughly agreeable that the officers would not hear of his returning until late that night. To meet an educated gentleman in that wilderness of naked savages and sordid slave hunters, they declared, was a treat so rarely enjoyed that they proposed to make the best of it while it lasted. The next day Lamar arranged a dinner in honor of the British officers, a dinner on board the Wanderer. He had completely disarmed their suspicions by stating that, as a gentleman of wealth, he and some friends were making a pleasure cruise to India. The dinner was a great success. Champagne flowed like water, and every one but Lamar became drunk. While the vessel was at its height, Lamar asked one of the guests if he did not think the Wanderer would make a capital slaver, a sally which excited uproarious laughter and applause among their Brittanic Majesty's representatives, who declared that Lamar was a trump. That night the man-of-war sailed down the river in pursuit of an imaginary slaver that, according to reports that Lamar had previously set in circulation, was down the coast loading negroes.

The rest of the story is soon told. The Wanderer ran up to Brozzeville, took on four hundred negroes, and sailed for the United States, and landed them on the east of Georgia, near the city of Savannah. Lamar's plan was to scatter the negroes about on a number of plantations until a favorable moment arrived to sell

them. He succeeded in the first part of the program, but not in the last. The friends upon whom he depended turned traitors, he was arrested, hauled before the Federal courts, and the negroes from whose sale he counted upon reaping a fortune were seized by the United States marshal, pending orders from the court. Such, however, was not the case with all the blacks. Over one-third of them were hidden and sold by those whom Lamar regarded as friends, and upon whom he relied for the successful execution of his plan. (*New York Press.*)

(To my own knowledge, some of the slaves were carried up into South Carolina and sold to farmers in Edgefield County, S. C. "A Confederate Slave Owner" was signed to this.)

W. M. Webb, of Sandia, Tex., sends copy of a speech by the Hon. Henry Rootes Jackson, of Georgia (Gen. Henry R. Jackson, C. S. A.), in which he reviews the Wanderer case. This eminent Georgian was colonel of the 1st Georgia Regiment in the Mexican War, was later judge of the Chatham Superior court, 1849 to 1853, and in the latter year was appointed by the President of the United States as minister to Austria. When he returned to the United States in 1858, he accepted the position of Assistant Attorney General, U. S. A., and in that capacity he was named to prosecute the offenders in the Wanderer case. In this speech referred to he shows "how, in performing that duty, he convicted New England of abetting and pursuing the slave trade during the very years when she was vituperatively malingering the South for maintaining slavery, up to the very hour when her guns began firing upon the South on the issue as to whether the North had the right to violate the Constitution of the United States in order to abolish slavery." But in so far as information on the case of the Wanderer, the speech gives nothing. It is hoped that the true story may yet be brought out.

SECESSION.—Then, Senators, we recur to the compact which binds us together; we recur to the principles upon which our government was founded; and when you deny them, and when you deny to us the right to withdraw from a government which, thus perverted, threatens to be destructive of our rights, we but tread in the path of our fathers when we proclaim our independence and take the hazard. This is done not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit; but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our sacred duty to transmit unshorn to our children.—*Jefferson Davis, on Withdrawal from the Union (1861).*

CONSCIENTIOUS RESEARCH.

BY MISS NANNIE DAVIS SMITH, BATON ROUGE, LA.

Despite being warned, "Lest men suspect the tale untrue, keep probability in view"—a warning reënforced by the ninth commandment—scribblers join the Ananias Club. Of native bards qualified for membership, two specimens achieved fame. Whittier's libelous effusion, "Barbara Frietchie," is false from start to finish. Another classic (?), "Sheridan's Ride," has been thoroughly discredited: According to Joseph D. Shewalter, a courier in the Confederate army in Virginia, "the distance between Winchester and Middletown, where Sheridan met his fleeing army, instead of "twenty miles away," was at most not over ten miles, "the ground is there and can be measured," he adds. Quoting D. C. Gallaher: "The hard facts of that war were not to the credit of the Yankees, and they now find consolation in poetic myths." Although to rhymers only is poetic license conceded, prose writers do not permit that fact to cramp their style; so-called "best sellers" are disappointing to a mid-Victorian, but tastes may vary, whereas preserving historical truths and exposing falsehoods are matters of conscience.

That slander seeks a lofty mark is exemplified by defaming stories of the South's honored leaders, men incapable of duplicity such as their venomous foes have attributed to them. Being frequently asked about incidents which are fully explained in "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," selections there from may interest the VETERAN'S readers. From Volume II, the following extracts are taken as a statement by Mr. Davis on the beginning of the end, and the closely following events connected with himself personally about which falsehood continues to be circulated. He says:

"In the early part of March, as well as my memory can fix the date, General Lee held with me a long and free conference. He stated that the circumstances had forced on him the conclusion that the evacuation of Petersburg was but a question of time. To my inquiry whether it would not be better to anticipate the necessity by withdrawing at once, he said that his artillery and draught horses were too weak for the roads in their then condition, and that he would have to wait until they became firmer. There naturally followed the consideration of the line of retreat. Though of unusually calm and well balanced judgment, General Lee was instinctively averse to retiring from his enemy, and had so often beaten superior numbers that his thoughts were no doubt directed to every possible expedient which might enable him to avoid retreat. . . .

"Lee had never contemplated surrender. He

had long before, in language similar to that employed by Washington during the Revolution, expressed to me the belief that in the mountains of Virginia he could carry on the war for twenty years, and in directing his march toward Lynchburg, it may well be that as an alternative he hoped to reach those mountains, and, with the advantage which the topography would give, yet to baffle the hosts which were following him. . . . A leader less resolute, an army less heroically resisting fatigue, constant watching, and starvation, would long since have reached the conclusion that surrender was a necessity. Lee had left Petersburg with not more than 20,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry and 4,000 artillery. Men and horses all reduced below the standard of efficiency by exposure and insufficient supplies of clothing, food, and forage, only the mutual confidence between the men and their commander could have sustained either under the trials to which they were subjected. It is not a matter of surprise that the army had wasted away to a mere remnant, but rather that it had continued to exist as an organized body still willing to do battle. All the evidence we have proves that the proud, cheerful spirit both of the army and its leader had resisted the extremes of privation and danger and never sank until confronted by surrender. . . .

"Falsehood and malignity have combined to invent and circulate a baseless story to the effect that food ordered to Amelia Courthouse for Lee's troops was, by the administration at Richmond diverted from its destination and the soldiers thus left to needless suffering. A further notice will be taken of this slander, and that it had not one atom of truth in it will be shown by conclusive testimony. . . .

"On Sunday, the 2nd of April, while I was in St. Paul's Church, General Lee's telegram, announcing his speedy withdrawal from Petersburg, and the consequent necessity for evacuating Richmond, was handed me. I quietly rose and left the church. The occurrence probably attracted attention but the people of Richmond had been too long beleaguered, had known me too often to receive notice of threatened attacks, and the congregation of St. Paul's was too refined to make a scene at anticipated danger. For all these reasons the reader will be prepared for the announcement that the sensational stories which have been published about the agitation caused by my leaving the church during services were the creations of fertile imaginations. I went to my office and assembled the heads of departments and bureaus as far as they could be found on a day when all the offices were closed, and gave the needed instructions for our removal that night simult-

ously with General Lee's withdrawal from Petersburg. The event was not unforeseen, and some preparation had been made for it, though, as it came sooner than was expected, there was yet much to be done. My own papers were disposed, as usual, for convenient reference in the transaction of current affairs, and as soon as the principal officers had left, the executive papers were arranged for removal. I occupied myself and staff until late in the afternoon. By this time the report that Richmond was to be evacuated had spread through the town, and many who saw me walking toward my residence left their homes to inquire whether the report was true. Upon my admission of the painful fact, qualified, however, by the expression of my hope that we would under better auspices again return, the ladies especially, with generous sympathy and patriotic impulse, responded: 'If the success of the cause requires you to give up Richmond, we are content.'

"The affection and confidence of this noble people at the hour of disaster were more distressing to me than any complaint and unjust censure would have been. "In view of the diminishing resources of the country on which the Army of Northern Virginia relied for supplies, I had urged the policy of sending supplies, as far as practicable, to the South and West, and had set the example by requiring my own to do so. . . . Being alone in Richmond, the few arrangements needful for my personal wants were made after reaching home. Then, leaving all else in care of the housekeeper, I waited until notified of the time when the train would depart. When going to the station, started for Danville, either I supposed General Lee would proceed with his army. . . . The town was surrounded by an entrenchment as faulty in location as construction. I promptly proceeded to correct the one and improve the other, while energetic efforts were being made to collect supplies of various kinds for General Lee's army. . . . While thus employed, little, if any, reliable information in regard to the Army of Northern Virginia was received until a gallant youth, the son of Gen. Henry A. Wise, came to Danville and told me that, learning Lee's army was to be surrendered, he had, during the night, mounted his best horse and, escaping through and from the enemy's cavalry, some of whom pursued him, had come quite alone to warn me of the approaching event. Other unofficial information soon followed, all of such circumstantial character as to prove that Lieutenant Wise's anticipation had been realized. . . . I had telegraphed to General Johnston in Danville the report that Lee had surrendered, and, on arriving at Greensboro, conditionally

requested him to meet me there, where General Beauregard at the time had his headquarters, my object being to confer with both of them in regard to our present condition and future operations. . . . Though I was fully sensible of the gravity of our position, seriously affected as it was by the evacuation of the capital, the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia and the consequent discouragement which these events would produce, I did not think we should despair. We still had effective armies in the field, and a vast extent of rich and productive territory both east and west of the Mississippi, whose citizens had evidenced no disposition to surrender. Ample supplies had been collected in the railroad depots and much still remained to be placed at our disposal when needed by the army in North Carolina. The failure of several attempts to open negotiations with the Federal government, and notably the last by commissioners who met President Lincoln at Hampton Roads, convinced me of the hopelessness under existing circumstances to obtain better terms than were then offered—*i. e.*, a surrender at discretion. My motive, therefore, in holding an interview with the senior generals of the army in North Carolina was not to learn their opinion as to what might be done by negotiation with the United States government, but to derive from them information in regard to the army under their command, and what it was feasible and advisable to do as a military problem.

"The members of my cabinet were already advised as to the object of the meeting, and when the subject was introduced to the generals in that form, General Johnston was very reserved and seemed far from sanguine. His first significant expression was that of a desire to open correspondence with General Sherman to see if he would agree to a suspension of hostilities, the object being to permit the civil authorities to enter into the needful arrangements to terminate the existing war. Confident that the United States government would not accept a proposition for such negotiations, I distinctly expressed my conviction on that point, and presented as an objection to such an effort that so far as it should excite delusive hopes and expectations, its failure would have a demoralizing effect both on the troops and the people. Neither of them had shown any disposition to surrender or had any reason to suppose that their government contemplated abandoning its trust—the maintenance of the Constitution, freedom, and independence of the Confederate States. . . . I had reason to believe that the spirit of the army in North Carolina was unbroken, for, though surrounded by circumstances well calculated to depress and discourage them, I had

learned that they earnestly protested to their officers against the surrender which rumor informed them was then in contemplation. If any shall deem it a weak credulity to confide in such reports, something may be allowed to an intense love for the Confederacy, to thorough conviction that its fall would involve ruin both material and moral, and to a confidence in the righteousness of our cause, which, if equally felt by my compatriots, would make them do and dare to the last extremity. But if, taking the gloomiest view, the circumstances were such as to leave no hope of maintaining the independence of the Confederate States, if negotiations for peace must be on the basis of reunion and the acceptance of the war legislation, it seemed to me that certainly better terms for our country could be secured by keeping organized armies in the field than by laying down our arms and trusting to the magnanimity of the victor.

"But after having distinctly announced my opinion, I yielded to the judgment of my constitutional advisers, of whom only one held my views, and consented to permit General Johnston, as he desired, to hold a conference with General Sherman, for the purpose above recited. Then turning to what I supposed would soon follow, I invited General Johnston to an expression of his choice of a line or retreat toward the southwest. He declared a preference for a different route from that suggested by me, and, yielding the point, I informed him that I would have depots of supplies for his army placed on the route he had selected. The Commissary General, St. John, executed the order as shown in his report published in the 'Southern Historical Papers.'

"It will thus be seen that my expectations referred to above caused adequate provision to be made for the retreat of our army, if that result should become necessary by the failure of the attempt to open negotiations for an honorable peace. I had never contemplated a surrender except upon such terms as a belligerent might claim, as long as we were able to keep the field, and never expected a Confederate army to surrender while it was able either to fight or to retreat. Lee had only surrendered his army when it was impossible for him to do either one or the other, and had proudly rejected Grant's demand, in the face of overwhelming numbers, until he found himself surrounded and his line of retreat blocked by a force much larger than his own. After it had been decided that General Johnston should attempt negotiation with General Sherman, he left for his army headquarters; and I, expecting that he would soon take up his line of retreat, which his superiority in cavalry would protect from harassing pursuit, proceeded with my cabinet and staff toward Charlotte, N. C. . . . (To be continued)

THE LETTER THAT CAME TOO LATE.

Your letter came, but came too late,
For Heaven had claimed its own.
Ah! sudden change from prison bars
Unto the great white throne!
And yet I think he would have stayed
For one more day of pain,
Could he have read those tardy words
Which you have sent in vain.

Why did you wait, fair lady,
Through so many a weary hour?
Had you other lovers with you
In that dainty silken bower?
Did others bow before your charms,
And twine bright garlands there?
And yet, I ween, in all that throng
His spirit had no peer.

I wish that you were with me now,
As I draw the sheet aside,
To see how pure the look he wore
Awhile before he died.
Yet the sorrow that you gave him
Still has left its weary trace,
And a meek and saintly sadness
Dwells upon his pallid face.

"Her love," said he, "could change for me
The winter's cold to spring."
Ah! trust of thoughtless maiden's love,
Thou art a bitter thing!
For when the valleys fair in May
Once more with bloom shall wave,
The Northern voilets will blow
Above his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been
But one more pang to bear,
Though to the last he kissed with love
That tress of your soft hair.
I did not put it where he said,
For when the angels come,
I would not have them find that sign
Of falsehood in his tomb.

I've read your letters, and I know
The wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his,
And gained it—fearful thought.
What lavish wealth men sometimes give
For a trifle light and small!
What manly forms are often held
In folly's flimsy thrall!

You shall not pity him, for now
 He's past your hope and fear,
 Although I wish that you could stand
 With me beside his bier.
 Still I'll forgive you—Heaven knows,
 For mercy you'll have need,
 Since God his awful judgment sends
 On each unworthy deed.

To-night the cold winds whistle by
 As I my vigils keep
 Within the prison deadhouse where
 Few mourners come to weep.
 A rude plank coffin holds him now,
 Yet death gives always grace,
 And I would rather see him thus
 Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your rooms are very gay
 With wit and wine and song;
 And you are smiling just as though
 You had never done a wrong;
 Your hand so fair that none would think
 It penned those lines of pain—
 So clean, so white—would God your soul
 Were half so free from stain!

I'd rather be my comrade dead
 Than you in life supreme;
 For yours the sinner's waking dread,
 And his the martyr's dream.
 Whom serve we in this life we serve
 In that which is to come.
 He chose his way; you, yours,
 Let God pronounce the fitting doom!

COL. WILLIAM STEWART HAWKINS.

The writer of this poem, Col. William Stewart Hawkins, was one of those gifted Southern poets cut down in the very flower of manhood, for he died when little more than twenty-eight years old. He was a Confederate soldier, and while a prisoner of war at Camp Chase his reputation as a poet was established by the songs and poems he wrote to while away the weary hours, and many of his poems were printed and copied widely. The story of a faithless love portrayed by this poem, was said to have been inspired by the death of a friend in prison whose sweetheart's letter, breaking their engagement, came just "too late" to cause him any pain.

Col. William Stewart Hawkins was a nephew of Gen. A. P. Stewart, C. S. A. He was first attached to the cavalry arm of the Confederate service, in which he won recognition for his daring and skill, which

brought him promotion as major of the 11th Tennessee Battalion. He organized a regiment of partisan horse and was made lieutenant colonel. He had previously served with General Wheeler as inspector general, and then adjutant of his staff, and in July, 1863, at the age of twenty-six, he was commissioned colonel of Wheeler's scouts. He established such a reputation as a scout that when captured, in January, 1864, it was considered a great feat on the part of the Federal cavalry, and he was sent to Camp Chase prison. His poems and songs became known beyond the prison walls and were copied in Northern papers as well as those of the South. After his death these poems were compiled by his wife and published in Nashville, Tenn., in 1866, entitled, "Behind the Bars."

In a letter from "Camp Chase, Ohio, August 21, 1864," Edgar Ransom, of North Carolina, says:

"There is no general officer here. The most distinguished officers with us are Colonel O'Brien, of the 13th Mississippi Regiment, who was captured on the parapet of Fort Sanders, Knoxville, after Longstreet's memorable charge; Colonel Josey, of Arkansas, who is still suffering from his wounds; Majors Calmees and Green, of Virginia, one of the cavalry and one of the engineer corps; and Col. William Stewart Hawkins, of the noted scouts of Middle Tennessee. At his capture the whole Northern press villified and maligned this young soldier, who was but fresh from his college walls when the war broke out. Rosecranz himself vindicated his claim to be treated as a prisoner of war. But when two hundred and fifty officers left for Fort Delaware in March, he was detained by special order to punish him for repeated and persistent efforts to escape. He had asked to be relieved from his parole for that purpose, and had very nearly succeeded several times, notwithstanding he was closely watched. Then the Yankees spread the report that he was completely subdued, to weaken, if possible, his influence; but month after month has passed, and he is still 'The brightest, truest, and dearest' of our throng. His pen and voice have enlivened the weary hours for us, and his songs are the most popular we sing. One is the 'Rebel Marseillais' of our prison, and the authorities have already tabooed it. 'The Triple-Barred Banner,' also one of his poems, was recently published in the *Cincinnati Enquirer* after being emasculated of his very pointed Southern sentiment. It is entitled 'The Guerrilla's Serenade.'

"Colonel Hawkins has devoted himself to the sick, has organized a corps of volunteer nurses, established a hospital fund, and by his personal popularity and influence in the States of the border has had numberless contributions forwarded to the sick and needy.

We have no chaplain, Parson Duval being too aged and feeble for service, and Captain Phillips, of Staunton, being the victim of bronchitis, Colonel Hawkins, a lay member, has supplied with noble and ceaseless effort the vacancy. We are permitted to have preaching every Sunday, and, rather than have a Yankee chaplain come and deal out to us blatant abolitionism and low befouling of our cause and country, Colonel Hawkins speaks to us himself. The last time he painted with really wonderful oratorical power the naval fight off Cherbourg, and when his hundreds of auditors stood well-nigh breathless before him, he reached the climax: 'So the Alabama of the soul must go down before the flaming portholes of the Kearsarge of sin.' All would be lost, but God sent to us his Son, and this dear Book, this Holy Yacht, which comes like a thing of life and light, to bear us to a land of safety.' . . . Our hopes, our prayers, are all with you, and in the stern words of our prison poet:

"Go say to all our brothers, still wage your fight sublime,
For fast our car of triumph rolls along the groove of Time.
For God and Right still form in might
Your proud and peerless band:
And Freedom's gleaming crown
Shall yet bedeck our native land."

ARDUOUS AND CONTINUOUS SERVICE.

The record of W. C. Brown, now of Gainesville, Tex., as a soldier of the Confederacy, was one of constant and continuous service, as he tells in the following article. He was born at Newmarket, Madison County, Ala., November 18, 1840; therefore, is now eighty-eight years old, yet he is one of the most active and industrious of our veterans and drives his Ford car most skillfully. When he was nine years old, his parents moved to Unionville, Tenn., where he grew to manhood. Here is his story of war service:

"In April, I enlisted, being one of the first of my State to volunteer in a company made up at Unionville, of which W. C. Blanton was elected captain. On July 13, 1861, the company was sent to Murfreesboro, Tenn., at Camp Anderson, where we drilled for several months and where the 23rd and 24th Tennessee Regiments were organized. I was a member of Company F, 23rd Tennessee. In September we were moved to Camp Trousdale, Ky., and in November to Bowling Green, and we fortified that city with many fine forts, some of which are there to day. We did no fighting there, but after Fort Donelson fell, early in 1862, we retreated to Nashville, leaving

Bowling Green on the 14th day of February, 1862, burning many supplies rather than have them fall into the hands of the enemy. On our first day's march the ground was covered with snow, and it was the hardest day of my life; didn't go into camp until night. The weather was very cold; we had no tents, and how we suffered! We reached Nashville terribly worn out. After a short stay, we were sent to Huntsville, Ala., but in a few days took up our line of march for Tusculumbia, Ala., where we drilled until the last of March. We then moved to Corinth, Miss., and in a few days we moved on to Shiloh, thirty miles from Corinth, where we met the Federal forces. Our cavalry engaged in several small skirmishes and on the 6th of April, a bright Sunday morning, our army made the attack. We drove them from their position. My brigade, as commanded by General Pat Cleburne, was in Cheatham's Division. Hardee's Corps made the drive through their camps, I received two wounds on the left side and through the left arm, so I was out for forty-five days. Went to the country, and not to the hospital; had to walk back to Corinth through the rain and mud. My wounds were dressed on the third day after I got to Corinth by Dr. J. A. Landis, one of our city doctors who is buried in Gainesville, Tex. We were schoolmates before the war.

"After the battle of Shiloh, our army returned to Corinth, where we reorganized and volunteered for two years more. We elected a new set of officers, J. P. Lytle being elected captain; Dan Stallings, first lieutenant; A. M. Winsett, second lieutenant. The old officers retired and returned home. We moved from Corinth in May to Tupelo, Miss., and camped there for the summer of 1862. In the fall, we moved by way of Mobile, Ala., to Montgomery by boat, and were shipped by rail to Chattanooga, Tenn., where we camped for a short time across the river on Walden's Ridge. In the fall, we made a raid in Kentucky, and fought the battle of Perryville. I was left on detail at Chattanooga, and joined the army at Estill Springs in Middle Tennessee. That was the only battle I missed. We camped that fall near Shelbyville, then fought the battle of Murfreesboro on December 31, 1862-January 1, 1863. The weather was very cold, and we suffered great agony as we had no tents. Following that battle, we went into camp at Tullahoma, Tenn., for the winter. In the spring of 1863, the army moved to Bedford County, Tenn., my home county, but we soon left for East Tennessee. Part of my brigade camped at Calhoun and Charleston, Tenn.

"On September 19 and 20, we fought the battle of Chickamauga. On the night of the 19th, we had a heavy frost and suffered severely; as we were facing

the enemy; we could not have any fire. On Sunday evening, on Snodgrass Hill, we fought fresh troops. That was our third day without relief. It was a large after charge. Finally, we drove them, after dark, into Chattanooga. We were worn out for sleep and food. I think it was one of the hardest-fought battles of the war. The present generation does not know what it is to be without food or sleep.

"Our army remained there until the battle of Missionary Ridge was fought in November. I was not in that battle. General Longstreet had been sent to Knoxville, to attack General Burnside, and my division was sent from the Ridge to reinforce him. Bushrod Johnson's Tennessee brigade and Tracy's Alabama brigade got there a short time before Bragg was defeated. The Federals sent a force of troops up the valley to Knoxville, when we were compelled to retreat into East Tennessee. Burnside was about ready to surrender. We were compelled to go into East Tennessee for the winter of 1863 and 1864, where we suffered for clothes and shoes and food. Many days, two ears of corn was a day's ration. Our feet were tied in rags. We were without tents or wagons to haul our cooking utensils and had to carry everything we used, and we had to make the weather as it came. On May 2, we left Tennessee for Richmond, Va. It was snowing to beat the band, and I well remember we got to Richmond about the 8th—the hardest looking bunch of men you ever saw, but as brave as could be. We marched to the capitol for President Davis and our congressman to see us next day. They sent us clothes, and how we did strut when we got all dressed up! It was not long. We had to go into battle the next day—that month of May, 1864. We fought the battle of Five Forks, May 5; Walthall Junction, May 6; Bermuda Hundred, May 18; and Drury's Bluff, May 16. This battle was between Richmond and Petersburg, just twenty-two miles apart. General Lee was fighting the battle of the Wilderness when we reached Richmond, just in time to save the two cities. On June 15, we were ordered to Petersburg and were just eleven miles away. Grant was making a move on Richmond and Petersburg. Hancock's Division of twenty thousand troops had gotten to Petersburg and were on the outer works. We got there with two hundred thousand troops in the night between the Yanks and the city. We made rifle pits as quickly as possible, and were fighting through the day until just before night. They charged us with fifteen thousand troops against our thousand. General Buckner was our commander, and we were fighting fifteen men to our two. We fought them two days and nights without anything to eat or sleep, and held them off until General Grant came in on Saturday morning, June 18, about

five o'clock. After they quit charging us, we fell back to the main line where we had hundreds of negroes building breastworks. I never saw such a slaughter during my war experience. They couldn't use cannon without killing their own men. We had twenty pieces of artillery along our line, using double charges of canister. We lost but few men. We were a hard-looking bunch of boys the morning of the 18th, with sunken eyes and cheeks and black faces; but the good women and children in the city cooked for us. They sent us a breakfast that morning I shall never forget. Coffee was made by sixty-gallon barrels. We surely did enjoy it; I can almost taste it yet.

"Now for the siege. Our lines had to take in both cities, fifty miles in length. And we were there for ten months under shot and shell with no relief. On the morning of the 2nd of April, Sunday, Grant broke our lines, and we retreated as far as Appomattox, about one hundred miles from Richmond. And it was on Sunday morning, the 9th, that we had to surrender. My! how we did hate to do that.

"We Tennessee boys had a long journey before us. We left on the morning of April 13 for our homes with two days' rations, all they would give us, for the long march of six hundred miles, as there was very little in the country to get. Just before we got out of Virginia, a comrade and I killed a young steer, and cooked it in a wash kettle from a near-by farm house. We ate him without salt or bread and what fine eating it was! I reached home on the morning of April 30, another Sunday morning. How glad my mother, father, sisters, and brothers and my sweetheart were to see me! We had walked all Saturday night. Found our country in bad shape, but we were game and went to work to rebuild it. Our brave men and women have accomplished so much.

"I enlisted in the war at the age of twenty years and served in the Army of Tennessee for three years, then in the last year I was with General Lee in the Army of Virginia. I was sergeant major of the regiment."

AMERICANS.—Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the Constitution received from their fathers.—*L. Q. C. Lamar.*

SERVICE WITH HENDERSON'S SCOUTS.

(Reminiscences of the late W. P. Reed, as dictated to his daughter, Mrs. Jessie L. Fleming, of Fulton, Ky.)

I joined the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, Company B, at Camp Beauregard in January, 1862, where we were encamped for several weeks. We were first sent to Fort Henry, but it was evacuated before we reached there, and we were encamped at Paris, Tenn., doing picket duty around the city, while the battle was being fought at Fort Donelson.

We were next ordered to Columbus, Ky., to cover Polk's retreat, and we remained in the rear in Kentucky until all his army had moved into Tennessee, and were encamped in Union City several days. From here, we were ordered to Dresden to protect Polk's left flank, and from there on up the Tennessee River, doing this duty until we were ordered to Shiloh, April 6, 1862. We rode all the night of the 5th, and began hearing battle guns before day the morning of the 6th.

We were first employed on the right flank of Johnston's army, then later in the day shifted to the left flank, but we were not in actual engagement until the afternoon. We were then ordered to the center and charged a battery of artillery, which was the 9th Michigan Battery, Field Artillery. We captured the entire battery and took it to the rear. We were skirmishing from then until dark while the enemy was retreating to the river. We captured a large number of men who seemed to be glad to give up and get out of the firing line.

During the morning we had captured a large number of the enemy camps, and there we camped the first night of the battle. This was the most horrible night I ever spent. Our wounded men were sent to this camp as a kind of hospital, and their moaning and groaning sounded like thousands of frogs. Needless to say we did not sleep. The wounded were laid in rows on the ground with pathways between. I saw hundreds of them. To add to the horror, torrents of rain fell during the night, and these men were not even under tents. Some thought this might be best on account of their feverish condition.

On the morning of the 7th, we were all ordered out in battle line at daylight. The infantry and artillery did heavy fighting until noon, while our regiment was held in the rear. We were ordered to form line to check our men who were demoralized and retreating, not as a whole company or regiment, but individuals called stragglers. There were thousands of these. We did not have to fire on them, but formed line and stopped them. They were worn out from hard fighting and were glad to lie down and rest.

About the middle of the afternoon a detail of our regiment was ordered to go back to our camp at Bethel Springs and move camp to Chewalla, the first station west of Corinth. I was in this detail. We remained there until the evacuation of Corinth, about the 1st of June. Our duty was to protect the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. There was skirmishing every day with the enemy. After the evacuation of Corinth, we fell back to Baldwin, and there was a lull of real fighting, the enemy leaving a small garrison and going on.

During this summer, we did scout and picket duty around Rocky Ford, where we fared better than we had since leaving home. This was a rough country, where no fighting had been done, and we remained a month or six weeks among people who fed us on the best they had. These people had not even seen a soldier except the ones who had gone from their own homes. The enemy was more than fifty miles away, and they felt safe.

After this, a detail of eighty cavalymen were ordered to go north of Jackson, Tenn., cut the railroads, and prevent the Federals there from receiving reënforcement from elsewhere, while a force of our men were to come up from North Mississippi and capture Jackson. We burned all the trestles and took up the crossties, making great heaps and setting fire to them. We laid the iron rails on top of these fires and when red hot bent them so it would be impossible to use them again. We succeeded in our order, but for some reason our forces never did come to make the attack and we were cut off entirely from them. However, they sent a detachment of men to the Hatchie River to protect us in crossing on our way out of the enemy lines, but they did not reach there by the time we did, and the enemy, knowing our strength of only eighty men, and also that we were unprotected, had us on the run. When we found no reënforcements at the river, it was either surrender or fight our way out. We decided to fight, but were so outnumbered that we were soon overpowered. Several of our men were killed, some wounded, and some taken prisoners. William Hanes and William Jones, messmates of mine, were captured and taken to a Northern prison. Sam Carter, two others and I escaped by riding into a canebreak, and later got across the river. A good many more of our men also made their escape, and we joined the reënforcements that lacked about four miles of reaching us at the river, and returned to camp.

All of Armstrong's command of cavalry, which included all the cavalry in North Mississippi and West Tennessee, was ordered to Holly Springs. From there we raided along the Mississippi Central

railroad to the first station south of Jackson, Tenn., which was in the hands of the Federals, who had outposts all along the railroad. There were a hundred or more men at each place, while we had about fifteen hundred. We captured all these posts up to Jackson. The 1st and 2nd Mississippi were detailed to go west of Jackson to a place on the Hatchie River where the Federals had a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery guarding the crossing of the river. We were ordered to cut them off from Jackson. Here, a battle ensued. The Federals called it the battle of Denmark, but we called it Britton's Lane. My company (3rd, 1st, Mississippi) was deployed as skirmishers, and I was our first man wounded. I was thought to be mortally wounded, and was left in the field hospital for two days, with scarcely any attention. On the third morning, a lady came to me and said she had been asked to find me and do what she could for me by Dr. Ferrell, our regimental surgeon. He was one of the kindest-hearted men who ever lived. She had come prepared to take me to her home, but I thought it would be impossible to make the trip. However, she had a wagon and I was moved, not to her home, but to a nearer neighbor's whose name was Thomas Reed, quite a coincidence, as my brother had the same name. I was cared for both by them and the kind lady, Miss Mamie McBride, just as if I had been a member of their family. Mr. Reed was a very old man who had practiced medicine and he, with his wife and daughters nursed and cared for me. The kindest thing to be said about the enemy here was that they exchanged medical attention and surgical supplies with our men, and their surgeons, sent out from Jackson to look after their own men, often came to see me and sent out plenty of supplies. These men were gentlemen and very kind.

I was given every attention and care here until I was able to go home in about six weeks or two months. Two of my brothers-in-law came for me, and I remained at home about twelve months before I was able to return to service.

During this time, Captain Tom Henderson, from New Orleans, had gotten permission from the War Department to organize a company of a hundred scouts of select men from various parts of the Western Confederate States. About twenty-five of these men were chosen from Western Kentucky and Tennessee. Among some from this section who had returned were Sam Carter, Sam Jones, William Alexander, Jeff McMurray, Tom Prayther, William Adcox, Wilson Bacon, Dick, Ben, and Lee Bransford, and William McConnell.

The purpose of this organization was to work between the lines and gather information of the enemy, and it was subject to the command of the

department. This company was being organized before I was wounded, and I had been chosen a member, so I joined them when I was able to reënter service, at Henderson, Tenn., and was assigned to duty in Northern Mississippi and Western Tennessee. Here the duty was light, there being no real fighting for some time.

Just previous to the Hood campaign into Tennessee, Forrest conceived an idea of a raid along the Tennessee River. He brought his entire command up to the river at Perryville, Tenn., expecting to find boats enough to cross, but only one small boat was there. Twelve of us scouts were ordered to report to Forrest, whom we found down on the bank of the river with his coat off, trying with his men to construct rafts out of log houses near by. He ordered us twelve to go across first, four at a time, leading our horses, and stand guard on the other side. We had seen men riding up to the river's edge and going back, and we did not know whether they were our men, the enemy spies, or guerrillas. They proved to be the latter. I was one of the first four to go over, and when all twelve had crossed, we packed up and started to Linden, the county seat of Perry County, as outpost guards. We started about night and soon a heavy rain came up. We reached Linden early in the morning, and as we rode into town the people did not know whether we were Confederates or Yankee spies, not knowing our army was near by. This country was infested with guerrillas or Federal sympathizers, and soon a number of them rode into town and opened fire on our men. We fired back and killed two and took two prisoners.

Only one brigade of Forest's army, under Colonel Rucker, ever was able to cross the river and it proceeded along up the river to Florence, Ala., with the twelve of us as rearguard, and Forrest moved to Florence without ever crossing.

After the evacuation of Atlanta, all the Confederate forces in the Middle Department were ordered to concentrate at Florence, Ala., under Hood. There they remained a week or so resting and reorganizing, preparing for the great Hood campaign into Tennessee. To this place all of Henderson's scouts were ordered, and we were sent out in parties in every direction to gather all the information possible and report to headquarters before the army started. My company was under General Forrest. Thirteen of us were ordered to go to Shelbyville, Tenn., some forty or fifty miles away, and gain all the information possible of the Federal forces there. We traveled for a day and night before we were fired on. It was at night and one horse fell. We thought its rider was killed, but next morning the horse came up to our camp, while the rider had

escaped unhurt and had spent the night at the home of our guide, on the pike near by. We often had trouble gaining information from the citizens, who were afraid we were Yankees in disguise. On the next morning after this event we held council and decided it would be easier to make the trip with less men. So it was decided that six men would go on and the others would return to the army. These six were selected according to the best six horses, so I, having a very fine claybank fox trotter which I had ridden from home, was one selected. My horse kept in a walk, the other horses trotting to keep up with him. I was offered two hundred dollars in gold for him by a captain but, needless to say, I did not take it.

We were guided through the country and to places we wanted to reach by men living in the country whose names we had secured before starting out. One man would travel with us for ten or twelve miles, or as far as he knew the country well, and then turn us over to the next man whom he knew to be responsible. It was very hard at times to convince these men that we were Confederate scouts, but we would tell them there was no use arguing, they had to go. One whom we finally convinced we were rebels, knowing the condition of the country, said: "Well, boys, I can't see how you can be so jolly." He then told us of the large numbers of enemy forces in the country and numbers still pouring in, many of whom he knew to be foreigners, and he believed the Federal government was receiving help from abroad, and told us there was not a chance on earth for us. We told him if we were to be defeated, we would worry them some anyway doing it, and he commended us for our courage.

The first night after we had divided our number of men, as we were approaching the crossroad of two main pikes, our guide warned us of danger. The enemy picket was encamped in a blockhouse, and he thought it would be impossible to get by. After consultation we decided to risk it. We were fired upon by a sentinel on approaching, but we yelled as if about to charge, and while the sentinel was running back to report, we rode by unharmed. When we had gotten a half mile down the road we looked back to see what they were doing, and they had all come out and formed line thinking we were the advance guard of the army. We rode quietly on our way, succeeded in our mission of getting information, then returned unharmed to Florence.

When all the scouting parties sent out in various directions had returned to Florence and reported, then the raid was started with Hood as commander in chief and Forrest in command of the entire cavalry forces in the center, Buford under him on the right wing, and Chalmers on the left. I was assigned to

duty under Buford. We traveled some twenty miles on the Campbellville pike before encountering the enemy. There we killed a large number, captured a hundred or more, and scattered the rest. About dusk that evening, Lieut. McConnell, who was in charge of the scouts, came to me and asked how it would suit me to take a trip that night. General Buford wanted a courier to take a message to General Forrest. I told him it might as well be me as anyone else, and we went to Buford's headquarters. He was a gruff sort of a man. He said all his couriers had gone out that day and not a one had come back—and he knew what they were doing—they were stuffing themselves. Saying I had been pointed out to him as a man capable of carrying out an order, he gave me an envelope to be delivered to General Forrest that night. He told me the substance of the letter was that he was short of ammunition. He thought Forrest was at Mount Pleasant, if he had not changed his plans, and that I would have to ride twenty miles back on the Campbellville pike; then take the right end of the Mount Pleasant pike at the crossing and ride twenty miles in that direction. I assured him I would do my best to deliver it and, after eating a lunch, I started. It was about night, and I rode a good distance before meeting anyone. I stopped at a house to inquire if men had been passing that way that day. The lady who came to the door said they had been passing all day, but she did not know who they were, and not knowing who I was, she did not seem to want to give out any news. All the natives were suspicious until convinced that they were with friends. I rode on some distance and overtook some stragglers, who assured me Forrest was in Mount Pleasant. On nearing Mount Pleasant, I was held up by the outpost sentinel, who told me to dismount and advance, which I did, pistol in hand, not knowing but that he was the enemy picket. He refused to allow me to go by on my pass and escorted me to the picket in reserve. Here were probably as many men as a company, since Mount Pleasant was heavily guarded. The captain refused to allow me to proceed, as he had orders to allow no one to pass that night. I argued that he had no right to hold a courier under any condition, but he told me I would have to remain there the rest of the night. I assured him if he would be the one held responsible. Later I heard him talking with another officer and after some time he allowed me to pass on, but with a guard. When we reached Forrest's headquarters, the first man I saw was Major Strane, whom I knew personally. He was on Forrest's staff, so I delivered the message to him and he took the message up to the General. He soon returned and said the General wished to see me. Forrest had a very cordial

endly manner, and asked all about the fight at Campbellville the day before. After telling him what I knew of it he said I was off duty until called for and could join some of my party then encamped on the grounds.

The following day the army moved to Columbia, where there was skirmishing all day. In the afternoon, Forrest's cavalry flanked the enemy on the right and went over to Spring Hill in the attempt to intercept them, but they retreated to Franklin. We always thought that an attack should have been made that night. The Federals were anxious to reach Franklin, where they were fortified and were so reinforced that night by Stanley, from Shelbyville, and Schofield, from Columbia. The next day a big fight took place at Franklin. Here was the greatest destruction for the number of men and the length of time of the engagement we had during the entire war. The battle lasted from about four in the afternoon until some time after night. Every man I knew personally was wounded. While scouting around the enemy, my horse, old Claybank, was wounded. I exchanged him with a farmer for a very stout young plug horse, with the understanding that I was to have my horse back if he recovered and we were still in that part of the country. But we soon moved on, and I saw no more of him.

After the battle of Franklin we did service between the lines around Nashville, and from there we retreated into Northern Alabama. On this retreat we performed some of the hardest duties we performed. The whole army was demoralized, and it was almost every man for himself.

The Memphis Division of Henderson Scouts were assembled at Byhalia and then moved to Oxford, Miss., where we remained about five or six weeks, doing no service while there. News came that Lee had surrendered, and we knew it was all over. Soon after news came that Johnston also had surrendered. We were then ordered to Grenada, Miss., where all the scouts that had been scattered in many directions were assembled. As we approached, we were cheered by a regiment of Federal soldiers. We received our orders there, went back to Oxford, broke camp, and started for home. About twenty from Western Kentucky and Tennessee rode home together. We stopped by Denmark, where I had been wounded, and I met there my old friends who had been so kind to me.

When I reached home, my brother Tommie had just returned. He was in the 3rd Kentucky Infantry, and I had seen him but once since he left home in the summer of 1861, before I left in January, 1862. He had been discharged in Alabama and had traveled most of the way home.

WAS IT COLONEL GRENFELL?

Writing from Largo, in Pinellas County, Fla., A. W. McMullen tells of a mysterious visitor to his boyhood home just after the war. He says:

"Seeing the request in the *VETERAN* for information of Col. St. Leger Grenfell, the English officer who served with the Confederate army, I recall that in 1866, or maybe the early part of 1867, we were living near the Gulf Coast in then Hillsborough County, when a man came to our house, who told us he had made his escape from Dry Tortugas. His tale was that he left there in the night and expected to reach Key West by or before day next morning, but instead he was blown out in the Gulf and had been almost at the mercy of the Gulf for about five days, with a scanty supply of food and water. The name he gave I can't recall, but he was, I think, English. I very well remember he and my father discussing the Crimean War and the bombarding of Sebastopol, for that, as I remember, was about the first I had ever heard of the Crimea, as I was a boy of just a little more than twelve and had about all the war at home that we cared to think about. Also, I remember his telling us about how he navigated his little boat. As he had no compass, he steered by the sun in day and by the North Star at night, and he took us boys out one night and showed us how the Dipper revolved around the North Star. He stayed several days at our house and rested, as he was pretty well worn out, and I remember seeing him leave our home with a lunch my mother had fixed for him, and I think he was making his way to Pensacola, Fla. My father, being Confederate, the man may have told him more than I knew. We never heard of him any more."

The following from official records of the war gives the reason for the imprisonment of Col. St. Leger Grenfell, whose fate after his escape from Dry Tortugas is not definitely known. Col. John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., refers to the inquiry in December number, and says: "The above party was tried by the United States authorities, convicted, and sentenced to be 'Hung by the neck until dead' for being implicated in a plot to free the civil service prisoners at Camp Douglas in 1864, and then burn the city of Chicago. However, his sentence was commuted to hard labor for life, and he escaped from Fort Jefferson, Fla., in 1868."

HOLDING THE FORT.

"You remember Fanny, the old-fashioned girl in our old home town?"

"Yes, dear, sweet, Fanny. Where is she now?"

"Still there."—*Judge.*



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.

REST.

I lay me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here—or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest
Unquestioningly upon
Thy loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong, all that is past;
I'm ready not to do,
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part:
I give my patient God
A patient heart,

And grasp his banner still,
Tho' all its blue be dim;
These stripes no less than stars
Lead after him.

This poem, said to have been found under the pillow of a soldier dying in a hospital, is contributed by Mrs. Robert C. Norris, of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, the widow of a Confederate soldier who went to South America at the close of the war and helped to form the American Colony in Brazil.

JOHN F. LYNN.

John F. Lynn, a veteran of the Confederacy who had made his home in Grundy Center, Iowa, since 1873, died at that place on November 7, 1928. He was born near Cumberland, Md., April 9, 1846, but as a child became a resident of Loudon County, Va.,

where he grew to manhood and where he enlisted for the Confederacy. He was one of Mosby's Rangers serving with Company A, 43rd Battalion, Virginia Cavalry. He was married to Miss Laura P. Dowd in October, 1872, and she, with their eight children survives him.

CAPT. W. W. COURTNEY.

"For distinguished valor and skill on the battle field of Chickamauga" reads the commission which advanced W. W. Courtney to a lieutenantcy in Company D, 32nd Tennessee Regiment, which commission was issued by James A. Sedden, Secretary of War, C. S. A., and signed by President Jefferson Davis; and from date of that appointment until he was captured on March 19, 1865, your Courtney had command of skirmishers and reported only to his brigade commander.

Such was the record of this young soldier in Tennessee in the Confederate army, and no less admirable was his record in the days and years since the war in his devotion to the South and his faithfulness to duty in her citizenship. His military record was closed on the 20th of December, after months of illness, and at Franklin, Tenn., the place of his birth and where his long life had been spent, this gallant soldier and Christian gentleman was laid to rest beside the beloved wife, whom death had called so shortly before.

Captain Courtney was born in Franklin on November 16, 1842, the son of Robert and Eliza Courtney and there he enlisted as a boy of nineteen in 1860, joining Company D, of the 32nd Tennessee Regiment, under Col. Ed Cook. That he served with distinction is shown by his being one of five Tennesseans who were commissioned for bravery in the battle of Chickamauga, and his record also shows participation in the following battles: Fort Donelson, where he was captured and then held in Camp Morton until September, 1862; Murfreesboro (1862), Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Murfreesboro (1864), and Bentonville, N. C. Official record shows that he was released from prison in June, 1865. He was wounded in an engagement in Alabama, and was in the hospital for four days.

In late years, Captain Courtney had been active and prominent in the Confederate organization, serving as brigadier general of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., and he was a member of the State Board of Pensions when he was stricken in August, 1928. For years he served as city judge in Franklin and in other ways had rendered signal service to his home community. He was one of the most devoted

orkers in the Southern Methodist Church, and among the oldest members of the F. and A. M. Lodge, which he joined when only twenty-two years of age. He was married in 1868 to Miss Annie Neely, and is survived by two sons and two daughters.

A man of the old school of the South at its best, with the courtliness and charm of the days gone by, Captain Courtney yet kept abreast of the times and contributed an efficient and valuable part to the life of his community and section.

TEXAS COMRADES.

J. H. Christopher died at his home in Abilene, Tex., on October 13, 1928, at the age of eighty-four years. He was a member of the Methodist Church for more than fifty-six years.

Comrade Christopher was born in Charleston, S. C., July 25, 1844. He was married to Miss Frances West, of Mansfield, Ala., in November, 1863, and to them were born two sons and three daughters, all surviving him. He brought his family to Texas in 1870, and to Taylor County in 1879, and their home had been in Abilene since 1881.

J. H. Christopher served in the army of the Confederacy as a member of Corbon's Company of Rogers's Battalion, Trans-Mississippi Department. He was a member of Tom Green Camp, No. 72, S. C. V., and attended the meetings of the Camp when able. He was highly esteemed and loved by his comrades. For two years he was almost blind and deaf, but accepted his afflictions in cheerful spirit.

R. C. Lyons, another faithful member of Tom Green Camp, died on September 29, at his home at Buffalo Gap, where he had settled when he came to Taylor County, Tex., in the early days. Ever an ardent Southerner, he had served in the Confederate army as a member of Company C, Goode's Battalion, Lee's Brigade, and made a brave and faithful soldier, always leading his men. A true Christian gentleman of the old Southern type, he will be missed forever known. Peace to his ashes!

J. J. Robertson, Adjutant, Tom Green Camp, Abilene, Tex.]

ARTHUR HOPKINS BEARD.

Arthur Hopkins Beard, born in Claysville, Ala., January 27, 1843, died on November 8, 1928, at Memphis, Tenn. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of nineteen as flag bearer, serving with the 4th Alabama Cavalry, under Gen. N. B. Forrest, and was promoted to captain. He was wounded in 1861 at Parker's Crossroads, causing the loss of his left arm.

Comrade Beard lived in Memphis for about thirty years, removing thence to Guntersville, Ala., Mar-

shall County. He was a planter, but had retired from active business some fifteen years ago. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Callie Deerie, two daughters, and a sister.

The Confederate records on file with the War Department, Washington, D. C., show that Arthur H. Beard, Company I, 4th Alabama Cavalry, enlisted August 1, 1862, at Guntersville, Ala. He was appointed first lieutenant in September, 1862, at the age of nineteen. His active service closed at Parker's Crossroads, December 31, 1862, where he was so badly wounded that his arm was amputated. His resignation was accepted and took effect November 16, 1863.

CAPT. JACOB WARDEN.

Capt. Jacob Warden died at his home near Berryville, Clarke County, Va., August 5, 1927, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He was born on Lost River, Hardy County, W. Va., August 10, 1841, and educated in neighborhood schools, and when war between the States was declared, at the age of nineteen, he volunteered his service in defense of Southern rights, and enlisted under Captain Sheets, Company F, 7th Regiment, General Imboden's Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade. At the death of Captain Sheets, who was killed in action, First Lieutenant Warden, for his many acts of distinguished valor and unselfish disregard of danger on fields of battles, was soon brevetted captain of the company he had entered as a private.

While visiting his mother and friends in the latter part of 1863, he was captured on Capon River, near Wardensville, by a scouting party of the enemy under Captain Humes, and was sent to Johnson's Island, a Federal prison on Lake Erie, where he remained in close confinement until after the surrender at Appomattox.

Shortly after his return from prison, he married Miss Susie Claggett, of Hardy County, and settled on a farm in Clarke County, Va., where each of them ended their long and happy lives, leaving two daughters and one son, all living in the beautiful and historic Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

Brave and courageous in war, Captain Warden was none the less so to his government in time of peace. In politics he was a staunch Democrat, firm in his convictions as to right, truth, and progress in community and State, yet he was kind and considerate to all. He was true to the memories, ideals, and principles of the Southern cause, and dearly loved to meet old comrades in reunion. In his passing, his children lost a loving parent, and Clarke County one of her most popular and highly esteemed citizens. Peace to his ashes!

[J. S. Waddle, Romney, W. Va.]

HORACE C. GAMMON.

Horace Coleman Gammon, ninety-nine, one of the oldest of Confederate soldiers, died at his home in Nashville, Tenn., on December 11, at the age of ninety-nine years, following an illness of several months. He would have reached the century mark on the 28th of February and had looked forward with great anticipation of the celebration of his one hundredth birthday.

During the war, Comrade Gammon served in the regiment of Major Head, of Gallatin, the 25th Tennessee, and participated in a number of noted battles, among them the battles of Fort Donelson, Bull Run, and Chickamauga. He was actively engaged in the War between the States for nearly three years, but was captured in battle and sent to Rock Island prison, where he spent the remainder of the war period.

Horace C. Gammon was born in Macon County, Tenn., and spent most of his life in Middleton. He moved to Nashville about thirty years ago, which place has been his home since.

He married Mrs. Cynthia P. Black in 1867, and is survived by two stepdaughters.

He was a member of the Baptist Church.

JOSEPH D. GRIFFITH.

Joseph Dickson Griffith, one of the most prominent citizens and best-loved Confederate veterans of Madison County, Tenn., died at his home in Jackson on August 17, following a lengthy illness.

He was born, September 6, 1846, in the Cotton Grove neighborhood of this county, son of the late Daniel and Elizabeth Dickson Griffith, pioneer residents of the county. When a youth, he moved with his family to Gibson County. There, in 1863, he ran away from home and affiliated himself with the Confederate forces, being in the company with his elder brother, Lieut. W. R. Griffith. On account of his youth and enthusiasm for the cause which he so nobly served, he was frequently used as a courier, and throughout his career in the Confederate army he was devoted to the South and the cause which he served.

At the close of the war, he was with forces that surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., being a member of Company A, 115th Tennessee Regiment, under General Forrest, and throughout his life Comrade Griffith remained a loyal and devoted Southerner, and gave his best efforts to the reconstruction of the land which he loved so well.

Following the war, he returned to his native county and was engaged in farming for many years. In November, 1879, he was married to Miss Anna Bell Morgan, who survives him with two daughters

and three grandchildren. A brother, John D. Griffith, of Lockney, Tex., is also a survivor.

Though he never sought public office, Mr. Griffith served frequently on the equalization board, election boards, etc., in the city and in the county, and for many years was president of the John Ingram Bivouac of the Confederate Veterans. He was often called on by the U. D. C. Chapter of Jackson for information. He loved to discuss the glories of the old South, yet he never lost step with the present-day trend of affairs.

He was a member of the First Baptist Church, of Jackson, and was regarded as one of the most loyal members of the congregation and deeply interested in its Sunday school work.

Members of John Ingram Bivouac acted as honorary pallbearers, and escort to his last resting place in the Pleasant Plain Cemetery.

WILLIAM O. SHUGART.

William O. Shugart, Commander of John D. Traynor Camp, No. 590, U. C. V., and one of the best-known citizens of Bradley County, Tenn., died at his country home near Cleveland, at the age of eighty-four years.

A native of Virginia, he moved with his parents to Tennessee at the age of three years. When war came on in 1861, he joined the Confederate army serving with Ashby's Brigade, Company A, 2nd Tennessee Cavalry, four years. He participated in the battle at Chickamauga, and suffered a wound in the right leg at the battle of Murfreesboro. He was always active in U. C. V. gatherings and activities. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church. Surviving him are one daughter and two sons, also one brother and a sister.

Attended by his comrades of John D. Traynor Camp, his body was interred in Fort Hill Cemetery. [J. M. Culton, Adjutant.]

JONATHAN K. ROGERS.

Jonathan King Rogers, highly respected citizen of Cleveland, Tenn., died in that city after a short illness, aged eighty-six years. He was a native of North Carolina, and served the Confederacy with honor as a member of Company A, 29th North Carolina Infantry, taking part in many engagements throughout the four years of bitter struggle. He was an active member of the John D. Traynor Camp, U. C. V., at Cleveland. The Camp is now reduced to six members—J. M. Culton, M. V. Jones, F. I. Gibson, Steven Owens, James McNabb, and J. D. Humphries.

Comrade Rogers moved to Polk County, Ten

son after the War between the States, and a short while later came to this city, where he spent an honorable life, beloved and respected wherever known. He is survived by two sons.

He was laid to rest in Fort Hill Cemetery, at leveland.

[T. M. Culton, Adjutant.]

ELIPHUS FRANKLIN SMITH.

Another soldier of the great gray army of the xties answered the last roll call on Thursday morning, November 15, when Eliphus Franklin mith died at his home at Pacolet, S. C.

He was eighty-six years of age, having celebrated his birthday on October 7. He was the eldest of thirteen children born to Caroline Sumner and Asa mith, of the West Springs section of Union County. When the war came on, he was a very young lad, and when his father enlisted in the army he was left home to care for the family. But his father lived only a short time on account of his age, and when he returned home, Eliphus Smith enlisted in company E, 6th South Carolina Cavalry. His company was placed in Butler's Brigade and Wade Hampton's Corps. He served three years and one month, and surrendered April 6, 1865, near Greensboro, N. C. He was twice wounded, at Trevillian station and at Kilpatrick's camp.

During the war, Comrade Smith married Miss Iza Pearson, and two sons and a daughter of this marriage survive him. His second marriage was to Miss Victoria Queen and she survives with the three sons and two daughters of this marriage.

Comrade Smith was a good father and husband, and served his country well. He was well liked in his community by both old and young.

[Vera Smith Spears, Union, S. C.]

MAJ. NATHAN PARKER—A TRIBUTE.

BY MARION PYLES, LOUISVILLE, KY.

One of the noblest duties of the living is to perpetuate the memory of the glorious dead, and in the following I wish to sketch the career of a soldier whose attractive personality and superb martial bearing challenged the love and admiration of all men, a cavalier whose every word and deed were absolutely beyond criticism—Maj. Nathan Parker. I can employ no language eulogistic of this lovable officer that will not awaken a responsive echo in the heart of every man who served in the 4th Kentucky Cavalry. While the soldiers admired the cool, brave leader and praised the dashing, indomitable Pryor, they loved Parker, who, calm, kind, modest, and courteous, readily won the unswerving fealty of all

his companions in arms. He was tall and erect, well-proportioned, but not very strong, rather dark complexion, jet-black hair and beard, dark eyes, soft, and kind in expression.

Major Parker fought for the Confederacy, and for the Confederacy he died. He was the "Stonewall" of his regiment—yea, of the brigade. A soldier of great fortitude, he never murmured at any hardship, nor hesitated to obey an order that would carry him into the jaws of death. When, amidst the tempest of battle, men were falling about him and the lines wavering, Major Parker, cool and dauntless, was the last to retire, seeming, like Stonewall Jackson, to love nothing so much as the whizzing of bullets, the shrieking of shells, the flash and roar, the clamor and din of battle. He was not only a commander, but a comrade, fighting with his men. If he had a crust of bread, he would share it with the humblest soldier. Though dignified in bearing, no soldier hesitated to approach him for advice or information. He was just as courteous to one of the boys in the trenches as to any officer with stars on his collar. His deeds we honor, his death we mourn, and yet it seemed eminently fitting that this officer should die on the battle field. His was an ideal soldier's death, falling as he did in the uniform of the Southern Confederacy. He died unconquered, his last words being: "Charge them, my brave boys!" This occurred near Wytheville, Va., in a battle between the Confederates under Gen. John H. Morgan and the Federals under General Averill, May 10, 1864. The ball that killed Major Parker struck him immediately over the heart, and as he sank to the ground he gave utterance to that last command, "Charge them, my brave boys!" and those words are inscribed on his tomb at Bedford, Ky., his home, where, after the war, his remains were brought from Virginia and interred with imposing ceremonies, which I attended.

While I thus memorialize Major Parker, it must not be forgotten that thousands of humble soldiers died just as valorously for the Southern cause. The South, God bless her! has not forgotten her slain sons.

ONE OF MORGAN'S MEN.—Charles E. Wasson, of Covington, Ky., who died September 13, 1928, was a member of the 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Col. D. Howard Smith's Regiment of Morgan's command; he was captured on the Ohio raid. He was born at Versailles, Ky., and died at the age of eighty-two. He was a good soldier.—*Nat Poyntz, Dorchester, Mass.*

[Since reporting this, Comrade Poyntz himself has passed into the bivouac of eternity.]

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*

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

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, Woodard Circle, Wilson, N. C...*Custodian of Cross*

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

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The many evidences of thought of your President General and expressions of your affectionate regard made Christmas a time of the greatest joy.

May the season have brought to each member of the organization her "heart's desire," and may the spirit of the Christ-Child, "Peace on earth, good will to men," remain with us through the coming year. May each one realize more fully than ever, the responsibility and obligation resting upon the United Daughters of the Confederacy—the responsibility of carrying to a successful conclusion those enterprises of which we have assumed the financial support, enterprises such as the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation and the Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship. The completion of the latter was pledged in three years from the Charleston convention, 1927.

Our obligations are, primarily, those contained in the Articles of Incorporation of the organization, and of these the care of the dependent women of the sixties is, perhaps, the most appealing. An expression of interest in their welfare and a reminder that they are held always in loving consideration was sent each beneficiary of the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund in time to reach her Christmas morning.

The pledges for this Fund taken at Houston aggregate an excess of \$6,000, a substantial and most gratifying increase over those of the past few years; yet we should, as our membership increases, enlarge the scope of this work and assist a greater number of these pitiful, dependent, suffering gentlewomen, any one of whom, but for the provisions of providence, might be your mother or mine. For the thirty-four, the largest number at any time on the list in 1928, \$6,290 is required to fulfill the obligation we have assumed. Divisions, Chapters, and individuals that made pledges in Houston are urged to redeem them at as early a date as possible, and if you find it in your heart to make a thank offering for the

blessings that are yours, it could take no more beautiful form than assisting in this work. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN MAGAZINE.

For the past ten or fifteen years, perhaps longer, we have talked and written, have in song and story told of the "thinning ranks of gray," until perhaps we have grown accustomed, as one often does, to a much-told story; and we scarcely realize how distressingly "thin" this same gray line has become and how it is our duty as the daughters and granddaughters of these heroes of yesterday to take up the work they no longer "carry on."

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a precious legacy of its founder, Mr. Cunningham, to the four Confederate organizations—the United Confederate Veterans, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy—has relied almost entirely upon its subscription list for its existence, and as one of the legatees has become fewer in number, the magazine has of necessity suffered extremely.

Aside from its great historical value, and there is no monthly publication which compares with it in the value of its contents, the magazine is a medium of communication between the widely scattered membership of the organizations which the Editor delights to serve. The convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, realizing the necessity for an enlarged list of subscribers, as well as for a substantial reserve fund for the publication, if it might continue to function at the same high quality of excellence, authorized an intensive campaign in support of the VETERAN.

Mrs. R. H. Chesley, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass., has been appointed Editor of the U. D. C. Department, and, in addition, Mrs. Chesley will endeavor, through the Directors in the various

visions and Chapters in States where there are no visions, to secure a greatly increased list of subscribers, a guaranty fund; and the President General instructed to request the three other legates of the VETERAN to make a like earnest effort in behalf of the organ so dear to the hearts of every lover of the Confederate cause.

In addition to the appeal which will be made by Mrs. Chesley, may we ask that every member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy reading this letter who is not a subscriber will become one, and every reader who is a subscriber will consider herself appointed a committee to secure one additional?

COMMITTEES.

Of the committees authorized by the convention in Houston, Tex., the following have been appointed: A Revision of Constitution, Children of the Confederacy, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, chairman; Mrs. Madge Burney, Mrs. Alexander B. White.

The committee to prepare and have published a Order of Information will have the same personnel that of the Finance Committee, with Mrs. Dolphing, Graham, N. C., chairman. The reason for placing the work in the hands of this committee is to expedite the distribution of the publication, much of the material being either already in the hands of members of the Committee on Finance, or easily available.

Mrs. R. D. Wright, Newberry, S. C., will continue chairman of Education with the following committee: Mrs. B. B. Ross, Ala.; Mrs. D. M. Anderson, New Jersey; Mrs. A. S. Porter, Ohio; Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, West Virginia.

The committee on the Mrs. Simon Baruch University Prize has been reappointed, Mrs. Arthur Annings, 2200 Rivermont Avenue, Lynchburg, Va., chairman: The next award of this prize will be in 1929, the value of which is \$1,000. The contest is now open and will close May, 1929, to give ample time to the committee and judges to examine the papers. The happiness and joyousness of the Houston convention will ever remain a gracious memory. The delegates entered through the gateway of New Orleans, refreshed from the journey by the pleasures "Play Day," a courtesy extended by the Daughters of Louisiana.

If Houston has the proverbial "gates to the city," they were taken from their hinges before our arrival, and hospitality the most lavish and welcome, the most cordial abounded. No possible kindness or courtesy was left undone, and to the dear people of Houston we extend in the name of the organization have the honor to represent our deepest appreciation and most grateful acknowledgment.

To the membership of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who have again trusted me with the highest gift and the greatest expression of confidence in your power to give, I pledge my time, my thought, my brain; and earnestly ask your prayers that my accomplishments in your service may equal my desire to serve you.

Very cordially,

MAUD MERCHANT.

A WORD FROM THE NEW EDITOR.

To the Directors of the U. D. C. Department.—If each one of us would only realize that the success of our department depends upon her efforts, then our legacy will begin to fulfill its mission as visualized by Mr. Cunningham.

All items of interest pertaining to the work of the organization as carried on by the various States and Chapters will be gratefully received; but, the VETERAN is not a "society journal," and we have not the space to publish your enjoyable, and, may I say, necessary, social functions, but we welcome reports of the interesting work accomplished.

If there is a member of our organization in your State who is not a subscriber to our magazine, let's find out why she is seemingly indifferent. Every member, who is financially able to do so, should be a reader of this unique and valuable Confederate journal. I ask for your individual interest and hearty coöperation.

MARY C. CHESLEY.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Georgia.—The thirty-fourth annual convention of the Georgia Division was held in Atlanta, October 23-25, with the Fulton County Chapter as hostess.

The opening session was presided over by Mrs. Trox Bankston, President of the Division, and Mrs. L. D. T. Quinby, President of the hostess Chapter. In the "Welcome Program" cordial greetings were extended by Gov. L. G. Hardeman on behalf of the State of Georgia; Mayor Ragsdale, for the city of Atlanta; Hon. W. B. Stewart, for the county of Fulton; and by representatives of the various patriotic and civic organizations of Atlanta, Mrs. Bankston responding to these greetings for the Division. The convention was honored by the presence of several officers of the general organization, among them the President General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, and Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, First Vice President General; Mrs. J. A. Roundtree, of Birmingham, Ala., general chairman U. D. C. Insignia in World War; Mrs. Frank Harrold, Past President General; Mrs. A. B. Broyles, President Alabama Division.

The special feature of the opening session was the address by Mrs. Merchant, President General U. D. C. The musical feature at every session of the convention was especially fine, leading musicians of Atlanta lending their talent to make this a successful occasion.

The first business session was held on Wednesday morning, October 24, Mrs. Bankston presiding, reports of Division officers being the order of business. Outstanding among these was the magnificent report of the Division President, which showed that splendid work had been done by the Georgia Division during the past year. The Memorial Hour on Wednesday was most impressive, Mrs. John A. Perdue presiding. The names of Chapter members who have passed away during the year were read by Mrs. J. J. Harris, State Editor. A special tribute was paid to Miss Mildred Rutherford by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and a lifelong friend of Miss Rutherford. "A Poet's Tribute" to this noble woman, written by Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers, Poet Laureate of the Georgia Division, was read by Mrs. Herbert M. Franklin.

A loving tribute was paid also to Mrs. Ida Evans Eve, daughter of Gen. Clement A. Evans, by Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, who read "Flowers of Remembrance," written in loving memory of Mrs. Eve.

The "Educational Evening," on Wednesday, was presided over by Mrs. Thomas W. Reed, of Athens, chairman of Education, and the various educational interests of the Division were presented by the chairman in a short talk. "Higher Education in Georgia" was the subject of the inspiring message by Chancellor Charles M. Smelling, of the University of Georgia.

Prominent among committee reports was that on Revision of the Constitution and By-Laws and on Resolutions. Several proposed amendments were passed.

Among the important resolutions passed was that the Georgia Division undertake the erection of a fireproof library museum of U. D. C. Historical Relics, Manuscripts, etc., to be known as the Mildred Lewis Rutherford Museum-Library. It is hoped that this building may be placed on the campus of the University of Georgia.

Another resolution passed was that July 16 (Miss Rutherford's birthday) be observed each year by the Georgia Division as Mildred Lewis Rutherford Day in remembrance of one so devoted to the cause of the Confederacy and who was Historian for Life of the Georgia Division.

A beautiful program was carried out on "Historical Evening," ably presided over by Mrs. Kirby

Smith Anderson, Division Historian. Thirty State chairmen of History and State Directors, wearing costumes of the sixties, were introduced by the Historian, and formed a most attractive picture grouped about "the vacant chair" once occupied by the beloved Miss Rutherford.

Service crosses were presented to Dr. James William Roberts, Jr., and to Capt. John Kellar DeLoach.

The address of the evening was by Mr. John A. Sibley, one of Atlanta's leading young attorneys, his subject being "A Bargain Broken."

New officers were installed, as follows: Honorary President, Mrs. John A. Perdue, Atlanta; Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. A. Craig, Augusta; Treasurer, Mrs. L. D. T. Quinby, Atlanta; Historian, Mrs. Kirby Smith Anderson, Madison; Registrar, Mrs. E. A. Caldwell, Monroe.

Moultrie, Ga., is the place of meeting for 1929.

[Lena Felker Lewis, State Editor.]

* * *

Louisiana.—The Louisiana Division feels deeply grateful to the people of the State for voting for the "back pay" of \$210 to those on Confederate pension rolls. Everywhere a great majority voted for it, and in Shreveport the favorable vote was unanimous.

The Louisiana Division held an important Executive Committee meeting in Baton Rouge, October 17, with Mrs. T. P. Jones, President, presiding. Due to Mrs. Jones's long confinement to hospital and her home as a result of an automobile accident just before she was elected President in May, this was her first committee meeting. Among those present was Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Past Division President and Registrar General.

The Louisiana Division held its annual convention in Baton Rouge, October 18, 19, for which many members of the Executive Committee remained over. This was a "love feast" convention, and the veterans say they never had a better time. One of the features was the presentation of the "Belles of the Sixties," by Mrs. A. P. Miller, First Vice President of Louisiana Division. Among this charming group was the grand niece of Jefferson Davis, Miss Anna Davis Smith, and Mrs. Eli Tullis, ninety-three years old, who is proud to be the "oldest of the Rebels" of Baton Rouge. The American Legion furnished the meeting place and the general chairman, Dr. Lester Williams. The Spanish-American War veterans also assisted the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy to make this reunion a great success.

[Mrs. L. U. Babin, Editor.]

(Continued on page 38)

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. TOPICS FOR JANUARY, 1929.

The first battle of Manassas. Events leading up to the battle. Numbers engaged on both sides. The Result. Effect on the future conduct of the war.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1929.

Matthew Fontaine Maury, Pathfinder of the Seas. Sketch of Commodore Maury, with especial mention of honors conferred by other nations. Map questions from "Maury's Manual of Geography."

Readings: "Lee to the Rear" (John R. Thompson); "Stonewall Jackson's Way" (John Williamson Palmer).

U. D. C. TOPICS FOR FEBRUARY, 1929.

The Battle of Shiloh. Object of Gen. A. S. Johnston. Line of Battle. Results. Effects.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY, 1929.

"A Galaxy of Great Men." Brief sketches of Albert Sidney Johnston, John B. Gordon, Joseph E. Johnston, J. E. B. Stuart.

Reading: "The Revenge of Hamish" (Sidney Lanier).

To Division and Chapter Historians: Greetings and Good Wishes.

In assuming the direction of the Historical Department of the U. D. C., I realize that, as a former Historian General has said, "We are swimming against a mighty tide—but we are swimming," and an incident has come to my notice which I believe would interest and encourage us all.

Some time ago there appeared in a South Carolina paper a eulogy of Jefferson Davis, written by a resident of New Jersey, who asked why a Memorial College honoring this great leader had never been established in the South. I quote from a letter just received from this Northern man:

"Your kind letter in regard to the Jefferson Davis College was received and more than appreciated. You ask whether I was of Northern or Southern birth. I was born in New Jersey, thirty-one years ago.

"My personal opinion of the great Jefferson Davis is as follows: Of the group of notable leaders of this great nation of ours, Jefferson Davis stands out as one of the most prominent, by virtue of official leadership and intellectual supremacy. He was a man of the highest personal integrity, also a sincere Christian. He is one of our outstanding Americans.

His inaugural address (February 18, 1861) is one of the great masterpieces of the English language."

This is the tribute of a young man born and reared in the North. Does it not seem that it is the beginning of the fulfillment of Jefferson Davis's own prophecy: "When time shall have softened passion and prejudice, when reason shall have stripped her mask from misrepresentation, then justice, holding evenly her scales, will require much of past censure and praise to change places."

Faithfully yours,

MARION SALLEY.

PRIZES FOR HISTORICAL WORK PRESENTED AT THE CONVENTION IN HOUSTON, NOVEMBER, 1928.

REPORTED BY MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY,
FORMER HISTORIAN GENERAL.

1. *Raines Banner*.—Won by the Georgia Division, Mrs. Kirby Smith Anderson, Historian, for best historical work.

2. *The Weinman Cup*.—Won by the Georgia Division for best work in the schools.

3. *Orrin Randolph Smith Medal*.—Mrs. B. B. Ross, Alabama, for best report of Director Jefferson Davis Highway.

4. *Mildred Lewis Rutherford Cup*.—Miss Elizabeth Hanna, St. Petersburg, Fla., for best criticism of history.

5. *Rose Loving Cup*.—Mrs. John Morgan Hopkins, Tall Oaks, Keswick, Va., for essay on "Tariff Legislation Affecting the South."

6. *Mrs. John A. Perdue Cup*.—Mrs. B. B. Bleckley, Anderson, S. C., for essay on "The Blockade."

7. *Anne Sevier Cup*.—Mrs. T. R. Leigh, Gainesville, Fla., for essay on the "Right of Secession."

8. *Hyde-Campbell Cup*.—Mrs. William T. Fowler, Lexington, Ky., for essay on the "Trans-Atlantic Slave Trade."

9. *Thomas D. Osborne Cup*.—Mrs. C. W. Tribble, Greenwood, S. C., for essay on "The Orphan Brigade."

10. *Anna Robinson Andrews Medal*.—Mary Louise Gills, Appomattox, Va., for essay on "The Negro in American Life."

11. *Martha Washington House Medal*.—Mrs. C. W. McMahon, Livingston, Ala., for essay on "Leonidas Polk."

12. *W. O. Hart Medal*.—Miss Minnie Holland, Millen, Ga., for most complete list, with description, of Confederate monuments.

13. *Robert's Medal*.—Mrs. S. B. Aull, Newberry, S. C., for essay on "Tariff Legislation Affecting the South."

14. *Cary Prize*.—Esther Foy Jenkins, Beaufort, S. C., for essay on "John S. Mosby and His Men."

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.



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 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.

Again it is my happy privilege to extend to each of you, my dear coworkers, New Year's greetings with every good wish for your happiness, health, and prosperity in the coming year. The new year of opportunity knocks at the door for each one. Let us not fail to heed the call, realizing that our days are gliding swiftly by, and—

“Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate
 Still achieving, still pursuing;
 Learn to labor and to wait.”

Let us resolve to put forth every effort to make of the coming year the very best in the history of our work. May Divine Providence guide and the blessings of our Father abide with each one of you, bearing ever in mind the motto:

“Lord God of Hosts be with us yet
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,
 MRS. A. MC. D. WILSON.
President General, C. S. M. A.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

THE REUNION IN CHARLOTTE IN 1929.

Of pleasurable interest comes the announcement of the reunion, June 4-7, a date chosen a little later than usual on account of the climatic conditions of Charlotte being cooler, and the later date more suitable to the feeble condition of many of our dear veterans. To those who attended the reunion in Little Rock last May, it will give genuine pleasure to know that Hon. Edmond R. Wiles, whose master

hand guided the wonderful success there, has been selected as business chairman for Charlotte, which insures prompt and efficient handling of even the most minute details. Make your hotel reservation early, thus avoiding later disappointment. Plan to have the best report ever, and prove to the world that your faith in the plans made by your mother still lives in their daughters.

* * *

It is our hope to organize a Memorial Association in Charlotte, which would be official hostess to our convention, and as in the past, an association existed then, naturally the daughters of the mothers whose interest centered in that work, would give assistance in furthering the movement.

* * *

Just to bring to your attention the fact that with the new year the subscriptions to our official organ, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, expires, and you are urged to send in renewals at once. The magazine cannot be sustained unless it is supported, and as the official organ of all our Confederate associations, it should be on the list of periodicals in every Southern home. Try also to secure new subscribers among your membership.

* * *

PRESIDENT GENERAL'S TRIPLE ANNIVERSARY.

Celebrating a triple anniversary—birthday, fifty-third wedding anniversary, and anniversary of twenty years of service as only President of the Uncle Remus Association of Atlanta, Ga., that organization entertained brilliantly on December 14, at the Biltmore Hotel in honor of Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General for Life of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

During the past forty years, Mrs. Wilson has been of inestimable service to her State, serving as president of twelve organizations, both civic and patriotic. An outstanding figure in her State and an entlewoman of the old school of the cultural South, she stands ever for the upholding of patriotic and constructive advancement. Now the sunset of her life is made more beautiful to her friends by the brilliance of her many activities in the past.

Many telegrams and flowers attested to the popularity of this noble and much-loved woman. Outstanding in her achievements were her efforts to secure funds so that the home of Joel Chandler Harris might become a shrine, a memorial to "Uncle Remus," and a Mecca for the many admirers of the famous folklore writer.

Three hundred guests attended the reception, including the head of the civic and patriotic organizations of Atlanta and many out-of-town guests.

[Mrs. J. J. Harris, State Editor, Georgia Division, N. D. C.]

ODE TO STONEWALL JACKSON.

(By a Federal officer, Miles O'Reilly, who served under General Hunter as major, 147th Regiment, 10th Army Corps. From an old scrapbook.)

He sleeps all quietly and cold
Beneath the soil that gave him birth;
Then break his battle brand in twain,
And lay it with him in the earth.

No more at midnight shall he urge
His toilsome march amid the pines,
Nor hear upon the morning air
The war shout of his charging lines.

Cold is the eye whose meteor gleam
Flash hope on all within its light,
And still the voice that, trumpet-toned,
Rang through the serried ranks of fight.

No more for him shall cannon park
Or tents gleam white upon the plain;
And where his camp fires blazed of yore,
Brown reapers laugh amid the grain.

No more above his narrow bed
Shall sound the tread of marching feet,
The rifle volley, and the crash
Of sabers when they meet.

And though the winds of autumn rave,
And winter snow fall thick and deep
Above his breast—they cannot move
The quiet of his dreamless sleep.

We may not raise a marble shaft
Above the heart that now is dust,
But Nature, like a mother fond,
Will ne'er forget her sacred trust.

Young April o'er his lowly mound
Shall shake the violets from her hair;
And glorious June, with fervid kiss,
Shall bid the roses blossom there.

And round about the droning bee
With drowsy hum shall come and go,
While west winds all the live-long day
Shall murmur dirges soft and low.

The warrior's stormy fate is o'er,
The midnight gloom hath passed away,
And like a glory from the east
Breaks the first light of freedom's day!

And white-winged peace o'er all the land
Broods like a dove upon her nest,
While iron War, with slaughter gorged,
At length hath laid him down to rest.

And where we won on our onward way,
With fire and steel through yonder wood,
The blackbird whistles and the quail
Gives answer to her timid brood.

Yet oft in dreams his fierce brigade
Shall see the form that followed far,
Still leading in the farthest van—
A landmark in the clouds of war.

And oft when white-haired grandsires tell
Of bloody struggles past and gone,
The children at their knees will hear
How Jackson led his columns on!
November 27, 1875.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

The name thou wearest does thee grievous wrong.
No mimic thou! That voice is thine alone!
The poets sing but strains of Shakespeare's song;
The birds, but notes of thine imperial own.

—Henry Jerome Stockard.

Each golden note of music greets
The listening leaves, divinely stirred,
As if the vanished soul of Keats
Had found its new birth in a bird.
—William Hamilton Haynes, *Moonlight Song of the Mocking Bird.*

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.

REUNION NOTES.

The thirty-ninth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and thirty-fourth annual reunion of Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held at Charlotte, N. C., on June 4 to 7.

Driving to Charlotte, N. C., by automobile from his home in Little Rock, Ark., Edmond R. Wiles, Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, arrived there recently to serve as business manager for the coming gathering of veterans and Sons which, he believes, will be the greatest reunion of Confederate soldiers ever held.

Simultaneously, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Forrest Cavalry, and the Southern Confederate Memorial Association, all of which are separate from, but affiliated with, the United Confederate Veterans will hold reunions of their own at the same time. In all it is expected that the reunions will attract to that city some 60,000 to 75,000 people, of whom probably about 5,000 will be veterans.

NORTH CAROLINA TO BE HOST.

While it is planned that the city of Charlotte will be the actual scene of the reunion, it is intended that the State of North Carolina shall be the actual host to the veterans, who will congregate there from all parts of the South.

To accommodate the thousands of visitors, it is planned to form veterans' camps at the high school and grammar schools of the city, and to provide a tent city of about three hundred tents. To care for the veterans properly, steps will be taken to obtain from the Federal government a loan of equipment amount-

ing to about \$75,000, such as cots, tents, cooking equipment, and other necessities of Camp life.

Work is now started to prepare for the event, and Commander Wiles plans to spend all of his time there during the next seven months. He is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Katherine Wiles, who will act as his secretary. Offices have been prepared for him in the Independence Trust Company Building, Room 1301, and headquarters for the reunion will be maintained there.

Business men and others prominent in Charlotte are taking an active part in the work. Julian S. Little is chairman of the reunion finance committee; Mayor F. M. Redd is chairman of the general committee; and many others are coöperating to the fullest extent to the end that the coming reunion may be a success from every standpoint.

Eighteen bands will provide the music for the reunion, among which it is hoped to be able to secure the U. S. Marine band. In addition, there will be a varied entertainment program for each of the four days of the gathering.

The reunion will open with a general meeting of all veterans present, to be followed by other meetings of smaller groups. The First Methodist Church has offered the use of its auditorium for this first big meeting.

There are about 26,000 Confederate veterans still living, practically all of them more than seventy-five years old.

The first work to be undertaken by Commander Wiles will be to prepare a bill for introduction in the current session of Congress. That bill will authorize

the War Department to allow the reunion to use a great quantity of military equipment in establishing a tented city at Independence Park for the Confederate veterans. Another bill later will be introduced in Congress to authorize the Marine Corps Band to attend the reunion. Senators Simons and Overman, both of North Carolina, and Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, have given assurances of their support for these bills in the Senate. They will be introduced in the National House of Representatives by Congressman Bulwinkle.

Approximately eight hundred persons will be required to form the organization Commander Wiles expects to build up in advance of the holding of the reunion. These men and women will be named as members of thirty-two committees.

"There is one point we want emphasized, and that is that the whole people of the State of North Carolina will be expected to coöperate in putting on this reunion," says Commander Wiles. "However, while the reunion will be a State event, the greater part of the responsibility for making preparations must rest upon the people of Charlotte."

IN MEMORIAM.

A great loss has come to our organization in the death, on November 22, 1928, of Col. W. McDonald Lee, President of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, Irvington and Richmond, Va. Comrade Lee was organizer and commander for years of Stephen D. Lee Camp, No. 585, Irvington, Va.; he was elected Commander of the Virginia Division, S. C. V., in 1910, and served the organization as a member of the Executive Council for a number of years; in 1922, at the Richmond reunion, he was elected Commander in Chief S. C. V., and again re-elected at the New Orleans reunion in 1923.

This Department joins in the grief every Son must feel in the passing of Comrade Lee. To his family is extended the sympathy of our organization.

ANNIVERSARIES TO BE COMMEMORATED.

The officers of every Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in the organization should begin preparations at once to see that the people of their communities celebrate appropriately and fittingly the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson. It is suggested that this meeting be held separately or in conjunction with the United Daughters of the Confederacy, open to the public, with the Confederate Veterans as guests of honor. The form and elaborateness of the celebration or entertainment can be worked out by the ingenuity of the local committee. A number of the Camps in the larger cities hold yearly on the 19th of January a Confederate

Ball, while in counties and smaller towns the Camps give an oyster roast, barbecue, or hold a banquet, to which the veterans are guests of honor.

A celebration of this kind will enable the members of the Camp to apply the principles of the organization in each section, to know each other, to have a common meeting place, and the pleasure of social intercourse with a compact body of men composed of the best minds of the South, in order that peculiar Southern problems may be studied and a solution sought and gained.

A Camp should take an active lead in all civic and patriotic undertakings of the community. It should especially be a benevolent center from which to radiate aid and comfort to the rapidly thinning ranks of the men who wore the gray.

It is hoped that every Camp will arrange to hold some form of entertainment or celebration on January 19, and that the Camp will make a report of its activities along this line to these headquarters.

AS IT IS WRITTEN.

Historical record seems to be a matter of individual choice between truth and falsehood, judging by the many distortions of facts through the evident disinclination of writers to look up official records or to take anything but the memory of historic events—and this by way of mild criticism. The mixing of truth and falsehood at times gives a sensational cast to an otherwise dry recital, and many writers have a leaning to that mixture. But one wonders that so little regard is had for the truth in historic records. The following extract from an article on the battle of Franklin, in the *National Tribune* of December 12, is an example of the mixture referred to, yet it would have been so easy to give the truth. The writer says:

"The carnage which Hood's army had suffered in the meanwhile was simply awful. Twelve generals, valued assistants, and men who had led his army from Chickamauga to the evacuation of Atlanta, were lying dead, surrounded by piles of their comrades. One general was shot and the storm of bullets around him was so great that he did not fall, but at the conclusion of the battle was found standing erect, the men around him being killed so rapidly that they held him thus.

"Gen. Pat Cleburne, the Irishman who had the reputation of being the boldest and hardest fighter in the Western Army and was nominated the Stonewall Jackson of the army, was killed with his horse's hoofs on the Union breastworks.

"Most of the generals were found dead at the foot of the breastworks and with a number of their

bravest followers at their sides. General Strothers' body was found at the foot of the works and alongside Colonel Stafford, his second in command. The others were Gens. John Adams, Scott, Cockrell, Quarrels, and Manigault; in all, twelve generals, besides Stafford, and a long list of colonels and field officers on the Confederate side. Every one of the division commanders was killed and all four of the brigade commanders. There was an appalling loss of the colonels and other high officers, which left almost every company bereft of its commanding officer."

The author of the article has written much on his experiences as a soldier of the Union; and if he gets the truth of other battles no closer than he does of this, his contributions to history will not be of much value to the future historian. While there was heavy loss to the Confederate army at Franklin, it was six and not twelve generals who gave up their lives in that bloody battle, and these were: Adams, Cleburne, Gist, Strahl, Granbury, and Carter, the latter being mortally wounded. Many other officers were killed and wounded, yet the loss was not so sweeping as this writer indicates. Other statements are equally exaggerated. Let the truth only be given.

U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 32)

Maryland.—The thirty-first annual convention of the Maryland Division was called to order at the Southern Hotel, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, Division President, presiding. Following the programs of greetings, State and Chapter officers were called on for reports.

The afternoon session was taken up with unfinished business. Mrs. Charles O'Donnell Mackall was in charge of the evening meeting. In her capable hands it was most enjoyable, the outstanding features being the presentation of a beautiful silk flag, given in memory of Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, the first President of the Maryland Daughters of the Confederacy.

On Thursday morning the election of officers took place, the following being elected: President, Mrs. J. J. Forbes Shaw, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8; First Vice President, Miss Sally Washington Maupin, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8; Second Vice President, Mrs. Leo Cohill, Hagerstown Chapter; Third Vice President, Mrs. Howard Young, Fitzhugh Lee Chapter; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. William A. Stewart, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Adelbert Mears, James Wheeler Chapter; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Grace Eddins, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8; Treasurer, Mrs.

Norris Harris, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8; Registrar Mrs. Paul Iglehart, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8; Historian, Mrs. William Henneberger, Hagerstown Chapter; Division Editor, Mrs. Marion Lee Holmes, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Edward Foster, Hagerstown Chapter; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. George E. Smith, Frederick Chapter.

A cordial invitation from the Henry Kyd Douglass Chapter, of Hagerstown, to bring the convention to their hospitable city was gratefully accepted, and the thirty-first annual convention of Maryland Daughters U. D. C. was adjourned.

The William H. Murray Chapter, of Annapolis, held a delightful card party in September, a goodly sum being realized for the Mathew Fontaine Maury Endowment Fund or the scholarship of St. John's College, which is held by an Annapolis boy.

[Marion Lee Holmes, Division Editor.]

* * *

West Virginia.—The McNeill Chapter, of Keyser, entertained the Winnie Davis Chapter, of Moorefield, the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Romney, and the Pickett Chapter, of Petersburg, on October 20, in the Odd Fellows Hall, of Keyser, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion in the Confederate colors—red and white. Members of the Randolph Chapter, of Beverly, and Julia Beckwith Neal Chapter, of Fayetteville, were also present, thus six Chapters were represented at this meeting.

The guest of honor was Mrs. B. M. Hoover, of Elkins, President of the West Virginia Division, who, by her gracious manner and charming personality, won the hearts of all present. She is a woman of rare attainments and ability, and her eloquence was a delight to all who had the privilege of hearing her address, which was the outstanding feature of the afternoon's program. She had with her for the inspection of the members a book containing a copy of the charters of every Chapter ever organized in West Virginia. In examining the charters, it was found that the Winnie Davis Chapter, of Moorefield, will be thirty years old on November 9, and when the charter members were asked to stand five were present, among them their first and only President, Mrs. J. William Gilkeson, who has served in this office from the date of the organization. West Virginia is one of the seven States awarded a charter book for fine work in registration of members.

This is the first time that one Chapter in West Virginia has ever invited and entertained several other Chapters, and the affair was so delightful socially, the program such an inspiration, and the entire occasion so much enjoyed that the loyal daughters felt their interest and energy in the noble cause renewed and strengthened.

OLD GOLD

*... The Smoother
and Better Cigarette*



not a cough in a carload

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Rev. Francis Joyner, of Littleton, N. C., has in his possession a cabinet containing decanters, with gold decorations, said to have been taken from General Longstreet's servant just after the battle of Seven Pines by a soldier who was taking his wounded brother to their home in Pitt County, N. C. He is anxious to restore this to the family, if desired, and anyone interested can address him for further particulars.

Mrs. F. A. Bizzelle, Deland, Fla., is trying to get the war record of her father, Martin Schulken, of Brunswick County, N. C., and would greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who served with him or knows anything of his war record. She thinks he served at Fort Fisher, N. C., in the company of a Capt. A. J. M. Whitehead, Company I, 17th North Carolina Regiment.

Mrs. C. S. Bradley, 311 South Boulevard, Deland, Fla., would like to get the later war record of her uncle, John McCown (or McCowan). His battalion of local defense troops (Company C, 3d Battalion, Tennessee Infantry) was disbanded in May, 1862, on account of the

surrender of Memphis. She finds no further record of his service, but thinks he served to the end; she would also like to get the Confederate service of John White McCown.

Anyone who can testify to the service of Clint M. Taylor as a Confederate soldier will please write to Mrs. John R. McClure, President John Lauderdale Chapter, U. D. C., Dyersburg, Tenn. He is now eighty-three years old and in reduced circumstances, and she is trying to help him get a pension. He says he served under Gen. Frank Cheatham and a Captain Johnson, and was a member of Kiser's Scouts.

To advance in any line of life's endeavor, it is imperative both to study and to think. Achievement of ambition is possible to those who have the initiative and determination to equip themselves with knowledge. This requires application and study continued beyond the period of normal school and college courses—the home study culture. It brings practical results in cultural as well as vocational fields.—*Exchange*.

RELIGIOUS HISTORY TAUGHT.

A course in the history of living religions is included in the curriculum of the Topeka (Kans.) Senior High School. It is a two-semester course, classified as history 7 and 8, and is open to juniors and seniors. The subject was introduced in the spring term 1926-27, with an enrollment of twenty-seven students. Increase in enrollment last year to sixty necessitated the formation of two classes. In the progress of the study the history of eleven living religions is presented: Judaism, Christianity, Taoism, Confucianism, Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism, Shintoism, Sikhism, Zoroastrianism, and Mohammedanism. Emphasis is placed upon the two religions of the Bible—Judaism, as presented in the Old Testament, and Christianity in the New Testament.—*School Life*.

Buck: "Can you give a definition of an orator?"

Private: "Sure. He's a fellow that's always ready to lay down your life for his country.—*American Legion Weekly*.

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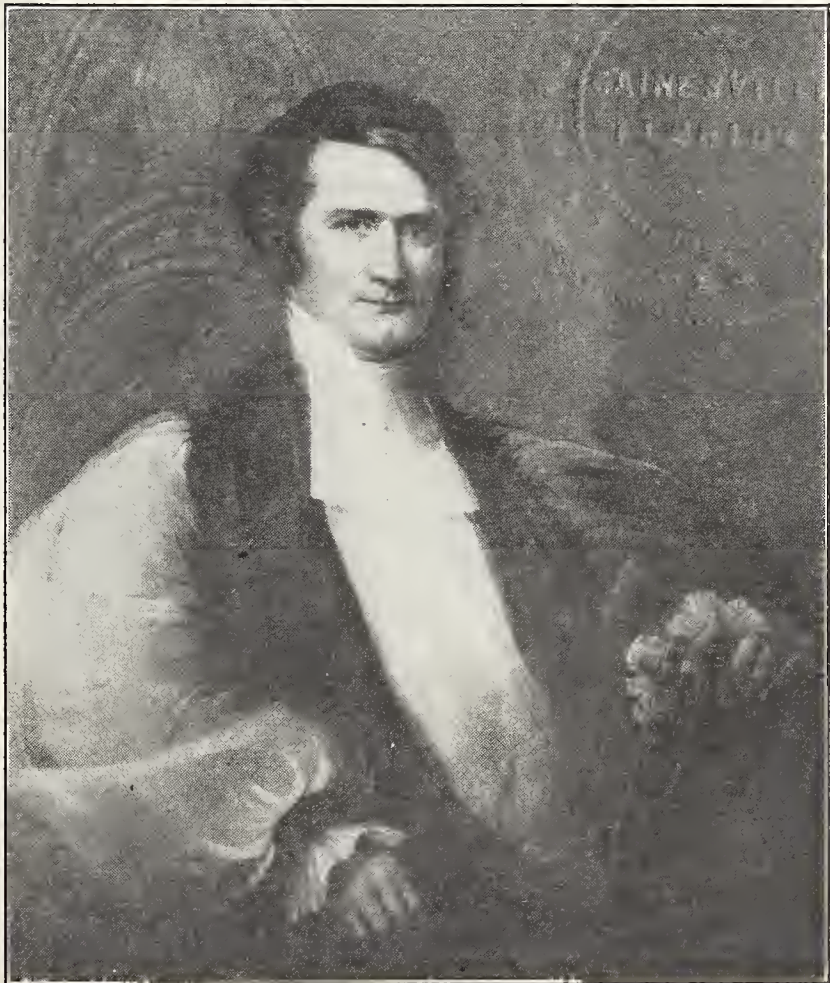
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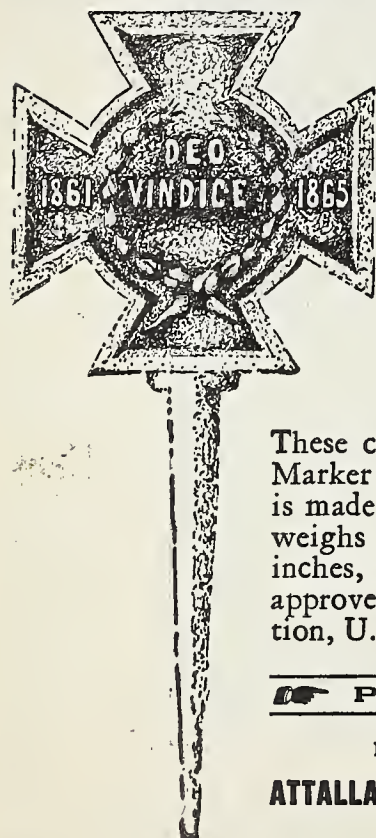
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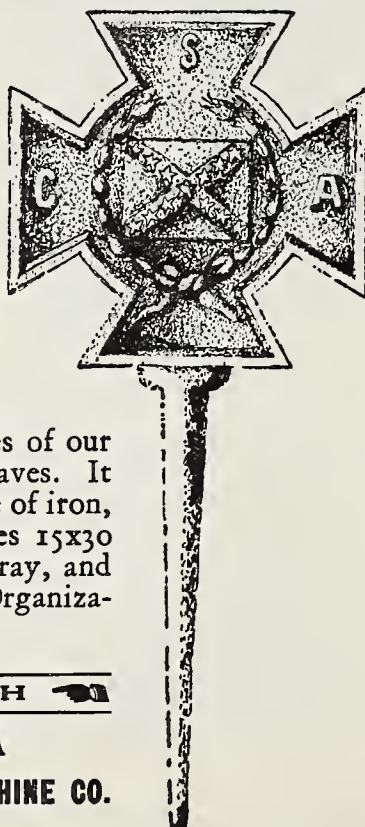
Col. Winfield Jones, veteran of the World War and the war with Spain, 225-26 Thrower Building, Atlanta, Ga., wishes to get in communication with any surviving member of the Kennedy Light Artillery, C. S. A., which was organized by his grandfather, Rev. Charles P. Jones, at Washington, D. C., at the beginning of the War between the States. His father, Charles O. Jones, a boy of about twelve years at the time of the organization, served for some eighteen months as a mounted orderly of the battery under his father, who commanded the battery. The son is anxious to get this record established, as the official records do not show the service of the boy, Charles O. Jones.

Miss Sally Daingerfield, Box 86, Corte Madera, Calif., who is State and Chapter Recorder of Crosses, U. D. C., inquires the whereabouts of Octavius Clifford Thomas, who was a drug chemist of Atlanta and Rome, Ga., and of Valley City, N. D.; he also lived in New York City, and Chippewa Falls; is the son of a Confederate veteran.

WANTED.—Information concerning the revolver factory, at Greensboro, Ga., and the sword and musket factory at Tilton, Ga. Who owned them, 1861-65? Best prices paid for Confederate-made firearms to be preserved in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va. E. B. Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.



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Anyone having any or all of these books for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN, stating condition and price asked.

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

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

Gen. J. A. Yeager, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., passed to a higher command on the 31st day of December, 1928.

FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Comrades, Daughters, Sons: I repeat my appeal in behalf of our official organ, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is our only medium of common communication. It is ably edited and very valuable in historical information. Its maintenance depends upon our organizations for its support. I earnestly invoke each veteran to do his patriotic duty by giving it his personal and active influence. I make the same appeal to each Daughter, the same appeal to each Son. By systematic efforts in each Chapter, in each Camp, the very necessary result can be accomplished.

The conflict between the forces of materialism and idealism among the peoples of all nations was never so clearly defined as during the present period. A distinguished French writer, describing our republic, says: "Economic forces are supreme; they take the place of politics, determine morals, create the collective ideals." Here we have a clear, simple statement of prevailing America, as seen by an unprejudiced social philosopher.

The whole life of our peerless Lee was a symbol of patriotic idealism, and the principles for which Lee fought are known to be essential to the life of the republic. He was born in luxury; he chose poverty when duty called. He declined command of the Federal army, as duty called him to share the perils and privations of his own State. After four years of wonderful military command, he found his country in poverty and desolation. He was offered a future of competence and leisure, but preferred to remain among his own people and instruct the young. Let us hold him and our other great leaders in undying love and gratitude. Let us be faithful to our traditions, courage, honor, and reverence for womanhood.

Fraternally,

A. T. GOODWYN,
Commander in Chief, U. C. V.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

"O Golden Age—whose light is of the dawn
And not of the sunset; forward, not behind—
Flood the new heaven and earth, and with thee
bring
All the old virtues, whatsoever things are pure
And honest and of good repute—
Yet add those things that seer and bard have sung
In trance and vision of our land to be."

TO INCREASE THE VETERAN'S CIRCULATION.

An intensive campaign, sponsored by the United Daughters of the Confederacy and other Confederate organizations, is being put on in the interest of building up the VETERAN'S circulation to its former self-supporting basis. Every friend of the VETERAN in or out of any of these organizations can help this movement along either by giving or securing a new subscription, and every one is asked to coöperate in some way. The VETERAN'S work is not yet finished.

A number of patrons in renewing subscriptions of late have sent five dollars each, and among these were Rev. William Cocke, of Huntington, W. Va., S. K. Gardner, of Fort Worth, Tex., and Capt. J. W. Matthews, of Alvon, W. Va., the latter in his ninetieth year. And some of the most successful workers for the VETERAN have passed the ninetieth milestone. Such evidence of interest is encouraging.

W. V. McFerrin, of Lexington, Ky., Past Commander Kentucky Division, S. C. V., writes: "I have been a subscriber to the VETERAN for several years, and read it from cover to cover. . . . This world will never again see the equal of the Confederate soldier for honor, courage, and devotion to a cause, and they are a model to me of all that a man could hope to be."

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.

The week of February 14 will be observed as Boy Scout Anniversary week, the nineteenth anniversary of the organizing of the Boy Scouts of America falling on the 8th. Approximately 800,000 active Scouts and Leaders will participate in this nation-wide celebration. Nearly four million American boys have been Scouts since 1910.

The Boy Scout movement stands as the greatest united effort on behalf of and by boys of which world history holds record. The organization seeks to build character in boys and to train them for the

duties of citizenship. It is recognized as probably the greatest deterrent of youthful crime. It seeks to help boys to help themselves to gain good health, a strong physique, and mental and moral training. How wonderfully Boy Scouts have met their objectives is a matter of widespread public information.

Those of us who have seen the work of the Boy Scouts in connection with our Confederate reunions have been made to realize what wonderful training they have received in courtesy and helpfulness wherever it is needed. In fact, they add so much to the enjoyment of our reunions that we could not do without them. Hurrah for the Boy Scouts of America! May they grow in numbers until every boy of the country is enrolled!

BEQUEST TO CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The Confederate Veteran Association of the District of Columbia has recently received a bequest of ten thousand dollars from the estate of Mrs. Mattie S. James, whose husband, John E. James, was a Confederate veteran and affiliated with the Confederate Association at Washington when he died, some five years ago. This bequest is in accordance with his wish.

PRESENTATION OF PORTRAITS. — Portraits of Lieutenant Generals Leonidas Polk and Richard Taylor have been presented to the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., and interesting exercises marked the presentation and acceptance of these portraits by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society on December 29, 1928, Miss Sallie Archer Anderson, President of the Society, presiding. Those portraits have been hung in the Louisiana Room. The picture of General Polk is a photograph in sepia of his portrait, and was presented by his daughter, Mrs. Lucia Polk Chapman, of Pennsylvania. That of General Taylor is an oil portrait presented by his daughter, Mrs. Belle Taylor Stauffer, of New Orleans.

TABLET TO SIDNEY LANIER. — The memorial tablet to Sidney Lanier in Old Calvary Cemetery, near Fletcher, N. C., called the "Open Air Westminster of the South," was given by the school children and citizens of Macon, Ga., and was not a tribute by his friend, George Westfeldt, as stated in the article in the VETERAN for November. However, that statement was taken from the *Southern Tourist*, quoting the Rev. Clarence S. McClellan, Jr., rector of Calvary Church, and was not the VETERAN'S error.

MAGNOLIA GARDENS.

BY VIRGINIA LUCAS.

When that God made his garden, lo! he took
The Euphrates and Tigris; in between
A vale of supreme loveliness—the green
Dotted with purple saffron, sweet with myrrh—

And here he placed his children, Lucifer
Among them—and he shook
Above the whole, his web of golden stars,
And called—"Eden."

Had I New Worlds to make,
When gardens were to choose, I think I'd take
A pool of shady cypress, as I've seen
Some lovely where; and this cool-flowing pool
Should have slim bodied Birches, rising high,
Bloom throwing, to the blue-bright seraph sky;
Drawing along with them the roses white,
Silvery growing, blowing to the light;
And violet Wistaria; and gold
Of amorous Jasmine buds, that do enfold
The glamoured sense with magical delight.

"And in the midst, God set a comely Tree."
A Southern Live Oak were enough for me;
A Tree of Life, of mortal good and ill,
And filled with knowledges, which who so will
May therefrom learn, albeit on his knees
So it is ever, with life-giving trees.

And then, to still the heart of any wound,
From Beauties vast, or agonies profound—
The Lord did set each flower that he knew:
And some were aranthine, some were blue.
So—I would plant Rhodoras—to the brim
Filled full with sweets; and ever unto Him
I'd offer up Magnolia cups of myrrh:
And oh, were he to step forth from the trees,
Then to the tune of lute and dulcimer,
I'd pour upon his feet the breath of these.
'Azaleas, Azaleas—" I'd cry—
'More worshipful their odorous substance yield
Than those adoring lilies of the field!"
'Azaleas"—

Oh, color harmony!
Oh, perfumed Eldorado-melody
Of sea and wind and broken golden lights,
And pine-clad mountains, and October nights—
Oh crown me with Azaleas ere I die. . . .

God made him once a garden called Eden:
And could he walk the world, even now, as then,
Would he not pause, smiling in tender mirth,
To find Magnolia Gardens—on the Earth?

AN ENGLISHMAN'S TRIBUTE TO
CONFEDERATE ARMS.

(From the address by Gen. A. T. Goodwyn,
Commander in Chief, U. C. V., before the United
Daughters of the Confederacy in convention at
Houston, Tex., November, 1928.)

Following the war, while we were in an anxious,
economic struggle for our daily bread, the good
people of the North were deceived and misinformed
by sectional writers, whose publications were satu-
rated with malice and falsehood. We are confident
these faithful Daughters of the grandest mothers in
all the ages will continue their patriotic work in
promoting the truth of history of the international
war, that justice may be done to all concerned, and
that our whole country may be one in spirit and in
purpose. During the current year the speaker for
the Grand Army of the Republic, on a memorial
occasion, spoke of General Lee as a traitor, belated
animosity venting itself in the face of the historic
fact that his statue, presented by Virginia with that
of General Washington as the two leading exponents
of the country's glory, stands in Statuary Hall in the
National Capital side by side with that of Washing-
ton, one in his Revolutionary, the other in his
Confederate uniform. A letter from Lord Wolseley,
Field Marshal of the British Empire, to Capt.
William Gordon McCabe, a distinguished soldier
and scholar of Virginia, shows not only our ability,
but the spirit in which we waged war. The letter
was written from England, December 8, 1902, as
follows:

"Dear Colonel McCabe: Anything about your
war must always have a deep interest for me, for
many reasons. I shall only refer to one, and it is
this: That of all the wars with which I am acquainted
since classical times, your great war stands out as the
most remarkable event. It certainly was the most
remarkable event during the time that I have been
on earth. I do not go into the question of whether
the South was right or whether it was wrong in what
she did. But, at any rate, her struggle was for a
great principle which she believed to underlie the
Constitution of the United States, to be, in fact, the
basis on which that great government was formed
by its illustrious founders. It is a point upon which,
however, I feel great diffidence in expressing my
opinion; but I can as a soldier say that no struggle
for liberty was ever fought with greater daring,
energy, knowledge of war, or more devoted patriot-
ism, or in a more chivalrous fashion than the cam-
paigns which will always make the Southern struggle
a remarkable event in military history. All who
took part in it have every reason to be proud of
having done so. I often think of what a difference

there would be in the future history of the world had England recognized Southern independence as an answer to the Slidell and Mason affair, for I believe there is no doubt that France would have followed her example."

DICK DOWLING OF BLESSED MEMORY.

BY MRS. M. C. MAYBERRY, WHITTIER, CALIF.

I greatly appreciated the poem, "Sabine Pass and the Forty-Two," by John Acee, in the December VETERAN, and am sure many others did, too. I lived in Houston, Tex., several years; was Secretary of Oran M. Roberts Chapter, U. D. C., and heard much about the gallant red-headed Irishman, Dick Dowling. I happened to be very intimately acquainted with a close friend of the Dowling family, Miss Zweeb, an elderly milliner. Miss Zweeb came from one of the foreign countries as governess to the children of a wealthy family near Houston, arriving just about the time the War between the States broke out. She was a stranger among strangers, neither money nor friends. She was fortunate in meeting the Dowlings. They encouraged her to start a little shop, as she was quite clever with her needle. She said the Dowlings were devout Christians, and when Dick and his forty-two brave men marched away to the defense of Sabine Pass, they took a chaplain with them. They were all Irish Catholics, so, of course, they took a priest, and he was just as devoted to the Southern cause as our beloved Father Ryan. Every morning those men held mass and prayed for success.

Mrs. Dowling knew her husband was going into the very jaws of death. She made a vow to Almighty God that she would dress her two little girls in the Virgin's colors and go to church and pray daily for his success. I do not know how long he had to wait before the fleet came, but it was several weeks. However, they were prepared to meet them, and we know the wonderful story of how those forty-two men captured "a fleet of ships, twenty-five strong—nineteen gunboats, steamships three, and dreaded sloops of war." This poem tells us how "brave Kate Doran watched beneath those Texas skies this tragic drama played, while by her side with hands upraised, sweet Sarah Verburgh prayed." This was a wonderful demonstration of divine protection.

The Dowlings were a power for good in Houston at that time. There was lots of trouble, sickness, and death. They were always there to help with word and deed. Miss Zweeb was an old

lady when I knew her. She had a lovely foster niece—daughter, she would have been called—who was known as Mary Zweeb. Mary's parents, I think, died of smallpox, leaving three children, a boy of two, Mary, and a sister, all little tots. One day Dick Dowling came down the street to Miss Zweeb's place with both of the youngest children in his strong arms, while the oldest girl hung onto his coat. His hair was so red and his face, naturally red, was flaming then. He came into her little shop, put the children down, and informed her that he had brought them to her. She insisted that she could not take them, but Dick usually won his battles, so he won this one. Miss Zweeb reared the girls to be grown. The boy was lost when about four, but the girls grew up to be fine, splendid women.

ENGLAND'S PART IN AMERICAN SLAVERY.

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

I am very glad to see such a publication as Fannie Selph's "The South in American Life and History." The volume is a real contribution to our literature, and it should be widely distributed and carefully read. The author records much about the South, and always with a loving pen. She gives the history of our people especially in connection with life in this country. Had space permitted, she might have enlarged on some topics, such as the settlement of the South, the origin and growth of African slavery in our midst, and its consequences.

The general introduction of slave labor in the colonies was in pursuance of the policy of the Mother Country, England. First, the British navigation laws forbade the colonies from having any dealings with other nations; and they were not to engage in manufacturing, but to buy and use only the manufactures of England. Therefore, it was desirable that the colonists should have all the labor needed to clear the forests, to make farm products, and create a valuable market for English manufactures. So the Duke of York and other nobles, in 1662, organized the African Company to supply the colonists with slave labor. Twelve years later this was supplanted by the Royal African Company, composed of the king, his brother, the Duke of York, and other nobles, among them four of the Lords Proprietors of Carolina.

When good Queen Anne came to the throne, she especially directed that "the Royal African

Company should take care that a sufficient supply of merchantable negroes should be furnished at moderate rates." And on the purchase of Carolina in 1731, this injunction was repeated in the Instructions to the Governors. It was virtually the English government that supplied the negro slaves to the colonies—to enable them the better to develop their farms and make a market for British manufacturers.

As the author mentions, South Carolina passed an act in 1760 against any importations of negroes, but the king disallowed it; and in his draft of the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson particularly held up the king to scorn for disallowing all acts of the colonial legislatures forbidding the importation of negroes.

At length, in 1774 and 1775, the colonies disregarded the king and forbade the introduction of African slaves. And that was the end of lawful importations—except, in 1803, South Carolina permitted it for four years. So slavery at the South was due to England's furnishing the labor whose industry created a market for her manufactures. The colonies were forbidden to manufacture, and, even as late as 1786, the exports from the United States were only fish and oil, farm and forest products.

Mrs. Selph might well have dwelt at greater length on the general results of slavery at the South—the changes it produced in the lives of the Africans, who became observant of regulations, trained in obedience, and accustomed to industry; and in personal association with Christian people, themselves becoming Christians. Never perhaps in the history of the world was such a picture presented of two races living together in happy contentment as at the South. The institution through the generations became as natural as that of the father's control of his family. The daily intercourse in the common work in which the family was engaged, the negroes feeling interested, had its natural effect. The owner was impelled by every prompting to care for the slave. And the negro, born to a condition that was not irksome to him, was contented and happy. The affection of the slave for his master is exemplified by the resolution adopted by the negroes of North Carolina in their convention at Raleigh, September 29, 1865: "Born upon the same soil and brought up in an intimacy of relationship unknown to any other state of society, we have formed attachments for the white race which must be as enduring as life itself, and we can conceive of no reason that

our God-bestowed freedom should now sever the kindly ties which have so long united us.

"Though associated with many memories of suffering as well as of enjoyment, we have always loved our homes and dreaded, as the worst of evils, a forcible separation from them. Now that freedom and a new career is before us, we love this land and people more than ever before."

After 1800, the product of laborers in the cotton fields became of consequence, and the introduction of cotton fabrics filled a needed want and has proved a blessing to the civilized world. So the transfer from Africa to this country of several hundred thousands of uncivilized negroes by the English government has had some remarkable effects. And Mrs. Selph might have expanded on that interesting subject.

Likewise, to the author's account of the beginning of the War of 1861, there might be added that President Lincoln and his coadjutors were influenced not so much by a sense of duty requiring them to deny the right of secession as by financial considerations—the money value of the South to the Northern States; and so, without regard to constitutional rights, the Southern States were to be held as an appanage to the Northern States by conquest.

There are some minor points that might have been differently stated, yet the volume is of such great value that these are but inconsiderable specks on a fine picture.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

Cold and silent eagle-heart,
'Neath the gray stone lying,
Was it lightning-cleft that hour from off thine eyrie-crag?
There were lightnings round thee, and the thunder rolling,
Yet above the while thou sank blazed safe thy daring flag.

There was none did hood thine eyes, in no glooms drooped captive;
Broken-winged thou fell, 'twas not the foe hath slain;
But thine own pinion sped the shaft—
Better so, proud spirit,
Now none may boast he clipped thy wings—
Thy life no fowler ta'en.

'Tis our lion treadeth lonely, still a lion, to his doom;
But our eagle reareth only, undespoiled, his crested plume.

GEN. LEONIDAS POLK, C. S. A.

(This paper by Mrs. C. W. McMahon, of Livingston, Ala., won a medal at the last general U. D. C. convention, November, 1928.)

Before attempting to sketch the career or estimate the character of Leonidas Polk, it will be well to recall some incidents in the story of the adventurous race of pioneers from which he was descended. "*Audacitor et strenue*" (boldly and stoutly), the motto of the family, evidently must have been suggested by some feat of daring in which courage and strength were both exhibited. His forbears seem to have been true-blue Presbyterians of strong will and fine principles. We find that Thomas Polk took a part in all patriotic movements of the day. His feelings and opinions were decided, his expressions of them frank and courageous. Out of these feelings grew the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, in the framing of which Thomas Polk was the leading spirit and was recognized as a master spirit in the community in which he lived.

William, the eldest son of Thomas Polk and the father of Leonidas Polk, born July, 1758, was at Queen's College until the beginning of the hostilities between the colonies and Great Britain. Thus was early developed in him the military spirit which was hereditary in his family, and, before he was seventeen, he threw aside his books to take up the sword in the defense of the colonies. He was appointed second lieutenant, was severely wounded twice, was promoted to major, then to lieutenant colonel. Sabers were difficult to obtain in the colonies, and his sword was made from a scythe blade. He was often engaged at the head of his troopers in a hand-to-hand combat with the enemy's cavalry. After the war, Colonel Polk served his State and country in various occupations. He was the personal friend of Andrew Jackson, not less heroic in war and quite as sagacious in private life.

Leonidas Polk was the second son of William Polk by a second marriage, born April 26, 1806, in Raleigh, N. C. He secured his primary education in the academy of Dr. McPhellers, then he entered Chapel Hill. While there his father obtained for him a commission at West Point. He was a high spirited and healthy boy, remembered by his contemporaries as a leader of all boyhood sports. At West Point he was said to be a boy of fine presence, fine form, graceful bearing, full of life, ready for anything. What he believed to be right, that he would do. His diligence was so exemplary that in his third

year he ranked as one of the first six of his class. His roommate and closest friend was Albert Sidney Johnston. Their friendship lasted until Johnston fell at Shiloh.

Before his graduation, Leonidas Polk was converted and baptized, joining the Episcopal Church. This changed the whole course of his life, for he deliberately arrived at the conviction that it was his duty to enter the ministry. From this he never wavered, but it must not be supposed that this step was not a sacrifice. He was just of age, tall, commanding in appearance, and after his successful career at the Academy there lay before him every prospect of distinction in an honorable profession.

When Leonidas Polk announced his intention to throw away all the advantages he had earned at West Point, to abandon a military career, and to exchange his uniform for a surplice, Colonel Polk was deeply disappointed. To him, the life of a soldier was the noblest life to which a gallant man could devote himself. It had been his pride that Leonidas would perhaps add luster to the many military traditions of his family. He wrote to his son: "You are spoiling a good soldier to become a poor preacher." It might have soothed his feelings if he could have known that his son would one day buckle on his sword and lead more men into battle than his father had ever seen and that he would die on the field of honor, fighting for what he deemed to be the just cause of right and liberty.

With his father's reluctant consent, but not his approval, Lieutenant Polk's resignation was forwarded to the Secretary of War, and he immediately prepared to enter his theological studies. Afterwards, when Colonel Polk was asked where his son Leonidas was stationed, "Stationed!" he replied, "why, by thunder, sir, he's over there in Alexandria at the Seminary."

When Leonidas was still a child he had fallen in love with a little playmate, Frances Devereux, of Raleigh, whom he met again as an accomplished young lady, and to whom he became engaged. It was thought most expedient to wait until after his course at the Seminary was completed before the marriage. He took up a full course of study, his only relaxation being missionary work in the neighborhood of Alexandria. After completing the course, he wrote: "The Lord willing, I shall be ordained by Bishop Moore probably, for I shall apply for ordination in April. Whither I shall go, I do not know. I find the field white with the harvest in every direction." On Good Friday, April 19, 1830, Mr.

Polk was ordained deacon in Richmond, and on May 8, he and Miss Devereux were married. Soon afterwards he took up his duties in Monumental Church, Richmond. In a short while Mr. Polk's health became seriously impaired by overwork in the parish, so it became necessary for him to go abroad to recuperate. On his return home he decided to live on a farm in Tennessee, and, though not able physically to do active work, he officiated regularly to congregations of his own and his brother's families and their servants. His health was fully restored. His family life was as near perfect as possible on this earth, when, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, he was called suddenly and unexpectedly by the Church to the responsible position of missionary bishop of the vast region of the Southwest. He accepted it as providential, and from any providential duty Leonidas Polk could not shirk! In enlisting in the army of the Church, he felt that he was bound to obey orders to the utmost of his ability. "To do the duty next to me" was the keynote of his life.

In the consecration of Leonidas Polk to the Episcopal Church, the American Church felt that it had great cause for encouragement. With an honorable and historic name, with a bearing that impressed all who met him, with a courtesy which won all hearts, with a courage which shunned no danger, with a devotion which shrank from no sacrifice, he was a standard bearer worthy of her cause. His jurisdiction was enormous, extending over a vast area, his duties arduous. Not only the evangelist of his own race, but the sons of Africa lay heavily on his heart. He believed that the preacher endangered his own salvation who refrained from preaching to the black man.

Bishop Polk conceived the idea of the Southern University at Sewanee, Tenn. He had the vision of a great Christian university for the youth of the South. He was in time made bishop of Louisiana. The Church was gradually strengthened and blessed by his ministrations.

Soon the war clouds gathered over our fair Southland. The martial spirit was everywhere abroad. Men of all temperaments, of all professions, began to take up arms in the defense of their homes and their sacred honor. The post of duty, they felt, was in the army and at the front. In such crisis, in such an atmosphere, it was impossible for a man of Bishop Polk's education to take sanctuary behind his sacred calling. Like a Christian, he entered upon a patriot's duty. In entering the army he had not been dazzled

by dreams of military glory, but drew his sword in the cause of righteousness and justice.

In 1861, on the 26th of June, Leonidas Polk was commissioned lieutenant general of the Confederate army, and in July he was assigned to the command of Department 2, headquarters at Memphis, Tenn. President Davis insisted that General Polk accept this office, at least until the arrival of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. General Polk felt that he was only meeting an emergency and would resign when expedient. When his resignation was sent in, President Davis thought it would not be consistent with public safety to accept it. After he was commissioned, as he descended the steps of the capitol in Richmond, some one stopped to congratulate him on his promotion. "Pardon me," said Polk gravely, "I do not consider it a promotion. The highest office on earth is that of a bishop in the Church of God." Another friend said to him: "What! You, a bishop, throw off the gown for a sword?" "No, sir" was the instant reply, "I buckle the sword over my gown." The Southern bishops and other clergy were startled at first that Bishop Polk had accepted a military command, but no one doubted the integrity of his purpose.

It was one of Polk's characteristics that he carried no personal feelings in the war. When urged to reply to a captious newspaper article, he said: "My whole life must speak for me." While the influence of his Christian example was deeply felt by his associates and by the army under his command, he had never lost an opportunity to do missionary work, even in the busy campaign that cost him his life; and when the fatal shot was fired that cut him down, a blood-stained prayer book was found next his heart, a mute testimony of whence came his strength. There were only four occasions, however, on which he permitted himself to officiate as a priest. One of these was at the death of the gallant Major Butler. His second clerical act was the performance of the wedding ceremony of Gen. John H. Morgan. The third, performed within a month of his death, was the baptism of General Hood, who came forward on his crutches to receive the ordinance. And the fourth was the baptism of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston a few days later.

Death loves a shining mark. On the morning of June 14, 1864, while General Polk was making a personal inspection of the position of both armies, as he stood on the crest of the hill of Pine Mountain, now Atlanta, Ga., a cannon shot crushed through his breast making a wide win-

dow to free the indomitable spirit. In the afternoon of the following day, this order to the army of Tennessee marked the close of the eventful career of Leonidas Polk:

"Comrades, you are called upon to mourn your first captain, your oldest companion in arms, Lieutenant General Polk. He fell to-day at the outpost of this army, the post of duty; the army he raised and commanded, in all of whose trials he shared, to all of whose victories he contributed. In this distinguished leader we have lost the most courteous of gentlemen, the most gallant of soldiers. The Christian, patriot, soldier has neither lived nor died in vain. His example is before you, his mantle rests upon you."

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, *General*.

President Jefferson Davis offered this tribute: "Our army, our country, and mankind at large, sustain an irreparable loss in the death of that noble Christian and soldier, Lieutenant General Polk. Since the calamitous fall of Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, and of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson at Chancellorsville, the country has sustained no heavier blow than the death of General Polk."

Bishop Quintard gave this tribute: "General L. Polk was such a grand character that ordinary mortals could not appreciate him. All during the war his religious character was kept pure and undefiled. He constantly gave himself to prayer. He was a very prince among men.

"His work is done, and now he rests from his labors. That brave heart is quiet in the grave, that faithful spirit has returned to its God. The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places. The mighty is fallen in the midst of battle. The solemn groves shall guard thy rest! The glorious anthems of the city of God shall roll over thy grave a perpetual requiem."

THE LAST BIG BATTLE

BY FRED A. OLDS, IN THE MASONIC JOURNAL OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The last battles of the War between the States were fought in North Carolina, at Averasboro, in what is now Harnett County, and at Bentonville, in Johnston County, N. C., at the battle of Big Bethel, near Yorktown, Va., June 10, 1861, lost, in the person of Henry Lawson Wyatt, the first Confederate soldier.

At Averasboro, General Hardee, of the Confederate army, was, on March 15, called on by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to make a stand against Sherman until

Generals Hoke and D. H. Hill could get up from Kinston. Hardee's force met the issue with great bravery and gained precious time by the fight on the 16th. The Federal forces lost in the battle 95 killed, 533 wounded, and 54 captured or missing, a total of 682. General Hardee lost 180 killed and 320 wounded and missing.

Gen. Joseph Wheeler, of the Confederate army, in his summary of the affair said in his official report: "March 11, skirmished heavily at Fayetteville; crossed the Cape Fear River and burned the bridge; 13th, advanced and skirmished heavily ten miles from Fayetteville; 14th, moved up the river road, skirmishing several times during the day. March 15, crossed Black River, skirmishing near Smith's mill. March 16, hearing Gen. Hardee was warmly engaging the enemy about four miles south of Averasboro, by permission of Gen. Wade Hampton, I hastened to his assistance. On reaching the ground, found the enemy warmly attacking and moving a column around the right flank. This column I met and held in check until night, when Hardee withdrew his troops, leaving me to cover his retreat. March 17, at daylight the enemy began advancing and pushed me through Averasboro, and then turned toward Goldsboro; skirmishing the greater part of the day. March 18, by a rapid march reached Bentonville and occupied a position on the right of the army, where I fought the enemy, during the engagement of the 19th, capturing forty prisoners."

One of the best-preserved battle fields of the War between the States is that of Bentonville, in Johnston County, eighteen miles due south of Smithfield, fifteen from Benson, twenty westward from Goldsboro and five from Newton Grove in Sampson County. It was the last important battle of the war, and was fought March 19, 1865. It was a bloody battle and desperate to the last degree, and had it been the first one of that four years of hard war, the world would have rung with the news of it. But, alas! there had been so very many battles, many far deadlier in their totals of killed and wounded, that it, in the midst of the collapse of the Confederacy, got relatively small attention.

It is well to tell first the story of the events which led up to this battle. After Fort Fisher, on the Cape Fear River and the sea south of Wilmington, had fallen, January 15, 1865, the Federal government sent Maj. Gen. John M. Schofield's army corps to New Bern (which had been in possession of the U. S. since March, 1862). Gen. Alfred M. Terry's corps, which had participated in the capture of Fort Fisher, was ordered to join Schofield and move toward Goldsboro to reinforce Gen. W. T. Sherman, who was then marching from South Carolina toward

North Carolina. This would give Sherman two additional corps. Sherman had marched across Georgia and South Carolina, to the sea, from Atlanta.

President Jefferson Davis had placed the shattered fragment of what was known as the Western Army again under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Sherman was advancing steadily. General Hardee had commanded most of the Confederate troops in front of Sherman, but his force could do little more than harass Sherman's advance. General Johnston, as soon as he reached his army, determined to strike Sherman at once and deliver battle before Schofield and Terry could unite with him. So he ordered all the force at Wilmington under Bragg to join Hardee. Johnston's hope was to strike with his united army, small, but hard-fighting, the three units, one after the other. He proposed to use 36,000 troops in this plan.

He planned to use in it veterans of the fragments of Cleburne's, Cheatham's, Loring's, Taliaferro's, D. H. Hill's, Walthall's and Stevenson's infantry divisions and Wade Hampton's consolidated cavalry division; with Robert F. Hoke's division, Basil Manly's and Rhett's artillery battalions, also four regiments of North Carolina Junior Reserves (boys) under Gen. Lawrence S. Baker, of North Carolina; the former garrisons of Fort Caswell, Fort Campbell, Fort Holmes, and Fort Johnston, all these forts having been evacuated when General Schofield landed. These garrisons and part of Hagood's South Carolina brigade were in a fight at Town Creek, near Wilmington, but finally retired. By March 7, Hoke was near Kinston and part of Johnston's army was at Smithfield. On that day Gen. D. H. Hill was ordered to take his own division and a brigade of Gen. Stevenson's division and move to Hoke's position, for battle. On the 9th, Hill and Hoke engaged the Federal army corps of General Cox (13,000 men), near Kinston and there was a hot fight, in which the Federals lost 1,257. The Confederates retired, in order to join the consolidated force, as planned by Johnston.

Hardee had to make a stand at Averasboro, March 16, until Hill and Hoke could arrive from Kinston, and there was another hot fight. General Johnston, carrying out his plan to strike Sherman before Schofield arrived, concentrated his army at the tiny hamlet of Bentonville, and there repulsed Sherman's advance. The battle raged in a pine forest, on uneven ground, on a four-mile front and a depth of a mile. With Johnston were four of the ablest engineer officers in the Confederate service. Both armies built miles of breastworks, with no end of rifle pits, and the fighting was terrible. Late in the afternoon, a general advance of the Confederate

front was ordered by Johnston, but Sherman could not be driven off. The Junior Reserves (the "seed corn of the Confederacy," as Gov. Z. B. Vance termed them), made a splendid record for gallantry and steadiness.

General Sherman, in an order to his army, dated March 22, at Bentonville, said: "You beat yesterday, on its chosen ground, the concentrated armies of our enemy, who had fled in disorder, leaving his dead, wounded, and prisoners in our hands and has burned his bridges in his retreat. On the same day General Schofield, from New Bern, occupied Goldsboro, and General Terry, from Wilmington secured Cox's bridge crossing on Neuse River and laid a pontoon bridge there."

Johnston's force engaged at Bentonville numbered 14,000, and in the three days it lost 2,606.

Sherman did not attack after this daring repulse, but waited quietly for Schofield and Terry to join him. He knew Johnston had to retreat, as his diminished army could never again fight a pitched battle. So Bentonville was the last battle of the war. Johnston retreated, passing through Raleigh and surrendered near Durham, knowing that further resistance was useless. The war was really over. The Federal loss at Bentonville was 194 killed, 1,152 wounded, 214 captured and missing; total, 1,560. The Confederate loss was 239 killed, 1,694 wounded, 673 captured and missing, total 2,606.

The battle field of Bentonville still reveals lines of entrenchments so perfectly preserved as to be startling. They reach for miles; some face southward (those of the Confederates) others to the northward (those of the Federals). Men, with incredible labor and speed also, built them and nature has in the years which have passed cared for them with infinite tenderness. The long-leaf pines, with a very thin undergrowth here and there, and often none at all, stand by thousands, while lying prostrate among them are great numbers of fallen ones, with only the "heart" remaining solid. In these fallen pines are untold numbers of bullets, and also not a few shell fragments, grape shot, and canister.

Nature had even adorned the scene with some of her tenderest flowers, for in April the trailing arbutus, (the mayflower of New England) garlanded the entrenchments and the multitude of rifle pits with its fragrant blossoms. The rifle pits are as distinct and well preserved as if they had been dug but a few years ago. Time has stood very still in that once bloody area. Sometimes the entrenchments of the contending armies are but a few score yards apart. Confederate and Federal engineers had used their greatest skill in laying them out for that game of life and death.

[Continued on page 75.]

THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA.

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

For many years the Yale University Press has been gathering from all parts of the country pictorial material upon all phases of American history. If this vast collection were spread out on view, it would constitute a picture gallery that would visualize every individual, event, or development of consequence from the advent of Christopher Columbus and John Cabot to the return voyage of Colonel Lindbergh or of Commander Byrd's flight over the top of the world.

We may easily imagine pilgrimages to examine a collection of this character and scope. Students would visit it by schools and classes and adults by the thousands.

But it is not necessary to travel to New Haven or to New York to see this exceptional exhibition of Americana. It may, through the medium of the fifteen volumes of the *Pageant of America*, be had in convenient and usable form by anyone or by any library anywhere. Over eleven thousand pictures selected from more than fifty thousand gathered!

This review, with its accompanying illustrations, can present only an inadequate outline of the storehouse of information in the pictures and in the text which sets forth the story.

The major subjects offered in these volumes, from "Adventures in the Wilderness" to the "American Spirit in Architecture," are set forth in orderly sequence. At the risk of using an overworked expression, each topic has been prepared by a distinguished specialist, while the entire material had to pass the gauntlet of a board of historians. Repeated reviews and revisions of both manuscripts and page proof were made at great pains and heavy additional expense, representing real courage in the business office coupled with high determination in the

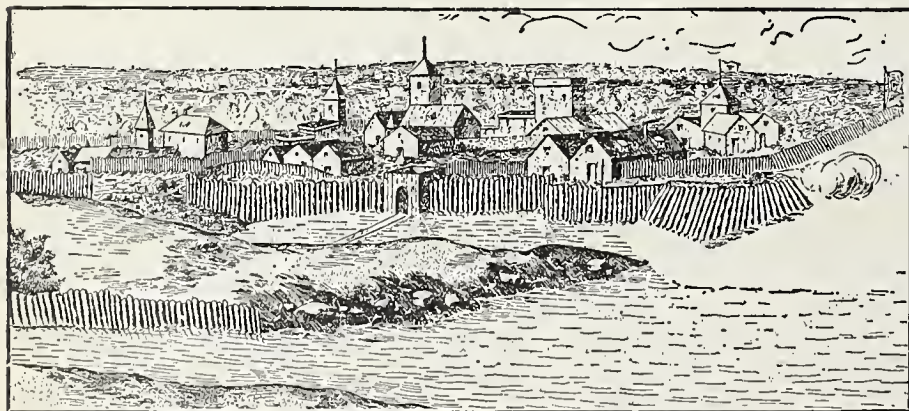
sanctum. It was, however, recognized that the readers are entitled to the best; in addition, the reputation of a great university was involved.



THE "MANNER OF FISHING IN VIRGINIA."

John White observed the fishing customs of the Virginia and Carolina natives. He noted the Indian weirs for guiding the fish into a trap; the spear, and the dugout, in the midst of which a fire was often built on an earthen hearth to warm the fishermen and to cook the catch. All the practices in his faithful representation were customary on the Atlantic coast. But the Indians never ventured beyond the shallows immediately adjoining the shore. Unlike the Polynesians of the Pacific islands, they developed no ocean-going canoes. The discovery of the cod banks off New England and Newfoundland was left to the whites.—*From the Pageant of America. Copyright Yale University Press. Drawings by John White, 1585, in the British Museum.*

Hence, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that we are not asked to pass upon another set of books added to a lengthening list, of the making of which there seems no end. Not only do the illustrations and text make a combination that is unique in scholarship and execution, but because of the enormous outlay required, this work has not now, and may never have, an adequate rival. Yet, despite all this initial expense, the cost of the popular or "Independence" edition—the one the writer has before him—is remarkably small.



JAMESTOWN IN 1622, FROM A CONTEMPORARY DUTCH PRINT.

From the *Pageant of America*. Copyright Yale University Press.



CHARLESTON, 1739.

In 1742, Eliza Lucas, an English girl who owned a large estate in South Carolina, who afterwards married Chief Justice Charles Pinckney and became the mother of Charles Cotesworth and Thomas Pinckney, wrote a description of the colony: "Charles Town, the metropolis, is a neat, pretty place, the inhabitants polite and live (in) a very genteel manner; the streets and houses regularly built; and ladies and gentlemen gay in their dress." Though the population was dominantly English, there were French Huguenots, Scotch, and Scotch-Irish among them, and many who had come from Barbados.—*From the Pageant of America*. Copyright Yale University Press. Line engraving by W. H. Toms, after a drawing by B. Roberts, published at London, 1739.

The VETERAN'S space is limited; yet, regardless of its intrinsic merits, the Southern people should know about this work, which has been prepared under the auspices of the New England University that but recently has announced an endowment in memory of a son of Yale who was also a member of the Confederate Cabinet, on the ground of honoring him for his services in the sphere of government.

With regard to the preparation of those topics dealing with sectional controversy, it has been

the privilege of the writer to lay before the board of editors certain impressions involving interpretations of the South in terms of the great republic which the South so largely created and developed. Perhaps there were a hundred phases discussed in conference and a thousand points brought up for editorial attention—such was "our" honorary task, undertaken by this reviewer on behalf of a better intersectional understanding.

Finally, your reviewer may add that he has



STRATFORD, WESTMORELAND COUNTY, VA.

Stratford, famous as the birthplace of Robert E. Lee, was built between 1725 and 1730. Like Tuckahoe, it has a plan of Jacobean character—a central hall with wings forming an H, and details in which classic influence is dominant. There is, however, Jacobean tradition here even in the chimneys—four separate flues in each carried up and joined at the top with classic arches. The simple brick detail of the pedimented door is carved out with great delicacy and skill. As usual, outside service buildings completed the composition; only one of the four symmetrically placed is here shown.—*From the Pageant of America*. Copyright Yale University Press. From a photograph by H. P. Cook.

had the privilege of seeing veritable stacks of enthusiastic appraisal of this work from men in every line of endeavor—university professors of all branches and business men who wrote about the absorbing interest as well as the usefulness of the books to them or to their families. If I were writing this comment for some of our contemporary business prints, I should, in their venacular, add that these testimonials, if spread end to end, would reach from Baltimore to Nashville, or perhaps across the continent!*

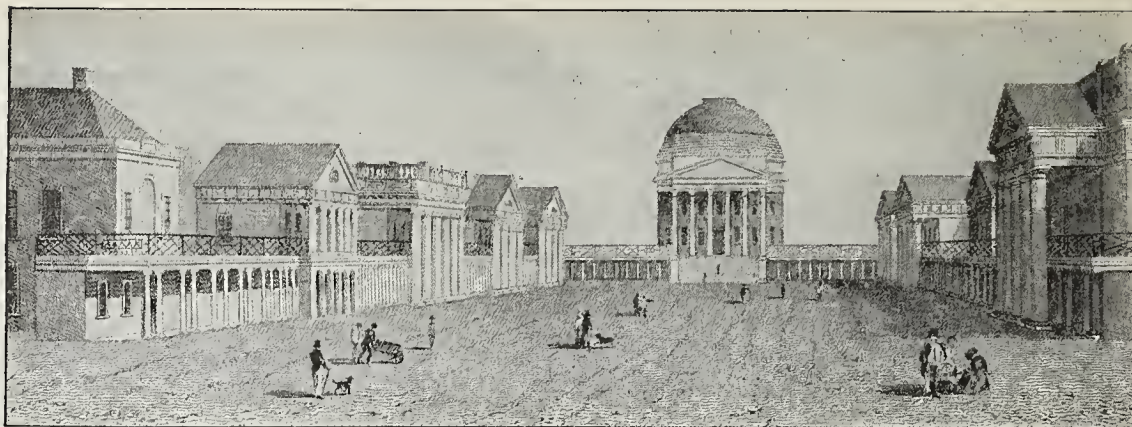
CONSCIENTIOUS RESEARCH.

BY MISS NANNIE DAVIS SMITH, BATON ROUGE, LA.

(Continued from January number)

[Extracts from "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" in which Mr. Davis corrects errors and erroneous impressions, as follows:]

"We arrived at Charlotte on April 18, 1865, and I there received at the moment of dismounting, a telegram from General Brackinridge, announcing, on information received from General Sherman, that President Lincoln had been assassinated. An influential citizen of the town, who had come to welcome me, was standing near me, and after remarking to him in a low voice that I had received sad intelligence, I handed the telegram to him. Some troopers encamped in the vicinity had collected to see me. They called to the gentleman who had the dispatch in his hand to read it, no doubt supposing it to be army news. He complied with their request, and a few, only taking in the fact, but not appreciating the evil it portended, cheered, as was natural at news of the fall of one they considered their most powerful foe. The man who invented the story of my having read the dispatch with exultation had free scope for his imagination, as he was not present and had no chance to know whereof he bore witness, even if there had been any foundation of truth for his fiction. For an enemy so relentless in the war for



THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, CHARLOTTESVILLE.

Of all the architectural work with which Jefferson was associated, the University of Virginia is the most comprehensive. An engraving of 1831 shows the main elements of the group: a quadrangle flanked by templelike pavilions connected by colonnades, and at the end a great domical rotunda. All the orders used—Doric and Ionic for the pavilions and Corinthian for the rotunda—were intended to follow the strictest classical canons in order to serve, as Jefferson put it, "as specimens of order for the architectural lectures."—*From the Pageant of America, Copyright Yale University Press. An engraving by Fenner Sears & Co., London, 1831, after a drawing by W. Goodacre, New York.*

our subjugation, we could not be expected to mourn; yet, in view of its political consequences, it could not be regarded otherwise than as a great misfortune for the South. He had power over the Northern people, and was without personal malignity toward the people of the South; his successor was without power in the North, and the embodiment of malignity toward the Southern people, perhaps the more so because he had betrayed and deserted them in the hour of their need. The war had now shrunk into narrow proportions, but the important consideration remained to so conduct it that, if failing to secure our independence, we might obtain a treaty or quasi-treaty of peace which would secure to the Southern States their political rights and to the people thereof immunity from the plunder of their private property.

"On April 13, 1865, General Johnston wrote to General Sherman, who replied on the 14th: 'I am fully empowered to arrange with you any terms for the suspension of hostilities between the armies commanded by you and these commanded by myself, and will be willing to confer with you to that end,' etc. (Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman, Volume II, page 346). In a letter of D. D. Porter, Vice Admiral, written in 1866, giving his recollections, in the same volume, page 330, is found the following paragraph: 'The conversation between the President and General Sherman about the terms of surrender to be allowed Joe Johnston continued. Sherman energetically insisted that he could command his own terms and that Johnston would have to yield to his demands; but the President was very decided about the matter, and insisted that the

*If convenient to the VETERAN, additional comments may follow by the way of a critical review of several of the volumes in detail.

surrender of Johnston's army must be obtained on any terms.' . . . But while these matters were progressing, Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated, and a vindictive policy had been substituted for this, which avowedly was to procure a speedy surrender of the army upon any terms. His evident wish was to stop the further shedding of blood; that of his successors, like Sherman's, to extract all which it was possible to obtain. From the memoranda of the interview between Mr. Lincoln and Sherman, it is clearly to be inferred that but for the untimely death of Mr. Lincoln, the agreement between Generals Sherman and Johnston would have been ratified, and the wounds inflicted on civil liberty by the 'reconstruction measures' might not have left their shameful scars on the United States.

"General Sherman, in his Memoirs, Volume II, page 349, referring to a conversation between himself and General Johnston at their first meeting, writes: 'I told him I could not believe that he or General Lee or the officers of the Confederate army could possibly be privy to acts of assassination, but I would not say as much for Jeff Davis, George Saunders, and men of that stripe.' On this I have but two remarks to make: First, that I think there were few officers of the Confederate army who would have permitted such a slanderous imputation to be made by a public enemy against the Chief Executive of their government; second, that I could not value the good opinion of the man who, in regard to the burning of Columbia, made a false charge against General Wade Hampton, and having left it to circulate freely for ten years, then in his published memoirs, makes this disgraceful admission: 'In my official report of this conflagration, I distinctly charged it to Gen. Wade Hampton, and confess I did it pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him,' etc. . . .

"The opinion I entertained in regard to President Johnson and his venomous Secretary of War, Stanton, did not permit me to expect that they would be less vindictive after a surrender of our army had been proposed than when it was regarded as a formidable body defiantly holding its position in the field. Whatever hope others entertained that the existing war was about to be peacefully terminated was soon dispelled by the rejection of the basis of agreement on the part of the government of the United States and a notice from General Sherman of the termination of the armistice in forty-eight hours after noon of April 24, 1865. General Johnston communicated to me the substance of the above information received by him from General Sherman, and asked for instructions. I have neither his telegram nor my reply, but can give it

substantially from memory. It was that he should retire with his cavalry, and as many infantry as could be mounted upon draught horses, and some light artillery, the rest of the infantry to be disbanded, and a place of rendezvous appointed. It was unnecessary to say anything of the route, as that had been previously agreed on. This order was disobeyed, and he sought another interview with Sherman, to renew his attempt to reach an agreement for a termination of hostilities. . . .

"Those who look back upon the period when the States were treated as subject provinces, and the congress left to legislate at its will, when a war professedly waged to bring the seceding States back to the Union, with all the rights and privileges guaranteed by the Constitution, was followed by the utter disregard of those rights and the miscalled peace was a state of vindictive hostility, will probably think continued war was not the greatest of evils. . . .

"When I left Washington, Ga., with the small party which has been enumerated, my object was to go to the south far enough to pass below the points reported to be occupied by Federal troops, and then turn to the west, across the Chattahoochee, and then go to meet the forces still supposed to be in the field in Alabama. If, as now seemed probable, there should be no prospect of a successful resistance east of the Mississippi, I intended then to cross to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where I believed Gens. E. K. Smith and Magruder would continue to uphold our cause. That I was not mistaken in the character of these men, I extract from the order issued by Gen. E. K. Smith to the soldiers of the Trans-Mississippi Army on the 21st of April, 1865: 'Great disasters have overtaken us. The Army of Northern Virginia and our General in Chief are prisoners of war. With you rest the hopes of our nation, and upon you depends the fate of our people. Prove to the world that your hearts have not failed in the hour of disaster. Stand by your colors, maintain your discipline. The great resources of this department, its vast extent, the numbers, the discipline, and the efficiency of the army will secure to our country terms that a proud people can with honor accept.' General Magruder, with like heroic determination, invoked the troops and people of Texas not to despond, and pointed out their ability in the interior of that vast State to carry on the war indefinitely. . . . On May 11, after the last army east of the Mississippi had surrendered, but before Kirby Smith had entered into terms, the enemy sent an expedition from the Brazos Santiago against a little Confederate encampment some fifteen miles above. The camp was captured and

burned, but, in the zeal to secure the points of victory, they remained so long collecting the plunder that Gen. J. E. Slaughter heard of the expedition, moved against it, and drove it back with considerable loss, sustaining very little injury to his command. This was, I believe, the last armed conflict of the war, and though very small in comparison to its great battles, it deserves notice as having closed the long struggle, as it opened—with a Confederate victory. . . .

"On the second or third day after leaving Washington, I learned that a band of marauders, supposed to be stragglers and deserters from both armies, were in pursuit of my family, whom I had not seen since they left Richmond, but who I heard at Washington, had gone with my private secretary and seven paroled men, who generously offered their services as an escort to the Florida coast. Their route was to the east of that I was pursuing, but I immediately changed direction and rode rapidly across the country to overtake them. About nightfall the horses of my escort gave out, but I pressed on with Secretary Reagan and my personal staff. It was a bright, moonlight night, and just before day, as the moon was sinking behind the tree tops, I met a party of men in the road, who answered my questions by saying they belonged to an Alabama regiment, that they were coming from a village not far off on their way homeward. Upon inquiry being made, they told me they had passed an encampment of wagons with women and children, and asked me if we belonged to that party. Upon being answered in the affirmative, they took their leave. After a short time, I was hailed by a voice which I recognized as that of my private secretary, who informed me that the marauders had been hanging around the camp, and that he and others were on post around it and were expecting an assault as soon as the moon went down. A silly story had got abroad that it was a treasure train, and the *auri sacra fames* had probably instigated these marauders, as it subsequently stimulated Gen. J. H. Wilson to send out a large cavalry force to capture the same train. For the protection of my family, I traveled with them two or three days, when, believing that they had passed out of the region of marauders, I determined to leave their encampment at nightfall to execute my original purpose. My horse and those of my party proper were saddled preparatory to a start, when one of my staff, who had ridden into the neighboring village, returned and told me that he had heard that a marauding party intended to attack the camp that night. This decided me to wait long enough to see whether there was any truth in the rumor, which I supposed would be ascertained in a

few hours. My horse remained saddled and my pistols in the holsters, and I lay down, fully dressed, to rest. Nothing occurred to rouse me until just before dawn, when my coachman, a free colored man, who had faithfully clung to our fortunes, came and told me that there was firing over the branch just behind our encampment. I stepped out of the tent and saw some horsemen, whom I immediately recognized as cavalry, deploying around the encampment. I turned back and told my wife these were not the expected marauders but regular troopers. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity. My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached; it was therefore impracticable to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite direction. As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my raglan, a waterproof light overcoat, without sleeves; it was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it. As I started, my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl. I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and, dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders, advanced toward him. He leveled his carbine at me, but I expected if he fired he would miss me, and my intention was in that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into the saddle and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended on instantaneous action, and, recognizing that the opportunity had been lost, I turned back and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed on to a fire beyond the tent. Our pursuers had taken different roads, and approached our camp from opposite directions; they encountered each other and commenced firing, both supposing they had met an armed escort, and some casualties resulted from this conflict with an imaginary body of Confederate troops. Colonel Pritchard went over to their battle field and I did not see him for a long time, surely more than an hour after my capture. He subsequently claimed credit in a conversation with me for the forbearance shown by his men in not shooting me when I refused to surrender. Wilson and others have uttered many falsehoods in regard to my capture, which have been exposed in publications by persons there present, by Secretary Reagan, by the members of my personal staff, and by the coachman, Jim Jones, which must

have been convincing to all who were not given over to believe a lie. . . . We were, when prisoners, subjected to petty pillage, as described in the publications referred to, and to annoyances such as military gentlemen never commit or permit.

"On our way to Macon, we received the proclamation of President Andrew Johnson, offering a reward for my apprehension as an accomplice in the assassination of the late President A. Lincoln. Some troops by the wayside had the proclamation, which was displayed with vociferous demonstrations of exultation over my capture. When we arrived at Macon, I was conducted to the hotel where General Wilson had his quarters. A strong guard was in front of the entrance, and when I got down to pass in, it opened ranks, facing inward, and presented arms. . . .

"One by one all my companions in misfortune were sent away, we knew not whither, leaving on the vessel only Mr. Clay and his wife and myself and family. After some days' detention, Clay and myself were removed to Fortress Monroe and there incarcerated in separate cells. Not knowing that the government was at war with women and children, I asked that my family might be permitted to leave the ship and go to Richmond or Washington City, or to some place where they had acquaintances; but this was refused. I then requested that they might be permitted to go abroad on one of the vessels lying at the Roads. This was also denied. Finally, I was informed that they must return to Savannah on the vessel by which we came. This was an old transport ship hardly seaworthy. My last attempt was to get for them the privilege of stopping at Charleston, where they had many personal friends. This also was refused, why I did not then know, have not learned since, and am unwilling to make a supposition as none could satisfactorily account for such an act of inhumanity. My daily experience as a prisoner shed no softer light on the transaction, but only served to intensify my extreme solicitude. Bitter tears have been shed by the gentle, and stern reproaches have been made by the magnanimous on account of the needless torture to which I was subjected, and the heavy fetters riveted upon me, while in a stone casement and surrounded by a strong guard; but all these were less excruciating than the mental agony my captors were able to inflict. It was long before I was permitted to hear from my wife and children, and this and things like this was the power which education added to savage cruelty; but I do not propose now and here to enter upon the story of my imprisonment, or more than refer to other matters which concern me personally, as distinct from my connection with the Confederacy."

JEFFERSON DAVIS OF BEAUVOIR.

BY MARIE CALCOTE HARRIS.

PRELUDIUM.

There are names too great for history's page
 'Till Time shall claim her own;
 Then our heroes' names, unchronicled,
 We'll etch on blocks of stone.
 Names, such as Beauvoir's martyr great;
 The man who dared and died,
 Who bore his cross in kingly way,
 And Northern hosts defied.

Manacled, chained, in a noisome cell,
 The master of beautiful Beauvoir.
 Held in the toils of a tyrant's hell,
 The master of beautiful Beauvoir.
 A head that was never bowed in shame;
 A man who proudly played life's real game;
 Gave service true, with no thought of fame—
 The master of beautiful Beauvoir.

Broken in health and distressed in mind—
 The hero of desolate Beauvoir.
 Exiled, held for high ransom . . . a king—
 The hero of desolate Beauvoir.
 With patience rare, his faith unbroken;
 With charity . . . his grief unspoken;
 Leaving the South his name as a token—
 The hero of desolate Beauvoir.

With rev'rence deep breathe low that name—
 The martyr of historic Beauvoir.
 Go teach the truth, of how he became
 The martyr of historic Beauvoir.
 O, you wonder man who, by God's grace,
 At last in history's page finds place,
 Right well you have gained the runner's race,
 The martyr of historic Beauvoir.

ECHOES OF WAR.—Writing on the 30th of December, 1928, J. J. Templeton, of Jacksonville, Tex., says: "Sixty-six years ago to-day I was in line of battle at Murfreesboro, Tenn., with Douglas's Texas Battery, awaiting the coming together of two great armies in deadly conflict the next day. Each year since then, at this time, I always spend a few hours listening to the sound of cannon and small arms 'amidst the cedars green.' There is now left only one member of my company who left this county in September, 1861, Lewis Jones, and we two are waiting to see which will be the 'last man' of the company to survive. . . . I trust that the VETERAN will live long after we are all gone across the river to meet those gone before."

COMMANDERS OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

CHARLES READ OF MISSISSIPPI.

BY JULIA PORCHER WICKHAM.

It is only by a strong effort of the imagination that we can picture to ourselves the conditions under which the Confederate government first began to function. Carried away by their determination to maintain their rights as sovereign States, the people of the South followed the line of least resistance and seceded. Having taken this most revolutionary step, they suddenly found themselves in a state of war, to their own great surprise and secret dismay; but, like a deep-sea swimmer, who knows it is either death or bold striking out for safety, the South caught its breath and went on. We are a friendly, sociable people, and we like to like and be liked. It is a well-known fact that General Beauregard had difficulty in convincing the Charleston people that they must not send supplies over to Anderson and his men on Fort Sumter, and Anderson was equally surprised and hurt in his feelings when he found his supplies stopped. He liked the Charlestonians, naturally enough, and they liked him.

It is amazing in what a short time, however, order was brought out of chaos. A government was arranged out of almost nothing. It was not perfect, but it functioned for four long years, after some sort of fashion.

The Secretary of the Treasury, C. G. Memminger, declared after the war was over that no taxes had ever been raised by the Confederate government for the carrying on of the war, and, instead of abusing its officials for imperfect management, the marvel was that they could do anything! "Sell cotton"? said Mr. Memminger, after a fierce attack upon him in the papers by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. "There was no cotton to sell. There were no resources of any kind available for the support of the troops in the field."

This, of course, explains the great suffering among our men. In fact, it is pitiful to see how little our own people knew what they were going in for when that terrible war began. It was forced upon them largely by Lincoln's untruthfulness and utter duplicity, but, as we see now, we also entered into it too rashly, and without any proper preparation.

The navy, like everything else, as far as ships and materials went, had to be organized out of almost nothing; but not so with the men.

The "Old Navy," as it came to be called—that trained by the Federal government on many a distant sea—furnished, almost at once, the best of material in the way of officers and men, who, with comparatively few exceptions, offered their services at once to the Confederate government.

Among the least well known of these, and yet most worthy of fame, was Capt. Charles Read, of Yazoo City, Miss. Unfortunately, his spectacular raids against Northern shipping took place at the same time as the Gettysburg campaign, and, being overshadowed by the great events on land, were soon forgotten. It is one of those cases where the most worthy get the least notice, but, nevertheless, even in his short career, he gained the name of the Paul Jones of the Confederacy.

An account of him was published several years ago in *Munsey's Magazine* by a man named Walter Scott Meriwether, which account was kindly lent me by a friend. It is not every day that one discovers some one who is to all intents and purposes a brand new hero, and as such I want to introduce him to the readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

When the war broke out, Read promptly reported to the Confederate Secretary of the Navy in Richmond, Mr. Mallory, and was assigned to duty with the Mississippi flotilla. Having distinguished himself there, he joined the Confederate commerce destroyer, *Florida*, under Capt. J. Newland Maffitt, and, with him, escaped out into the open seas by running the blockade. It was on May 6, 1863, when off the coast of South America, that the *Florida* pursued and captured the brig *Clarence*. This ship had such a wide spread of canvas, and such graceful and beautiful lines, that a brilliant idea came suddenly into the head of the young adventurer. What if he could be given the command of that beautiful ship, which he had fallen in love with at first sight? Perfectly preposterous idea, of course. He couldn't sail a ship all by himself, could he? Captain Maffitt had very little to spare, and where could he get enough men, food, and ammunition? Still, the thought would not down. He was simply crazy to get hold of that boat. Well, he could go talk it over with the captain anyhow; there would be no harm in that. "Nothing venture, nothing have" was a good saying to remember.

Going to the captain, he made the audacious request that the brig should be turned over to him as the commanded of another raider, and a few supplies and men be given him. Of course

many objections were raised, but Read managed to overcome them all. Four officers and eighteen seamen volunteered to join the adventure, wild as it was. The only gun Maffitt felt he could spare was a small boat howitzer, which was like the tiny brass cannon which modern yachts carry for saluting purposes, and which threw a shot about the size of a baseball. They carried some small arms as well, in case of a close fight, but Read relied more on his wits, apparently, than anything else. Besides the howitzer, Read fashioned a half dozen "Quaker guns" (make-believe cannon), which he fastened on the deck and covered with canvas, and which gave his little brig quite the air of being heavily armed. It seems an absurd equipment, but it was marvelous what he did with it. Finally, Read transferred his scanty crew, his one gun, and a small supply of provisions and ammunition to the Clarence, and hoisted the Confederate flag to her gaff. The Florida signaled "Good Luck," and they were off on their own. Captain Read was twenty-four years old when this event took place.

The raids made by Semmes in the Sumter and the Alabama are popularly regarded as the most notable in history, but Read, with his small equipment, far excelled them. All the seaports of the Confederacy were then closely blockaded by the Northern fleets, and it was his intention to prey on the vessels which thought themselves safe outside that iron band. He first captured, with extraordinary ease, the brig Whistling Wind (what an excellent name for a boat that is), bound for New Orleans, with coal for Farragut's fleet, then operating on the Mississippi River. Taking the crew on board his boat and all the stores he could utilize (and he needed almost everything), he set fire to the prize, and stood away for another sail which the "look out" had already sighted. This also was soon captured. It was a schooner laden with arms and clothing, and the captain gave a bond that they should all be delivered to the Confederate government, and so they were allowed to go on their way. And so it went on. He not only captured twenty-two vessels in fifty-two days, but included in his prizes an armed ship which had been specially fitted out to capture him. There were other "high lights" in his career which are not found in that of Admiral Semmes—such as his use of the, supposedly, modern dodge of camouflage. He was distinctly a young man who used his brain to help out his powder. On the morning of June 12, he captured the

schooner Schindler, and a few hours later the Kate Stewart came idling along and was made a prize also. This made a most inconvenient number of prisoners on board his ship; and, when the bark Tacony hove in sight and was captured like the rest, Read realized that he must transfer some of his prisoners to one of his prizes. This he quickly did and sent her on her way back to the United States. He knew, of course, that would bring a fleet of vessels in search of him, so, as soon as the boat with the prisoners on it was out of sight, he burned the second vessel and then, though very reluctantly, he transferred himself, popgun and all, to the ugly, black Tacony and burned the beautiful little Clarence, knowing he never would be recognized in this new rig. The escaped prisoners quickly spread the news of this terrible raider, and at one time there were said to have been thirty-odd ships hunting for the white Clarence, which, of course, they did not find. Meanwhile, there was a panic in the seaboard cities of the North over the terrible destruction of their shipping; for, you remember, many New Englanders made their living almost entirely by the sea. Their boats meant their lives to them. One night, after Read had been sailing for a short time in the Tacony, a strange vessel suddenly appeared out of the darkness. Difficult as it was to see her, he quickly discerned her character, and all hands were at once busy about the deck of the Tacony, hustling the "Quaker guns" and the little howitzer out of sight. Presently, out of the darkness, roared a hail: "This is the United States ship Saratoga. What ship is that?" "This is the American ship Mary Jane, bound from Boston to New Orleans with stores for the blockading fleet," was the quick answer from the Tacony's captain. From the warship was roared an order to heave to and receive a boat.

Read had captured a boat called the Mary Jane only a short time before, brought her crew and her papers on board his own vessel, and then scuttled her; and now his plan was to masquerade under her name and so escape capture by this big Yankee war vessel. He detailed the first officer to quickly bring her log up to date while waiting for the boat to arrive. This was very hurriedly done, but sufficiently so for the deception. Read, dressed in oilskins to cover his Confederate uniform, received the officer and escorted him to his cabin, where he produced the ship's papers. To his delight they passed muster. The Northerner glanced over them, apologized for delaying the vessel, ac-

cepted a glass of sherry, and departed. "And," said Read to one of his prisoners to whom he was telling the story, "that man graduated from the Naval Academy fully twenty numbers ahead of me!" (It was said that Read was not much on book work. He was always called "Savez Read," because that was the only French word he could ever remember, and it was also said that, after four years of hard study, he managed to graduate brilliantly at the foot of his class. But he knew how to use his mind, all the same.)

Knowing that black-hulled barks were now resting under suspicion, Captain Read decided to make another change, so, when fortune favored him by sending the schooner Archer in his way, he transferred all hands to her and scuttled the Tacony. In this new disguise, he proceeded up the coast. There he picked up two fishermen, and learned from them that the revenue cutter, Caleb Cushing, was in port, being fitted up to go out and capture the Tacony, he, of course immediately got the idea into his head that it would be nice to go in and capture the capturer. Using the fishermen as his pilots (they had not the slightest idea of who he was, of course), he entered the harbor in broad daylight and anchored near the Cushing. At midnight he boarded her and, in a short time, he was in command of the ship. But right there his luck deserted him. He was too late for the outgoing tide and had great difficulty in getting his prize out of the harbor. He was soon discovered and closely pursued by both troops and citizens, for, when the news had spread of this audacious capture of a ship in their own harbor, there was the wildest excitement in Portland. The wind had died down just at the critical moment, and as Captain Merriman, who had been sent to command the Cushing on her expedition against Read and the Tacony, came into the harbor on a Boston steamer, he was surprised to see the cutter which he had been ordered to command, at the mouth of the harbor and under sail. At Fort Preble, under whose very guns Read had towed his prize, there was quartered a detachment of regular infantry under the command of Major Andrews. Word was hurried to that officer, and, at the same time, everything in the place which could be considered military hastened to join the expedition against the enemy. Meanwhile, Read and his exhausted crew, who had been working all night, had managed to get the becalmed cutter well out of range of the guns of Fort Preble. Seeing three vessels hurrying toward him, he cleared his decks for ac-

tion. Even then he might have gotten away, but at this critical moment came the frightful discovery that the ship's magazine could not be found anywhere. No ammunition was there for either of the two guns on board, except two rounds, which he discharged against his fast-coming enemies, while frantic but futile search went on for the rest. The prisoners on board were questioned, but loyally refused to give them any information. The one shot which Read had fired himself fell near enough to one of the pursuing boats to splash water over her decks, which Captain Merriman and his men declared they did not mind in the least, but the volunteer citizens on board said it was a foolhardy expedition anyhow, and begged to be taken back home. The naval officers objected to this, and it was decided to attack the Cushing again. Seeing at last that the game was up, Read deliberately began his preparations for destroying his prize. First, he set his prisoners free and sent them off in a boat; then, launching the two remaining boats, he set fire to the cutter in a dozen places before he left her. The Federal flotilla lay off until the Cushing blew up, then rowed in and took Read and his men prisoners. Major Andrews, seeing the great excitement in Portland, immediately advised the War Department to send the prisoners away as quietly and as expeditiously as possible. "I do not think it is safe," he said, "for them to be left in the custody of the citizens." Read was accordingly transferred to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor. He had as a fellow prisoner, Lieutenant Alexander, of Virginia. After months of toil in the hard masonry of their cell, the two Southerners managed to make an opening sufficiently large for them to pass through. The following midnight found them crouched on the parapet, waiting for the guard to complete his round before they could descend by a rope made out of blankets. The night was dark and misty, and the sentry ran his hand along his bayonet to find it so wet that he plunged it into the dunnage by his side. With the weight of the heavy Springfield rifle behind it, the weapon went deep into Read's thigh—but never a muscle did he move nor let the slightest cry escape him! The moment the sentry had gone, the prisoners quickly put their blanket rope in place and descended. Even though bleeding profusely, Read did not tell his companion that he was wounded until they made their way to a small sloop, which seems to have been waiting for them, when the poor young man fainted from loss of blood. Before night-

fall he was in a high fever and delirious and his companion had all he could do to prevent his plunging overboard. Outworn by hunger, thirst, and the long vigil, Lieutenant Alexander was roused from a fitful sleep to find a man-of-war's cutter alongside. The slacking sail of the unguided boat had attracted the attention of a Federal cruiser and a boat had been sent to investigate. The two Confederates were put on board the cruiser and taken back to Boston, but not until their arrival there did the officers know who they were.

To guard against further efforts to escape, Read was put in close confinement, and was kept under heavy guard until almost the end of the war. Jefferson Davis, from whom he had secured his appointment to the Naval Academy, then managed to effect an exchange for his protégé.

During the last days of the war, Read managed to reach Richmond, and went on working for the Confederacy in ways that I cannot go into here, finally returning to Louisiana, where he again attempted to run the blockade, but was unsuccessful. He set fire to his craft, and, with his crew, sought refuge in the woods. With this last dash—undertaken two weeks after Lee's surrender at Appomattox—Read's career as a Confederate officer came to an end. Subsequently, his restless spirit took him to South America, but, eventually, he returned to Louisiana.

In succeeding years, few captains, making for New Orleans, ever recognized, in the quiet-spoken pilot who took their vessels up the river, the man who, according to one of his classmates and former enemies, embodied the most dashing type of naval officer that the nation has produced since Decatur.

It was as a Mississippi pilot that Read died in 1890. Captain Read was survived by several children, having married twice. As far as this scribe knows, the only child now living is Miss May Read, of California.

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER FROM ARKANSAS.

(In the effort to secure definite information on the war service of Father Ryan, poet-priest of the Confederate South, here and there is found where his life touched others in the association of war days. Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes of having known a Father Lucey during her residence in Arkansas many years ago, and had heard him speak of having

known Father Ryan during the war. By her request, he wrote an article on Father Ryan, which was published in the *Southern Guardian*, and by Mrs. Hyde placed in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. In that article he brings out that "Father Ryan studied theology at the Seminary of Our Lady of the Angels at Niagara Falls, and was ordained. He was doing missionary work in Virginia when the Civil War broke out. He went at once as a chaplain in the Confederate army and served through the war, the greater part of the time with the 8th Tennessee Regiment."

The war record of Father Lucey was that of a gallant soldier of the Confederacy, and a sketch of his life in the *Southern Guardian* is here reproduced in large part.)

Monsignor Lucey died at Santa Rosa Hospital, San Antonio, Tex., on Saturday morning, June 20, 1914, after having completed a most exemplary life in the priesthood. The grief at his death was universal, regardless of creed or color. As evidence of the general respect this priest-soldier commanded, during the hour of the removal of his body from station to church in Pine Bluff, where the services were held, virtually every business house in the city was closed.

He was a serious man, deeply in earnest about his work, whether on the battle field, in the pulpit, at the altar, on the street, or in his study, and yet there was in him a very fine sense of humor which always made good impressions when reduced to words, spoken or written.

He was a man of rare accomplishments, and many of the best and richest people of the State were his warmest friends. He was a scholar and a gentleman. He was a student and a writer. Many of his literary productions will live while the years roll on, and those who have not fully appreciated what he did for the Church and State will one day realize that Monsignor Lucey has left behind him in the form of his writings much that is rare and valuable.

Monsignor Lucey was prominent in the affairs of Arkansas for fifty years, having a most honorable and distinguished Confederate record as well as a high place among the workers for the material advancement of his native State. He was one of the detail that raised the first Confederate flag at Fort Smith in 1861.

The father and mother of Monsignor Lucey were born in Ireland, but were married September 19, 1839, in Troy, N. Y., where their four

children, two daughters and two sons, were born, one dying in infancy in Troy. In 1847, the family moved to Arkansas, going by the way of New Orleans, up the Mississippi and Red rivers, and finally settling at Rocky Comfort, Sevier County, now Foreman, Little River County, Ark. After three years' stay there, though prospering beyond expectation, the family moved to Fort Smith, where the final home was made, and where Monsignor Lucey's recollections begin.

He went to St. Andrew's College, the Catholic school of the town, starting at the age of six years. In 1860 he was a pupil of Ward's Academy, Fort Smith, where J. C. Stanley, the African explorer, was professor of languages. As a boy he was frail and delicate in health, and threatened at times with pulmonary consumption. He was frequently withdrawn from school.

At the age of seventeen, he joined the Fort Smith Rifles, Company A, 3d Arkansas Infantry, and was present with his command in all the Arkansas engagements of the early period of the war. At the battle of Oak Hills, or Wilson's Creek, August 10, 1861, he was one of the five whom J. H. Spears, captain of the company, commended for bravery. The company had fifty-two men in line of battle that day, and in about twenty-five minutes nine were killed and nineteen wounded. The terrible noise of the six-gun battery, supplemented by a thousand or more muskets, caused concussion of the ears in perhaps ten of the company.

In the reorganization of the company, 1861-62, Monsignor Lucey was obliged to become an irregular soldier, going into different commands and different departments as he was ordered. This was owing to the fact that Dr. Spring, the Confederate examining surgeon, refused to pass him for regular service, telling him that as he was now eighteen years of age, or something more, if he would take good care of himself and live to be over twenty-one, he might outgrow his troubles, or, at least, live for some time longer, but that six months of camp life would surely kill him. An enlargement of the throat was noticed, incipient deafness manifested itself, and the old lung weakness appeared again. It was a distressing blow to the young soldier, who had been told that he would soon be elected to a lieutenantancy, with good chances for further promotion.

In some months a change of health for the better seemed to come, and he made his way to Hindman's army, then near Clarksville, and joined the Fort Smith company. The predic-

tions of Dr. Spring that he could not stand exposure of camp life were soon verified, and he was transferred to the Quartermaster's Department. While fulfilling a commission with a foraging train north of Fort Smith, in the Cherokee Nation, his horse was shot from under him by Federal Indians under Opatheohalo, and he was left for dead. He was only stunned by the fall, however, the bullets of the Indians merely grazing his head. In the growing dusk he made his way through the woods to Fort Smith, and the next day the army moved southward. Young Lucey continued to serve the army as best he could, but in 1864 was taken by Federals and, as exchange of prisoners had been discontinued, he gave his parole not to serve again in the Confederate army until the close of war. It was the general belief at the time that the war was virtually closed, and in the light of history it seems that the advance southward of the Federal army of Northwest Arkansas was held back as much by the cupidity of Federal officers as by the Confederate army. Cotton at a dollar a pound was very alluring, and it seemed well to allow another crop to be raised before the farms were destroyed. Gen. W. L. Cabell, then in command, also maneuvered so admirably his small Confederate force that Blount and Curtiss, the Federal generals, considered discretion the better part of valor, especially after many casualties to their army by Cabell at Devil's Backbone, eighteen miles south of Fort Smith.

Monsignor Lucey soon fell under the suspicion of the Federal government in regard to the relief or rescue of Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island and for supposed participation in the raid from Canada at St. Albans, Vt. His father had some private correspondence with the Taafe brothers, old Sevier County friends, who were members of Monroe's Regiment and confined on Johnson's Island, but, after investigation, it was decided that nothing could be done for them with any promise of success. Monsignor Lucey had nothing to do with the raids planned by the Confederate commissioner in Canada, George N. Sanders, and was not in sympathy with a great deal of the work.

In September, 1865, Monsignor Lucey entered Fordham University, New York City, graduating in 1868. His old trouble, however, pursued him. Deafness now became pronounced. In the fall of 1868 he entered Mount St. Mary's Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, and struggled for nearly two years to fit himself for the priesthood, when he was obliged to give up the idea,

for noted aurists of Cincinnati, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia told him that there was no cure, nor any way to prevent an advance of his deafness. Some of the specialists said that if he could ever get where the noise was as great as the booming of the cannon at Oak Hills, the concussion might pass away and the little hammers in the ears get to work again.

Returning to Fort Smith in 1870, broken down physically, his native air revived him. The position of principal of the public high school was offered him and accepted, his old teacher, Valentine Dell, a fiery and prominent Republican, being president of the School Board. He established the *Belle Grove School Journal*, perhaps the first of its kind in the State, and brought his department to a high degree of efficiency.

His health now returning, he was ordained a priest of the Catholic Church at Fort Smith, November 14, 1872, by Bishop Fitzgerald. He was appointed pastor at Pine Bluff, December, 1872, and labored there for nearly half a century with notable success.

In 1902-03 he made a tour of the world, visiting the Hawaiian Islands, China, Japan, Philippine Islands, India, Egypt, the Holy Land, and several other countries in Europe. In the fall of 1903, Pope Pius X elevated Father Lucey to the high rank of Monsignor, it being the first time the rare honor was ever conferred on a priest of the Diocese of Little Rock and in 1907, he was made Vicar General.

Monsignor Lucey had always been a zealous worker in the Confederate cause. With Governor Eagle, John G. Fletcher, and other prominent Confederates, thirty-three years ago, at a meeting held in the statehouse, Little Rock, he aided in the formulation of plans for the organization of Camps of Confederate veterans in the State. As chairman of the Memorial Committee of the Arkansas U. C. V., he prepared the beautiful volume, "The Heroism of More Than Fifty Confederate Women in Confederate Arkansas," in which is a record of the heroines. He had frequently been Chaplain General of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., and was Chaplain on the staff of General Cabell, department commander. He was also spoken of for the office of Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans.

The Catholic Laymen's Association of Arkansas elected him editor of the *Southern Guardian*, the diocesan paper, and under his able editorship the paper took rank among the first-class Catholic weeklies of the country. He also continued his duties as pastor of St. Joseph's Church at Pine

Bluff. Finding this double duty too strenuous, the Monsignor resigned as editor and returned to Pine Bluff to again give his whole and undivided time to his parish as long as he lived.

A DISAPPOINTING FORAGE.

G. L. Roach, of Hondo, Calif., an old Confederate of Rockingham County, N. C., tells this story of war days: "After the battle of the Wilderness, my command went on a long march to Culpeper Courthouse, and after a few days we stopped for a little rest. We pitched our tents and stayed there several days. On the second night, five of us decided to go on a foraging expedition. We had drawn hard-tack, but no meat, and we started out to find something good to eat. Some two miles away we came to a fine residence, and, finding everything quiet, we started around to the back door to the smokehouse. The only living things, seemingly, about there was a little dog, which kept up a steady barking at us. We did not go up on the porch and knock at the door, as we made it a rule never to disturb anybody if they did not first disturb us. The smokehouse was not locked, so we just walked in. All that we saw was a pile of sweet potatoes in one corner and some turnips in another; but, in looking around, I found two five-gallon jars, one of which held about a gallon of apple butter and the other was full of something which we thought must be the same delicious stuff. We soon got away with the small quantity of that delectable sweet and decided to take the other jar to camp. It was well tied up, so we took the jar and a lot of sweet potatoes, being satisfied that if we left them some one else would get them, and we wanted the boys at the camp to have a good feed. Thus loaded, we started for camp. The little dog had long since stopped his barking and had evidently gone off for a snooze. All along the way we were talking about roasted potatoes and apple butter. The jar was very heavy, but we took turns in carrying it. We reached camp about two o'clock in the morning and immediately roused the inmates of each camp, telling them to get their spoons and crackers and come out, for we had something good to eat. They came rushing out without pants or coats, bare-footed and bare-headed. The cloth over the jar had been taken off and everybody wanted to be the first to dish in—but, low! and behold! It was a jar of soft soap. *The joke was on us.*

THE TEST OF MISSOURIANS.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

Gen. Earl Van Dorn was assigned to the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department in 1862, and established headquarters at Pocahontas, Ark. In February, he sent Gen. Sterling Price a dispatch in substance as follows: "I am planning a move on St. Louis. I have with me 5,000 men. Generals McCulloch and McIntosh are camped near Bentonville with a force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. These will coöperate with us. I desire a union of all available forces, including yours, at Salem, in Dent County, Mo., by May 1."

At this time, General Price was at Springfield, Mo., organizing the Missouri State Guard into companies, regiments, and batteries for service in the volunteer Confederate army, and had brought the organized strength up to one regiment and one battalion of cavalry, four regiments and two battalions of infantry, and five batteries of artillery. Upon receipt of Van Dorn's message, he ordered a review. While watching the maneuvers two of his scouts approached. One from the east reported a Federal army 15,000 strong, under the command of General Fremont, advancing from Rolla. The other reported another army 16,000 strong under General Curtis, advancing from Kansas City, and apparently intent on striking Price's line of retreat at, or near, Cassville. The Federal plan was to crush Price between these forces; divining which, he ordered an immediate retreat along the military road from Springfield to Fort Smith. It became a race.

We camped that night on the old Wilson creek battle ground. Hurrying on the next day, we went into camp early, but were routed out by the rapid advance of Fremont's cavalry, which made a vigorous attack on our rear guard. The retreat that night partook of the nature of a stampede. It was absolutely necessary to beat Curtis to Cassville, as Fremont was close upon our rear. Nearing Cassville, we deployed in battle order, but finding Curtis in no humor to attack, even if in striking distance, we resumed our trek, which did not end, save for cooking a meal or snatching a few hour's sleep, until safe in the fastnesses of Boston Mountains, some twenty miles south of Fayetteville. On the way down, Curtis' advance did attack, but being signally repulsed, checked up and finally went into armed camp at Cross Hollows, establishing a base of supplies at Elkhorn tavern.

General Van Dorn, ordering McCulloch and McIntosh to unite with Price, came himself to Boston Mountains, and, upon arrival, assembled a council of war. Information of Curtis's position reported him to be in fortified camp at Cross Hollows, about

three miles south of Elkhorn Mountain, the eastern foot of which was skirted by the military road above mentioned. General Sigel was reported at a mill, four miles southwest of Bentonville, with 5,000 men. At the council, General Price advised an immediate advance against Curtis. Spreading a map upon a table, and using his forefinger as a pointer, he said: "There is Cross Hollows. Ten miles west of that is Bentonville, and four miles southwest of that, Sigel with one-fourth of Curtis's army. From Fayetteville, eighteen miles south of Cross Hollows, and one day's march from here, is a good road to Bentonville. From Bentonville is a road running in a northeasterly direction, past Twelve Corners Church, around the northern base of Elkhorn Mountain and debouching into the Military Road about a mile from Elkhorn Tavern and four miles in the rear of Curtis's camp. My plan is to move at once on Bentonville, the cavalry masking our movement by a feint against Curtis's front, cut Sigel off from the main body of the enemy, press on and seize the Military Road in Curtis's rear. General McCulloch should stop at Twelve Corners Church and attack from that point. I will advance up the road and attack from there."

Generals McCulloch and McIntosh both demurred to this plan. McCulloch said: "Our infantry is too raw, too poorly drilled, to send against well-trained soldiers. My plan would be to keep the infantry in camp and train them until thoroughly seasoned. General McIntosh and I will take the cavalry, drive Sigel into the Indian country, seize the roads in Curtis's rear, destroy all forts, small detachments, and stores, and force Curtis back to the Missouri River, and, if possible, destroy him."

After mature discussion, General Price's plan was adopted, and orders given, late in the day as it was, to cook up four day's rations and be ready to move at sunrise the next morning; and by sunrise we were off. Night found us at Fayetteville. A good night's rest put us in fit condition, and by the next night we reached Siloam Springs, five miles from Bentonville, and went to sleep knowing we were under orders to move at daylight for our dash on Bentonville. Had those orders been carried out, we would have gotten between Sigel and Curtis and made victory safe. As it was, we did not move till after sunrise and reached Bentonville just as Sigel's rear guard was passing out. Sigel, in his retreat, resorted to all known tactics to obstruct pursuit, and made his escape, and we realized that it would be a united army and one on the alert we would have to fight.

Our progress was slow. We crossed Pea Ridge by the light of burning fence rails, then, leaving McCulloch's men in bivouac at Twelve Corners Church, plunged into the heavy forest that fringed the

northern slope of the mountain. Curtis had divined the move we were making, and sent a corps of sappers to obstruct this road, and for five miles we found it filled with fallen trees which had to be moved before our artillery could proceed. We were from 9 P.M. until sunrise negotiating that short distance.

Attaining our objective, we began deployment for action. The artillery climbed a ridge to the right of the road and found conditions good for emplacement, and excellent range. The infantry of the Missouri State Guard formed the left; Little's Brigade, C. S. A., the center, and Slack's, composed of Rosser's and Samuel's battalions, with a small body of cavalry, the right wing. Thus formed, we moved forward, we men who, General McCulloch had said, couldn't fight.

How faithfully memory recalls the incidents of that day in March! How fresh the mental picture painted on its enduring tablet! We have advanced perhaps half a mile up the mountain slope and halted with skirmishers out and flankers on guard. With a crash that caused wood and mountain to tremble, our four batteries open up the game. Over to the left, where the Military Road climbs to the plateau beyond Elkhorn Tavern, we plainly see the 31st Illinois forming in line across it to dispute the Confederate advance, led by Colonel Gate's 1st Missouri Cavalry. As he pressed forward, a volley from the Illinoisians drives it back upon the 2nd and 3rd infantry of Little's Brigade. These come gallantly into action, and for thirty minutes the battle is furious. A shot from "Old Sacramento," Bledsoe's only 12-pounder, a cannon captured in the Mexican War and given to Bledsoe in reward for gallant conduct in the battle of Sacramento, detops a large oak tree, whose limbs come crashing down on the Illinois line and demoralizes the two color companies. Two regiments come to their support, but the Missourians steadily gain ground, the enemy stubbornly resisting.

A few yards behind our company, General Slack sits his horse, conversing with Colonel Rosser and Major Erwin, and watching the battle over on our left. A stray bullet strikes a dead elm limb, ricochets, glancing downward, and penetrates Slack's groin, inflicting a mortal wound. He is borne away, Rosser assumed command of the brigade and Erwin of our battalion. Far to our left our batteries are still at work, our left and center advancing. Away to the right, where General Pike and his Indians, McCulloch and McIntosh are pushing Asboth and Sigel back over Pea Ridge, we hear the roar of cannon, its recession indicating success on that field. Now comes a skirmisher who reports to Erwin that a

Federal battery is moving to our front. The ever-gallant Major orders an advance. We move forward at a quick-step, and as we approach a section of the Dubuque, Ia., Light Artillery, rush forward with yells and shots. One gun gets away; we get the other one.

Following this is a lull. We advance, but find no enemy in front. Over on our left, where the Old Guard is enjoying itself, a stubborn battle is in progress. The enemy have been constructing defenses all morning, and it is up to the Old Guard and Little's brigade to assail and carry them. The advance is across an old field thickly grown with young sassafras, but not high enough to obstruct movement. Our boys of the infantry forge ahead, those of the artillery keeping pace by pushing the guns forward after each discharge. A charge by batteries is something new to the enemy, and after a stubborn resistance, he abandons his defenses and retires to the woods in his rear. The right wing now advances to a new position to maintain liason, then lie down. Then, quite late in the day, we hear loud huzzas down yonder where the enemy is reorganizing his line, and evidently preparing for an attack. They have been reënforced by Sigel's Division and Davis's Brigade, and hope to redeem their losses, which have been heavy on this field, by a determined attack. "Here they come," announces a lookout, and we come to attention. Directly we see a brigade in column not a hundred yards away, moving parallel to and across our front. Waiting until the head of the column covers our front that it may all be brought under our attack, Colonel Rosser orders a charge. At them we go, yelling and firing, as we dash out of the wood at them. Few men can stand a surprise like that, and these are no exception. There is no effort to form. They simply break for the rear, we close at their heels. Glancing down our line, we see our whole army on the move, the enemy repulsed and driven in confusion on his reserves. O, for one hour of daylight! In that time we could make our victory complete. But alas! The sun has already passed beyond the trees that crest Little Elkhorn and approaching night demands a recall, and we sullenly retire to the cover of the wood.

We had marched and fought all day on empty stomachs. Our rations all gone, we refresh ourselves with some heavenly bread made from flour captured from the enemy and cooked on ramrods. The results of our day's work were quite satisfactory. The enemy had been driven from every position. We had captured nine cannons and his stores at Elkhorn Tavern. But disaster had befallen over on Pea Ridge.

(Continued in March number.)



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 is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them dead.
And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life. There is no death!"

REV. P. T. MARTIN.

Soldier of the Confederacy and soldier of the Cross, Rev. P. T. Martin, gentle, sympathetic, brave, has gone to join comrades and friends on the other shore and the beloved wife of many years, whose going was but a year before. After a few days' illness, he died at his home in Franklin, Tenn., on January 9, lacking but a few months of having completed eighty-nine years of a worthy life.

Pinkney T. Martin was a native of Marshall County, Tenn., born near Lewisburg, on May 16, 1840, son of Henry and Maria Tankesley Martin. He was the last of a family of eighteen children, all of whom reached maturity, and he and five brothers gave themselves to the Confederacy. He was twenty-one years old when the war clouds enveloped the sunny South, and he at once enlisted, joining Company F, of the 17th Tennessee Infantry, in April, 1861. He was in six pitched battles, including Murfreesboro and Chickamauga, and was badly wounded at Bean's Station, which disabled him for six months. On returning to the army, he served under Forrest's command, making a splendid record as a caval-ryman.

He was captured at Fishing Creek early in the war and held in Camp Chase for eight months, during which time he began to conduct prayer meeting among his comrades. When the war closed, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Church and began preaching in the latter part of 1865. Through the years since then he had carried the message of eternal life with untiring ardor and radiated the light of love and kind-

ness to all around him. Even in the feebleness of age he was ever ready to answer any call to speak or work for the good of humanity. In all this he had the sympathetic coöperation of his wife, who was Miss Susan A. Meecham, a devoted helpmeet to the end.

Comrade Martin was Chaplain of the McEwen Bivouac of Confederate Veterans at Franklin, and President of the Board of McGavock Cemetery, where sleep so many comrades who fought and fell in that fatal encounter at Franklin. In November, 1925, he was unanimously elected Chaplain for Life of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., a signal honor and one richly deserved.

A comrade has told of his bravery at the battle of Missionary Ridge, when, as a red-headed young soldier, he ran before his comrades, who were being driven back, waved his hat, and shouted: "Are you going to let the Yankees run over you? Come back here, I tell you, and fight them." His enthusiasm rallied them, and they did fight to a finish.

Meeting the trials and tribulations of life in the same spirit that bore him through the years of war, his life was an example of 'him that overcometh,' and he has entered into the joys promised to the faithful.

WILLIAM M. WILHOITE.

William Monroe Wilhoite, a prominent Confederate veteran of Jefferson County, Ky., died at his home near Buechel, Ky., on August 14, 1928, after a long illness. He celebrated his ninety-first birthday on July 9, having been born in Oldham County in 1837.

Young Wilhoite joined the Confederate army and fought throughout the War between the States, except for a brief interval when incapacitated from a wound he received in the battle of Perryville. During that memorable battle, he witnessed the death of a brother who was fighting by his side. His command served under Generals Forrest and Butler.

At the close of the war, Comrade Wilhoite returned to Oldham County, Ky., and engaged in farming. In October, 1866, he was married to Miss Louisiana Crum, and they made their home near Crestwood until 1878, when he purchased a tract of land near Buechel, to which he added from time to time, and at his death was one of the largest land owners in Jefferson County. He is survived by two sons, a daughter, five grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren. He was buried in the Pleasant Hill Cemetery, near Crestwood, in Oldham County.

NATHANIEL POYNTZ.

The last known Confederate living in New England has passed with the death of Nathaniel Poyntz, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Walter E. Fletcher, in Dorchester, Mass., on December 19, 1928, at the age of eighty-two years. This comrade had been a prominent figure in the section where his last years were spent, having served for a number years as a field clerk in the United States army. When mustered out in May, 1926, he was the oldest field clerk in the service. And was the oldest active member of the American Legion on his retirement.

Nat Poyntz was a native of Kentucky, where he was born December 17, 1847, and it was as a boy of fourteen that, in 1861, he joined the Kentucky State Cavalry in his home town of Maysville, in Mason County, and rode away to fight for Dixie. His command was Company C, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, and it served under John Morgan. Of the end of that service, he wrote on his daughter's U. D. C. papers: "The night before Duke's Brigade surrendered, I and forty others rode out of the camp headed for Kentucky and never surrendered."

So he served to the end of the war, then went back to the old Kentucky home and did his duty as a citizen. When the Spanish-American War came on in 1898, he joined the United States army as civilian clerk and was in the Philippines for six years with the quartermaster's corps. In 1904, he was located with the department in Boston, and served until his retirement in 1926. He wanted to serve actively with the army during the Mexican trouble, but his age prevented and that was the same handicap when the World War came on and he wished to serve his country overseas. He then became a field clerk with the quartermaster's corps at the army base in Boston, reporting every day for work, no matter what the weather, until his retirement in 1926. On May 1, two years ago, with his honorable discharge in his pocket, and with the starry flag of the Confederacy in close companionship, he was escorted by a detachment of officers to the station, where he entrained for the South, to mingle again with the comrades of Confederate days and to visit the old home town from which he had gone to fight the Yanks when but a lad.

Comrade Poyntz was an honorary member of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., whose members mourn with the three daughters living in Dorchester the passing of this representative of the old South.

DANIEL LEWIS DUNCAN.

The long and useful life of Daniel Lewis Duncan came to a close on the night of January 7, and in his going there is another vacant place in the membership of N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., of Chattanooga, Tenn., of which he was doubtless the oldest member, having just passed the ninety-fourth mile post. After the religious services in the First Baptist Church, of which he was a member, eight comrades of the Camp gathered about his bier and joined in the Confederate ritual and listened to the reading of the military record of this comrade who had fought with them the good fight of faith in the Confederacy. Concluding these simple ceremonies, the Cross of Honor which had been worn so worthily by this soldier of the gray was presented to his son, Lewis Duncan, to be kept forever sacred in memory of his father's bravery and the cause for which he had fought, and "to be handed on from generation to generation."

Daniel L. Duncan was born in Amherst County, Va., December 22, 1834, and in the spring of 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army at Alleghany College, Blue Sulphur Springs, Va., this command being composed of students of the university, of which he had previously been one; later it became a part of the 59th Virginia Volunteer Infantry. His service was in different sections of Virginia, and he took part in the many battles and engagements of his command, which was under Generals Floyd, Loving, and Davis, surrendering with the latter near Petersburg, Va. Since the war he had lived in many States—West Virginia, Kentucky, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, and Tennessee—during which time he had engaged in teaching, served as county superintendent of schools, building railroads, and for more than forty years had been in the insurance business in Chattanooga. He was laid to rest in Forest Hills Cemetery, at Chattanooga.

LEON BAILEY.

Leon Bailey, one of Lee's veterans, has passed away.

When the tocsin of war sounded, Leon Bailey joined the Mississippi Rifles for one year, and he served most of that time at Pensacola, Fla., then returned to his home at Canton, Miss., and immediately joined the Madison Artillery. His battery was taken to Virginia, where he did valiant service until the close of war. He was seriously wounded at Petersburg about five days be-

fore the retreat, and before he had entirely recovered, he started for home. He often talked to me about the hardships of that journey, how his body servant, a coal-black boy, had to carry him for miles between gaps where the railroad had been torn up.

Comrade Bailey's wife died only a few days before him, and he leaves a son and a daughter.

[W. A. Everman, Greenville, Miss.]

JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH WHITE.

On the evening of the last day of the old year, John Goldsborough White, at his home near Haymarket, Va., "passed over the river" to join his loved ones and all the vast army of Confederate soldiers who have answered the last roll call.

This old Confederate of the Maryland Line was born March 29, 1844, and soon would have been eighty-five years of age. He had lead a very active life at his farm home in Prince William County, Va., where he lived since the year 1870.

Mr. White entered the Confederate service in the fall of 1862, having made his way with other young men from his native home on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, across the Chesapeake Bay, through the enemy country to Richmond, where he was assigned to infantry service with the 2d Maryland Infantry, being immediately rushed to service in the Valley of Virginia.

Only eighteen years of age at time of enlistment, severely wounded in the Maryland infantry attack upon Culp's Hill at Gettysburg, again severely wounded at Second Cold Harbor, and a third time wounded in the Weldon Railway fighting below Petersburg, besides participating in many months of the Valley fighting, and the last nine months spent a prisoner at Point Lookout, gave Mr. White a war record of marvelous accomplishment.

His wife, who was Mis Nora Carter, of Prince William County, Va., died in 1914, and he leaves a large family of sons and daughters living in Virginia and other States.

Since boyhood, John Goldsborough White was a consistent and regular communicant of the Episcopal Church, and for many years a vestryman of St. Paul's Church, Haymarket, Va.; a life-long Democrat, he left his sick bed in November, 1928, that he might, as had always been the practice of this Old Confederate, go to the polls and vote the straight Democratic ticket, and for a Democratic Virginia.

Let us not forget our Confederate heroes who pass on.

[E. N. W.]

REV. H. M. STRICKLER.

Rev. Harrison Monroe Strickler was born on the Shenandoah River, in Page County, Va., July 9, 1843. He grew up on the farm and at the beginning of the War between the States joined a company being recruited from three counties—Page, Warren, and Shenandoah. He was elected third lieutenant, John N. Graybill, of Woodstock, Shenandoah County, captain.

The company was mustered in as Company E, in the 35th Battalion (Col. Lige White) Rosser's Brigade, Hampton's Division of cavalry. The company took part with the brigade in numerous engagements. In the cavalry fight at Brandy Station, they sustained the loss of several men, killed and wounded, and Captain Graybill was captured. He was held a prisoner at Johnson's Island until the close of the war. The first and second lieutenants being absent from the command, Lieutenant Strickler, being highest and only commissioned officer, took charge of the company and filled the place of captain until the close of the war. On the retreat from Richmond to Appomattox, he was wounded in the knee.

Comrade Strickler often held religious services in camp, and at the close of the war he entered into the ministry and served many Churches to which he was assigned by the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He served as Chaplain of Rosser-Gibbons Camp, U. C. V., of Luray, until, at a meeting on May 5, 1928, with only three members present, the Camp was disbanded. His decline was gradual, and he was confined to his bed but a few days before the end came on December 30. He is survived by only one of the Page County members of the company.

Other members of Rosser-Gibbons Camp who died during 1928: J. W. Wood, John W. Rothgeb, P. M. Printz. 1927: Andrew J. Huffman, Peter Broy. Only two of the company remain.

[P. M. Kauffman, Luray, Va.]

SOLOMON ARMENTROUT.

One of the earliest, as well as one of the oldest, citizens of Elkins, W. Va., has passed with the death of Solomon Armentrout, which occurred on December 27, 1928, after only a few days of illness. He was born at Petersburg, Grant County, Va. (now West Virginia), January 27, 1844, a son of Isaac and Susan Armentrout. He was one of three sons, his brothers having preceded him in death.

Solomon Armentrout served in the Confederate army with McNeill's Rangers, and he was an officer (with rank of major) in the U. C. V. Camp at Elkins. Under President Cleveland he held appointment as a United States Ranger.

In November, 1872, Comrade Armentrout was married to Miss Mary Jane Fout, and of the eleven children born of this union, three daughters and a son survive him, with three grandchildren. He was engaged in the mercantile business in Grant County before going to Elkins in 1892, where he also engaged in business, but for many years had been retired. He was a lifelong member of the Presbyterian Church, and was one of the most substantial citizens of the community.

JOHN J. DIAL.

John J. Dial was born in Cobb County, Ga., near Marietta, November 25, 1842, his parents later removing to near the town of Abbeccochoa, Ala., where he lived to the beginning of the War between the States. In 1861, while at school in his nineteenth year, he volunteered and joined a company raised by Capt. Ed Bush. After a short time in training, his company was sent to Virginia. This was the 5th Alabama Battalion, Archer's Brigade, Stonewall Jackson's Corps. After Jackson's death, his command served under A. P. Hill. He was in nineteen engagements with the Army of Northern Virginia, and frequently received promotion for his bravery on the field of battle. He was present at Appomattox and surrendered under General Lee.

Returning home to find that Sherman's raiders had destroyed everything to work with there, young Dial, in the fall of 1866, joined a company of sixty wagons bound for Texas, and reached Rusk, in Cherokee County, on December 1. He and others of the company located near the center of the county, and he opened a farm, where he resided continuously to his death, which occurred November 24, 1928, lacking but three hours of living out eighty-three years.

Comrade Dial was married twice, and the first wife, to whom he was married in 1867, was Miss Ida Jones; six children were born to them, his wife dying in 1893. The second marriage was to Miss Elizabeth Boggs, and there were two children. His wife survives him with two sons and three daughters of the two marriages. He joined the Baptist Church in 1891, but later became a member of the Methodist Church with his second wife. He was a Royal Arch Mason.

Thus has passed to the great beyond a good

soldier in time of war and a good citizen in time of peace. Comrade Dial was known throughout Cherokee County for his charitable disposition and whole-souled comradeship. The railroad which ran through his farm had on it a little town named Dialville for him. He was buried in the Providence Cemetery near his home.

[J. J. Templeton, Jacksonville, Tex.]

CICERO W. TERRELL.

Cicero W. Terrell was born in Walton County, Ga., January 1, 1834. He enlisted as a Confederate soldier on February 1, 1862, at Monroe, Ga., and became a sergeant in Company C of the 42d Georgia Infantry, serving in the Western Confederate army under Generals Bragg, Johnston, Hood, and Johnston again, to the end of the war, in the States of Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and North and South Carolina; and he was in prison at Camp Morton, near Indianapolis, Ind. He took part in the battles of Cumberland Gap, Tenn., Perryville, Ky., Baker's Creek, and the siege of Vicksburg, Miss., where he was captured and confined several months in prison. When exchanged, he joined Bragg's army and was in the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge; was then under Gen. Joe Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta, and in the battles of Resaca, Kenesaw, New Hope Church, and Atlanta. Then under General Hood in the fighting at Columbia, Franklin, and Nashville, Tenn.; under General Johnston to Bentonville, N. C., where he surrendered in the hospital at Greensboro, having been wounded at the battle of Kinston, April 18, 1865. He surrendered April 19, 1865. Comrade Terrell came to Chattanooga in July, 1873, in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and remained about forty-odd years in the employ of that company until incapacitated by age and ill health. He was an honored member of N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., and died at his home in Chattanooga on December 19, 1928, only a few days before reaching his ninety-fifth birthday. His funeral was conducted by his comrades of Forrest Camp, and he was buried at Forest Hill Cemetery.

Some years ago Comrade Terrell received a letter from Gen. C. I. Walker, at Charleston, S. C., asking for the location of a certain command in the battle of Atlanta, how long it occupied that position, and others. Though almost blind by that time, he was able to recall every detail as to position, time, and movement of the command inquired about, which information was forwarded to his general.

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*

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:
 Through an error in the VETERAN for January, 1929, Mrs. Dolph Long was given as chairman of the Committee on Folder of Information; as stated, the members of the Finance Committee elected in Houston compose the Folder Committee, but the chairman is Mrs. W. E. Massey, 738 Quapaw Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark. Mrs. Massey entered immediately upon her duties; much of the material, and an outline of the folder was arranged prior to the Christmas holidays; orders may be sent her at once and will be filled as soon as possible. The folder is furnished free of cost, but it would be helpful to the organization if a small amount to cover postage is inclosed with each order.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy the beginning of a new year means not only the turning of an old leaf with its records of joys and sorrows, of accomplishments and failures, but, as we turn to the white, clear, unwritten page, the first reminder, should we need a reminder, is that this first month of the new year marks the birth of our great commander. General Lee's self-abnegation, unblemished purity, triumph over alluring temptations, his unwavering consecration to all life's duties, fit him for our ideal through all the years to follow and the years that may be to come.

It was a great pleasure, and with a heart filled with appreciation that it should be her privilege, that your President General, on December 26, 1928, signed a check for \$8,000, payable to Dr. Paul M. Penick, Treasurer Washington and Lee University, this amount being paid to the University in compliance with the instructions of the convention in Houston. On the same date a check for \$413.32 was sent to Dr. Penick through the generosity of the New York Division, and the detail of the work to be accomplished by this

last donation will be worked out by the authorities of Washington and Lee in consultation with the New York Division.

The payments of these sums prior to January 1, 1929, enabled the University to secure the fifty per cent appropriation from the Educational Fund. Letters of the deepest appreciation have been received from the Rector of the Board of Trustees, Mr. George St. Clair, and from Dr. Penick, who express the very greatest interest in having the proposed work completed in its entirety before the next convention, U. D. C.

The blanks for the per capita list of registered members have been sent from the Department of Records. These blanks have full and explicit directions for listing the names of members printed on the back of each blank; in addition, a letter addressed to the Chapter Treasurer will be sent by the Division Treasurer with each package of blanks. The Treasurer General has written each Division Treasurer requesting her cooperation and emphasizing that no per capita list can be accepted unless accompanied by the taxes for each member thereon; no check for per capita accepted unless accompanied by list giving names upon which the per capita is paid. The lists and the per capita must agree. The President General has also written the Presidents of all Divisions asking their coöperation and assistance in their Divisions.

It is a lofty ambition to expect to complete the card file system within a year, but the full, earnest intention of each Division and Chapter officer to perform her part toward the realization of this dream of your President General will bring it to pass.

The Editor of the U. D. C. Department CONFEDERATE VETERAN has written the Directors in each Division (and Chapters in States where there are no Divisions) in the interest of the campaign for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN maga-

ine. Mrs. Chesley has asked each member to contribute fifteen cents toward the Guarantee Fund. This is not an assessment, nor a quota, nor a tax; it is a request and an obligation, in the sense that when a convention authorizes the appointment of a committee for a specific purpose, it is an "obligation" for the organization to support that committee in the purpose for which it has been appointed.

One of the purposes of the committee appointed for the campaign in the interest of the VETERAN was the securing of increased advertising, and an increased circulation is the greatest inducement for advertisers, therefore, in addition to the fifteen cents guarantee, the President General would suggest that each Chapter send one subscription for every fifteen members. Have these copies sent first to the veterans in your city or community; and place the remaining copies in schools or public libraries, such places as are accessible to the pupils in the high schools. Thus you assist in this work as well as in the historical and educational departments. There is a great deal of material in the VETERAN for the preparation of the essays for which the U. D. C. offers prizes.

Mrs. D. Work, 1101 West Main Street, Durant, Okla., remains your most capable chairman of the Stationery Committee, and will be glad to fill all orders.

The address of our efficient chairman of Transportation, Mrs. W. T. Allen, has been changed to 3318 Monument Avenue, Richmond, Va.

The Yale University Press very kindly sends us frequently copies of most encouraging letters regarding the photo-films, and particularly complimentary notices from the use of "Dixie." This was given on Historical Evening at the convention of the South Carolina Division, and recently by the Chesterfield Chapter, Richmond, Va. The Board of Education, Los Angeles, Calif., writes in the interest of securing "Dixie" and "Robert E. Lee" as soon as available, and adds: "We are planning to make the Chronicles the basis of one of our teacher institute programs during the Christmas holidays. In one of our junior high schools, we shall prepare some standardized tests on the Chronicles."

The Yale Press was very appreciative of the mention of their work at the Houston convention, and at the request of a member of the committee, twenty-five copies of the report of the President General have been sent for distribution to the Council and various officers and friends of the Press. Copies of this report have

also been sent the Chapters in France, Wyoming, North Dakota, and Minnesota. There are a few remaining, which we would be glad to send any individual or Chapter desiring a copy. A most appreciative, loving message to the organization has been received from Miss Annie Wheeler, recently elected Honorary President. Miss Wheeler writes: "This honor is all the more appreciated because I know it is a tribute to my father's memory. That means more to me than anything else on earth. I have a full realization of how many there are more worthy than I, and my tender love and appreciation is beyond words."

It was with the deepest appreciation that your President General accepted the greatest honor that the grandest men may bestow, that of Matron of Honor for the South at the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, Charlotte, N. C., June 4-7, 1929.

The President General acknowledges with gratitude the following invitations which it has been impossible to accept: Convention of the District of Columbia, December 7, 1928; reception "Uncle Remus Association," December 14; reception, Mrs. Lamar and Mrs. Winship, Macon, Ga., January 1, 1929; reception Mrs. Parker, New York City, January 12; celebration "Founder's Day," Mrs. Schuyler, New York, January 7; breakfast, Kansas City Chapters, January 19.

For strength to put aside those things which "cumber" us and to "run with patience the race which is set before us," these lines from a publication of another patriotic organization might be our incentive:

"Grant us to see, unblinded by small fears
Or petty hates, the full and awesome length
And depth of this, Thy plan, in which we bear
Our own small part throughout the storm of
years."

Cordially,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

President, Mrs. George D. Horning; First Vice President, Mrs. William B. Newman; Second Vice President, Mrs. Lorena A. Hewett; Third Vice President, Mrs. George H. Alexander; Recording Secretary, Miss Doris O. Casey; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Alma B. Donaldson; Treasurer, Mrs. Fredrick Yates; Registrar, Mrs. Walter E. Hutton; Historian, Miss Bertie L. Packett; Auditor, Miss Katherine Blount; Custodian, Mrs. Garnett Lee; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Maude Howell Smith; Chaplain, Mrs. Edward Wood; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. W. A. King.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE HOUSTON CONVENTION.

The social features of the Houston convention were many and most enjoyable. Receptions, luncheons, dinners, teas were the order of each day for officers, delegates, and other visitors during the convention, with drives to historic points and over the beautiful sections of the city and country.

The boat trip planned as the beginning of the week's entertainment was a revelation of the commercial enterprise of Houston. The great ship channel from Houston to the Gulf, which is the transformation of a sluggish little river to a great waterway on which freight steamers from foreign lands are brought to the very doors of this inland city shows what vision and enterprise can accomplish. For many miles the channel is lined with commercial plants whose products are loaded from manufactory directly on the steamers which take them to all parts of the world. Steamers from which fluttered the flags of England, France, Japan, and other foreign countries were then waiting in the channel for their part of Houston's manufactures.

The Texas luncheon given at the Brazos Hotel on Tuesday noon had the Texas Division, U. D. C., as hostess. The inclosed porch of the hotel was beautifully decorated with native flowers and vines, the gray moss of the tropical woods giving a distinctive note to the decorations. This was also used on the tables with other distinctive Texas products, which were also featured in the souvenirs for each guest and in the menu. Think of having a Texas prairie chicken made of ice cream! Many hundreds were there to enjoy the feast and the musical features and addresses of welcome to the Lone Star State. Dr. Axson, holding a chair at Rice Institute in Houston, gave the chief address, paying tribute to the great organization, U. D. C.

The schools of Houston are an interesting part of the city, and the fact that many of these showed additions in the course of construction was evidence of the continued growth of the city and its recognition of the importance of providing proper accommodation for that growth in the school life. Among the high schools are the Jefferson Davis, the Robert E. Lee, the Sidney Lanier, names significant of undying love of its people for the leaders of "a cause, though lost, still just."

Houston will long be remembered for its splendid entertainment of the convention, characterized by that whole-hearted hospitality for which the people of Texas are famed.

A pageant showing Texas history under six flags was given at the city auditorium on Friday evening, feature dances and songs being the means of

depicting life in those periods, dating from the days of Indian occupancy of those fertile plains on through the time of the French, the Spanish, the Mexican ownership, the days of the Republic, Statehood, then under the Confederate flag, and back to the Stars and Stripes.

The Jefferson Davis Highway dinner, a feature of all conventions of late years, was especially successful on Thursday evening, bringing together many kindred spirits in the work of emphasizing that great highway of this Southern country. Other dinners were given by State divisions as a means of bringing more closely together the representatives of the different Chapters.

A new prize first presented at this convention is the Mollie Day Daffan Cup, given by Miss Katie Daffan in honor of her mother. This cup is presented for some outstanding act of kindness to a Confederate veteran, and the first to receive this reward was Miss Mary Vaughan, of Virginia, to whom it was presented with impressive ceremony.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Alabama.—Featuring the October meeting of the Gen. William Henry Forney Chapter, of Aniston, was the reading of a beautiful poem on Robert E. Lee, by Mr. Neil Sterne, who also depicted his life in a most interesting manner. Mrs. Thomas Huey gave a glowing tribute to the late Mrs. C. J. Houser. At the November meeting, a program on Virginia was given.

At the November meeting of the Gen. John H. Forney Chapter, Jacksonville, several good papers were given by the members, as follows:

"The Significance of the Trent Affair, November 6, 1861," by Miss Letitia Baily.

"The Confederate Election, November 6, 1861," by Miss Fannie Dyer.

"Armistice Day Compared with April 9, 1865," by Miss Mary Forney.

"The Little Brown Cross in Flanders Fields," by Mrs. J. Edwards.

Mrs. C. W. Daugette offers a prize to the high school student who writes the best essay on the War between the States.

Raphael Semmes Chapter, at Ozark, celebrated the Chapter's birthday in October. The President, Mrs. I. E. Edwards, made an enthusiastic address in which she outlined the work of the year and expressed her appreciation of the hearty coöperation of her coworkers. Splendid reports were given by the chairmen of the several committees.

In the November meeting at Ozark, this wide-awake Chapter rendered an excellent program,

one of the outstanding features of the program being the "Diplomatic History of the Southern Confederacy," given by Mrs. James Barnes.

The R. E. Rodes Chapter, of Tuscaloosa, met in November and held a general business meeting. The new yearbook was presented, and its reception was marked by enthusiasm and a determination to carry on the splendid work which has been so well outlined in the yearbook. Thanks were given to Misses Mary Farmer and Lulu Hargrove for the compilation. Reports from several committees were heard.

[Mrs. C. W. Daugette, State Editor, Jacksonville, Ala.]

* * *

Arkansas.—Our State convention is a thing of the past, but left pleasant memories of the flourishing city of Pine Bluff. Its picturesque surroundings, its prosperity, its charming social life and hospitality (second to none) were a fit setting for the best annual convention our Division has ever held. The election brought a full set of incomparable officers; the outgoing ones, who have served so well, we saw step down with regret. The incoming ones give promise of progress and prosperity to our Division. Reports of work accomplished through the year passed is gratifying indeed, and the whole Division is pledged anew to greater activities.

Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, had several honors conveyed through the worthy Historian, Mrs. A. B. Howard. The Arkansas Division's medal, for the greatest number of new members of any Chapter in the State, and the Echols prize for the greatest number of pages of original history, came to her. Also, as Director for the

(Continued on page 78.)

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. TOPICS FOR STUDY, MARCH, 1929.

The Defense of Charleston Harbor. Descent of the Union Army on Morris Island. Three Great Bombardments of Fort Sumter. "The Immortal Six Hundred."

C. OF C. TOPICS, MARCH, 1929.

Sketch: "Wade Hampton, Confederate Cavalry Leader, and Rescuer of His State in Reconstruction Days."

Reading: "Carolina," by Henry Timrod.

Sketch: "John C. Calhoun, South Carolina's Exponent of State Rights."

GENERAL U. D. C. PRIZES FOR 1929.

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

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

Blount Memorial Cup.—To the Division bestowing the largest number of Crosses of Military Service.

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

Mildred Lewis Rutherford Loving Cup.—For the most meritorious criticism, by a U. D. C., of some history or biography dealing with the Confederate Period.

William Jackson Walker Loving Cup.—Offered by Mrs. R. B. Broyles in memory of her father, a captain under Gen. N. B. Forrest, to the U. D. C. Chapter placing the greatest number of books on Southern history and literature, with U. D. C. bookplate in each, in public library.

Addie Ford Blake Medal.—To the Division Director obtaining the largest amount for the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation.

Lilian Merehant Medal.—To the Division Director obtaining the largest amount for the Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship.

Thomas D. Osborne Loving Cup.—Offered by Mrs. John L. Woodbury in memory of her father, a member of the "Orphan Brigade," to the Daughter of the Confederacy submitting the best pageant on a Confederate topic. Limit of 2,000 words applies to speeches and characters. Stage settings and directions are not included in this limit.

ESSAYS.

To be written by members of the U. D. C.

Rose Loving Cup.—For the best essay on "Chaplains in the Confederate Service."

Mrs. John A. Perdue Loving Cup.—For the best essay on "John Paul Jones and Raphael Semmes, a Comparison."

Hyde-Campbell Loving Cup.—For the best essay on "The Statesmanship of Jefferson Davis, as Evidenced by His Speeches and Writings."

Adelia Dunovant Loving Cup.—Offered by Mrs. W. S. Calhoun in memory of her sister, former Historian of the Texas Division, for the best essay on "John C. Calhoun, Apostle of State Rights."

Cary Prize.—Twenty-five dollars, offered by Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Cary, for the best essay on "Mosby's Rangers."

Gordon White Prize.—Twenty-five dollars, offered by Miss Mary Lou Gordon White in memory of her brother, for the best essay on "Art in the South before the War between the States."

Betty Pendleton Prize.—Ten dollars, offered by Mrs. J. H. Cleland in memory of her grandmother, for the best essay on "The Confederate Flags."

Orrin Randolph Smith Medal.—For the best essay on "The Capture of Jefferson Davis." Bibliography required.

Anna Robinson Andrews Medal.—For the best essay on "The Jamestown Parliament of 1619, the First Legislative Assembly in the New World."

Martha Washington House Medal.—For the best essay on "Abram J. Ryan, Poet-Priest: His Connection with the Confederate Army."

W. O. Hart Medal.—For the best essay on "The Cabinet of the Confederate States."

Roberts Medal.—For the second best essay in any contest.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Coworkers: For the past six weeks we have been facing in many parts of our country an epidemic of influenza, which has a tendency to paralyze business and social activities, and a spirit of uneasiness and unrest pervades many sections. That "misery loves company," and that the same distressing conditions prevail North, South, East, and West, as well as across the seas in countries of Europe, gives the comforting thought that what others can bear, we can bear. Work and not worry, a preoccupied mind is a safe and sane course to pursue. Let us help lighten the burden and sorrow of the less fortunate than we, maintaining a cheerful spirit, and let not discouragement's blighting power still our efforts. If we find among our membership too many ill for a meeting this month, let our plans be the better made for the future.

THE REUNION AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Little more than four months remain to work and plan for the reunion and our C. S. M. A. convention in Charlotte, June 4-7. No effort for advancement is wholly lost; sometime, somewhere, some part of it will reveal itself in an unexpected way. Keep going; the end will justify the means. Engage hotel accommodations early and avoid disappointment. The Hotel Charlotte will be headquarters, and the ballroom of the hotel will be the place of meeting for the convention of the C. S. M. A.

Each Association is urged to have representatives, and each State President is requested to have a State banner. The welcome, or opening, meeting will be held on Tuesday, June 4, at 3:30

P.M., and it is hoped that every Association will be represented.

THE SOUTH AND "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

After more than sixty years of unjust criticism, consequent upon the misrepresentations of Harriet Beecher Stowe, again the hydra-headed monster is abroad in the land and, backed by a corporation powerful in the financial world, is seeking to find in the South an opportunity of putting before the uninformed and the indifferent and youthful minds of the South this infamous production, deftly alluring in its attractive scenic setting, yet carrying in the very core of its heart the slanderous misrepresentation of the whole fabric of our social life, of our moral traditions, and of our Christian kindness and charity. Recently in my home city an effort was made to "put it over" on the people by inviting a few citizens along with a like number also of picked henchmen, who were to decide as to the feasibility of showing the production. Only the very prompt action in telephoning vigorous protests on the part of a few leading Southern women prominent in patriotic organizations defeated the move of the body already in session. The same effort is being put forth in other sections of the South, and you are warned to be on the alert to defeat this measure. Through no other channel has the South been more maligned and misrepresented. Stand by your colors and for the truths of history.

* * *

Mrs. D. D. Geiger, State President, West Virginia, has been very ill, caused by a fall, but is convalescing to the gratification of many friends.

Mrs. Geiger has again been elected President of the Huntington Ladies' Memorial Association, and plans to bring a fine delegation to Charlotte.

The improved appearance of our CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine in its enlarged and clear type will be a source of gratification and pleasure to all its readers. As a magazine, the VETERAN stands alone in the literary world, devoted as it is largely to past and unwritten history, and it should be in every Southern home. If the C. S. M. A. will assist in enlarging its mission by extending the subscription list, they will be doing a work beneficial to the cause and to the people. Send in your subscriptions at once.

With best wishes for success in every line of endeavor,

Faithfully yours, MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General.

MRS. WILLIAM F. WILLIAMS

Scarce two short months have passed since the announcement of the appointment of Mrs. W. F. Williams as a member of the Advisory Board of the C. S. M. A., and now we are called upon to mourn her passing, after a brief illness, on the 16th of December, at her home in Atlanta, where she came as the bride of William Fort Williams, a pioneer resident.

Descended from General Blackburn, of Bowling Green, Ky., she possessed, by training and inheritance, an intense devotion to the cause that "rose so white and fair, and fell so pure of stain," and from childhood had been a devoted worker for the Memorial Association. Of brilliant mentality, queenly dignity, combined with winsome charm of manner, she possessed qualities of leadership and fine executive ability. Our sympathies go out to the stricken husband and daughter.

"The bread that giveth life I want to give,
The water pure, that bids the thirsty drink, to live;
I want to help the fainting day by day
For I am sure I shall not pass again this way.
I want to give to others joy for tears,
The faith to conquer corroding doubts and fears;
Beauty for ashes may I give always,
For I am sure I shall not pass again this way.
I want to give good measure running o'er
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away,
For I am sure I shall not pass again this way.
I want to give to others hope and faith,
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day,
For I am sure I shall not pass again this way."

THE LAST BIG BATTLE.

(Continued from page 51.)

A little stream, clear and rather swift is crossed on a wooden bridge, and it is told that at this bridge there was a fight with swords between officers of Johnston's rear guard and those of Sherman's vanguard. Beyond this stream a road, which in a general way runs east and west, was taken to the westward, and the entrenchments are in a rough way parallel with it. Presently a clearer field was seen and a white marble monument, low and small, rose on its western boundary. It is three miles from the hamlet of Bentonville and it was erected in October, 1894, by the Goldsboro Rifles. Its base is a four-sided pyramid of thin slabs set in concrete. To the northward of this monument is the graveyard of the Harper family, and to the westward the home of the Harpers. About 360 unknown Confederate dead are buried in the vicinity, this memorial erected by the Goldsboro Rifles, being to them. There are two acres of this cemetery. On the base of the memorial are many names of officers from North Carolina, Alabama, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia, who fell in the battle. The burial of eighty of the soldiers there was not effected until October, 1894. The burials originally were on the field, wherever the men fell, except as to those who died in the hospital. There are a score of graves, each with a headstone of marble. One is thus inscribed: "John Harper, born in 1762, of Scotch parents near Harper's Ferry, Va., after whom the place took its name. Served in the War of the Revolution under Lafayette, at the surrender of the British army at Yorktown. Died in North Carolina, in 1834, full of the Holy Spirit of Faith."

The Harper house is in a grove adjoining the family burial place, the Confederate cemetery, and its memorial. The house was used as a hospital in 1865 and the yellow hospital flag flew from its upper portico. It was then the home of Dr. Harper.

On the way back by the northwestern roads to Bentonville, many more entrenchments were seen, one stretch so high and complete that it seems ready for use, being in a forest of uncut pines. The battleground ought to be visited by thousands of people. And there should be many bronzes marking it. Great deeds were done there, on both sides, and American valor, endurance, and skill were nobly illustrated.

"God and our conscience alone
Give us measures of right and wrong.
The race may fall unto the swift
And the battle to the strong,
But the truth will shine in history
And blossom into song."

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.

GENERAL INTERESTS.

REUNION NOTES.

The dates for the reunion to be held in the city of Charlotte, N. C., are June 4, 5, 6, and 7, reports Commander Edmond R. Wiles, S. C. V. Headquarters of the U. C. V. and C. S. M. A. will be the Hotel Charlotte. Headquarters for the S. C. V. will be the Hotel Selwyn. There will be no advance in rates. Other leading hotels in Charlotte are the Mecklenburg, Stonewall, Clayton, New Central, and Piedmont. There are 1,700 hotel rooms altogether, which Commander Wiles believes gives unusual facilities for handling the reunion crowd. The railroad rate will be one fare round trip for auxiliary organizations, and a cent a mile each way for the Veterans.

A bill providing for the loan of \$100,000 worth of government equipment without cost to the Reunion Committee has just been favorably reported in Congress, and another bill providing for the expense of the Marine Band has also been favorably reported, notwithstanding the opposition that developed in Wisconsin through the Commander of that G. A. R. Division, but it was thoroughly condemned by the Commander in Chief, G. A. R. a few days later. The plans for holding this reunion in Charlotte have created more interest than any other affair of its kind so far in advance of the reunion.

The State of North Carolina having furnished 127,000 men of the Confederate army, and having lost over a thousand officers, being one-third of all the officers killed in the Confederate army,

occupies an outstanding place in the Confederacy. The Sons of Confederate Veterans at Charlotte organized on the 19th of January, Gen. R. E. Lee's birthday, and a large Camp, which is known as the Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 23, the name of the old Camp there, is now active.

The veterans will be housed at Independence Park in comfortable barracks and in the school buildings, and part of them in comfortable tents, as they were in Little Rock. The city is on the verge of erecting at once a \$200,000 convention hall and armory to be ready for the reunion. All veterans coming to the reunion will be fed and housed free of cost as well as free transportation and other courtesies, all expenses paid, while in the city. Many bands have already been engaged for the reunion, and it is likely that twenty-five bands will attend that gathering.

The city of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County will contribute \$25,000, and the legislature of North Carolina has agreed to appropriate \$50,000, making a total of \$75,000. Free transportation, estimated, and appropriation of Congress for the Marine Band, will make a total cost of the reunion around \$90,000.

COMMITTEE ON SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE VETERAN. SPECIAL ORDERS No. 18.

1. Every member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans is urged to subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which officially represents the United Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

2. The general convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which met at Houston, Tex., the past November, adopted a resolution that its organization would put on an intensive campaign for new subscribers, and that the President General request the Sons of Confederate Veterans to appoint a committee to coöperate with a similar committee from the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The U. D. C. appointed Mrs. R. H. Chesley, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass., as chairman of its committee, and, pursuant to the request of Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President General, U. D. C., I, as Commander in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, take great pleasure in appointing the following committee to coöperate with Mrs. Chesley in this most worthy undertaking: A. W. Taber, chairman, Austin, Tex.; H. S. Spivey, Little Rock, Ark.; Charles T. Norman, Richmond, Va.; John Z. Reardon, Tallahassee, Fla.; W. F. Riley, Tupelo, Miss.; John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.; John H. Robertson, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Hartwell B. Grubbs, 320 Broadway, New York City.

3. It is a source of regret to the Commander in Chief to learn that so few Sons of Confederate Veterans subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our official organ. This publication serves as a medium of communication between the largely scattered memberships of the Confederate organizations, and every Son and Southerner should be a subscriber to this magazine. The Commander in Chief believes that the committeeman from each Division, without very much effort, can secure at least one hundred subscribers to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN within the next few months, and he earnestly urges each member of the committee to put on an intensive campaign in his Division, at as early a date as possible, to secure subscribers to this publication, our official organ.

5. The chairman will, at his earliest convenience, communicate with Mrs. Chesley, chairman of the U. D. C. committee, with the idea in view of adopting a uniform plan for the campaign.

OFFICIAL CALL FOR CAMP DUES, 1929.

Sections 13 and 14, Article XII, of the Constitution of the Sons of Confederate Veterans provides as follows:

"SEC. 13. Camps shall remit to General Headquarters the initiation fees and per capita tax on all its members during the month of January of each year. The initiation fees and per capita

tax on new members shall be remitted to General Headquarters within *ten days after members join said Camp.*

"SEC. 14. The fiscal year of Camps shall be the same as the calendar year, from January 1 to December 31, of each year. Camps in arrears four months in payment of dues upon their members to the general organization shall be classed as delinquent and six months' arrearage shall automatically impose suspension from all privileges of the Confederation."

Please do two things for our organization immediately:

1. Pay at once all Camp dues possible (\$1 for old members, \$2 for new members) and remit to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, 609-615 Law Building, Richmond, Va. As soon as dues are received individual membership cards, engraved in four colors, will be sent to the members paying.

2. The Division and Camp Commanders are requested to put on a drive to increase the membership.

The railroads in issuing tickets to the reunion are going to be extremely strict this year as to whom they grant the reduced rates. The certificates, which will enable you to purchase at the reduced rate, *one fare for the round trip*, will be issued only to those Camps which have paid their 1929 per capita tax, and official ladies of the Confederation. Individual membership cards will be issued by General Headquarters only upon the receipt of dues from the Camp. Admittance to the social functions of the reunion and convention, and the registration at convention headquarters which will entitle the members and delegates to badges, will be limited to the paid-up members who hold the 1929 membership cards issued by headquarters.

DONATION FROM STONEWALL CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The Trustees of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, Incorporated, announce that the Stonewall Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Washington, D. C., donated \$50 to the park, which was received just before Christmas and is appreciated as a present of that joyful season. Mr. Bruce McIntosh, President of the Peoples National Bank, Leesburg, Va., is treasurer of the Association for this fund.

It is hoped that other friends of this splendid movement to purchase the famous battle field will make resolutions in this new year to forward early donations to help wipe out the remaining indebtedness.

U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 73)

Chapter, Mrs. Howard received two \$10 prizes for essays. The Margaret Rose C. of C., sponsored by B. A. Mourning, our new Third Vice President, received the Minnie L. Falconer silver cup for the largest number of new members, and the best report. This Chapter has a membership of 538.

Memorial Chapter's Treasurer reported having on hand, after a successful year, \$237.17; \$1,524.10 received during the year, and \$441 disbursed for State and general dues. A patriotic spirit seems newly awakened throughout the whole Division.

[Mrs. William Stillwell, Publicity Chairman.]

* * *

Missouri.—The yuletide has come and gone. In looking back to one year ago, it seemed but a short time since Santa Claus made the lawn in front of the main building of the Confederate Home at Higginsville his headquarters and rest camp for the first time. Again this year, Superintendent Chambers received a wire from Santa accepting an invitation and asking for his old friends again. On Thursday evening, during the twilight hour, with reindeer and sleigh, he arrived, and found his camp all in readiness under our beautiful cedar tree, which is surrounded by an evergreen grove. Those beautiful out-door decorations! The large cedar tree had fifty red, green and white lights, with one clear white light at the very peak, symbolic of the "Star of the East." Under this was old Santa's camp, all set in a drift of snow. In front of each building, where ordinarily is seen one electric light, were placed one red and one green light. The display of lights could be seen for miles away, and the Home, which is always well lighted, was doubly so in its gay holiday dress.

Mrs. Virginia Garrett Duggins, of Slater, chairman of "Men and Women of the Sixties," and the local Daughters labored the entire day getting ready for our Christmas Eve. Each member of the Home received a sack containing a number of presents from the different Chapters all over the State, and some from individuals. Thirty-seven Chapters over the State sent gifts or money, and one Chapter from Portland, Oregon, sent money.

The dining rooms, decorated in the holiday colors of red and green, were looking their best.

This was one Christmas that there was not

a person in the entire Home unable to eat dinner; not a patient in the hospital, and none that are sick of disease in the hospital dispensary. Who said this was not a Merry Christmas? One old veteran said to the writer: "I guess there was no more love put into the work for us for this, the greatest of all days, than has been heretofore, but surely there was a great amount of love, thought, and labor for all concerned. This is very evident from the many acts of kindness and the many gifts that have been showered upon us."

For the fidelity of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the goodness of God, we are increasingly thankful.

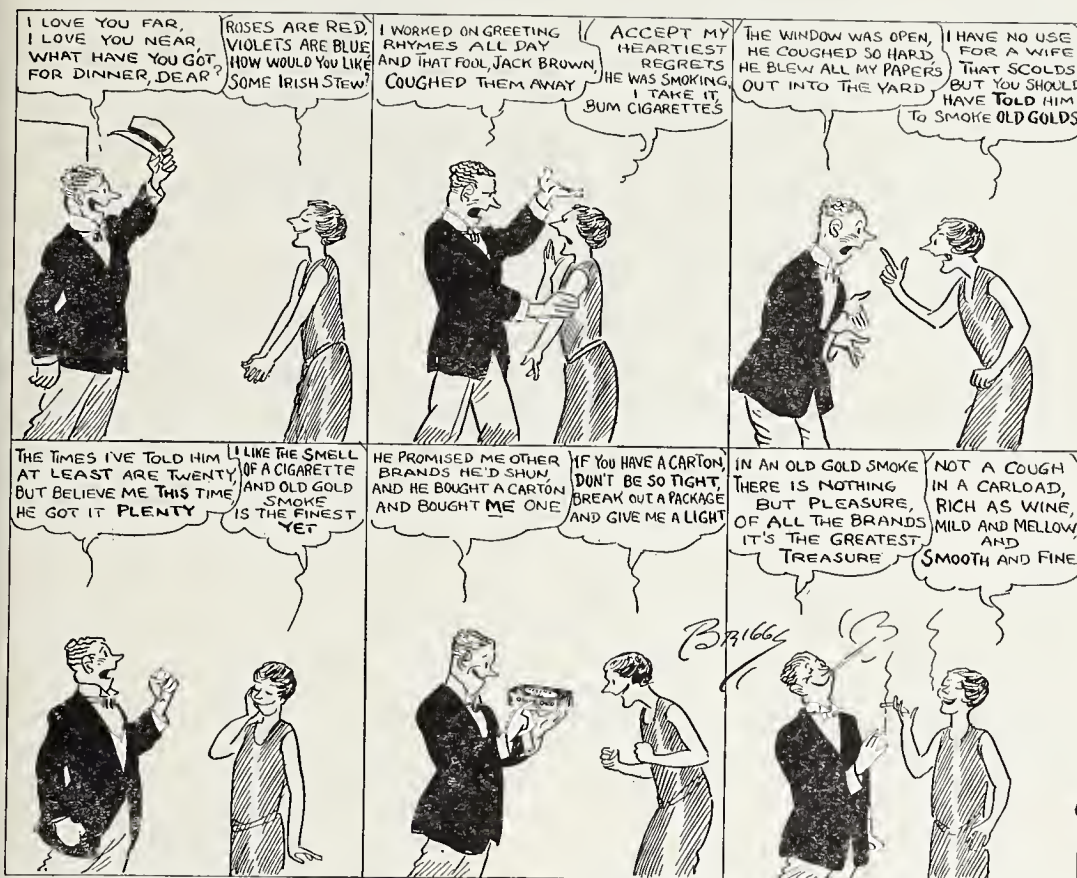
[Mrs. H. E. Genser, Higginsville, Mo.]

SURVIVORS OF THE OLD FOURTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY

Rev. George D. Ewing, of Pattonsburg, Mo. renews his subscription for 1929 and says: "I have been a continuous subscriber, and believe I have received every number from the beginning. . . . Within the past year I wrote of the passing of one of our esteemed veterans, Hon. W. O. Coleman, thinking at the time that it left me the only surviving member of Company A, 4th Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A.; but not long afterwards, I received a letter from W. C. Pryor, living at LaGrange, Ky., who was thinking that he was the only survivor. Since then many letters have passed between us. . . . At the organization of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, we were placed in Gen. Humphrey Marshall's Brigade and soon after, under the command of Col. H. L. Giltner, colonel of the 4th Kentucky, who held the position of brigade commander until the close of the war. I served as orderly sergeant at his brigade headquarters most of his time as brigade commander. I do not think there were many more active units in the Confederate Cavalry, than the two brigades which formed John H. Morgan's command for the last two years of the war. Col. H. L. Giltner had command of the First Brigade; and Col. D. Howard Smith, the second. Now, at my advanced age, I often live over in memory many of the stirring events of our soldier days. There are doubtless not more than two to the company now living of the ten companies which composed that somewhat noted regiment, as well as the entire brigade. But the young men, who composed Gen. John H. Morgan's entire command, were valiant soldiers, who did not fear to go where duty commanded them. Peace to their ashes! and with loving remembrance of their brave conduct of war.

Real Folks at Home (The Greeting Card Writer)

By BRIGGS



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not a cough
in a carload



W. J. Nesbitt, of the Masonic Home, Petersburg, Fla., would like to get in communication with anyone who knew his father, Ezekiel James Nesbitt, as a Confederate soldier. The senior Nesbitt went from Canada to Georgia just before the war came on in the sixties, and located in business at Milledgeville. Growing in his fortunes with the South, he utilized his knowledge of military tactics, having been a British drill sergeant, in drilling the troops stationed at Augusta, Ga. When there were no more men to train, he enlisted with a

battery of artillery and went to the front. He served to the end and stood with Lee's ragged veterans at Appomattox. Unhappily, he kept no record of his service, and his son is anxious to get it established.

Information is wanted on the Dowling family in America, and especially that branch of the family of which Dick Dowling, the hero of Sabine Pass, was a member, his parentage and facts regarding himself and his family. Address Mrs. Robert Dowling, Columbia, S. C.

THE PRESIDENT'S APPOINTEES.

The President of these United States has a pretty good patronage list to look after, as the following, taken from the *National Tribune* will show:

The President appoints, without consent of the Congress, his private secretary and the Librarian of Congress. The President, with the concurrence of the Senate, appoints about 16,000 persons a year. These include ambassadors, consuls, judges, collectors of customs, cabinet officials, district attorneys, marshals, territorial governors, postmasters of certain classes, Treasurer of the United States, Controller of the Currency, Superintendent of Mints, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Interstate Commerce Commissioners, Mines, Pensions, Patents, Indian Affairs. All Bureau chiefs, all military and naval officers, and many others.

Little Emma was crossing the desert with her parents in their car. She became unusually silent for a while and then surprised them by saying: "Mother, I never saw so much nothing in all my life."—*Life*.

TO FLOWER LOVERS

The offer of gladiolus bulbs, in the *VETERAN* for December, met with such hearty response that the same offer is made for the month of February. That offer is to send a package of gladiolus bulbs, either mixed varieties or all of "Le Marechal Foch," a large handsome pink, to any subscriber to the *VETERAN* who adds twenty-five cents to renewal order. The packages contain twenty to twenty-five bulbs, small, but all guaranteed to bloom this year.

The editor of the *VETERAN* has found these bulbs so satisfactory that it is a pleasure to commend them to all who love to raise flowers, and no more satisfactory flower than the gladiolus can be found. Anyone can grow "Glads" successfully. Send on your order to the *VETERAN*. Springtime is on the way.



Le Marechal Foch

CONFEDERATE HISTORY



Look over this list and select what you need for your library now. These books are becoming more and more scarce, and prices will advance accordingly. Only a short list to offer this month, as follows:

The War between the States. By Alexander Stephens.....	\$8 00
Memoirs of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Gen. A. L. Long.....	5 00
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson.	6 50
Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones.	4 00
Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon....	4 00
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Advance and Retreat. By Gen. John B. Hood.....	2 50
Narrative of Military Operations. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.	5 00

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS of GEN. R. E. LEE

COMPILED AND EDITED BY HIS SON, CAPT. R. E. LEE, JR.

A copy of the \$5.00 edition of this interesting work will be sent with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$4.00 (if the subscription is a renewal, it must be in advance). The last of the edition is being sold by the VETERAN. Send in your order at once and get this wonderful book at a wonderful price.

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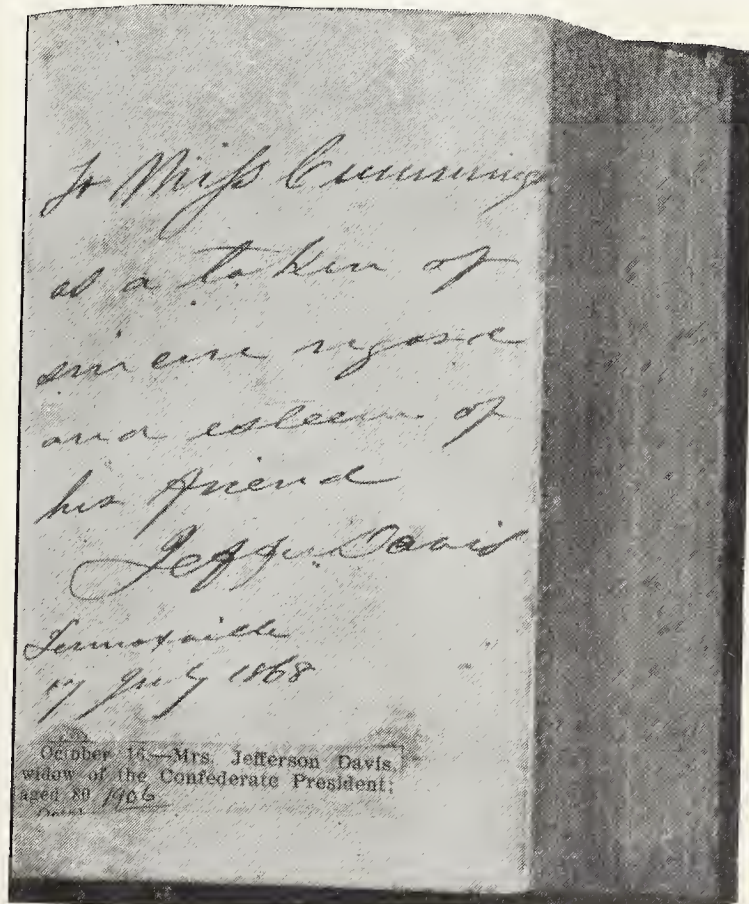
Confederate Veteran.

Library of Congress
Gainesville
Fla. 29

VOL. XXXVII.

MARCH, 1929

NO. 3



A TREASURED MEMENTO

A page of the old Bible given by Jefferson Davis to a young friend in Canada, which is now to be placed in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va. (See page 89.)

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Anyone who knew the company and regiment of the Confederate army to which Franklin Sullivan Davis belonged will please communicate with his son, F. S. Davis, Jr., 95 Swannanoa Avenue, West Asheville, N. C. The elder Davis was living somewhere in Northern Louisiana when he enlisted, as he made his home in Harrisonburg, La., after the war and died there in 1907. Any information will be appreciated by his son.

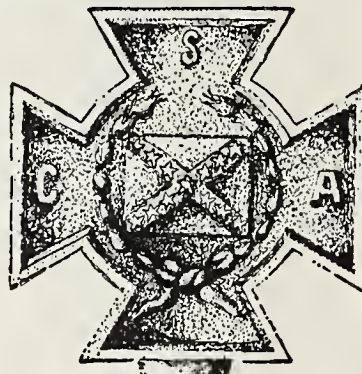
The radio audience among readers of the VETERAN will be interested to know that the P. Lorillard Company, makers of Old Gold cigarettes, are putting on

the air Paul Whiteman and his complete orchestra every Tuesday night from 9 to 10 P.M., Eastern standard time, over a nation-wide hook-up of the Columbia System. This is called the Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour, and started February 5. This sending over the air of the King of Jazz's entertainment for sixty minutes weekly has received wide acclaim.

Mrs. M R. Hamilton, Caddo, Okla., wants to find some comrade of her husband, J. O. (or James O.) Hamilton a courier in the Alabama division of the Confederate army.



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Forget"**




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Published by the College of William and Mary,
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EDITORS

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E. G. SWEM

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The purpose of the QUARTERLY is to print new information relating to the history of Virginia.

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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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VOL. XXXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1929

No. 3.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

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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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GEN. R. A. SNEED, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Trans-Mississippi*

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WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
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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*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

MEMORIAL HIGHWAY.

Route No. 19 through West Virginia will be known as the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Highway—this by special resolution of the West Virginia legislature.

REUNION PLANS.

It is of general interest that the formal opening of the reunion in Charlotte has been advanced one day so as to include June 3, to commemorate the birthday of Jefferson Davis, only President of the Confederacy, and which is also the Memorial Day in many of the Southern States. Special ceremonies will be carried out at the place in Charlotte where President Davis made his last public address, in which he told what his loyal aides could still do for the Confederacy.

Another feature of the ceremonies on this day will be the commemoration of the last full meeting of President Davis's cabinet, which was held at the bedside of Secretary of the Treasury Trenholm, who lay ill in the Phifer home.

Charlotte is planning a great entertainment for the veterans in gray, and the work of securing the reunion fund to finance this entertainment is well under way. Near-by towns will coöperate in this and help to make it a success, and the State will make its appropriation also, for this is a State affair and the Old North State will not fall short in this, its first, entertainment of the United Confederate Veterans. The gray ranks are thinning rapidly and there will be only a few thousand able to enjoy the hospitality of Charlotte and North Carolina, and "Veterans First!" is the thought in all the plans.

The United States government has again shown special consideration for our Veterans in reunion by allowing the use of army tents and equipment to the value of \$100,000, and the Marine band will again be in evidence through the same special favor of Uncle Sam.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

WEST VIRGINIA CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

A correspondent from Richmond, Va., has been much exercised over the plight of Confederate veterans in those States of the South not paying pensions, West Virginia and Maryland, and writes of pitiful appeals coming to the Virginia Relief Committee that they be placed on the pension list. And it is the same in other Southern States. All the States giving pensions require a residence within the State for a year or more before pension is allowed, and that requirement has kept many deserving veterans living in States out of the South from sharing in pension benefits. It could hardly be expected that a State would allow pensions except to residents of the State, and many Southern soldiers who went West after the war, or to the North, have thus lost out.

It is gratifying to know that an effort to have West Virginia pension the Confederate veterans living in that State has succeeded, and that the movement was started by the son of a Union soldier is evidence of a fine feeling toward our Confederate veterans. The bill was introduced by former Gov. A. B. White, now a State senator from Parkersburg, and it provides that West Virginia pay a pension of \$20 per month to Confederate veterans of that State, with an additional \$25 for a burial fund. In introducing his resolution, he said, in part: "I have been thinking of the debt that West Virginia owes to the West Virginia Confederate soldiers who, after the war, returned to West Virginia soil, disfranchised as they were until 1870, not allowed to take part in the government of the territory in which they were born, and ever since then the great part they have played in the history of West Virginia. . . . And I want to say a word of praise for the citizenship of Confederate soldiers who for sixty-four years have been loyal, helpful citizens of our State, accepting fate's decree, coming back to our mountain State, settling down, and becoming useful citizens in this commonwealth. . . . I want to testify to the fact that we owe much to the Confederates and their descendants in West Virginia which we have never recognized. . . . Among them I have had some very dear friends, and I am not prepared to say but what if I had been born in the South I would have been in the Confederate cause—I think I would, because it was a matter of conviction, training, and principle."

Could a bill so introduced fail to pass? West Virginia, we salute you!

FATHER RYAN AS A CONFEDERATE CHAPLAIN.

The article in the *VETERAN* for February on the Rev. Father Lucey, "A Confederate Soldier of Arkansas," and who was a friend of Father Ryan, brought the following from a correspondent of the *VETERAN*: "Referring to the statement that Father Ryan, as a chaplain in the Confederate army, served through the war the greater part of the time with the 8th Tennessee Regiment, I know that not to be correct, the 8th Tennessee having been one of the regiments in the first brigade of Cheatham's Tennessee Division, with which my battery was connected. When I saw him with the Army of Tennessee, it is my recollection that he was with the Louisiana troops, among whom there were very many Roman Catholics, and at one time he was seen among the men of the 1st Louisiana Regulars, then commanded by Col. J. A. Jacques. Probably some Louisiana veterans of the Army of Tennessee can give information about him."

This same friend calls attention to the error in the name of the African explorer referred to in the same article, who was Henry M. Stanley instead of J. C. Stanley. "As an English boy, Henry M. Stanley first came to New Orleans and later to Arkansas, and at the age of eighteen years enlisted in the Confederate army. He was captured at Shiloh, sent to prison at Camp Chase in April, 1862, and obtained release by taking the oath and joining the Federal army—he says to save his life when near death in prison—and in June following was discharged as unfit for service. So it must have been some other Stanley who was professor at the school mentioned."

HONOR TO CAPT. W. W. CARNES.

A life membership in the Bradenton (Fla.) Chamber of Commerce has been presented to Capt. W. W. Carnes, of that city, as a "simple token of appreciation" for the "long service, constant attendance, and loyal support" given by this most beloved of Bradenton's citizens.

In this way recognition has been made of the part which Captain Carnes has had in the upbuilding of the "Friendly City" of Florida, in whose welfare and progress he is still vitally interested. His support has never been lacking in any movement for the good of any city where he has lived, and this richly deserved honor has come spontaneously from those with whom he has labored through many years in the interest of Bradenton—and his heart was made glad by this tribute from his fellow laborers.

Our Confederate veterans—God bless them!—have ever done their part in building up the South.

A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Comrades: During our reunion in Little Rock, the question of a joint reunion of the Blue and the Gray was brought before the convention. In the discussion that followed, different views were expressed, consequently a full decision was not reached by our assembly, many insisting that, in view of past actions of the Grand Army of the Republic in their conventions, the invitation to a joint reunion should come from them to us. I was in sympathy with this view.

Now, the Grand Army of the Republic, through its Commander in Chief and other high officials, has invited the United Confederate Veterans to a joint reunion in the City of Washington during the present year under the auspices of the Federal government. The full correspondence will be referred to our comrades for determination in convention at Charlotte, June 4-7.

A bill to finance this joint reunion was introduced by Congressman Howard, of Nebraska, and is now before the Judiciary Committee of the House. A committee of Grand Army veterans to promote this joint reunion has been formed in Nebraska. As Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans, I have received from this committee a very courteous and fraternal invitation to indorse the Howard Bill.

In order to bring this matter to the attention of our comrades that they may give the question their deliberate study, I will give here my response to the Chairman of the Committee:

"February 11, 1929.

"Charles S. Ryckman, Chairman,
The Blue and the Gray Committee,
Fremont, Nebraska.

"*My Dear Friend of the Blue:* Your letter in regard to a Convention of the Blue and the Gray in the City of Washington during 1929, under the auspices of the Federal government, was received yesterday. In consideration of the differing views prevailing in the Grand Army of the Republic and among the United Confederate Veterans, I am not at liberty to speak officially at this time. When the two organizations duly indorse a joint Reunion, I am confident it will be granted by Congress. I feel that every citizen throughout our vast country should exercise his influence to promote a unity of spirit and of purpose. This most to be desired result would be very much facilitated in a discussion by the Blue and the Gray face to face around a Conference Table with open minds and prayerful hearts for peace, justice and the whole truth. As a Confederate soldier, familiar with the cause of the War and the spirit with which it was waged, I earnestly hope for a full exposition of both.

"General Johnson Hagood has said: 'The South stands in a peculiar position. Its loyalty questioned for fifty years, it stands to-day the most loyal, the most conservative, and the most American of any part of this great country.' It is a happy memory to me that during the World War the South was the section that did not require a military garrison to preserve law and order. Every man, woman, and child was actively supporting the government. I shall use my personal influence to advance this patriotic movement for a joint Reunion of the Blue and the Gray.

"With every good wish for you and each member of your Committee,

"I am sincerely yours, A. T. GOODWYN,
Commander in Chief, U. C. V."

THE AUDRIAN COUNTY FLAG.

In the VETERAN for March, 1928, appeared an article about the flag presented to the Confederate soldiers of Audrian County, Mo., and which had been lost in the latter part of the war. A late letter from Joe Lee Bomar, writer of the article, reports that the flag had been located in possession of Hon. Joseph E. Gates, of St. Joseph, Mo., son of Col. Elisha Gates, commander of the 2nd Missouri Infantry, which regiment the old flag had led in victory and defeat. This will be good news to those who had mourned the loss of their flag these many years since the war.

IN THE OLD NORTH STATE.—She is eighty-five years old and has a total of 237 descendants, but this woman, Mrs. Nancy Earl, of Boiling Springs, can walk two miles a day and back without tiring and cook a "meal o' vittles" as quickly as a girl in the "knee-high" dress class. Mrs. Earl is the daughter of "Uncle" Jimmy Green. Her husband died about seven years ago. She has thirteen brothers and four sisters; she has five children, seventy-four grandchildren, one hundred and forty great-grandchildren, and eighteen great-great-grandchildren, according to information secured from one who knows her well.—*The Shelby (N. C.) Star.*

ERROR IN COMMAND.—Referring to the notice of the death of Charles E. Wasson appearing in the VETERAN for January, page 29, C. H. Lee, Jr., of Falmouth, Ky., writes: "It is stated that Comrade Wasson was a member of the 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Col. D. Howard Smith's regiment. The correction I wish to make is that Col. D. Howard Smith commanded the 6th Kentucky Cavalry, and Col. Roy Cluke commanded the 8th Kentucky Cavalry, both of Morgan's command."

TO THE SURVIVING CONFEDERATES.

BY REV. THOMAS R. GORMAN, TULSA, OKLA.

You're old and gray and trembly now,
 With eyesight dim'd and hearing marr'd,
 Still wonted courage marks your march
 Toward life's goal so brightly starred.

You've seen your comrades fall in fight,
 And others drop along the years—
 Your lives are filled with graves of love,
 Yet still you smile through salty tears.

What destiny the Fates may hold,
 How near to springing death may be,
 You bide your day, you've seen the worst—
 What boots the storms on Stygian Sea!

Though white the locks, like driven snow,
 Though gone the sprightly step of prime,
 You, abated, fight for right
 Though Hell's contagion smirch the time.

For mailed in honesty and truth—
 With buckler, brand, and shield of faith—
 Thrice are you arm'd, Life's foes retire,
 Dissolve and fade, like writhing wrath.

Belov'd veterans, march ye on!
 Nor haste the pace to disappear—
 We weaklings of an ailing age
 Need men as guides who know not fear.

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

Gen. James A. Yeager, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., has gone to join his comrades on the shores of eternity. His death occurred at Tulsa, Okla., on December 31, after two weeks' illness. He would have completed his eighty-fourth year on February 10, and his hale appearance seemingly promised him many more years in which to meet in reunion with his comrades here.

James A. Yeager was born in 1845, on the family plantation near Danville, Ky., and at eighteen years of age he joined the Confederate army as a member of Morgan's command, and was in several of the famous raids by that dashing soldier. He was captured and held as prisoner until near the close of the war, when he was sent South and exchanged. All of this is brought out in the story he wrote of his experiences as a soldier, some of which were given in the *VETERAN* for August, 1926.

Returning to Kentucky after the war, he was

married to Miss Juliana Brown in 1867. He went to Oklahoma in 1905, when Tulsa was a small town and the oil industry was just beginning. He invested there and, as a real estate dealer and building contractor, he helped to build up the town. He was



GEN. JAMES A. YEAGER, U. C. V.

elected city commissioner in 1910, and was credited with starting some of the civic improvements which have made Tulsa one of the best cities of that State.

General Yeager had always been interested in the Confederate organization, and had held all elective offices in his Camp and State, and was made Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department in 1928. He organized the T. A. Hunt Camp, U. C. V., at Tulsa, and he was always a strong supporter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, always ready to coöperate with them. General Yeager was known as one of the most active and vigorous of veterans despite his more than fourscore years. He loved the out of doors, and was an ardent hunter and fisherman, enduring much that made heavy demand on the younger members of his club. The death of his youngest son, William W. Yeager, as a soldier in the World War, was a great blow to him. This young man went to France early in the struggle and was among the first to fall, being the first Tulsan killed.

Three other sons survive him, and a daughter, with a number of grandchildren and great-grand-children.

THE SOUTH AND "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

BY CAPT. W. W. CARNES, BRADENTON, FLA.

One might reasonably suppose that, after more than threescore years since the close of the War between the States, there should be a cessation of war myths of that period and the pre-war falsehoods slandering the South, and it is to be regretted that the moving picture theaters are indulging in the presentation of these falsehoods at this time. It is claimed that one of the benefits of the moving picture is that it serves to teach the young people better through seeing the scene in a picture than by reading of it in print. Then is it not to be regretted that false history should be so taught?

Something over a year ago, one of our local theaters showed, for more than the usual one-day exhibition, the Barbara Fritchie play representing the heroine as defying and waving the flag in front of Stonewall Jackson as his command passed her home. When the picture was advertised here, I refrained from comment until the end of the exhibition, which I learned had been attended by large audiences, in which probably few had any knowledge of the real facts. Afterwards I published the sworn statement of the nephew of Barbara Fritchie that the Confederate troops marching through the city of Frederick, Md., did not pass on the street on which Barbara Fritchie lived, and he further testified that at that time she was well over ninety years of age and confined to her bed, from which she could not have moved without assistance. From the military records I also showed that, in passing through the city, Stonewall Jackson's corps was in charge of the senior division commander because of an accident to General Jackson that delayed his going forward with his troops.

Now, I write, on seeing notice of the coming of a picture dramatizing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," known to me as a most scandalously false showing of slavery conditions in the South. It is the product of an able writer who had never been in the South and personally knew nothing about slave owners and slavery, her book being based on statements obtained from false representations of others. I have been reliably informed that after visiting the South, after the war she expressed regret for having written the book under misinformation.

Most of us who reached manhood before 1861 and survived the war have informed our children about former Southern conditions, but those of the generation following were in large measure too much absorbed in repairing the desolations of war and making a living to give attention to past events, so that many of the second generation now grown up are lamenta-

bly uninformed about Southern historical facts. The Daughters of the Confederacy have striven to preserve the truths of history, but the young men have been largely indifferent. Many of them with children now growing up take active interest in various clubs of these days, but say, "O, what's the use now?" when approached about membership in the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is true that many of the sons and grandsons do take active interest in Southern history, but the number is far too small to combat the falsehoods which a limited coterie of radical enemies of the South still seek to propagate to our disadvantage.

During the past fifty years I have visited many Northern States. In the earlier years I met many Federal veterans who expressed only respect and friendship for the men of the South with whom they had fought to the finish. From the same class of people with whom I associated at home I found kindness and courtesy, and I learned from experience that our people of similar grades in life are very much the same, North and South. In recent years I have found many of the present generation in the North disposed to learn the facts about conditions in the Old South. Among all I found great misunderstanding about the relations that existed between masters and slaves in the days of slavery, probably from having read such stories as the book that prompts this communication.

My ancestors came to this country through Virginia and North Carolina before the Revolution, and all were slave owners. My childhood and early youth was on a large Southern plantation, and I have most clear and accurate recollection of such plantations, not only of my own parents' and grandparents', but of a large planting community in which not less than a thousand negroes were owned on ten plantations varying in size from one thousand to three thousand acres. If there ever was such a character as the Simon Legree, of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," I never heard of one. Then the overseers of Southern plantations, like the farmer of a New England home, was employed for his knowledge of cultivation and was under control of the owner. That there were no cruel owners I am not prepared to assert, but I never learned of one in my acquaintance with portions of four States—Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. At my former home, nearly half a century ago, I heard an intelligent negro man denounce as absurd the statements of abolitionists about cruel treatment of negroes, saying that common sense would make any owner know that his own interests required that the negro be kept in good condition for work. Very many of the large slave owners were in favor of freeing their slaves

when it could be done with justice to them through gradual emancipation. A planter who owned two hundred or more could not count on more than one hundred workers in the field, but all must be supplied with housing, clothing, food, and fuel, so that the total expense was more than would be required as wages for those engaged in productive labor.

The negro, being a more deliberate worker than a white man, none did so heavy a day's work as a white laborer of the North and West, and on most of the large plantations all work stopped from Saturday noon till Monday morning, except feeding the stock and milking the cows. During the afternoon of Saturday, the women washed the clothes of their families, the younger men went fishing or hunting (their master's boys often going with them), and many of the older men occupied themselves in working their own "patches" of land allowed to such of them as would cultivate cotton for themselves, and the annual Christmas shipment of cotton contained many bales of it owned by those industrious negroes.

I can testify that all of the old slaves known to me were care-free, good-natured, and happy people. I never knew one that could not sing, and in their work about the house, in the quarters, or in the fields their songs were always heard. Their day's work over, and everything provided for them, they were free from cares about the future. The owners of plantations in our community gave first, second, and third liberal cash prizes for the best cotton pickers at Christmas, and alternated in having a big barbecue and dance on one of the plantations at the time of "laying by the crop," that being after the last working and while waiting for the cotton bolls to open. I have been present when not less than a thousand were so gathered for a day and night of jollity and frolic.

Pride of family prevailed among those negroes as if they were of blood kin, and their owners cared for them as for children in sickness. There could be no better proof of the loyalty and friendliness of the slaves of the South for their owners than their actions during the war. When all of the white men (including overseers) from middle age to boys of fifteen years were in the army, the women and young children were left on the plantations dependent on their negroes to work the fields and care for them. Their faithful devotion was never forgotten by those of us who lived through those years. A Southern writer has said of them: "Faithful and trustworthy slaves, God and history know how well you, and all your color, kept the faith reposed in you during all those years of carnage and death. Whether masters returned or whether they died in distant prisons or

were killed in battle, there is not recorded against you any wrong or evil toward your white mistress or her children and property left, in thousands of instances, solely in your care and under your protection." Could there be better proof of the natural good qualities of the negroes of the South, uninfluenced by white men of the baser sort in later years? That faithfulness continued after the close of the war until the "carpetbaggers" and emissaries of abolitionists, in the years of the "reconstruction period," began their false teachings and falser promises, using the uninformed, newly-freed negroes as instruments for their own gain. This brought about conditions that caused the organization of the Ku-Klux Klan for self-protection. That organization exerted its influence on the freedmen through its mysterious and apparently supernatural character, causing them to stay in their homes at night and keeping the disaffected ones from being used as instruments in further promotion of trouble by their infamous carpetbag masters. The members of the K. K. K. knew the risk they ran if made known, with Congress then controlled as it was, but the situation in the South was desperate beyond endurance. They avoided doing harm to the negroes, but soon convinced the white robber horde that had invaded the South for plunder that they had better get away. The relief of the South was due, in large measure, to the Ku-Klux Klan, and the former robber gang who had been forced to leave devoted themselves largely to vicious misrepresentations about conditions in the South, which seem yet to influence the feelings toward us of uninformed people who are biased provincials.

Great changes in the negro population of the South have been made by their education in our schools, and they now are able to think and act on their own judgment or on the advice of those they know they can trust. We have been glad to get rid of some of those who have gone North, and many of a better sort who tried the experiment of such change have returned to remain among people they know.

With opportunity to make a living according to his ability, and equal rights under the law, no sensible negro wants social equality or any blood mixture of races, as may be learned by inquiry of any intelligent one of pure blood of the race.

We can assure our Northern friends that Southerners are not only friendly to the Southern negro, but that we appreciate the fact that fear of competition with negro labor has caused a vast number of undesirable immigrants from Southern Europe to prefer other sections of our country and avoid the South, and we are thankful for having the better class of negroes with us.

JEFFERSON DAVIS IN CANADA.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

IN the vaults of one of the big banks in New York City, carefully treasured among stocks, bonds, and other valuables, a little old Bible has lain for over sixty years.

It is the Bible which gave comfort to the soul of Jefferson Davis during his prison life at Fortress Monroe; the hand-tooled brown leather covers, as intact as when in the hands of the President of the Confederacy, the inscriptions as clear as when he penned them. From Lieut. John J. Craven, Surgeon U. S. Volunteers, who was detailed to attend Mr. Davis while a prisoner, we learn that he was a devout man. From letters which passed between the prison authorities and Mrs. Davis, we also learn that permission was given her to send her husband a Bible, with some other things for which he had asked after he had been confined for some time.

Dr. Craven says: "His Bible and prayer book were his usual companions. There was no affectation of devoutness in my patient, but every opportunity I had of seeing him convinced me more deeply of his sincere religious convictions. There were moments, while speaking on religious subjects, in which Mr.

Davis impressed me more than any professor of Christianity I ever heard. There was a vital earnestness in his discourse, a clear, almost passionate grasp in his faith, and the thought would frequently recur that a belief capable of consoling such sorrow as his, possessed and thereby evidenced a reality which no sophistry of the infidel could discredit."

It was to this little book the prisoner turned again and again when racked by such mental and physical suffering as one of his temperament must have endured.

It must have been on some such occasion that he wrote upon a fly leaf;

"In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them." (Isa. 63.)

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him." (1 John 4.)

"And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." (Rev. 22.)

A little marker rests at the eleventh chapter of Job, and a page is turned down at the third chapter of the Epistle of Paul to the Philippians.

After two years' confinement in Fortress Monroe, held as a traitor to the United States, Jefferson Davis, who, at one time or another, had been given



In all their afflictions
he was afflicted, and
the angel of his presence
saved them.

Isa. 63.

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ed the love of God toward
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1 John IV.

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Rev. 22.

nearly every honor both military and political within the gift of his country, was released on parole, his bond being signed by Horace Greely, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Gerrit Smith. He was never reinstated as a citizen of the United States. His case was never called, though he repeatedly asked for an opportunity to prove innocence of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln and of other accusations which he had no opportunity to refute.

Looking back upon the heat and rancor of reconstruction days, one can only in a measure realize the embarrassment of the United States government, which chose to postpone the trial from month to month and year to year rather than become embroiled in the complications which might arise. Ardent advocates were not wanting in the North for the speeding up of the case, which rendered the matter all the more difficult to the powers.

The bitterness of war's aftermath fell personally upon Jefferson Davis. He retired to his home on the Mississippi Sound, which he had bought from Mrs. Sarah Dorsey, to spend the remainder of his life among his books, which his busy life from his early manhood had not permitted him to enjoy as he would. But Beauvoir, whether the Davises would or not, was "open house." People from all walks of life, from the North, from the South, from Europe, found themselves attracted, and were always received with hospitality, which, in the days before autos, usually meant an overnight visit. The dinner hour at Beauvoir, whether guests were present or only Mr. and Mrs. Davis and their young daughter were at table, were formal occasions of dignity and brilliancy. One time, however, the balance was almost lost.

Mr. Davis had a weakness for two splendid Maltese cats, which he named Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. He used to feed them surreptitiously from his plate, but, encountering Mrs. Davis's reproving glance, the maid would be called to put them out. One evening Mr. Davis was engaged in a most interesting conversation with an English diplomat, who was visiting in this country, when there was a terrific yowl from under the table. Mr. Davis was a great lover of fair play, though he was partial to Robert E. Lee. But on this occasion he was absolutely oblivious. Yowl—bang—slap—spit! But Mr. Davis went serenely on, and the diplomat was too much of a diplomat to do otherwise, though there was a suppressed giggle from Winnie and a young visitor who sat beside her. At length there was a dignified silence under the table, when Mr. Davis paused long enough to remark: "Another internecine question has been settled."

Beauvoir at one time possessed a flock of peafowl, which had been sent to Mr. Davis by an admirer. A favorite diversion of the birds was to walk in stately procession, with spread tails, down the long drive to the big gate and back again, up the high front steps to the verandah where Mr. Davis usually sat. One afternoon a delegation of some kind had come over from New Orleans, bringing with them a brass band. They had not been heralded, and paused at the big gate to adjust their instruments preparatory to marching up to the house. With the first note, the entire flock, with a delighted cry, in orderly procession, met them and, with fans spread, wheeled and led the band and delegation gravely up the driveway and up to the house, where Mr. Davis greeted them and was laughingly accused of having trained his gorgeous guard of honor for such occasions.

There is in memory a charming picture of Mrs. Davis in her rose garden at Beauvoir in the early morning. She was always up in the early morning, and usually there were some young visitors who were delighted to help gather the splendid roses which the young person, however young or indifferent, could not forget.

Once she told the story of a group of young people in Canada, whither Mr. Davis had taken her and her children after the release from Fortress Monroe, some seven or eight young folk who lived in a pretty old place just outside the town of Lennoxville. They were the grandchildren of Lord Montcastle, of England and Ireland, and both parents were dead. There was Mary and Jennie and Kate and "Little Stevie" and others. She told how the children gathered in the drawing-room every night and told stories and sang—they all sang while Jennie played the piano. Gradually Maggie and Jeff were drawn into the charmed circle, then she, and, at last, Mr. Davis forgot his troubles to smile upon them. And such rollicking songs they sang, folk songs, the current ballads, and the war songs of the South, which had filtered up into Canada on the tongue of some Southern sympathizer.

When the time came to say good-by, Mr. Davis gave his Bible to Jennie as being the most valuable thing he possessed at that time, and right there and then the young listeners in the garden were envious of Canadian Jennie.

In the winter of 1927, the writer met in Florida a most interesting white-haired gentleman and his lovely wife. He was bubbling over with good humor and good stories. His voice was charming even at his age, and on our excursions together he sang the folk songs of Canada, the ballads of the sixties, then,



as he came to know us better, he gave the old "Secesh" songs of the South. The way was paved, and with much feeling he told the story of a relic which had been precious in his family for more than sixty years, but now, after careful consideration he believed that it was time for it to come home to the South. Before the story was half finished, the listener knew that she had met the "little Stevie" beloved in Mrs. Davis's memory. We agreed that the Bible should become the possession of the whole South and find a resting place in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, and that he should write a story to accompany it.

The naïve little story was written and permission was given for its publication.

THE STORY OF THE DAVIS BIBLE AS TOLD BY STEPHEN S. CUMMINS—"LITTLE STEVIE."

This Bible was given by Jefferson Davis to my sister, Jennie Cummins, who was the eldest of our large family of children, our parents being dead. Jennie, aged twenty-four, and Kate, aged twenty-two, looked after the house and mothered us.

When Mr. and Mrs. Davis and the children came to Lennoxville, they lived in a small hotel. There were but two in the village, and, poorly kept, it was unfitted for Mr. Davis with his shattered health. Bishop's College and the Grammar School associated with it, were widely known, and numerous boys,

both Northern and Southern, came to Canada for part of their education. Among them were three Southern boys named Stotesbury. They had been at Lennoxville while Mr. Davis was at Fortress Monroe. The Davis children were in charge of Mrs. Davis's mother, Mrs. Howell, who had taken them to Toronto, Canada, where Mr. and Mrs. Davis joined them when he left Fortress Monroe. It was in Toronto that the Davis and Stotesbury families met and became friends. The Lennoxville school had proved satisfactory to the Stotesburys, and it was decided to send young Jeff there. He went in charge of the oldest Stotesbury boy, Hansell, who was to be a big brother and save him some of the bumps small boys usually find in a crowd of boys. Young Jeff was thus the immediate cause of the family coming to Lennoxville.

With Mr. and Mrs. Davis came the younger sister of Mrs. Davis, Maggie Howell, and the Davis children—Maggie, afterwards Mrs. J. A. Hayes, Billie, and Winnie. Also, the Stotesbury family came with them, Mr. and Mrs. Stotesbury, Cecelia, the eldest child, Hansell, Neuville, Herbert, and a small sister. Of all this intimate group, only three are living at this date, December, 1927. Maggie Howell, now Mrs. de Stoess, is living in Seattle. Cecelia Stotesbury, Now Mrs. H. A. Ford, lives as a widow in Ocala, Fla., and Hansell lives in Santa Monica, Calif.

Our home, "Rock Grove," was a big quiet house, surrounded by trees and a short distance from the village. It was an ideal place for children, and soon the entire Davis family entered into our home life. The noise of the village irritated Mr. Davis in his nerve-racked condition, and he, as well as Mrs. Davis, spent most of the time at "Rock Grove." They took us into their hearts, and we grew to love them as if they were our own.

The day they were at "Rock Grove" for the last time, Mr. Davis turned to his wife and said: "Varina, what is the most valuable thing I have left in the world?" She answered, "Why, Jeff—your Bible." He said: "Yes, my Bible." And shortly after he sent it to my sister Jennie, with this inscription on a flyleaf:

"To Miss Cummings, as a token of sincere regard and esteem of her friend, Jeff'n Davis. Lennoxville, 17 July, 1868."

After my sister's death, it came to me, and I pass it reverently on to the Confederate Museum, as a precious relic of the good and great man whom I was fortunate to know in my youth.

At the time Jennie received the Bible, Mrs. Davis gave my sisters, Kate and Mary, each a bracelet. Mary is dead and Kate now has both. Mrs. Davis called herself my second mother, and wrote me frequently for years. I saw her only once more, shortly before her death. She was then in New York and an invalid. I was only fifteen when I had last seen her, and when I entered her room, feeling somewhat choked with emotion, she looked at me a moment, and said: "Stevie, I'd have known you anywhere—you are the same little boy, only you're big!"

She had always been calm, always stately and deeply affectionate, all of which had impressed me as a youth, and I saw little change, except that time had emphasized these qualities. Then she gave me a photograph of herself, which had been taken from a painting. This photograph, with others of Mr. Davis and two of the children, I send with the Bible to the Museum. These pictures were taken about 1868. Of the Davis children, the eldest, Maggie, was closest in my affection. I have two volumes from her, entitled "Jefferson Davis, Ex-President of the Confederate States, a Memoir by His Wife." On the front page is this inscription: "To Stephen Cummins, from his life-long friend, the daughter of the authoress." It is signed M. H. J. D. Hayes, and dated Christmas, 1908. She died a few months later.

One point which I wish to emphasize is though Mr. Davis was suffering ill-health as the result of war strain, followed by imprisonment, I never heard him utter a bitter word concerning the causes that had brought about his condition. On the contrary, if any of us young folk gave expression to our feelings in

words which were antagonistic to the Northern States or people, he would stop us gently, and tell us not to feel or speak with bitterness, for only by kindly feeling and speech could the whole nation be rebuilt and reach its highest destiny. Both Mr. and Mrs. Davis were fond of young people, and I can see them vividly, after all these years, sitting in the evening in the big drawing-room at "Rock Grove," where a crowd of us would gather about the piano and sing. Sometimes we young folks sat on the floor in a close circle and sang plantation melodies or told stories, while Mr. and Mrs. Davis sat in chairs beside us, Winnie on her mother's lap and Billy leaning against her, Maggie and young Jeff with the crowd on the floor. Mr. Davis was very fond of Cissie Stotesbury, and usually she sat near him, his fingers beating time on her shoulder, his eyes closed and face smiling. He always called her "Little Sister," and he particularly liked one of her songs called "Whip-poor-will."

Her clear soprano rising and falling in soft modulations, she sang:

"The day is gone, the day is gone,
And all around is still;
Say, shall I sing my lonely song,
Chip whip-poor-will, chip whip-poor-will."

Cissie giving the first three lines, then Jennie's low contralto, my tenor, and Armin Nichol's base balancing the younger trebles in the refrain.

It was here that Mr. Davis found the rest of mind and body he needed and gradually gained strength.

I remember, with amusement, part of a song the boys from the South and some of us Canadians used to sing lustily for the benefit of the boys from the North, and many a bloody nose and black eye resulted. It was one of the cardinal teachings of the school that "if you think yourself insulted, fight; and when you think you've had enough, shake hands and be friends." This appealed to the boys' sense of right and was lived up to. The chorus of our song was:

"O! the muskets they may rattle,
And the cannon they may roar,
But we'll fight for you, Jeff Davis,
Along the Southern shore."

Some of the stanzas follow:

"There goes the Washington artillery,
Give 'em a charge of grape!
You should 'a' seen the Yankees
Tryin' to escape.

"O! the muskets," etc.

When the Northern boys were properly "het up," they charged as gallantly as did their fathers and brothers in blue against the men in gray. We'd battle until honor was satisfied, then shake hands, grin amicably and go our way, feeling less hostile. The North and the South have settled their differences more grimly, but in a parallel way, and have shaken hands. The kindly feeling that Mr. Davis urged upon us young people, now holds the men in gray and the men in blue in a strong fraternal grip, and the nation is one indissoluble whole, forever.

PLEASANT DAYS IN WAR TIME.

(This article was written by the late John W. Gordon, of Richmond, Va., many years ago, but as he was extremely modest in telling of his war experiences, it has only recently been offered to the VETERAN for publication. Mr. Gordon served through the entire war, and part of that time was on the staff of General Roberts, C. S. A., and after the war he was colonel of North Carolina State Troops in Reconstruction and Ku-Klux Days. His record as a soldier was unsurpassed for gallantry and devotion, though he was but a boy when he enlisted; and he took part in many important battles, among them being Brandy Station, Fleetwood, Yellow Tavern, White Oak Swamp, Haw's Shop, Malvern Hill, Reams's Station, Poplar Springs Church, Stony Creek, Bellefield, Cabin Point, and other engagements. In the following article he gives some of his pleasant experiences, which he preferred to write about, "reminiscences of happy days in which there were some little affairs too insignificant to be termed battles, but which, nevertheless, were often the scenes of distinguished heroism and individual prowess.")

In the winter of 1862, a squadron composed of Companies C (of which I was a member) and K, of the 2nd North Carolina Cavalry, was on detached service. In February, 1863, we left Drewry's Bluff and marched to Southampton County, Va., where we were soon joined by Major (afterwards General) Dearing, as gallant a soldier as ever drew saber and a most lovable gentleman. Major Dearing called for twenty-five of the best-mounted men from our squadron, in which number it was my good fortune to be included, to go, under his command, on a reconnoissance to gain information as to the strength and position of the enemy in Suffolk and surrounding country, preliminary to General Longstreet's siege of that place.

We crossed the Blackwater, marched through Isle of Wight (I-le-White," in local and army vernacular) into Nansemond, near enough to Suffolk to capture

some Federal pickets; skirting around to the north of the town, down the left bank of the Nansemond River, and across country via Chuckatuck to Smithfield. The good people of that section, having been under Yankee dominion since the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederates a year previous, welcomed us as their deliverers with open arms and most lavish hospitality. Little did they or I suppose that Longstreet was only on a foraging expedition and had no intention of taking Suffolk.

We established a picket line from Smithfield to Franklin. I was stationed with four others as a post about two miles from Smithfield, at a fork of the road, in an open country half a mile from the nearest woods, and not a house in sight. The weather was bitter cold, and we had neither shelter nor firewood. We had some corn meal in our haversacks, but not a thing to cook in, not even a frying pan, a utensil carried by many Confederate cavalymen, having left with our wagons in Southampton every encumbrance that could be dispensed with.

So, early in the afternoon of the first day at our post, I mounted my horse and went out reconnoitering. Following the road leading through the woods, I soon came to a stately mansion sitting a little off the road in a grove of oaks. My knock at the front door was answered by a young lady of very attractive appearance, whom I told of our condition at the post. I did not make known our wants in the trite terms I once heard of a soldier doing, who said: "Please, marm, give me a drink of water, I'm so hongry, I haint got nowhar to sleep to-night," but, encouraged by the delight the young lady manifested at the sight of a Confederate soldier, I handed her my haversack of corn meal and timidly asked if she would kind enough to have it made into bread for us. This she cheerfully consented to do, telling me to return for it about seven o'clock in the evening.

When I described this young lady's appearance to the boys at the post, each one of them wanted to be detailed to go after that pone of bread. But I told them I didn't mind riding in the cold and dark, and you may be sure I was back at that house on time. After being introduced by the young lady to her father and sisters, of whom there were three, she being the youngest, just sweet sixteen, a few months older than myself, I was ushered into the supper room and given a seat at the table next to my fair young friend. Gee whillikens! It makes me hungry now when I think of that supper.

The meal being over, I offered as an apology for hurrying away that the men at the post were hungry, and asked for my corn bread. Sweet Sixteen said the bread was not ready, and invited me into the parlor to show me some oil paintings. I bashfully fol-

lowed her. When a pleasant half hour had passed, and I was about to again mention that bread, she opened wide the front door and there stood my horse with a wallet thrown across her back with, at least, a half-bushel of something in each end. "There's your corn bread," she said, "I hope you will enjoy it, I made it with my own hands." The boys at the post had a royal supper and breakfast out of that wallet, but not one ounce of corn bread did they find.

The next morning the whole family honored us with a visit. There was a young lady for each of us four unmarried men, and all remarkably well matched as to age. Our only married man was left to entertain the old gentleman, but looked as if he wished himself a widower. They had hauled also to the post two empty hogsheads and a load of wheat straw. We laid the hogsheads down on their sides with the open ends to the fire, and with straw under us and blankets over us, we were as snug as bugs in a rug.

But those surroundings were too delightful to be of long duration. One night at the end of a week we received orders to be at Windsor, now a station on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, about twenty miles distant, by sunrise the next morning. I immediately mounted my horse and galloped off to say good-by to our kind friends up the road. I found the house in darkness; all had retired for the night, and only Sweet Sixteen answered my call. I told her I guessed we were going to take Suffolk, and made a mental note of the nice things I would send her from some Yankee store.

As we were nearing Windsor next morning, we were overtaken by a lad in a buggy, whom we were astonished to recognize as Sweet Sixteen's young brother. He handed me a note and two large pillow cases stuffed with baked fowls, sweet potatoes, pickles, cakes, and all sorts of nice things. Immediately on my departure the night before, the sweet girl had aroused the household, and those dear people had spent the remainder of the night cooking; and this little boy, starting before daybreak, had driven hard to overtake us and present us with this additional evidence of their friendship and of their loyalty to the cause in which we were engaged.

Arrived at the place of rendezvous, I reported five men for duty, though all suffering from cardiac wounds received in engagements around Smithfield. When I parted with Sweet Sixteen the night before, neither of us wore the same finger ring we had worn before. I wonder if she has mine yet. Should this, perchance, meet her eye, she may be interested to learn that on the battle field of Brandy Station, a few months after our parting, hers was embedded in my finger by a fragment of shell, and was filed off by a Yankee surgeon; and some months later it slipped

from my finger while I was swimming in Chesapeake Bay, trying to make my escape from Point Lookout, where I was a prisoner. Also, that a *packet* of her interesting epistles were taken, with everything else my pockets contained, by an old hunchback Vermont Yankee who used to dress my wounds while I was in hospital in Alexandria. While I was in prison my fair friend married an officer of the 3rd North Carolina Cavalry, which regiment relieved us of duty around Smithfield and fell heir, not only to our comfortable hogshead homes, but to our lovely girls as well.

Such are the vicissitudes of a soldier's life; and yet, I would say those days were among the happiest of my life.

Our play time was over. From the day of our arrival at Windsor, it was hard and constant service. We had frequent tilts with Spear's and Dodge's Cavalry, the same men who had so often raided through the adjoining County of Gates in North Carolina, and had committed depredations and outrages on my father's premises. A few years ago I was in Gettysburg, and hired a man to drive me over the battle field. In the course of our conversation, I learned that he had belonged to Spear's Regiment of cavalry, and was at Suffolk. I asked if he was ever ambushed down there and fired into with buckshot. He said he was, and described the circumstances so correctly, and gave me such convincing evidence, that I knew he was telling the truth. He had been to my father's house. I told him I had tried to kill him then, but was glad I hadn't succeeded, as I might not have had so good a guide over the fields of Gettysburg.

About the 10th of April, 1863, General Longstreet had Suffolk completely invested. The telegraph wires had been cut, and a section of the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad track between Suffolk and Portsmouth had been torn up. Supplies in Suffolk were running short, and Federal gunboats attempted to force a passage up the Nansemond River to relieve the beleaguered town. The obstacle they encountered, and which proved insurmountable, was a Confederate fortification hastily thrown up at a bend in the river a few miles below Suffolk, in the back yard of, if I remember correctly, a Mr. Riddick. We had there a battery of four good-sized guns, and some rifle pits well manned. On the opposite side of the river, which was not very wide at this point, was a marsh covered with tall bulrushes, in which were concealed Yankee sharpshooters, who were very annoying to us and to me in particular, as well as to a handsome house cat, which, like cats in general, being more attached to localities than to persons, did not accompany Mr. Riddick's family when they vacated

the premises to escape the dangers of shot and shell. Or, it may be that "Tommy" wished to study the art of war, or thought he would inspire our men with courage by a manifestation of his own indifference to danger. Whatever his motive, he appeared to be reviewing the field from a meat block which stood in Mr. Riddick's backyard, which some Yank evidently considered a position meet for his act, when, with a Minie ball, he ruthlessly cut off "Tommy's" entire caudal appendage as smooth as if it had been done with a guillotine. Tommy did not stop to pick up his tail. I got that and wore it as a plume in my hat. Neither did he take time to investigate the cause of this catastrophe. If ever a cat ran, he did. My mare would not have been in it in a race with him. He was running when I saw him last, and, as cats are said to have nine lives, he may be running yet.

I was a courier that day, and several times had to carry dispatches back and forth between this battery and General McLaw's headquarters, about two miles away. I rode a fleet mare of my own raising, which I loved next best to my sweetheart. We were targets for the enemy going and coming in the run we had to make across a freshly plowed field half a mile to the nearest woods. On one trip, we were nearly buried by the explosion of a shell as it struck the plowed ground in front of us, slightly wounding my mare. This beloved animal surrendered her sweet life to the cause at Brandy Station.

The Yankee sharpshooters were finally driven from cover by the most daring deed I ever witnessed. A private of an infantry regiment, the 4th Texas, I think, as brave as the Emperor Constantine in Hebrus, amid a shower of bullets, swam the river and, with a block of matches he had secured on top of his head, fired the bulrushes, and, to the amazement and joy of all, returned to our lines unhurt. If ever a man deserved promotion for gallantry and a niche in the Temple of Fame, this Texan did.

IN THE BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE.

BY B. F. WATSON, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

In the interesting article by Fred A. Olds in the *VETERAN* for February, there is some lack of accuracy. I was in the battle of Bentonville under Cheatham, Baker's Brigade, 40th Alabama Regiment, under Col. E. S. Gully, and Capt. J. W. Monette, of Company C. The cavalry did not fight on Johnson's right. Our division, (Stovall's and Baker's brigades) relieved the cavalry on Johnson's extreme right about 8:30 A.M., on March 19, and shortly after 10 A.M., the Federals assaulted Stovall's Brigade, which held the works (Baker supporting Stovall), and came within twenty feet of Stovall's works. A

single volley from Stovall sent them scurrying back down the hill, across a narrow hollow, up a short, steep hill, to their breastworks. Some of the prisoners taken in the assault said they thought they were attacking cavalry. This was the cavalry we relieved.

At about two o'clock, as stated by Mr. Olds, we opened the battle, Stovall attacking, our brigade supporting. As Stovall's men, assaulting, began firing, our brigade was commanded to yell, to let the Federals know that two lines were assaulting. The Federals broke from their breastworks when Stovall started up the hill, and I did not see a wounded man, nor one killed, of our men as we rushed on up to the Federal works. Stovall's Brigade stopped there, and Baker's passed to the front, and we pursued them on about three hundred yards through the blackjack and some pines; and when we were in about eighty yards, they turned their backs and fled without firing on us at all except a few shots. They had rallied on a country road, and as we came up to the road, there was not a Yank to be seen for the brush. I looked deliberately both ways on the road, and as far as I could see the line had left its baggage—knapsacks, plunder, etc. Some of our men grabbed up the knapsacks, and one of our company, Frank Lee, found a silk dress, while some found ladies' garments and deguerreotypes, and one of Captain Coleman's company hauled out a little bag of silver of about twelve dollars, as I now remember. I grabbed up a frying pan and stuck the handle under my belt as a sort of shield. We pursued on, keeping up our fire, though we did not see a single rascal of them for some distance. We ran those thieves a half mile to another line of works, and every one of them, where our regiment struck their line, fled or surrendered.

But before they were sent back, another solid line charged up and we could not undertake to stay. Our line was so scattered in passing through the wood that we struck the enemy in disconnected groups. Our colonel struck the line some distance to our left and a half dozen with him drove on and passed to the rear, and to the left of the Federal line, and rejoined the regiment several days after the battle, capturing three prisoners after they thought they were safe beyond the enemy's line.

The forty prisoners that Mr. Olds mentions were captured by an ambushing cavalry company, as the Federal advance crossed the bridge that Mr. Olds mentions on page 75 of the *VETERAN*. I crossed this bridge twice, and it was then over a sluggish stream bordered on the west side by an ugly fen, seventy or eighty yards wide, which served to guard the right wing of Johnston's army.

RECOVERY OF THE GUNS OF THE KEOKUK.

BY JULIA PORCHER WICKHAM.

Among the daring and successful episodes of the War between the States the recovery by the Confederates of the two guns from the wreck of the iron-clad vessel Keokuk deserves a place of the highest distinction. It is something entirely of its own kind, involving mechanical skill and ingenuity beside secrecy, cool judgment, and unflinching resolution. It is pleasant to add that it was attended by no casualties.

No special documents, official and contemporary, relating to the enterprise have been discovered. A few paragraphs embodied in more general reports constitute all the notes possessed from Confederate sources, while some correspondence between the Union authorities is the sum of contributions from the other side.

But of the actors in this marine adventure five have been consulted in the preparation of this narrative, and no particulars have been used to supplement the official record except such as rest on the agreement of evidence, or seem to be most probable under all circumstances.

The Keokuk's brave commander, A. C. Rhind, took his vessel within shorter range of the fort than any of her colleagues. His report closes with the sinking of the Keokuk at seven-thirty the morning after the fight. She had been kept afloat during the night in smooth water, but at daylight it became rough, and in the effort to get the vessel round with the assistance of a tug, she sank in eighteen feet of water (high tide), completely submerged to the top of her smokestack. At the later period of the ebb tide, the turrets were just visible above water. The wreck lay off the southern extremity of Morris Island, and about thirteen hundred yards from the beach. As plainly seen at low tide with the naked eye from the walls of Fort Sumter, it was distant nearly four miles (nearer the ocean), a little east of south.

Later on, the Navy Department asked the rear admiral why the wreck had not been blown up and not left to the Confederates to overhaul; but that official had no answer to give.

Two or three visits were paid to the wreck by Confederate officers, who pronounced the recovery of the guns absolutely impossible, but, after a visit paid to the wreck on April 16, by S. Cordes Boylston, adjutant of the garrison at Fort Sumter, and another visit April 19, by Maj. D. B. Harris (from Goochland County, Va.), Chief Engineer of the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, steps were taken by Maj. Gen. R. S. Ripley, commanding the

first military district, under instructions from General Beauregard, to organize a gang of mechanics, with guard boats, for making the hazardous attempt upon the guns.

About this time the Northern public was reading the opinion of some letter writer in their fleet, which was still at its station off Charleston Harbor, that all was going on very well, and that the work of recovering any spoils from the wreck would be a fruitless task. He states that efforts had been made to blow up the wreck, but entirely unsuccessfully, and then goes on to say: "At all events, she is useless to the Rebels. She is filled with sand, and will be broken up or buried after the first gale. The Rebels cannot raise her, and she is covered by the guns of the blockading fleet, and will ever be beyond their reach."

Before operations could be begun upon the wreck, the commanding officers were busy looking around and selecting the right kind of men for the undertaking. In the employ of the Ordnance Department was Adolphus W. La Coste, a native civilian, a rigger by trade, who had been for a long time rendering invaluable service in mounting heavy guns and performing such like duties. After long and special conferences, General Beauregard placed him in charge of the work, and he continued throughout as its leader. A band of picked men was organized and Fort Sumter was called upon to furnish a detachment of barges, to be used as a covering force, with an officer in command, in order to facilitate escape if the force was attacked by the Federals while they were at work.

The two turrets of the Keokuk were exposed only at low tide, so little more than two and a half hours labor on each night could be expected under the most favorable circumstances. The enterprise was thus conditioned and limited by the following necessities: Darkness, secrecy, quiet, short time, smooth water, and perpetual vigilance. Morris Island was then held entirely by the Confederates, and escape from the wreck would have to be by a rapid pull for the beach, about thirteen hundred yards distant.

Outside the bar were strung the blockading gun-boats and their protector, the flagship, the New Ironsides. The nearest of them might be on her station, two miles off, but there was nothing to prevent their crossing the bar by day or night; while small boats might make a dash upon the wreckers and capture them all. Later, when the force of workmen was increased, and more was at stake, one or both of the Confederate ironclads took a covering position in the vicinity of the party.

The first thing to be done was to convey the workmen with their tools to the wreck, and then push off and stand guard some distance out and down the channel, in the small boats provided. With slippery footing on the roofing of the turrets, constantly awash with the swell breaking over them, the scant clothing of the men kept wet with the salt spray, and with no light allowed them, the mechanics bent themselves to their task. They attacked the turrets with sledge and chisel, wrench and crowbar, for they had to remove a large section of the roof to allow the lifting through a free passage of a gun thirteen feet five inches long, nearly three feet in diameter at the breach, and weighing sixteen thousand pounds.

Beside the upper and lower plating, three of the heavy girders had to be cut through, each in two places, and removed. Then the gun, seen below on its carriage, mostly under water, could not be made ready for lifting until two massive cap squares of brass, which fastened it down, were cut and wrenched out of place. Then a strong rope or hawser was passed around the cascabel, and wrapped around the breech of the gun, with lashings sufficient to sling it to the hoisting tackle.

La Coste had now all in readiness for the crowning act. Already nearly two weeks had been consumed in these preparations. The spirit of the brave fellows rose with the difficulties they encountered and the success that had thus far rewarded them. On one night only were they discovered and forced to hurry away from the wreck, but even then no unfavourable result followed, nor was their actual work for the recovery of the guns suspected. The war correspondent's confidence must have been shared by the whole fleet, yet, while more hopeful than when they began, the men knew that the most uncertain stage of their operations was to come. The hoisting out of those enormous guns from the turrets—how was this to be accomplished?

An old, but solid, hulk, a lightship formerly in use at Rattlesnake Shoal, north of the harbor, was made ready for the hoisting and transporting of the guns to the city. The bow was weighed down with fifteen hundred sand bags destined to play a very important part in the execution of the plan.

Secrecy and dispatch were the requisites of success. The Union fleet lay outside, and even some of their small boats on picket duty could be descried from the wreck, but so lulled into confidence were they that no interruption occurred from that quarter.

On the final night, with the slinging of the gun safely effected, came the order to hoist away; the men on the lightship responding cheerily, though

with the hush of caution, to their comrades waist-deep in water within the turret.

The strain begins, the stout ropes tighten, the block slowly rises; then the massive breech of the gun appears, inch by inch, above the level of the roofing, the muzzle yet hanging far down below it, and splashed by the swell of sea water. Stick to it as they did, the task was a heavy one, the progress slow, the operation very delicate, and the time very short. La Coste ordered the sand bags shifted on the lightship, and they were passed to the stern. The gun could be seen gradually rising and in another minute it promised to swing free from the Keokuk's turret—but, no, it stopped—and human ingenuity could do no more.

Suddenly, to their relief, just as the day was breaking, came at this instant a friendly wave from the ocean and lifted the muzzle of the gun free from its detaining lodgment. Never did morning dawn upon lighter spirits, as the men saw themselves free at last to return to the city with their well-earned trophy.

In three nights more the second gun was made ready for hoisting; the weather was favorable, the same force of men and means of transportation were employed, and success, without any delays or drawbacks, crowned their efforts.

The papers in Charleston, on May 6, announced the complete recovery of the guns. The work must have occupied about three weeks. Certainly it was well done, and deserves to be held in remembrance. At the time it was complimented with special mention in the reports of General Beauregard and Major-General Ripley.

In a short time, after they were landed in Charleston, the guns were again under transportation, this time to be used for the defense of the harbor against which they had once been brought to attack. One was mounted on the walls of Fort Sumter. This gun was subsequently brought back and placed at Battery Ramsay at White Point Gardens (on the Charleston Battery). The other was mounted at Battery Bee, Sullivan's Island, and took part in the severe action of September 8, and kept its place there to the last. They were the heaviest guns in the harbor.

By the skill, daring, and perseverance of a few dauntless men, Charleston became possessed of two of the proudest and most formidable trophies of the war. They had been abandoned by the Union navy, then pronounced irrevocably lost by the Confederate navy, but, finally, with great risk and labor, they were raised and turned against their former owners. It is no wonder that Mr. Wells, the Secretary, should have closed one of his dispatches

to Rear Admiral Du Pont with these words: "The wreck and its important armament ought not to have been abandoned to the Rebels, whose sleepless labors appear to have secured them a valuable prize." These guns, I believe, are now on the famous battery (formerly White Point Gardens) in Charleston.

[Abbreviated from Chapter III of the "Siege of Charleston" by Maj. John Johnson.]

FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Contributed by Miss Sally Washington Maupin, First Vice President, Mayland Division, U. D. C.

[In 1864, John R. Thompson went to London to take an editorial position on the *Index*, a journal supported by the Confederate government with the intention of influencing England and France to further its cause. Mr. Thomson remained abroad two years. He then returned to this country and obtained a situation on the *Evening Post* as assistant editor. His health failed rapidly. On the day of his death, he sent for R. H. Stoddard, whom he made his executor, with full liberty to act according to his judgment in regard to the disposition of his effects.

His diary shows that no American at that period has so great a social opportunity as Mr. Thomson; and I think that his intention was to fill out these entries and make a complete account of his life abroad.—E. S.]

January 25, 1864.—The exigencies of the war rendering it impossible for me to procure a diary in Richmond, I have taken this old one of 1859. The only change necessary where the entries will begin is that of the year at the top of the page.

January 28.—Some expenses of the past year, to show the cost of things:

Paid for a breakfast to three people, \$33. One pound of butter, \$12. A shad, \$10, etc.

Gave my sister for wounded soldiers, \$50.

Paregoric, \$4. Bottle of brandy, \$50.

Sent a note to Constance Cary, proceeds of a poem on the obsequies of Stuart, which note was never received. Quart of milk, \$4.

February 29.—Wrote my weekly letter to the *London Index*. Rumors of an advance of Meade's army and a cavalry raid of the enemy on the Virginia Central Railroad.

March 1.—Raining and very dark. Great excitement in town produced by the cavalry raid, which was pushed within three miles of Richmond. The vandals shelled the house of Hon. James Lyon, on the Brooke Turnpike, and committed wanton outrages wherever they went. Skirmishes between raiders and local troops; some prisoners brought in.

March 2.—The house roofs covered with snow. Three hundred horses and eighty prisoners brought in by Gen. Wade Hampton.

March 3.—All local troops under arms. Alarm bells rang from two till five. All furloughed officers and privates of the Confederate army called to serve in defense of the city.

March 4.—Deepest indignation over the orders captured on Colonel Dahlgreen, revealing the diabolical purpose of the Yankees in their late raid to sack and burn the city and put to death the President and Cabinet.

March 6.—At St. Paul's the prayer of thanksgiving after victory was offered for our deep obligation to God Almighty and our deliverance from danger.

March 7.—Wrote a full account of late events for the *London Index*.

March 13.—Large number of leading Confederate officers in church to-day—Generals R. E. Lee, Longstreet, Bragg, Hood, Whiting, and others.

March 14.—Prayers at St. Paul's. Spent the evening playing backgammon with my father. President's proclamation on fast day. Consultation of generals held here on the conduct of the campaign for the future.

March 15.—Under the new agreement for exchange of prisoners, six hundred and sixty-five officers and prisoners arrived. President Davis and Governor Smith made speeches. Hot coffee and provisions were served them.

March 20.—Immense concourse in Capitol Square to meet eleven hundred prisoners from Point Lookout.

March 26.—Prices current for this day's market: Beef, far from good, \$5 per pound. Irish potatoes, \$40 per bushel. Eggs, per dozen, \$7. Butter, per pound, \$4.

March 31.—Heard a lecture on the religious character of Stonewall Jackson. Large audience. Sent letter to London by a special messenger.

April 30.—President Davis's son fell from the balcony.

May 1.—Funeral of young Davis.

May 5.—Yankee gunboats ascending the river. Second battle of the Wilderness.

May 6.—The great battle continues. Dr. Read's church kept open for prayers.

May 7.—Continuance of the fight. A thousand rumors flying.

May 9.—All business suspended. No one allowed to leave town.

May 11.—Richmond bare of male inhabitants. Terrible storm; houses unroofed.

July 5.—Left Wilmington on steamer Cape Fear, went down the river to Fort Fisher, and on board the

Edith. Out at sea by eight o'clock, having safely passed the inner blockading fleet off the bar; went very near one of them. Slept on a cotton bale. At daybreak were seen and chased by a Yankee steamer supposed to be the Connecticut. Chase kept up nine hours, when the Yankee changed his course. Saw the steamer later, but, night coming on, eluded them.

July 8.—Ran into the harbor of St. George, Bermuda, and went on board the British mail packet and sailed for Halifax.

July 12.—Dense fog off the coast. Lay in the trough of the sea, firing signal guns. Pilot came along and took us into harbor. Heard of the loss of the Alabama in the fight with the Kearsarge.

July 30.—Put off passenger and mails at Queens-town.

London, August 3.—Moved my luggage from Exeter Hill Hotel to 17 Savile Row, the old residence of Sheridan, where he died.

August 14.—Kingussie, Scotland. Two services in the church, the last in the Gaelic tongue, the tunes sung to the hymns the same as those used in America. Received a telegram of a victory over Grant, which gives us all the liveliest satisfaction.

September 3.—Went with Mr. Mason to the Clonmel Club; cricket match with the 10th Hussars.

September 8.—Took a jaunting car for Curraghmore, the seat of the Marquis of Waterford. At Carrick, a trial was going on on witchcraft! Saw an old manor house of Queen Elizabeth which Spenser visited. Stopped at Mr. Ridgeway's to lunch.

October 7.—Dined at Captain Blakeley's, inventor of the celebrated gun.

October 11.—Lunched with the Countess of Harrington. Afterwards drove to a famous jeweler's in Regent Street, where we saw diamonds of the Dowager Countess Cleveland, £8,000 in value. They were for sale. Commenced a leader for the *Index*.

October 14.—Drank tea and spent the evening with Thomas Carlyle at 5 Cheyne Row. Mr. Carlyle inquired about the Confederacy, its resources, army, its supplies of food and powder.

October 31.—Went with Miss Sally Souter, the Countess of Harrington, and Lady Geraldine Stanhope to the St. James Theater, to see Charles Mathews.

November 4.—Weather far inferior to our glorious fall weather in Virginia.

November 16.—At Carlyle's, who made many inquiries about Lee, whom he greatly admires. He talked brilliantly; spoke disparagingly of Napier and other English historians; said they knew nothing of war as an art.

January 1, 1865, Paris.—Took a cab and went to dine at Mr. Corbin's, Rue de Varennes, Faubourg St. Germain. Streets coated with ice. Mr. Corbin lives in magnificent style. The guests were Mr. Slidell, General Randolph, Commodore Barron, and a son of Commodore Stewart of the old United States navy. The dark day was in accordance with the feelings of Confederates in Paris. The new year opens in sorrow. May it close in joy! God grant it!

January 4.—Paris is immensely changed in ten years, since I saw it. The Emperor makes vast improvements, but the city is losing its ancient characteristics.

January 7.—Heard the sad news of the occupation of Savannah by Sherman's army, and, though we felt little like amusement, went to the theater, and afterwards took oysters.

January 27.—Yet, in the absence of news, the Confederate loan advances three per cent. Am told we shall soon hear something of importance. I think it refers to an ironclad from Europe to attack Boston or New York.

January 30.—Distressing news of the capture of Fort Fisher by the Federals, and may now give up all hope of correspondence with our friends.

February 15.—Breakfasted at ten with candles. Intelligence of a negotiation on the part of our commissioners with Lincoln and Seward for peace broken off. Rejoiced to hear that no reconstruction of the Union was listened to as a possible thing by our commissioners.

February 19.—Heard an impressive sermon from Maurice, a friend of Tennyson. Lunched at Lord Wharnccliffe's. As in all English houses of wealth, the lunch was a sumptuous affair. Colonel Damer showed me drawings of the battles in the Crimea. Englishmen think our fighting in America is nothing in comparison with the siege of Sebastopol.

March 10.—News of the capture of Wilmington. All seems dark for our poor country. How different with me, in luxury, from the privations of our noble people! This is Fast Day appointed by President Davis. Although written above that I lunched and dined, I fasted. I took no breakfast, and only a meager bowl of soup and bit of fish at the other meals, and I have prayed Almighty God for our cause.

March 14.—Holtze gave me the intelligence that the Confederate funds in Europe were in a state of bankruptcy, and that the *Index* would probably be discontinued in two or three months. This greatly disconcerted me, as I am at a loss to know how to live when my salary is cut off.

March 18.—Found an Englishman with Northern sympathies, a rare thing, who was an infinite radical, as Governor Wise terms it.

March 22.—Nothing but the favor of the Almighty God can rescue the Confederacy. Early defeated by Sheridan.

April 15.—Capture of Richmond. Our noble city has at last fallen into the hands of the enemy. How bitter the thought that the detested Federal flag is again to be hoisted upon the capitol! I shudder to think of what may be the fate of my father and sister. Dined at the "Cock," whose plump head waiter Tennyson celebrates, but did not see him.

April 24.—Received a letter from sister describing the terrible scenes attending the evacuation of Richmond. My books are burned. My father has lost his all by the fire. This news, with the surrender of Lee's army, wholly unfits me for work.

April 26.—The editor of the *Standard* brought me news of the assassination of Lincoln. I fear the mind of Europe will be persuaded that it was prompted by Confederate influence. I was pained to learn that the assassin profaned the motto of Virginia. At the West End, I found the whole metropolis intensely excited. I never witnessed such a sensation in London.

June 18.—Having closed my connection with the *Index*, have made an engagement on the *Standard*. I am to have one leader a week for a guinea and a half a week.

August 21.—To the Britannia Theater to see a melodrama, "The Confederate's Daughter." The villain, as General Butler, was almost as great a scoundrel as the original.

September 23.—Took a walk along the banks of the Tees and the rivulet Greta to Rokeby. Saw Rokeby Mansion, the seat of Walter Scott's friend, Mr. Morritt. I recalled the old song sister and I used to sing, "Oh, Brignall banks are fresh and fair, and Greta's woods are green."

November 15.—Called on Carlyle. Found the Irish patriot, Gavan Duffy, there. Carlyle gave us a graphic account of a visit to the thieves' quarter in Whitechapel. He also spoke of the great ignorance of the educated classes in England and Germany, of German history and literature.

December 26.—Sidmouth. At Mr. Vane's made a bowl of eggnog, a drink unknown in England.

January 11, 1866.—London. Twelve inches of snow fallen. Nothing can be more dismal than a fall of snow in London. No matter how densely fall the flakes, they are scarcely more numerous than the flakes of soot; there is no sparkling surface as there is on snow in America. Lunched with Dean and Lady Stanley at the deanery, Westminster. The dean took us into the famous Jerusalem chamber attached to the abbey, a room hung with Arras tapestry, and

where, according to Shakespeare, Henry VII died on the floor. In the dean's diningroom was a collection of the portraits of former deans; one of them was the famous Atterbury.

January 26.—Dean Stanley mentioned the fact that nearly all the grandest buildings in the world were the burial places of monarchs—St. Denis, St. Peter's, the Escorial, Westminster, etc. Wrote my weekly letter to the *Louisville Journal*. Had my hair cut.

March 5.—Had by invitation an interview with his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject of rebuilding William and Mary College. It lasted twenty minutes. He listened respectfully to all I had to say. He was very cautious not to utter a word on the American war, and I was cautious not to base my appeal for the college on exclusive Church grounds. When I rose to leave, he promised his favor and assistance.

March 9.—Dined at Colonel Percy's of the Coldstream Guards. Met the Dowager Marchioness of Bath, a very intelligent old lady, a strong friend of the Confederacy.

March 12.—Breakfasted at Mr. Huth's, a friend of Thackeray's, a magnificent house. The most sumptuous library I ever saw. A first edition of Chaucer. A splendid copy of first edition of John Smith's "Virginia," Pocahontas's portrait, proof impression of maps, etc. He has the celebrated collection of seventy-five black-letter ballads from the late Mr. Daniel's library.

April 7.—I envy every one going home. I long to see dear old Virginia. I love her deeper for her impoverishment. Her wasted fields seem more beautiful than this richly cultured England. As for the best class of people there, I am convinced, as I compare them with the aristocracy of other countries, that they are higher in the scale of moral elevation than any class on earth, and, so thinking, I ask: "Am I worthy the name of Virginian?"

June 1.—Met, in Hyde Park, Carlyle, the first time since the death of his wife. Speaking of Jefferson Davis, he declared that, looking at the war from first to last, Davis seemed to him one of the manliest actors in it, and whatever the jury might say on his trial, the grand jury of mankind had already declared him not guilty.

September 10.—Took my final leave of London, after a residence of more than two years, by Great Western Railway to Cheltenham.

September 11.—Left Birmingham with satisfaction.

September 15.—Sailed on the steamer Cuba for New York.

THE TEST OF MISSOURIANS.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

(Continued from February Number)

Early in the morning, General McCulloch had started on the road to Leeton. Curtis's scouts reported his advance and General Asboth was sent with his brigade to meet him. Two guns of the 2nd Missouri Artillery (Federal), with two companies of cavalry and a regiment of infantry were sent forward to reconnoiter McCulloch's position. General Pike was ordered to engage these with his Indians, and did so with such spirit that the Federals gave way, leaving their two guns behind. These the Indians turned upside down and, evidently thinking they had "done their bit," became unmanageable and were led away to the woods, never again to appear as a fighting force. Upon the repulse of his advance, Asboth withdrew to the vicinity of Leeton, where he was joined by Sigel and Jeff C. Davis. General McCulloch, evidently desirous to locate the new Federal position by a personal reconnaissance, rode forward, ran into the Federal skirmish line and was killed. If he had imparted his plans to anyone, it was to McIntosh, who now advanced and vigorously attacked. After a desperate battle, he captured a heavy battery and was leading on when he, too, was killed. About the same time Colonel Herbert, of the 3rd Louisiana Infantry, rode too far into the Federal lines and was captured, with part of his men. General Davis, finding no enemy in his front, changed formation to the left and took our forces in flank, and the Confederate repulse was complete.

There was now no one who would assume command. Greer, of a Texas regiment, possibly should have done so, but, fearing a surprise attack on our train near Bentonville, marched thither. The other fragments during the night joined the main body at Elkhorn. Sigel had already joined Curtis in our front. The battle was begun at sunrise of the 7th by a heavy cannon fire on one of our batteries posted in the road near the Tavern. The infantry sprang to arms, expecting attack, the 2nd Missouri Brigade standing in reserve along the crest of the mountain. An infantry regiment in our front was hotly engaged for near an hour, and was withdrawn. The first of our batteries was soon forced out of action on account of empty ammunition boxes. And so on, one after another was forced out. No ammunition and our wagons fifteen miles away! The only alternative was to withdraw our guns, then retire the infantry, masking our movement so as to hold off attack until safety was secured. And this lamentable ending all on account of the reckless daring of two men. For, had McCulloch *directed* instead of *taking* the lead and running in the jaws of death, so ready to close

on a gallant life in that hour of supreme value to his country, or if McIntosh had not so recklessly defied a similar fate, victory over Sigel would have been theirs, and victory over Curtis would have been ours.

If ever fate, that mysterious shaper of destiny and the lives of men, was against a man, it had evidently singled out Gen. Earl Van Dorn for one of its most distinguished victims. Victory at Elkhorn Mountain would have meant the capture of Curtis's army and an open road to St. Louis. General Price, in the preceding autumn, at Osceola, had issued his eloquent appeal to the sterling young manhood of Missouri for fifty thousand men, ending with: "Give me fifty thousand men and I will drive from our borders every vandal horde now invading the sacred soil of our State!" And more than fifty thousand were awaiting an opportunity to answer the call. Consider the result of adding to this army, fifty thousand such men as had chased Sigel through Carthage, whipped Lyon and Sigel, with their regulars and well-trained volunteers, at Wilson's Creek, captured Springfield, dispersed a small army at Dug Springs, put another to flight at Warrensburg, driven Mulligan and Van Horn into Lexington and compelled surrender, in five days! In the state of uncertainty of sympathies prevailing in Southern Illinois, St. Louis taken, and the Confederate battle line would have been extended across the State of Lincoln, Grant, and Logan, from St. Louis to the mouth of the Wabash. Halleck would have been forced out of Tennessee, Buell back to the Ohio, and General Albert Sidney Johnston would have pinned him there, driven him and his army across the river, or sent them to the rear as prisoners of war.

What anguish must have wrung the heart of this gallant soldier when he saw the scintillant picture of his ambitions hope, and well laid plans charred and consumed as a burning scroll in the fire of defeat! Well, we got away. The artillery fell back to Keytesville, Mo., turned off toward Huntsville and escaped. The infantry moved east, waded White River, and bivouacked for the night. The old State Guard and Little's Brigade and the Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas contingents worked around to Frog Bayou, leaving our brigade to pursue a course between the main body and the enemy. And what a picnic we had, and what a price we paid for our halos! We had no wagon train, drew no rations. A raw turnip was a feast, an ear of corn better than diamond studs. After six almost eatless days, we came into camp, where our more fortunate comrades had prepared a welcoming supper.

After a two-week stay at Frog Bayou, where we soon recovered from our fatigue, we packed up and

started on our march to Des Arc, where we embarked on river packets for Memphis.

Anyone who has traveled in Arkansas when Jupiter Pluvius was under contract to "make it wet" has a fair idea of our trials with Arkansas mud, swollen streams, and general cussedness of badly kept roads. At Little Cypress, we found a river instead of a creek; at Big Cypress, a rival to the Mississippi. Horses could not drag the cannon, so we had to "play horse" and do the dragging ourselves. From Des Arc to Memphis was easy, so also was the trip thence to Corinth by rail.

We had heard nor seen aught of General Van Dorn, and a good many of our officers as well as men held him responsible for our defeat at Elkhorn, an opinion I did not share. The plan for attack on Curtis was suggested and urged by General Price, and supported by all but two members of the council—to wit: McCulloch and McIntosh.

Ever since the battle of Wilson's Creek there had been temper between McCulloch and Price. Price knew the mettle of his men and believed in them; McCulloch lacked faith in the Missourian as a fighting man, in Price as a military leader, and refused to coöperate in a movement against Lyon at Springfield, unless Price turned over the command to him. Price said to him: "General McCulloch, I will surrender to you the command of my army if you will lead on against Lyon, and I will show you whether my Missourians can fight or not." No wonder McCulloch lacked faith. Scarcely less than three months before these Missourians had left their homes, marched to Cowskin Prairie, where they rationed principally on green corn, sheltering themselves with green boughs cut from a neighboring forest, putting a part of each day in drill. Some carried army muskets, some Mississippi rifles, some squirrel guns, and others double-barreled shotguns. They stayed at Cowskin from July 10, to August 1, when McCulloch came. Then, under him and their "Old Pap Price," fared forth to meet in open battle skilled regulars of the United States Army and trained militia, well fed, well armed, and well equipped. McCulloch mistrusted, but Price insisted, and on that morn of August 10, surprised by a salvo of Lyon's artillery hurling shot and shell into their midst while still at their meager breakfast, they sprang for their arms, fell into line, and, led by the matchless Weightman, confronted Lyon and his regulars, shot him from his horse, and drove his army back to Springfield. Notwithstanding this, McCulloch evidently believed the victory due to his own masterly maneuvering, and the sterling soldier-ship of the 3rd Louisiana. Lyon had sent Sigel with 3,200 men and a battery on a flanking movemen to

turn the Confederate rear. This he did quite successfully, but was discovered while taking position commanding McCulloch's line of retreat. Rosser's regiment, of Raines's Missouri Division, was on guard at this point. Colonel Rosser, discovering this new peril, notified General McCulloch. The commander in chief, resourceful and quick to act, at once detached two companies from the 3rd Louisiana, which was even then advancing against a regiment of Kansas infantry and ordered them to the support of Rosser. Thus reënforced, Rosser ordered a charge. Driving straight at Sigel's guns, with splendid elan, Missourian and Louisianaian swept Sigel off his feet, seized his cannon and turned them upon his routed forces. Still this doubting Thomas could not find the holes in the pierced hands and sides of the unseasoned Missourian, and asked that he should command the right wing, composed of his own men. This was granted him. No one who has read history can doubt that had this gallant officer lived, the Federal left would have been completely crushed before the day was done.

The campaign against Corinth was another brilliant conception. While Price was fighting Rosecranz at Iuka, Van Dorn arrived at Ripley with Lovell's Division. Price fell back to Booneville, Rosecranz returned to Corinth, and Grant to Jackson, Tenn. The plan proposed by Van Dorn to Price was to join him at Ripley, move toward Jackson in order to lead Grant to believe that point to be the Confederate objective, then turn suddenly on Corinth and crush Rosecranz before Grant could come to his relief. In my paper on the Corinth battle, I described this movement, and have always firmly believed that had Maury attacked thirty minutes sooner; and had Lovell carried out his part of the plan as prepared, that victory, not defeat, would have been the result.

General Van Dorn was of the cavalry. His mind was naturally influenced by that fact. His plans, formed while mounted and riding at break-neck speed, must be carried out with corresponding celerity. See him riding northward a few months after Corinth with a band of men who could keep pace. Riding no one but himself knowing whither, he suddenly turns on Holly Springs, where Grant had gathered supplies for his campaign against Vicksburg. Striking like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, he captures a force greater than his own and destroys millions on millions of value in accumulated stores. Sherman was alarmed, Grant stunned and forced to change all his plans; the War Department at Washington thrown into the tremor of panic. The South had found the real Van Dorn, and Van Dorn had found himself. Upon the South-

ern horizon a new star of hope had arisen. On that of the North, a new dread was crouching. Van Dorn was marked for destruction.

WHERE THE SOUTH LED.

(In the *New York Times* of January 27, Dr. Philip Alexander Bruce, of the University of Virginia, took occasion to correct certain tendencies of the Northern mind to claim priority for that section in certain historical events, and while the *VETERAN* has carried many times refutation of those errors, it is something that seems ever ready to spring up again, so it is appropriate to publish here Dr. Bruce's protest.)

Those of us who are interested in the history of the South have often ground for disputing the claim of New England writers and speakers that certain historical events occurred at an earlier date on their soil than like events did in the South. Two characteristic instances of this perversion of fact have been noted within a recent period.

First, when last year a band of English Congregational Pilgrims visited Massachusetts on their way to the shrine of Plymouth Rock, they were received in Boston by a State official. In his address he calmly asserted that, with the single exception of the British Parliament, the Massachusetts House of Representatives was the oldest English-speaking legislative body in the world. I have seen this misstatement recently repeated in New England newspapers.

As a matter of fact, the Massachusetts House convened for the first time about fourteen years after the earliest session of the Virginia House of Burgesses at Jamestown. The latter assembly came together in 1619, a year before the Pilgrims set sail from England. The Virginia House of Burgesses or Delegates has been meeting annually or biennially, without intermission, throughout the long interval between 1619 and 1929. The sessions were not even interrupted by the confusion of revolution or secession. The Massachusetts House of Representatives has been convening two hundred and ninety-four years; the Virginia House of Burgesses or Delegates, three hundred and ten years.

The second misstatement is, perhaps, as flagrant in its inaccuracy. In an article published in one of our American reviews for January, 1929, it is asserted that the late President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, the subject of the article, was virtually the father of the elective system of studies now so common in our American colleges. In reality, it was not Eliot who first suggested the elective system even for Harvard. Professor Ticknor of that university, had proposed

this system before Eliot was born, and had even adopted it in some of his own classes. Where did Ticknor obtain the principle? From Thomas Jefferson, who had already put it in operation at the newly erected University of Virginia. Ticknor visited Monticello for the single purpose of observing in person the working of the system and was so much impressed with its superiority that he subsequently endeavored to persuade the Harvard authorities to imitate the example of the Virginia institution. President Wayland, after a similar visit and examination, actually introduced the same system at Brown.

When President Eliot adopted the elective system at Harvard, he received as much praise as if he had invented a method of college education foreign to the American community and practically unknown to its citizens. We remember that the chairman of the faculty of the University of Virginia, at that time Col. Charles S. Venable, formerly a member of General Lee's staff, struck with the confident claims of the sister institution, called quiet attention in the public press to the fact that the elective system of studies had been in full and successful operation at the University of Virginia ever since the latter's incorporation in 1819, and that it had not been modified in any particular there throughout that long period. He cordially welcomed belated Harvard to that broad modern platform of education, which his own institution, under the influence of Jefferson, had occupied from the beginning of its existence, nearly half a century before.

REDBUD

Now I have come to watch for it as one

Goes seeking an oasis through dry lands;
Before the earliest spring days have begun,

I search for it with eyes and heart and hands—
And suddenly, down some dim wooded way,

I catch the glimmer of a misty light:
The smoke of lavender through leafless gray
That clutches at my throat and blinds my sight.

And soon each little sprangled redbud tree

Will loose its loveliness upon the air,
To shake my heart with quivering ecstasy,

And leave me breathless, wordless—but aware
That never would a Southern spring be spring
Without this delicate, frail blossoming.

—Grace Noll Crowell.



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 gates of time swing wide to-day
And thro' them march the men in gray—
Faithful, prayerful, brave, and old,
With loyal minds and hearts of gold.
And thro' the mists of tears we pray,
God keep them all who wore the gray."

CAPT. FRED BEALL.

Capt. Fred Beall, Honorary Commander for Life of the District of Columbia Division, U. C. V., died at his home in Washington on January 23, after some years of inactivity. He had passed the ninety-first milestone, and was doubtless the oldest, as well as the most beloved, of our veterans in Washington. Members of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., with which he was so long affiliated, Mississippi senators and representatives, officers of the Mississippi Society of Washington, and representatives of the District Bar Association were among the honorary and active pallbearers. He was laid to rest in the Confederate section of Arlington National Cemetery.

Though Captain Beall was born in Georgia—July 10, 1837—he went to Washington from West Point, Miss., in 1893, and engaged in law practice there, retiring from active work in 1924. He assisted in the organization of the Mississippi Society in Washington and was its second president. He was also one of the founders of the Southern Society of Washington, and served as Commander of Camp, No. 171, U. C. V., for several years, and all these associations had honored him by making him honorary life president.

In a sketch of Captain Beall in the VETERAN for February, 1924, telling of the honor paid him by his comrades in Washington, mention was made of his Confederate service, which began with his enlistment as a private in Capt. P. A. Mann's Company of Partisan Rangers, organized at Aberdeen, Miss. He served with this company until it was consolidated with the 12th Mississippi Regiment of Cavalry, and never missed a fight to the close of the war, and they were engaged in many hard battles. He was one of those who never surrendered, and was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy to the end of life.

Three daughters survive him.

CAPT. CHARLES H. DEAR.

Capt. Charles H. Dear, one of Mosby's Rangers, died at Washington, Va., on January 5, in his eighty-fourth year. He is survived by his wife and a son.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, Charles Dear was a student at the Virginia Military Academy, from which he enlisted in Mosby's command; he was then just sixteen years old, and he remained with Mosby to the end. In his writings, Colonel Mosby made frequent references to "Charley Dear" as his "most daring, trusted, and gallant scout." Captain Dear participated with Mosby in that daring exploit of capturing General Stoughton of the Federal army, at Fairfax Courthouse, Va. It will be remembered that Mosby, with twenty-four men, including young Dear, kidnaped Stoughton and took him away as a prisoner, although he had a command of 24,000 men—and not a man was lost by Mosby.

It was also Captain Dear who made what was known as the Greenback Raid at Sheffield Station, Va., when he boarded a train and took \$168,000 from Major Revell, a paymaster of the Union army. Dear and Revell engaged in a pistol duel, in which the latter was killed. The money was turned over to Mosby. Captain Dear was also with Mosby when, with sixty men, he engaged a troop of two hundred of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry under Captain Duff, and in another pistol combat, Dear knocked Duff senseless. But after the war, the two became intimate friends.

During the war, Captain Dear received twelve bullets in his body in various engagements and got many saber cuts. Five of his ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War, so his martial spirit was an inheritance. He was a member of the Sons of the American Revolution.

GEORGIA COMRADES.

T. A. Boyd, flag bearer of Company E, 42nd Georgia Regiment, C. S. A., died at the home of his daughter in Covington, Ga., on January 7, aged eighty-seven years. A son and daughter survive him. He served through the War between the States, and, except for the time he was in the army, he had been a citizen of Newton County throughout his life. For nearly a half century he had been a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church, and he is mourned by a host of friends.

Simeon Thomas Wheeler, a veteran of Company B, 16th Georgia Regiment, C. S. A., died on January 1 at his home in Oxford, Ga., aged eighty-six years; he is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter. Widely known and respected for his splendid character and sterling citizenship, his influence for good will not soon pass away.

CHARLES M. KAYLOR.

After a long and useful life, Charles M. Kaylor passed away at his home near Springfield, Mo., November 11, 1928.

He was born near Abingdon, Va., December 25, 1844, of Virginia ancestry, and when a boy of fifteen years his parents removed to a farm near Philadelphia, Tenn.

In 1861, he joined the Confederate forces with a company made up at Sweetwater, Tenn., which was later known as Company G, 2d Tennessee Cavalry, of which W. L. Clark was captain. It was attached to and remained with the matchless Joseph E. Johnston throughout the conflict.

Young Kaylor took part in the following engagements and battles: Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro or Stone River, and Chickamauga in Tennessee; Dalton, Resaca, Calhoun, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Ga.; Bentonville, N. C., and Chapell Hill, Tenn., which was his last fight. He surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., on April 26, 1865, and was paroled near Charlotte, N. C.

Returning home, crushed but undaunted, he took up again his studies that had been interrupted by the war, spending two years at Hiwassee College. In October, 1871, he was married to Miss Annie H. Osborne, of Philadelphia, Tenn., and in 1879, he took his family to Western Missouri, driving a team of mules, and settled on a prairie farm in DeKalb County. By reason of ill health, he spent several years in Texas, returning about thirty years ago to Missouri, to the community of Springfield.

He is survived by his wife, one daughter, two sons, and one grandson. Burial was in Hazlewood Cemetery, at Springfield.

Conscientious to a fault in the support of the government, Comrade Kaylor was an ardent lover of the South and always believed in the principles for which he and his comrades fought, and he took great pride in the broader attitude of the country toward State Rights in the later years, when State Rights are again discussed without the suggestion of treason.

[E. M. Wright, Springfield, Mo.]

MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

The following members of R. C. Prewitt Camp, No. 439, U. C. V., of Ackerman, Miss., died during the past year: C. B. Dunaway, August, 1928; W. M. King, Company I, 15th Mississippi Infantry, September, 1928; J. R. Smith, December, 1928.

This leaves but thirteen members of the Camp.
[J. A. Holmes, Adjutant.]

CAPT. JOHN T. ASHBY.

Capt. John T. Ashby, of Delaplane, Va., one of my best and most highly respected friends, passed on December 27, 1928, from this life to the glorious and happy immortality of those who loved God and served him faithfully during a long and useful life.

He was the last surviving officer of the Confederate army in Fauquier County, and resided at Yew Hill, the house being built in 1748 by his great-great-grandfather, Capt. Robert Ashby, of the French and Indian War.

He needs no chiselled stone, no storied urn, no marble to perpetuate his memory. As a citizen, he was respected by all who knew him; as a soldier, there was none braver in the Confederate army! He lingered for a long time, being paralyzed, but was cheerful and patient to the end. And then the angel of God, reaching out his hand, took that of the gallant soldier and led him through the Shadowy Valley into the bright realms around the throne of God.

John T. Ashby, at the commencement of the War between the States, enlisted in the 8th Virginia Infantry, Col. Eppa Hunton commanding; was at the battle of Ball's Bluff, near Leesburg, Va., and First Manassas. Promoted to second lieutenant, and commanded his company at the battle of Williamsburg and Seven Pines; was wounded there, but reported to his company, of which he was in command, at the Second Battle of Manassas; was also in command of his company at the battle of Sharpsburg and South Mountain, where he was again wounded. Promoted to first lieutenant, was at Gettysburg, where nearly all of his men were either killed or wounded. He was promoted to captain for gallantry in this battle. In a battle near Petersburg, Va., he was again wounded, this time in the shoulder. He and all left of his company were captured in the battle with Warren's Corps, of Grant's army. Captain Ashby was sent, March 30, 1865, to the Old Capitol Prison, Washington, D. C.; thence to Johnson's Island. Released June 17, 1865.

His fine sense of honor and fair dealing with his fellow men were traits of character that won the respect and esteem of all who knew him. With him the divine life which illuminates the mind was never extinguished. He is survived by one son and two daughters; also one brother.

[By his old friend, who had for him the love of a brother, Channing M. Smith.]

T. B. CREAGH.

One of the most prominent of the Confederate veterans of Alabama passed with the death of T. B. Creagh, Adjutant of Camp Jones, U. C. V., of Selma, Ala., on the 27th of December, 1928, at the age of eighty-six years. He had lived for many years in Selma, where he was widely known and loved. He was a leader in the Methodist Church.

Comrade Creagh was born in Suggsville, Ala., March 22, 1842, and was educated at the Universities of Alabama, Vanderbilt, and Pennsylvania. He was known as the oldest member of his S. A. E. Fraternity. His early years were spent in Clark County, in which section his family was prominent for many years. He enlisted with the Suggsville Grays, 2nd Alabama Volunteers, for service with the Confederate army, May 15, 1861, at Fort Morgan, Ala., and was mustered in as a private of Company I, Capt. L. B. Cleveland, in September, 1861. He became a member of Wirt Adams's Cavalry, and was with the command in Memphis a month before being ordered to Bowling Green, Ky., and thence to Nashville, Tenn. His command was with the Army of Tennessee and took part in the battle of Shiloh and other engagements following, and narrowly escaped capture while doing picket duty at Iuka, Miss., Federal troops passing on both sides of his command. After three years of active service, he was appointed to one of the government departments and was paroled at Suggsville on August 22, 1865.

A devoted family of four sons and three daughters is left to mourn the loss of this devoted father, whose sweet spirit and kindness were animating forces in the life about him. He was known for his deep love of music and was in the Church choir until a few years ago. He was a Knight Templar and connected with other fraternal organizations. In Live Oak Cemetery at Selma he rests with the loved ones gone before.

HAMILTON FINK.

Hamilton Fink died at Parkersburg, W. Va., on January 23, aged eighty-seven years. He was born in Rockingham County, Va., April 19, 1842, his parents going to Barbour County when he was a small child, and there he grew to manhood. He was converted when very young and lived a consistent Christian life, being a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Comrade Fink served four years as a Confederate soldier in the War between the States, serving as a member of the 32nd Regiment, Virginia troops, under General Imboden. He was engaged in many of the principal battles of the war and received seven minor injuries.

Some time after the war he was married to Miss Emelean Cross, of Barbour County, and to them were born nine children, five daughters and four sons, all surviving him but one son.

Interment was in the cemetery at Parsons, W. Va.

CAPT. SAMUEL H. BUCK.

Capt. Samuel H. Buck, born at Hopkinsville, Ky., October 9, 1841, died at Pelham Manor, N. Y., January 6, 1929.

Samuel H. Buck enlisted in the Oak Grove Rangers, of Christian County, Ky., and this command became known as Company B, in Colonel Woodward's 1st Tennessee Cavalry, later merged into the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, Col. B. H. Helm. At the expiration of the term of enlistment in August, 1862, Comrade Buck was appointed captain in the Adjutant General's Department, with order to report to General Holmes, commanding the Department of Arkansas. Thereafter he shared the vicissitudes of service in the Trans-Mississippi Department, a service which, by reason of the vast territory, scant equipment, and inferior numbers, was in some respects more strenuous than that east of the river which divided the Confederacy.

After the surrender, Captain Buck repaired to New Orleans, where he bore a prominent place in social, civic, and commercial circles of that city. As commander of a section of the White League Regiment, he was heavily engaged in the battle of September 14, 1874, which precipitated the downfall of the negro and carpetbag domination of the whole South. He was a representative in the legislature convoked by the whites, which was dispersed by President Grant. He was Director General of the Cotton Centennial Exposition in its second year, and later was appointed postmaster of New Orleans by President Cleveland.

After engaging in developing enterprises of the awakening section, Captain Buck removed to New York, where he was for some years a partner in a large brokerage house. On retiring from business because of failing health, he passed his remaining days in the home of his son in Pelham Manor.

Worthily descended from a large Virginia family, he was a link bringing down the best traditions of colonial ancestors, in courtesy, courage, loyalty, a type that critics and cavilers of to-day cannot besmirch, that has left a record which must command the admiration of posterity.

(A quite inadequate tribute by a boyhood playmate, a comrade in arms, a lifelong intimate, G. A. Williams, Captain and Assistant Adjutant General, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee, New Orleans, La.)

MAJ. FRANK HULL.

In the passing of Maj. Frank Hull, of Shelby, N. C., on January 19, another honored veteran of the gray has pitched his tent on the eternal camping ground. Death came to him while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. L. A. Crowell, of Lincolnton, N. C. He was one of Shelby's most prominent citizens, and the oldest, and had countless friends throughout the section where he had lived his long and useful life. His years numbered ninety-four. He was born in Lincoln County, N. C., October 27, 1834, a son of Major Hull and Peggy Gross Hull. His grandfather, Benjamin Hull, was a Revolutionary soldier and held the position of "bodyguard" to George Washington. Frank Hull was married to Miss Mary Ann Grigg, daughter of Col. P. T. Grigg, in February, 1858, and this union of nearly a half century was a most happy one.

Entering the War between the States as a soldier of the 18th North Carolina Infantry, Lane's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, young Hull acquitted himself heroically. He was captured and held prisoner for months, and after his release, returned to his home, broken in health, drooping in spirit, to take up the broken threads of life and start over again. He taught school, studied, advised, and with heart, head, and hand, did all within his power to help restore the land to which he had given his best years. He held many offices in county and State affairs, for he was a leader in his party and helped to enact many reforms while a legislator from Catawba. He also held the office of civil judge in his township until going to Shelby to reside.

Major Hull was the father of eleven children, three sons and three daughters surviving him; there are also fourteen grandchildren, twelve great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren. He was laid to rest by the side of the beloved wife in Sunset Cemetery at Shelby.

[Mrs. L. E. Fisher, Asheville, N. C.]

THE FORT WORTH, TEX., CAMP, U. C. V.

Report of death in the Robert E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Fort Worth, Tex., is that four comrades were lost from that membership in 1928, which numbered eighty, and three others have joined the great majority in 1929, as follows:

Joseph Kingsbery, Sr., Company E, 1st Georgia Cavalry.

B. L. Cowling, Company I, 7th Texas Cavalry; Chaplain of the Camp.

S. B. Thompson, Company B, 6th Alabama Regiment.

All were fine soldiers and representative citizens.

[Reported by J. M. Hartsfield, Adjutant.]

JOSEPH KINGSBERY, SR.

The death of Joseph Kingsbery, Sr., of Fort Worth, Tex., Adjutant of the Robert E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of that city for several years, takes from that comradeship one of the most prominent and useful of the Confederate veterans of that city. He had reached the age of eighty-eight years, and up to a year ago was regularly at work every day and had never lost a day from his work because of illness. It was his worthy boast that he had lived his whole life without the use of tobacco, coffee, or liquor, and his activity into age showed the benefit of abstinence.

Comrade Kingsbery was born in Carrolton, Ga., and he enlisted for the Confederacy in Company E, 1st Georgia Cavalry, at the opening of the War between the States, under command of Gen. Joe Wheeler; he served in the Kentucky campaign under Generals Bragg and Kirby Smith. He participated in the battles of Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, and other bloody engagements, and surrendered in North Carolina, being paroled at Charlotte.

After the war he entered the mercantile business in Atlanta, Ga., in which he was engaged for twenty-five years, going then to Fort Worth with the Miller Manufacturing Company, and he was president of the Kingsbery Manufacturing Company at his death. He is survived by a son and two daughters. After funeral services in Fort Worth, conducted by the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, his body was sent to Atlanta and interred in the family burial ground.

LESLIE H. THOMPSON.

Leslie H. Thompson was born in Smyth County, Va., in 1844, and died at the Confederate Home in New Orleans, La., January 16, 1929. He joined the Confederate army early in the war, serving as a member of Capt. John P. Sheffey's Company, 8th Virginia Cavalry, of Gen. William E. Jones's Brigade, which operated in East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia, later in the Shenandoah Valley with General Early. At the battle of Piedmont, or Waynesboro, he was wounded (it was thought mortally) and left in the enemy's hands. Having possession of the field, they paid little attention to the wounded and after night came, Comrade Thompson, under cover of the darkness, made his escape through the Federal lines and recovered from his wounds.

Soon after the war he went to Nebraska and lived there until 1887, when he moved to Louisiana, where he resided until his death, for the last two years being an inmate of the Confederate Home. An active patriot, a valiant soldier, generous friend, and loyal citizen, he has now gone to his reward. His body was sent to Omaha, Nebr., for interment.

[Dr. T. C. Sexton, Fremont, Nebr.]

GEORGE R. PAGE

George R. Page, born December 2, 1842, at Pageville, Barren County, Ky., died at Old Rocky Hill, Ky., on January 3, 1929, after a brief illness.

Enlisting in the 6th Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A., as a boy of eighteen, young Page served under Gen. Joseph H. Lewis's command through the war, receiving his honorable discharge at the last; he was never wounded. He always enjoyed telling of his experiences as a soldier and was a faithful attendant of Confederate reunions as long as he was able. He took part in the battles of Chickamauga, Cumberland Gap, and many other important engagements of the war.

After the war, Comrade Page engaged in farming and so continued into ripe old age. He was married in 1868, to Miss Lalla T. Westerfeldt, and to them one son was born, who survives him with four grandchildren. Comrade Page was a subscriber to the *VETERAN* from the first, and ever interested in the welfare of his Confederate comrades. He had been a member of the Baptist Church since a boy of fifteen and was known for his kindly, charitable disposition, ready to help friends and relatives wherever needed. He was laid to rest in his uniform of gray, and his memory will ever be fresh in the hearts of those who loved him.

COL. M. H. HAGGARD.

Col. M. H. Haggard, eighty-six years old, died at his home in Georgetown, Ky., on October 10, 1928. He is survived by two daughters and three sons, also by six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Mike Haggard, as he was known, joined John Morgan's troop when it was first organized at the outset of the War between the States, serving to the end, including eighteen months in Camp Douglas prison. After the war, he was very active in public affairs of his community and section, holding various public offices in Georgetown, and was an important factor in civic development. He held office as tax assessor, magistrate, county judge, and director of the Farmers Bank and Trust Company. For more than fifty years he had been a member of the Christian Church, and he was a trustee of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley.

In February, 1868, Comrade Haggard was married to Miss Sue Benson Elliott. One brother also survives him.

(In reporting the death of his friend and comrade, Col. N. B. Deatherage, of Richmond, Ky., writes: "Mike Haggard and I went to all the Confederate reunions together, including the meeting of the Blue and Gray at Gettysburg. He was my long and loving friend.")

PROF. MILTON W. HUMPHREYS.

Prof. Milton W. Humphreys, for twenty-five years professor of Greek at the University of Virginia and one of the notable classic scholars of this country, died at Charlottesville on November 20, 1928, aged eighty-four years.

A native of Greenbrier County, Va. (now W. Va.), and a son of Dr. Andrew Cavet Humphreys, he was educated at Mercer Academy, at Charleston, of this State, and at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. He remained at the latter institution until 1862, when he entered the Confederate army, serving in the artillery throughout the war.

Professor Humphreys was one of the famous sergeants of Bryan's Battery. His companion in charge of the other piece of artillery was the late Judge A. N. Campbell.

While in the army he invented indirect fire and discovered "terrestrial shift," and became noted as an authority on gunnery and ballistics. Following the war, after serving eight years in the faculty of Washington and Lee (he was a charter member of the faculty), Dr. Humphreys studied at Berlin and Leipzig, graduating from the latter university. He served eight years as professor of Greek in Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tenn., and four years as professor of ancient languages in the University of Texas.

Professor Humphreys was a commissioner to the World's Fair at Vienna, and in 1882 was elected president of the American Philological Association. For ten years he was American editor of the *Revue Des Revues*. He edited several books and published notable articles on the classics in journals in this country and abroad.

He was married to Miss Louise F. Garland, daughter of Dr. Landon C. Garland, chancellor of Vanderbilt University, and four daughters survive him.

Dr. Humphreys also leaves one brother, Handley H. Humphreys of Braxton Courthouse, W. Va.

[Madalena Humphreys Douglass, Recording Secretary, Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., California Division.]

LOUIS W. TIMON.

On January 21, Louis W. Timon died at his home in Shreveport, La., after a brief illness, aged eighty-five years. He is survived by his wife, four daughters, and two sons; also by fifteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Comrade Timon was born April 29, 1844, at Fort Adams, Miss., the son of John W. Timon and Mary Jackson, who was of the family of President Andrew Jackson. When in his sixteenth year, he enlisted for service in the Confederate army as a member of

Company D, 21st Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade. It is thought that he is the last of that famous command. He was under General Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia, and took part in the battle of Gettysburg, where he lost his left arm, thereby becoming incapacitated for further service.

In 1878, Comrade Timon went to the Red River country of Louisiana, settling near Shreveport. He and his brother founded the town which bears their name, Timon, La. In September, 1880, he was married to Miss Laura Grappe, a granddaughter of John Pierre Grappe, founder of the town of Grappe's Bluff, La. Some sixteen years ago, he moved his family to Shreveport, and had since resided there. Until the final illness, he had been in robust health, his erect carriage and fine physique giving him the appearance of being much younger than his eighty-four years.

IN MEMORIAM.

[Resolutions on the death of Mrs. J. A. Harral, of New Orleans, La., who was Miss Lydia Eliza Strong, of Selma, Ala. Died July 5, 1928, aged eighty-four years.]

Whereas, our well-beloved and gentle friend, Having fulfilled and rounded out the days Allotted her on earth, during which she shed About her the soft radiance which beams From eyes that only see the beautiful And good; whose lovely nature left impress Upon all hearts; whose loving charity Was like a cloak about her, veiling her Sweet acts of mercy from the eyes of men; Whose cultured mind, enhanced by every charm Of character and person, magnetlike, Attracted admiration, even while She marveled in her quiet, thoughtful way, With the unconscious reticence of souls Untouched with thought of self, that this should be. In passing from our midst has left within The ranks of our Chapter, which she served So faithfully and well, an empty place Which never can be filled; and so, whereas, The Cause which is our Southland's heritage Down through the generations was to her A thing so priceless, so inviolate, She made her breast a shrine wherein to keep The hallowed record of those darksome times When Right went forth to conquer and came back With banner trailing, but with dauntless heart; When, proudly, from her heap of ruins, the South

Arose and on the funeral urn that held The ashes of her hopes laid, with hot tears, The immortelle and bay and laurel wreath, Remembering the holy sacrifice Of sons nurtured in luxury, who spurned The downy couch of peace to stretch their limbs Before the camp fire's blaze; who, in the dark Days called by men the "sixties," left their homes To lay, perchance, their lives down for a dream; And, whereas, she, our dear departed friend, Unflinching, through long, fruitful years, Shared equally, as true hearts fraternize, The noble labors of a U. D. C., Filling high office, winning love and praise, Proud of the honor that the name implies, Vain of her Chapter's prestige as was it Of her affiliation; and, whereas, In home her passing has left desolate, Her loved ones mourn her going; in the hour Of their bereavement, let it be resolved, The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, thrice bereaved In losing comrade, counselor, and friend, Extend in all fraternal warmth and love To the afflicted family a deep And heartfelt sympathy. Be it resolved, To spread the Chapter's resolutions on Its minutes, as a testimonial of The high esteem in which the dead was held.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. LILITA LEVER YOUNGE, *Chairman*;

MRS. JAMES F. TERRELL, *President*.

Mrs. Hickey Friedrichs, Mrs. F. Heath, Mrs. Wilkes A. Knolle, *Committee*.

This beautiful tribute was written by Mrs. Lilita Lever Younge, Poet Laureate of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., of New Orleans.

Mrs. Harral's young brother, Henry Strong, died in the Southern army as a young soldier of eighteen. Her father, Maj. John McCoy Strong, of Fayetteville, N. C., escorted LaFayette in 1824, and after moving to Selma, Ala., was its first mayor. Her husband, Maj. J. A. Harral, served in the Confederate army under General Forney; he is Commander of Camp No. 9, U. C. V., of New Orleans, is on the Board of Memorial Hall, and a member of the Beauregard Memorial Association; is now eighty-four years old. The life of Mrs. Harral, so beautifully brought out in the resolutions, was that of a woman of the Old South—

"Lovely and beautiful in all her ways,
Whom heaven adores and angels praise."

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*

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

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, Woodard Circle, 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.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The greatest honor, and the most appreciated privilege, in the power of the convention at Houston to bestow upon your President General was given when she was authorized to present the Cross of Military Service to the family of Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth President of the United States and the hope of the world for everlasting peace.

It is most appropriate that this presentation should have been made on the anniversary of the birth of our great commander, Robert E. Lee, the noblest member of a splendid chivalry. General Lee was a permanent hero of Mr. Wilson's life; he saw him only once, long after the war, but the sight of the grave face and regal figure stirred the emotions of his young heart and remained a cherished memory.

The ceremonies attendant upon the presentation were held on the evening of January 19, in the home of Mrs. Francis B. Sayre (Jessie Woodrow Wilson) and were under the auspices of the Cambridge Chapter, Mrs. R. H. Chesley, President. An exquisite musical program was rendered by Mr. Carl Lamson, the famous pianist, and his accomplished wife. Among other numbers, Mrs. Lamson sang, in compliment to Mr. Wilson's native State, "Carry me back to old Virginia," and concluded the beautiful program with his favorite hymn, "Watchman, Tell Me of the Night."

Mrs. Chesley, who was the first person to present the name of Mr. Wilson for this award, presided and introduced the President General, who spoke to the assembled guests concerning the objects and purposes of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, concluding with the history of the Confederate Cross of Honor, the Cross of Military Service, and the presentation of her father's Cross to Mrs. Sayre. Miss Margaret Wilson, the eldest daughter, was unable to be present and officially designated her sister to receive the decoration. Mrs. Sayre's response was replete with the deepest emotion. She

emphasized accomplishment only through maintenance of the highest ideals and reminded her audience that it is not a victorious people who retain these ideals of self-sacrifice, devotion, and patriotism; she recalled that the life of her beloved father, as a boy and in his young manhood, was spent among a people who had lost practically all save honor, righteous principles, and lofty ideals, and attributed much of the great President's characteristics to these environments. She extended to you the deepest appreciation for thus honoring the memory of her illustrious father.

It was the privilege of your President General to enjoy the gracious courtesy of several Chapters while visiting in the North. The 17th of January was delightfully spent in New York as the house guest of Mrs. Schuyler. In the forenoon, in company with Mrs. Cochran, chairman of the "Committee to Advance the Name of Matthew Fontaine Maury for the Hall of Fame," and other friends, a visit was made to the university and a niche selected for the placing of the tablet to the great Commodore, should the electors so decree in 1930, a decision which Mrs. Cochran considers assured. In the afternoon, a charming reception was tendered by the New York Division. It was a very great pleasure to renew old acquaintance and to greet for the first time the membership of the four Chapters of this metropolis.

The 18th of January was spent in company with Mrs. Topping, President of the New York Division, and Mrs. Schuyler, as guests of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of the Oranges. A beautifully appointed luncheon in the home of Mrs. D. M. Henderson was followed by the Chapter meeting in the afternoon, celebrating the birth of our peerless leader. It was a very highly appreciated honor to speak to these enthusiastic Daughters of New Jersey, who are rendering the organization most efficient service under the capable leadership of Mrs. F. S. Stevenson.

On the evening of the 18th greetings were extended in your name at the annual Camp Fire of the New

York Camps U. C. V. and S. C. V. The beloved General Selvaie presided over this meeting, which was rendered beautiful by music, addresses, and an abounding feeling of good fellowship. The following afternoon, in Boston, a tea was given at the Boston Student Club by the Cambridge Chapter to the members of the Boston Chapter, Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Sayre being, with the President General, guests of honor.

Returning, three days were delightfully spent in Philadelphia as the house guest of Mrs. Lane, who, on the 21st, entertained at an elaborate reception. On the 22nd it was a great pleasure to be the guest at an exquisite luncheon given by Mrs. John W. Goodwin and Mrs. Franklin Morgan; and on the following day, a privilege to be the guest at a handsome luncheon in the home of Mrs. Edward W. Beach, whom the older members will for many years mention as "Mrs. Mason's daughter." There could be no more loving term.

These many functions were interspersed with drives, theater parties, opera, sight-seeing tours—a week of delightful relaxation, the longest absence from the office since 1927, with the exception of the Little Rock reunion and the Houston convention.

The efficiency of the Recording Secretary General in dispatching the manuscript of the Minutes to the publishers and her kindness in reading the "proof" of the committees made the holiday possible. We extend to Mrs. Bashinsky the most grateful acknowledgment.

The month of January is one of memories, with the anniversaries of the births of Commodore Maury, General Lee, and General Jackson within the space of seven days; it is singular how the lives of these three great men center around the little village of Lexington in the valley of Virginia. Here went Jackson from the classroom at Virginia Military Institute to the battle front; here he rests in the quiet "God's Acre." Here came the Great Commander to make of modest "Washington College" the great Washington and Lee University; here he, too, rests in a temple that is hallowed by the devotion of his people. Here, too, came Maury after Appomattox, to honor the Chair of Physics at Virginia Military Institute; here he laid down the burden of life, and, dying, asked that he be carried through Goshen Pass "when the laurel is in bloom" to rest in sacred Hollywood.

In her historical *Bulletin*, your Historian General has given you the study of Stonewall Jackson's campaign for your April program. In indorsing this most heartily, we would also add the request that you make this the month for donations to the

Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship. A request has been made of each Division President and Presidents of Chapters in States where there are no Divisions, that they will coöperate with the Directors in Divisions and in Chapters, that each Chapter throughout the entire organization may either make a donation from the Chapter treasury or make some special effort in the form of an entertainment during this month of April, the proceeds to be donated to this scholarship. The convention of 1927 pledged the completion of the Scholarship of \$10,000 within a period of three years; the Treasurer General reported in Houston \$2,161.60 in hand when her books closed October 21, 1928. If we keep faith with ourselves, very earnest effort is required for this year. A few of the lines immortalizing Commodore Maury's last wish read:

"Home, bear me home at last," he said,
"And lay me where my dead are lying;
But not while skies are overspread
And mournful wintry winds are sighing.

But, when the sky, the air, the grass,
Sweet nature all is glad and tender,
Then bear me through 'The Goshen Pass,'
Amid its flush of springtime splendor."

After fifty-six years, let us render this deserved tribute to the memory of Commodore Maury in the month when again the Pass is in "its flush of springtime splendor" and the laurel is bursting its bud.

IN MEMORIAM.

Gen. James A. Yeager, eighty-three years *young*. No more faithful attendant upon the conventions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, none more respected, more beloved, more honored than this valiant defender of the principles of the Confederate cause who, in the last days of the old year, joined his beloved wife and host of comrades in the "land that is fairer than day."

The first veteran to grasp the writer's hand and tender his congratulations in Charleston, 1927, he was also kind in his commendations in Houston. The State of Oklahoma has lost an honored citizen, the city of Tulsa a valuable resident, the veterans an eminent member, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, locally and in the general organization, a valued and sincere friend. We will sadly miss him in Charlotte, but should not grieve, remembering his happiness in the great reunion, where no "taps" shall ever be sounded.

Cordially,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Florida.—The thirty-third annual convention of the Florida Division was held in Tallahassee in October, with large attendance and great interest in all departments. The Anna Jackson Chapter was hostess, Mrs. Marvin McIntosh, President. Mrs. J. L. Medlin, of Jacksonville, was elected President of the Division.

The report of Mrs. Franklin L. Ezell, retiring President, showed much constructive work accomplished. District meetings are held during the year, and plans are in progress to make these districts cover less territory, with a Vice President over each district, which will insure more interest and more Chapters for Florida.

The Children of the Confederacy had a part in the convention program, the afternoon of Friday being given over to them, when their reports were given by Chapter delegates, and songs and readings added to the interest of the program. The Division Director of the Children's work presided over this session.

Miss Ruby Thornberry, of Jacksonville, Director, writes: "In my work as a member of the General Committee, "War between the States," I recently addressed letters to a number of newspapers of the State asking that they drop the expression, 'Civil War,' and substitute 'War between the States.' It is with gratification that I note some of the papers are complying with the request."

* * *

Georgia.—On the 22nd of January, the Fulton Chapter, of Atlanta, held appropriate exercises in commemoration of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and Commodore Maury, at the Red Cross hut of the United States Base Hospital, No. 48, at which about fifty Confederate veterans were present. Most of the patients in this hospital are descendants of Confederate soldiers, and those able to leave their beds enjoyed the afternoon's entertainment, and asked that this celebration be held there every year. Three Crosses of Honor were bestowed on Confederate veterans and nine Crosses of Military Service given to World War soldiers, with a loving tribute to each man's record. Refreshments were served, and the soldiers of three wars swapped reminiscences while Dixie and other Southern airs were rendered.

At the recent convention of the Georgia Division, held in Atlanta, a resolution that a campaign be launched to secure funds for the erection of a building to be known as the Mildred Rutherford Historical Museum, was unanimously adopted.

The erection of such a building will be but "making Miss Millie's dreams come true." For many years she had been dreaming of a fireproof building for books, manuscripts, paintings, relics, in fact, many things pertaining to the South and the Confederacy. And what more suitable place for such a building than Athens, the classic city of Georgia, the home of Miss Rutherford? And what more suitable location than the campus of the University of Georgia, where are gathered year after year thousands of Georgia's boys and girls, the flower of the Empire State of the South?

No more fitting memorial can be erected to Mildred Lewis Rutherford than this building, which will be sponsored by the Georgia Division which she served so long and so faithfully. "Miss Millie's" Lucy Cobb girls, members of the U. D. C., and the friends of Miss Rutherford throughout the State and nation will be delighted to have the privilege of contributing to this building.

[Lena Felker Lewis, State Chairman, Monroe, Ga.]

* * *

Illinois.—The Illinois Division, composed of Stonewall and Chicago Chapters, with the coöperation of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, commemorated the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson and Commodore Maury with a dinner at the Auditorium Hotel on the evening of the 18th. Talks were made on the life of General Lee by Elijah Funkhauser; on the life of Stonewall Jackson by his grandson, Maj. T. J. Jackson Christian; and on Commander Maury by Judge Robert D. Fletcher. Music and readings also added to the entertainment. A Cross of Service was presented to Franklin Kidd, soloist of the evening, who is a native of Virginia, by the Stonewall Chapter, Mrs. Cook, President.

[Mrs. Walter M. Smith, Chairman of Publicity.]

* * *

Kentucky.—Several prizes are offered in the Kentucky Division for the best State work—one for the best work in locating unknown or neglected graves of Confederate soldiers; one for best essay on Confederate flags; one for best scrapbook of Southern poetry (C. of C.); one for best historical work of Chapter, for membership gain, for essay on antebellum gardens, and others.

On Kentucky Day, December 12, which is a legal holiday, talks were made in schools on various phases of Kentucky history. The Western State

Normal School and Teachers' College, which is located upon the hill where stood the fort of Albert Sidney Johnston, at Bowling Green, has placed a tablet on the site, giving dates, September 19, 1861, October 28, 1861, and February 14, 1862. The birthplace of General Johnston at Washington, Ky., is the next place to be marked, and the Division is working toward that end through a committee of which Mrs. John L. Woodbury is chairman.

January 19, General Lee's birthday, was observed by many schools with special programs, and the natal anniversaries of Stonewall Jackson and Matthew Fontaine Maury were not forgotten.

The Division has lost by death in January two prominent members—Mrs. Carrie Choate, of Alton, Honorary State President, and Mrs. Ida Dowling Camp, sister of our former President, Mrs. Mary Dowling Bond.

At the suggestion of the Daughters, the Board of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley has made plans to further mark the burial plot there by white walks bordered with evergreens and ivy, similar to the Poe Shrine at Richmond, Va. The graves are already marked with plain stones, and the work will not be great to transform this into a place of restful beauty.

(Continued on page 118)

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. TOPICS FOR STUDY, APRIL, 1929.

Stonewall Jackson's Valley Campaign. Battles of Williamsburg, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, and movements terminating with the Second Battle of Manassas.

C. OF C. TOPICS, APRIL, 1929.

Talk: "The Beginning and the End." Secure for this reminiscences of soldiers who were at Fort Sumter and Appomattox.

Reading: "The Conquered Banner," Father Ryan.

Sketch: "Gen. Leonidas Polk, the Soldier-Bishop."

C. of C. PRIZES.

Robert H. Ricks Banner.—To the C. of C. Chapter sending in the best all-round report.

Grace Clare Taylor Loving Cup.—To the C. of C. Chapter registering the most new members during the year.

Anna Flagg Harvey Loving Cup.—To the Division Director who registers the largest number of new C. of C. members during the year.

Florence Goalder Faris Medal.—To the Division Director who registers the second largest number of new members during the year.

Mrs. W. S. Coleman Loving Cup.—To the Chapter Director who places in school libraries the largest number of books on Confederate history, to be used as supplemental reading.

Ten Dollars.—Offered by Mrs. P. H. P. Lane to the Division Director who sends in the largest number of correct C. of C. applications.

Mollie Day Daffan Cup.—Offered by Miss Katie Daffan as a memorial to her mother to the member of the C. of C. who performs the most unselfish, individual service for a Confederate veteran or widow of a Confederate soldier.

ESSAYS.

To be written by members of the Children of the Confederacy.

Churchill Loving Cup.—For the best essay on "The Right of Secession."

Five Dollars.—Offered by Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, in memory of her faithful "Mammy," Matilda Cartwright, for the best essay on "Mammy in Old Plantation Days." Preference will be given to papers containing incidents which have never been in print. Contestants will give authorities quoted.

Two Prizes of Ten Dollars Each.—Offered by Mrs. Mary Bennett Little in memory of her mother, who was the wife of a prisoner of war, for best essay on "Authentic Instances of Kindness to Prisoners of War—North and South."

Five Dollars.—Offered by Mrs. May Avery Wilkins, for the best essay on "Causes of War between the States." Open to any contestants west of the Mississippi.

RULES.

1. Essays must not contain over 2,000 words. Number of words must be stated at top left-hand corner of first page.

2. Essays must be typed, with fictitious signature. Real name, Chapter, and address of writer must be in a sealed envelope attached to the essay, and on the outside of the envelope the fictitious name only.

3. Essays must be sent to Division Historian by September 20, 1929, and she will forward to Historian General by October 1.

4. Essays on all subjects may be submitted, but only two on each subject can be forwarded by Division Historian.

5. Prize-winning essays become the property of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

6. The same rules apply to essays submitted by the C. of C., except that these essays must be sent the Third Vice President General, instead of to Historian General.

A NEW PRIZE

To Division and Chapter Officers: A very attractive prize offer has been omitted from the published lists for 1929, through no fault of the Historian General. Your attention is, called to it through the VETAN, and you are asked to give publicity through the press of your respective States. The offer is as follows:

The McIver-Rountree Trophy.—Offered by Mrs. J. A. Rountree in memory of her father, John S. McIver, Company B, 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry's Texas Rangers, C. S. A., and as a tribute to John Asa Rountree, Jr., First Lieutenant, Aviation, U. S. A., to the Chapter which presents the greatest number of Crosses of Military Service.

Faithfully yours,

MARION SALLEY.

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—Little Rock.....Mrs. J. F. Weinmann
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
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LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
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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.

THE PRESIDENT GENERAL'S MESSAGE.

My Dear Coworkers: Already the harbinger of spring is here. Wild geese are flocking northward; the farmer is clearing his land getting ready for planting the early crop; the housewife is busy with plans for her garden and the renovation of the home; even the spring hat has appeared; and while nature is putting forth her evidences in swelling buds and spreading her carpet of green, let us, too, be up and doing in making plans for the year as how best to gain the interest and how to best sustain it in the various lines of work to which we are pledged. Our earnest consideration is that we plan to make of the coming convention one that will be outstanding in its inspirational spirit. Do not forget your State flag nor fail to try for the banner to be presented to the largest delegation from any one Association. Make your plans early to attend the reunion and our C. S. M. A. convention, June 4-7.

Jefferson Davis Day.—As June 3, is the birthday of our only President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, the thought has been suggested that we make our C. S. M. A. convention, which meets on Tuesday, June 4, a Memorial Convention, honoring and paying tributes of loving loyalty to the man who, as vicarious sufferer for the South, stood alone in the hours of his humiliation, never wavering in his loyalty to duty, and bore as only a hero could the cruelties heaped upon him. That Mississippi has been able after this long, weary waiting to pay just tribute to his memory in placing his statue in the Hall of Fame in the Capitol of the nation is a source of deepest gratification to every loyal Southern heart, and our hope is that the occasion may be one of magnificent tribute, not only from his native State, but that from every Southern State crowds may gather to attest the devotion of his people.

Apropos to the Davis celebration comes a suggestion found in a resolution adopted June 9, 1908, at the Birmingham convention of the C. S. M. A., and which reads as follows: "That all Confederate sympathizers be requested to wear a rose on June 3 of each year, in commemoration of the birthday of Jefferson Davis, as the rose was his favorite flower." It is most fitting that at this time when the C. S. M. A. is to memorialize and his native State to put Jefferson Davis where he rightfully belongs, in the Hall of Fame, that the rose should everywhere be in evidence. Take this matter up with each Association, and let the rose be in evidence. Proclaim to the world our allegiance to our President and to the cause for which he suffered.

The Charlotte Ladies' Memorial Association.—We are very happy to announce that an Association has been organized in Charlotte, N. C., through the efforts of Mrs. J. J. Yates, State President of North Carolina, and Mrs. I. W. Faison, long prominent in patriotic work in the old North State. Starting with twenty-seven members, the attractions of the reunion and our C. S. M. A. convention, to which they will be hostess, the enthusiasm incident to such occasions is sure to bring a large membership, and we look forward to a splendid organization which will make rapid strides in the sacred work to which we are committed. The following officers were elected at the first meeting held on January 26, 1929: Mrs. I. W. Faison, President; Mrs. Sterling Graydon, Vice President; Mrs. E. L. Mason, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Charles H. Barringer, Treasurer; Mrs. H. C. Fallow, Corresponding Secretary. From this representative body of women a great work may be expected.

Looking to the Future.—Those who keep in close touch with Confederate organizations and activities

stand bewildered at the rapidly diminishing ranks of the Heroes in Gray, and the question forces itself upon the mind, "What is to become of the many splendid buildings which have been erected for the comfort and support of these veterans?" Many of the Confederate Homes are already little more than half filled. Some of the States have been generous enough to open the doors already to the wives of Confederate veterans, thus allowing the aged and oftentimes infirm life partners to spend their last days together amid pleasant surroundings, where all comforts are provided—physicians and nurses in attendance when needed. Why not open every Home in the same kindly way? When the soldier was at the battle front, it was the Confederate wife and mother who kept the home fires burning, who nursed the sick and wounded, and ministered as only one can whose heart interest was with the boy's at the front. Let the doors of every Confederate Soldiers' Home be opened to the women of the sixties, whose sacrifice and bravery were oftentimes no less than that of the hero husband. Let any widow also of that same period share in the benefits, for soon all will be gone, and it is rarely possible to find a woman who faced that period of storm and stress who is not needing either the care or the protection which these institutions can give. Let every Association take up this matter seriously and work for the women of your own State, that they may share in this richly deserved protection. No one except those women who lived and served during the time of the four years and suffered the hardships and privations of war should be eligible. Will you not in planning your work for the year make this matter one of special thought and effort?

The Atlanta Confederate Home.—One of the beautiful buildings of the South designed to shelter her deserving heroes stands just outside the city limits of Atlanta, and its fast thinning numbers inspired these thoughts. Gathered there are more than sixty veterans under the kindly and capable care of Maj. W. E. McAllister, himself a Confederate veteran, and who never tires of doing all possible to add to the comfort and pleasure of his large family. Each year Major McAllister gets out a souvenir booklet, through the generous advertisements of friends, which has grown in interesting features until the last one just issued is a work of art, beautifully bound in white vellum paper, with the three Confederate flags on the cover. Pictures of Davis, Lee, Jackson, Gordon, Forrest and many others, with lovely views of the Home, of the group of inmates, and many prominent women in Confederate work, also much of historical interest, such as Miss Mildred Rutherford's article, "Where the South Leads."

This has been a source of great pleasure to the veterans.

Convention Plans.—Mrs. J. J. Yates, State President of North Carolina, and always active and alert in matters pertaining to the C. S. M. A., recently made a visit to Charlotte in the interest of the new Association and for a conference with Mr. Edmond R. Wiles, business chairman of the reunion, looking toward plans for the C. S. M. A. convention. Mrs. Yates's deep interest in making plans for our convention insures all possible being done to add to the interest and pleasure, and, as hostess for North Carolina, she is exerting every influence toward making this the best convention yet held.

With every good wish, cordially and faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

THE OLD SONGS.

("Jackson's Dirge," sung to the air of "Hark, I Hear an Angel Sing," was contributed by Mrs. S. C. Williams, of Broadway, Va., who writes of having sung it many times.)

Gently resting in the tomb,
Waiting till the angels come,
Mourned by every Southern son,
Jackson sleeps at Lexington.
Jackson sleeps—Virginia's son—
Her true, her honored, noble one;
The true, the good, the brave, the best,
The dearly loved, is now at rest.

Chorus.

Mourn, sweet valley, sadly mourn!
Jackson never can return.
Cold and silent is his sleep,
Angels o'er him vigils keep.

Dear Virginia! on thy breast
Jackson sleeps—our hero rests.
For other brows thy laurels twine,
His is crowned with love divine.
Soft and sweet his slumbers now,
Heaven's light is round his brow;
Free from sorrow, care, and pain,
We dare not call him back again.

Land of Dixie, sunny land!
Sons of freedom, happy band!
Ever let your motto be,
"Our God, our land, our liberty!"
Happy when the war is done,
We, with every Southern son,
Shall bless the right we have to claim
All love to Stonewall Jackson's name.

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.

REUNION PLANS AND OTHER INTERESTS.

FUNDS FOR THE REUNION.

Confederate veterans, sons of Confederate veterans, daughters of Confederate veterans, and friends of Confederate veterans all appeared before the Joint Appropriation Committee at Raleigh, N. C., on February 6, in behalf of the bill that provides for a \$50,000 appropriation toward the expense of the reunion of Confederate veterans to be held in Charlotte next June.

Senator Walter Clark conducted the case for the proponents. Acting as floor manager, he introduced one speaker after another, his stars being Gen. W. A. Smith, of Anson County, Commander North Carolina Veterans, and Capt. S. S. Nash, of Tarboro.

E. R. Wiles, Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and manager of the reunion this year, as well as the immediate past reunion held in Little Rock, Ark., was the first speaker introduced by Senator Clark.

Commander Wiles told the legislators that as the State, in a letter from former Governor McLean, had invited the veterans to North Carolina for the first time, the State as well as Charlotte was the host. That it would take \$82,000 to put on the reunion, explaining that the cost increased as the veterans got older and needed more care. Moreover, he said, North Carolina, being the only State that has never had the reunion, should put on the best.

The Federal government has appropriated \$7,000 toward the reunion and is willing to lend to the State \$100,000 worth of equipment for the occasion.

Charlotte and Mecklenburg County are appropriating \$7,500 each. Citizens of Charlotte, \$10,000. All of this money will be spent before the State appropriation is touched, and it will be spent only when and where needed, any remaining money to be returned to the treasury along with an audited report of the money spent.

There were 4,200 veterans at the Little Rock convention. It is estimated many more will be in Charlotte on account of the location and transportation facilities. There are, in all, about 26,000 veterans left, their average age eighty-four, their minimum age seventy-nine years.

The following speakers made the following comment:

Capt. S. S. Nash: "We in North Carolina love what's left of the Confederacy. . . . If Walter Clark was here, he would ask you to do this, just as his son asks you now."

Gen. W. A. Smith: What this "Grand Old Man" said was drowned out by the loud applause that followed his introduction. Whatever it was, it was a greeting, not a request.

Josephus Daniels: "The State is unwilling to give Charlotte all the credit for this. We want to do our part."

Congressman elect Charles Jonas: "This is a nonpartisan proposition; Republicans and Democrats alike want it. . . . We have come not to ask you for something, but to thank you for what we know you are going to do."

Mrs. R. N. Simms: "This is an opportunity, a privilege, and a duty."

Paul R. Younce: "The American Legion wants to see North Carolina play its part, to pay its debt to the Confederacy."

Mayor F. M. Redd, of Charlotte: "We of North Carolina invited the Confederate veterans. They didn't ask to come here."

Henry London: "I'm sure you are not going to forget."

Maj. W. C. Heath: "Don't let this word economy influence you. This is not a matter of economy."

Others who were introduced to the committee, but did not speak, were women leaders of the Daughters of the Confederacy and men prominent in Charlotte.

STONEWALL JACKSON CAMP No. 23.

The Stonewall Jackson Camp at Charlotte, N. C. has been reorganized. Arrangements are being made to put on a strong membership drive. It is planned to increase the membership to five hundred during the campaign for new members.

INCREASE OF CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

Commander Wiles has very favorable news from Texas, Florida, and Oklahoma relative to action on the part of these States to increase Confederate pensions to \$50 a month. This is work of a definite nature that will be appreciated by the veterans.

NEW CAMP ORGANIZED.

John B. Hood Camp No. 50, of Galveston, Tex., was organized on January 10, 1929. The officers and members are: Commander, James A. Boddeker; First Lieutenant Commander, Carroll E. Murff; Second Lieutenant Commander, B. E. Williams; Adjutant, R. N. McGuire; Treasurer, R. N. McGuire; Quartermaster, John W. Campbell; Judge Advocate, George N. Yard; Surgeon, Boyd Reading; Historian, O. E. Kennedy; Color Sergeant, Courtney C. Washington; Chaplain, J. I. Toothaker. Members: D. W. Kempner, Ben P. Reading, H. L. Ziegler, John E. Boddeker, Gus I. Arnold, A. R. Campbell, R. Lee Mempher, J. L. Boddeker, Dr. J. E. Jones, W. O. Breedlove, George Sealy, Charles Scrimgeour, H. P. Harvey, E. H. Ivey, F. Andler.

How much of joy, how much of pain

May center in one crowded hour!

How oft some sweet, enchanting strain

Is wed with more than music's power!

While yet a single note doth seem

Insistent with a lifelong dream!

—Philip Lindsley.

REUNION RATES

The following transportation arrangements for the thirty-ninth annual reunion, United Confederate Veterans, at Charlotte, N. C., June 4-7, 1929, have been completed, and round trip tickets will be sold, on presentation of certificates, as follows:

FROM TERRITORY EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND SOUTH OF THE OHIO AND POTOMAC RIVERS, AND FROM WASHINGTON, D. C., AND CINCINNATI, OHIO.

To Confederate veterans and members of their immediate families accompanying them, on *Blue Certificates*, one cent per mile in each direction.

To the auxiliary bodies—Sons of Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Children of the Confederacy, Sponsors, Matrons, Maids of Honor; and also to bands in uniform officially engaged by the Reunion Executive Committee, on *Pink Certificates*, the fare one way for the round trip. Dates of sale, May 31-June 6, inclusive, and on June 7 for trains scheduled to reach Charlotte on or before noon.

FROM TERRITORY WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER IN SOUTHWESTERN PASSENGER ASSOCIATION TERRITORY, AND FROM STATIONS IN NEW MEXICO.

To Confederate veterans and members of their immediate families accompanying them, on *Blue Certificates*, one fare to Mississippi River gateways, added to the one-cent-per-mile-traveled rate thence to Charlotte.

To the auxiliary bodies, as shown above, on *Pink Certificates*, the fare one-way through to Charlotte for the round trip.

Dates of sale, May 29-June 4, inclusive, from New Mexico and El Paso, Tex.; May 30-June 5, inclusive, from Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Texas (except El Paso). May 31-June 6 from Arkansas and Louisiana.

FROM TERRITORY OF THE TRANSCONTINENTAL PASSENGER ASSOCIATION IN STATES OF ARIZONA, CALIFORNIA, NEVADA, AND SOUTHERN OREGON.

To Confederate veterans and members of their immediate families on *Blue Certificates*, and to members of the auxiliary bodies, as shown above, on *Pink Certificates*, the fare one way to Charlotte for the round trip. Dates of sale, May 25-June 2, inclusive.

The final return limit of all tickets will be *July 7, 1929.*

Stop-overs at all points are allowed on notice to conductor in both directions within such limits as will allow reaching starting point on return by midnight of July 7. Tickets will not require validation.

Side-trip tickets will be sold from Charlotte to all points in North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, and to Washington, D. C., on June 7 to 14, inclusive, at the fare one-way to such points plus 25 cents for the round trip. Final return limit to Charlotte for the side-trip tickets will be July 2.

Certificates.—Blue Certificates will be distributed from the office of the Quartermaster General, Memphis, Tenn., to the Commander in Chief, Department, and Division Commanders direct for use of themselves and their respective staffs, to Brigade Commanders for their own use and of their staffs, and also for placing with each Camp under their respective commands according to their estimate of what will be necessary to fully supply them.

Pink Certificates will be distributed to the auxiliary bodies by the Adjutant in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Col. Walter L. Hopkins, Law Building, Richmond, Va. C. A. DESAUSSURE,
Quartermaster General, U. C. V.,

THE LIVING DEAD.

Did you know that there are 3,000,000 lepers in the world? There are 12,000 lepers in the Philippine Islands alone. The eradication of that dreadful disease in that part of the United States's possessions is the thought behind the movement to raise the Leonard Wood Memorial Fund, which is designed to carry out the work so dear to the heart of the late Governor General of the Philippines. General Wood had directed that work of mercy during his stay in the Philippines, and almost with his last breath he was exhorting his fellow countrymen to keep up that work. A million dollars has already been secured, but another million is necessary to carry on the work properly, for much of the fund will have to be used for hospitals and other buildings wherein the unfortunates may be cared for. That this dreadful disease is curable means that many lives may be preserved for usefulness if taken in time.

This is a work which should interest all America, and every reader of the VETERAN can add a little to the fund which is designed to save a fellow countryman. All contributions should be sent to Gen. Samuel McRoberts, Treasurer Leonard Wood Memorial, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

After all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality;
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame—
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!
—Frank L. Stanton.

U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 113)

South Carolina.—The newly elected President of the South Carolina Division, Mrs. J. Frost Walker, of Union, is a woman of charming personality, poise, and fine judgment. She has served the Division three years as Historian and two years as Vice President, besides having held other offices.

While the legislature is in session, the Chapters are interested in securing an increase in Confederate pensions, the fast-thinning ranks of the veterans reminding us that they will soon be all gone.

Some of the observances of Lee-Jackson Day in January took the form of old-time dinner parties, and the lovely old costumes with the wartime music brought back the days of the sixties.

The John McKellar Reynolds Chapter, of Greenwood, has set as its goal the marking of every Confederate grave in Greenwood Cemetery.

The Division is very proud of its sixty-five Chapters, C. of C., which comprises a membership of three thousand. The Mother Chapters are trying each to foster a Chapter C. of C. The E. M. Law Chapter of Children, at Rock Hill, at its New Year meeting had over one hundred children present, and over one hundred certificates were presented. This Chapter was presented framed pictures of Generals Lee and Jackson.

[Miss Zena Payne, Johnston, S. C.]

* * *

Texas.—The thirty-second annual convention of the Texas Division was held at Waco, December 4-6, with the Mary West Chapter as hostess. An honor guest of the convention was the former Historian General, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky. The State President, Mrs. Forrest H. Farley, of Austin, presided at the business sessions, the reports on which showed much accomplished. At Memorial Hour, tributes were paid to the late Gen. Felix H. Robertson, last of the Confederate brigadiers, and to the beloved Gen. J. C. Foster, of Houston, former Commander in Chief, U. C. V. taps being sounded for each.

On Historical Evening, prizes and medals were given by the State Historian, Mrs. Whit Boyd. The Texas Division pin was won by Mrs. J. B. Powell for her "Memories of the Old South." Two Service Crosses were awarded—one to Dr. Z. T. Scott, of Austin, and the other to M. B. Thiel, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Waco. Also, Senator Tom Connelly received the Cross bestowed by the general convention at Houston, illness having prevented his attendance there.

Miss Katie Daffan was elected President of the Division. The next convention will be in Tyler.

"If the cougher in the 4th row will come to the stage door... *there's a carton of Old Golds waiting for him!*"



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"Of course, I've never said the above! But how I've been tempted to, when a heavy bass whoop or a shrill soprano bark has drowned out my best wise-crack.

"But it isn't good cricket to publicly embarrass a cougher. He isn't barking on purpose. He needs quiet, friendly counsel. He should, in confidence, be told to smoke OLD GOLDS.

"You'll enjoy the show better... and so will I... if we can just get this tip over to him. For, from my own experience with this smooth and throat-easy cigarette, I don't believe there's a cough in a capacity house-ful of them."

(SIGNED

W. C. Fields

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eat a chocolate... light an Old Gold... and enjoy both!

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Dr. John C. Jennings, who lived in St. Louis at the outbreak of the War between the States, was a Southern sympathizer, and left his surgical instruments and medical supplies to a St. Louis company of Confederate soldiers at his death in 1862 or 1863. His wife continued supplying the needs of Confederates until she was arrested for doing so. A daughter of Dr. Jennings is Mrs. Charles F. Conklin, 470 Staten Street, Oakland, Calif., and she is anxious to learn of the company and regiment which received her father's bequest.

Women of the United States spent more than \$11,000,000 in 1927 to keep the bloom of youth in their cheeks, and even then many didn't succeed. The Department of Commerce estimates the total value of toilet preparations made in this country during the year totaled \$177,091,000.—*National Tribune*.

A free municipal school of beekeeping has been established in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Courses include the study of the bee, care of hives, and the care and packing of honey and wax.

At the age of twenty-seven Sam Hurley was an illiterate mountaineer living in McDowell County, W. Va. To-day he is a retired successful business man and president of the Mountain Industrial Institute at Grundy, Va., which he founded. Hurley refused to stay tied down in the mountains and went out into the world to seek his fortune. His search was successful, and he is now devoting all of his time to helping other mountain children.—*National Tribune*.

Thirty years ago John C. Phillips, working as a carpenter's helper at \$1.75 a day, helped to erect the State capitol of Arizona. This month he moved into the capitol as the governor of Arizona. Phillips was elected last November over Gov. George W. P. Hunt, who had served six terms.—*National Tribune*.

William Tyler Page, clerk of the House of Representatives, last week completed his forty-seventh year as an employee of that body. He first entered the service of the House in the clerk's office when he was 13. Mr. Page is author of the "American Creed."—*National Tribune*.

Doctor: "Something wrong with the baby?"

Mother: "Yes, Doctor, he got hold of an old dictionary some way, and chewed up two pages of it."

Doctor: "Did you give him an emetic?"

Mother: "Yes, Doctor, but I can't get a world out of him."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Ben A. Yates, Chillicothe, Mo., wants a copy of "The Crimes of the Civil War," by Henry Clay Dean. Anyone having a copy for sale will please write him.

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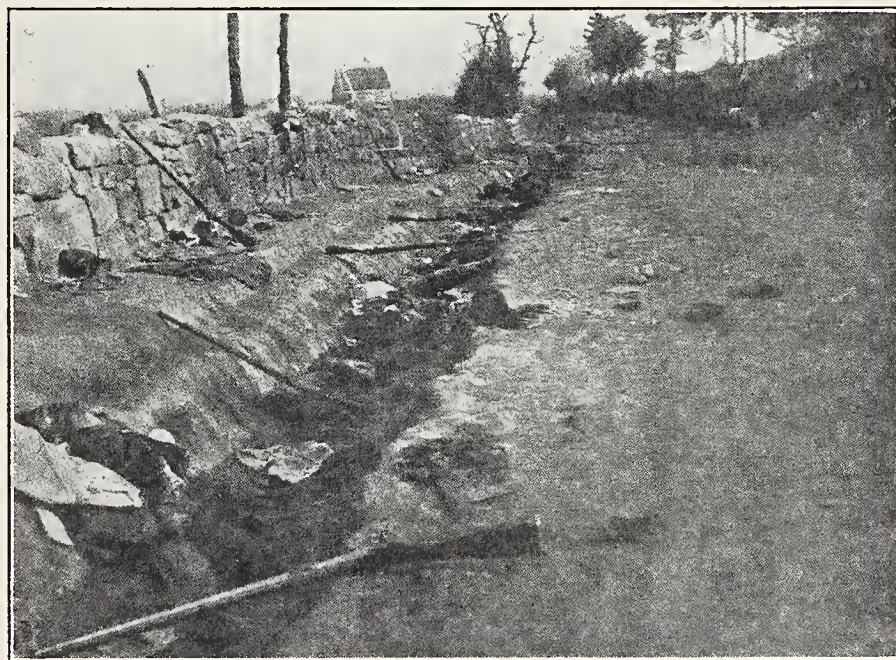
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APRIL, 1929

NO. 4



AFTER THE BATTLE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

From behind this stone wall the Confederates were able to repulse many assaults of the Federals in the fighting at Fredericksburg, Va. This old wall is now one of the interesting and historic parts of the battle field, which is now being made into a National Park. See article on "The Romance of Battle Fields," in which the writer visions the preservation of these historic parts of the battle field of Fredericksburg and others. (Page 141.)

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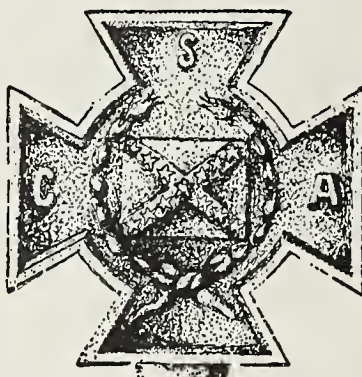
Jack Terrill went out from Trimble County, Ky., in the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, Henry Giltner, colonel, and Company A, B. F. Duncan, captain. He is in great need of a pension, and any surviving comrades are asked to certify to proof of his service. Address Miss Mollie Duncan, Morganfield, Ky.

Anyone able to give any information on the war service of John Davis Allison, who served with John H. Morgan's Cavalry, will please write to Mrs. Bessie Allison Yeaman, corner Kentucky Avenue and Third Street, Jellico, Tenn., who is anxious to get his record.

Miss Kate Dowd, of St. Jo, Tex., is seeking information on the war record of R. Harwood, Jr., whose father was a Confederate surgeon, and the two were together on duty at Hospital No. 2, at Knoxville, Tenn. The son left the hospital about September, 1862, and entered the army; but no record has been found of that. Family tradition is that on account of typhoid fever he was discharged, and afterwards rendered service in the government naval construction works at Selma, Ala., where his family had refugeeed from Knoxville, Tenn. Anyone having information of his service will please communicate with Miss Dowd. His widow is in need of a pension.



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We
Forget"



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PUBLIC HEALTH WORK.—The history of the remarkable control of typhoid fever which has taken place in the United States within the past twenty years is one of the striking examples of the value of public health work. Typhoid, which only a few years ago took a toll of more than 50,000 lives annually of the population of the United States, is now responsible for the death of something less than 10,000 each year.

Preventive medicine has developed to such an extent that we are sometimes prone to have a false sense of security and to neglect important fundamentals of sanitation. Eternal vigilance is the price of good health.—U. S. Public Health Service.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

IN THE INTEREST OF THE VETERAN.

A meeting of the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is called for the morning of June 4, at Charlotte, N. C., just before the opening of the thirty-ninth general reunion, U. C. V. The heads of all the Confederate organizations are members of the Board of Trustees of the VETERAN, *ex officio*, and all are vitally interested in the continued life and well-being of this journal of Southern history.

At this meeting a report of the VETERAN'S status, financial and otherwise, will be made, and especially of interest will be the report of what has been accomplished through the intensive campaign for subscriptions put on by all the Confederate organizations. It is hoped that such report will show a large gain in the circulation; and all who are interested in that are urged to make special effort to secure as many subscriptions as possible before the 1st of June, not that their efforts should cease then, but a good report to the convention will encourage a continuance of the work.

As a reward worth while, the VETERAN is offering that splendid book, "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," compiled and edited by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, Jr., as a premium for six new subscriptions. Every Chapter U. D. C., should have this book, and it should be in every home of the country. Another splendid offer is to send a copy of "Women of the South in War Times" as premium for a club of five subscriptions. Then there is that handsome picture of "The Three Generals," now sold at \$10, given for a club of twenty new subscriptions. Anyone making up a club will be richly rewarded by these premiums.

THAT WEST VIRGINIA PENSION BILL.

The VETERAN was misinformed as to the passage of the pension bill by the West Virginia legislature, so the Confederate veterans of that State have not gained the hoped-for relief. The bill was passed by the Senate with only one dissenting vote, but fierce opposition to it developed in the House of Delegates, and though special effort was made to pass it on the last day of the session, it was not possible to get it through.

This bill was drawn by Col. John Baker White, a son of Capt. Christian S. White, late of Hampshire County, W. Va., who was captain of Company C, 23rd Virginia Cavalry, Imboden's Brigade, C. S. A.;

and it was put through the Senate by his political opponent, former Gov. A. B. White (no relation), the son of a Union soldier. Governor White made a most eloquent and gracious speech in behalf of the bill, from which extracts were given in the VETERAN for March.

Col. John Baker White served in the Spanish-American War as captain of Company B, 1st West Virginia Volunteer Infantry, and in the World War as lieutenant colonel, Judge Advocate, United States Troops and Army of Occupation.

It is understood that opposition developed because the bill did not provide pensions for the ex-Union veterans of the State, who are already liberally provided for by government pensions.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN THE EAST.

Mrs. O. F. Wiley, Historian of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., corrects the VETERAN as to the last of Confederate veterans having passed from that section of the country with the death of the late Nat Poyntz, reported in the VETERAN for February. She writes:

"There are five Confederate veterans in Massachusetts, all honorary members of Boston Chapter, U. D. C., and they are: E. C. Brush, of Brookline; Col. Leroy Wallaston, of Wallaston; Charles M. Strahn, Vineyard Haven; Harris C. Field, Wellesley Hills; Benjamin C. Jacques, Worcester."

In a later communication, Mrs. Wiley reports the death of Benjamin C. Jacques, aged eighty-one, "who served with the Washington Artillery, entering the Confederate service at the age of fifteen at Charleston, S. C., where he had seen the smoke of the first gun fired at Fort Sumter, April 14, 1861, and he stood behind the last gun fired at Appomattox. He was the head of four living generations; two great-grandsons served in the World War." He was born in Charleston, S. C., and after the war went North as the "place of opportunity" and had made good in his work in Worcester, where he built many houses. An interesting interview with Mr. Jacques was given in the *Worcester Telegram*, also a picture of him with his son, grandson, and great-grandson. At the close, when it was mentioned that he had been a long time in the North, he said: "I am an American, and I have gained all that I own in the North; but, once a Southerner, always a Southerner, and I was born in Charleston."

"It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Faint not, fight on, to-morrow comes the song."

HOME IN OLD VIRGINIA.

BY VIRGINIA LUCAS.

Home again! Home at last—though the rotten railings
Slink from the galleries, the shutters hang awry:
Gates unholy sagging, and now and then a paling
Gone; all the place seems sinking to decay.
I, too, am sinking; duller sight and hearing,
So—I no more care for the outer hull:
But to the heart of things ever, ever nearing,
Finding the soul of things good and beautiful.
“Home at last! Home again!” shall I so be crying
When, in a year or two, those who’ve gone away
We shall greet in heaven? For sure, I’ll soon be dying,
Liefly drawing in the blind, and closing out the day.
Well, if there be heaven (this I’ve never doubted) —
Surely very beautiful—to vie against our Earth;
Good green trees among which I’ve boy-scouted,
Good green hills around, and mountain’s azure mirth.
Good blue heaven above, can you match my Homeland?
Cedar, and whippoorwill, and white Magnolia tree?
Tho’ my soul go soaring, through Ghost- and Gnome-land,
This Virginia Earthland will have the heart of me.

THE FIRST FIGHTING.

BY P. J. WHITE, RICHMOND, VA.

On the early morning of June 1, 1861, there were encamped in the village of Fairfax Courthouse, Va., the following Confederate commands: The Warrenton Rifles, Captain Marr, in the Methodist Church; the Prince William Cavalry, Captain Ball, in the Episcopal Church; and the Rappahannock Cavalry, Captain John Shack Green, in the Courthouse proper—about two hundred and fifty men all told under the command of Col. Richard Ewell (afterwards General), who succeeded Stonewall Jackson in command of the Second Corps, A. N. V.

Before day on that morning, a body of Yankee cavalry charged through the streets of the town, and, during the firing that ensued, Captain Marr, of the Warrenton Rifles, was killed and Colonel Ewell was wounded, as was also private John Rowles, of the Rappahannock Cavalry, and one or two of the Confederates were taken prisoners. The Yankee cavalry, having charged through the town, was unable to return, as the Confederates held the road (or street) in their rear and were ready for them, so they pulled down the fence on the side of the road and made a wide detour toward Fall’s Church, and so escaped in the darkness with the loss of three prisoners; as to whether any were killed or wounded is unknown.

This fight occurred, as above mentioned, on June 1, 1861, ten days before the “First at Bethel” affair, which occurred on June 10, 1861, and so effectually disposes of that myth.

On June 1, 1911, just fifty years afterwards, there was held at Fairfax Courthouse a reunion of the survivors of that fight. A picture taken then shows five of them, all members of Capt. John Shack Green’s command, Company B, 6th Virginia Cavalry, and they were: Privates Esom and Nalle (now dead); Private Andrew Botts, of Woodville, Va.; Tom Slaughter, of Culpepper; and Rev. Dr. W. A. L. Jett, a retired Episcopal minister, formerly of Rappahannock, now of Richmond. The three last mentioned are still living, now quite old and feeble.

There are other myths being interwoven into history, unnecessary to mention now.

MARKING CONFEDERATE BATTLE FIELDS.

Hon. J. E. Rankin, United States Congressman from Mississippi, reports the passage of a bill on which he had been working ever since being in Congress and only recently secured this recognition. This is the bill:

“AN ACT TO PROVIDE FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLES OF BRICE’S CROSSROADS AND TUPELO, MISS.

“Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That for the purpose of commemorating the battles of Brice’s Crossroads, Miss., and Tupelo, Miss., the Secretary of War is authorized and directed to (1) acquire not to exceed one acre of land, free of cost to the United States, at each of the above-named battle fields, (2) fence each parcel of land so acquired, (3) build an approach to each such parcel of land, and (4) erect a suitable marker on each such parcel of land.

"Sec. 2. There is authorized to be appropriated \$10,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to carry out the provisions of Section 1 of this act.

"Sec. 3. Each parcel of land acquired under Section 1 of this act shall be under the jurisdiction and control of the Secretary of War, and there is authorized to be appropriated for the maintenance of each such parcel of land, fence, approach, and marker a sum not to exceed \$250 per annum.

"Approved, February 21, 1929."

BOY SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In the *New Orleans Picayune* of June 15, 1909, appeared an article by the Rev. J. A. Hackett, of Meridian, Miss., who served as chaplain of the 18th Mississippi Regiment, C. S. A., after the first Maryland campaign in 1862, in which he pays tribute to three Mississippi soldier boys whose gallantry and endurance made a great impression upon him. It is now almost twenty years since the letter was written, but the story is one that should not be allowed to pass from the minds of men, and in the *VETERAN* it will be of permanent record. Only one of the three boys is known to be living now, Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, still a boy in his activity and enthusiasm. This is what Dr. Hackett wrote:

"I was first sergeant of Company C (called 'The Confederates'), of the 18th Mississippi Infantry, Barksdale's Brigade, McLaws' Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, in 1862.

"I desire to record a striking story of the grit, endurance, and courage of three young soldiers of that company. They were known in camp as Jim Finley, Jim Dinkins (nicknamed 'The Little Horse'), and Billy McKee. These boys were scarcely through their sixteenth year.

"It was during that memorable campaign known as the Seven Day's Fight around Richmond, where these boys participated in most of the daily conflicts like old and trained veterans, more particularly the battles of Savage Station, Frazier's Farm, and Malvern Hill.

"We went out of that bloody fight at Savage Station at its close only to be held all the next day in reservation, but were in the forced marches and weary waiting throughout that day of carnage and blood at Frazier's Farm, only to come across the debris of the battle field at twelve o'clock at night, and then, without a minute's rest, to take up picket duty in the very face of a beaten and sullen, but defiant, enemy.

"It was my duty, under the officer of the guard, to define the picket line and station the men at their places of watch and guard for the safety of General

Lee's victorious army while they slept and rested for that coming climactic fight next day at Malvern Hill. I found that several noble fellows who belonged to the company had broken down from exhaustion during the two days of continuous fighting and marching, and had dropped by the wayside; but the three young boys mentioned, only half-way through their teens, were there and ready to answer 'present for duty' and to take their places on the utmost line of service and danger. I knew and loved these boys and their folks at home and had an interest in them like that of a father. I had fears that the task was too great for their powers of endurance, and that the demands of nature for rest and sleep might turn them down, and that they might unconsciously yield and be found asleep on their posts.

"Feeling the deepest interest in them, and believing I had a sort of right of guardianship over them, I determined to watch the young heroes instead of resting and sleeping, as I might have done. I traveled the picket line throughout the night to make sure that no officer might come upon the boys asleep and report them for court-martial. But the following morning I reported to the officer of the guard that the three boys were awake and watchful, more so than some of the posts, among whom were some of the best men in the regiment. I reported to our captain my experience of the night, and he also mentioned the concern he felt for the boys, 'but,' said the captain, 'I was so broken down I soon fell asleep, knowing you would see that all was well.'

"I have often wondered what the boys thought of my frequent visits to them during the night, and wondered also if they imagined I had no confidence in them, and for the purpose of explaining to them the feeling I had that night I make this statement.

"I cannot close the story without saying that those boys made as noble records in the service as any men who ever wore shoulder straps or trained the sights of an Enfield rifle in battle, and, furthermore, they all live to-day to bless the world by being a trio among their country's most worthy citizens.

"One of them is Dr. J. L. Finley, a prominent and useful minister of the gospel in Gulfport, Miss.; another is Capt. James Dinkins, late of the staff of the intrepid and ever-winning General Chalmers, and and is now a prominent and successful banker in New Orleans; and the other is the Hon. W. L. McKee, mayor of one of the growing cities of Texas.

"I was encouraged to write this by the earnest entreaty of a few comrades to whom I related the facts. They thought it was due the boys that I should do so, also that it was a part of our common history."

MRS. ELIZABETH N. SHELBY.

A long and full life came to a close with the death of Mrs. Elizabeth N. Shelby, widow of the famous Missouri Confederate, Gen. J. O. Shelby. She died at Bovina, Tex., at the home of her only daughter, Mrs. F. W. Jersig. She was eighty-eight years old, and had been in failing health for some time.

Elizabeth Shelby was her maiden name, though not related to the man whom she married in Lexington, Mo., on August 28, 1858. She was a native Missourian, born in Lafayette County. Though a seemingly frail woman, never weighing more than a hundred pounds, she had the strength to follow her husband, whenever possible, in his military campaigns during the War between the States; and when she was not with him, she was in Arkansas and Texas, "jumping from post to post," as she expressed it, ready to join him when opportunity offered, and she went with him into Mexico after the war when he took his command into that country to offer aid to the ill-fated emperor. Over thirty years she survived the beloved husband, and now she rests by his side in Forest Hill Cemetery, Kansas City, in the shadow of the Confederate monument dedicated to the "Memory of our Confederate Dead."

Mrs. Shelby reared seven children—six sons and a daughter, all still living. Though the family is widely scattered, until the end there was close communication between the mother and her children, and from time to time she made her home with the different ones. Now she is "on post" again with her General.

TAKING THE OATH.

BY MRS. S. F. WILLIAMS, MANSFIELD, LA.

In 1862, when Middle Tennessee was under Federal rule, and Fort Donelson had been surrendered, General Grant was in command at that post. Tennessee has always been the Volunteer State, and when called on for troops, Stewart County responded with her bravest and best. Only a few men, comparatively, were left at home, the majority of whom called themselves *Union men*. Of these, Grant had no fears; they didn't count. It was the women he dreaded, for what these hot-headed Southern women can't think of was not in man to conceive. "They shall take the oath!" So the order was issued forthwith that every woman in the county must appear before him and take the oath of allegiance to the Federal government and Abraham Lincoln. A great military triumph, worthy of a great military leader! But "safety first" was not a bad slogan, even in General Grant's day.

A few days after the edict went forth, the "grand (?) review" began its march and continued for days, "Pore white trash," as the negroes called them, in the majority. Some on foot, some horseback, muleback, a few in buggies, and hundreds in wagons—an immense army of intimidated women going to headquarters, where they would swarm like flies around the grand potentate who had summoned them and, with uplifted hand, swear allegiance to the enemy who had invaded their land and at that moment was trampling their rights in the dust.

There were eight women, all told, at our house, which would have swelled the ranks considerably. We often fed Yankee soldiers; they had a way of dropping in at meal time and were always invited to a seat at the table; Southern hospitality demanded that of us. But *take that oath*, when our men were in the Confederate army? Mother said: "*No! never!* Not if they put us in a dungeon." That slowly moving, motley crowd, marching day after day like a funeral procession, was nothing less than tragedy, but at the same time it was a picture for the funniest of the funny papers, an event of that stormy period in which we were then living I shall never forget.

AS IN WAR TIME.

Remindful of the rations of war days is a menu sent to the VETERAN by W. F. Atkins, of Jefferson, Tex., who served with Company K, 3rd Alabama Regiment, C. S. A. This old menu was used by the Pickett-Buchanan Camp, U. C. V., of Norfolk, Va., at a celebration on January 19 some years ago, and it was printed in true war fashion on a piece of yellow wall paper. Needless to say, "the boys" enjoyed the dinner.

ME AND YOU.

Cush with Nassau Port Sauce.

Roasts.

Horse Rump.

Mule Sirloin.

Barn Rats.

Cat *à la* Thomas.

Vegetables.

Corn (green).

Inguns (raw).

Edwards' Luxuries.

Black-Eyed Peas.

Beverages

Corn Coffee. Sassafras Tea with Sorghum Sweetnin'.

Liquors.

New Drip. Persimmon Whisky. Sorghum Brandy.

Powhattan Pipes and Killikinick.

A PRIVATE IN GRAY.

John O'Moore Carson, eldest son of Jason Hazard and Jean O'Moore Carson, was born at White Oak Hall, Polk County, N. C. The family moved to Spartanburg County, S. C., in 1854, but Mr. Carson held his citizenship in North Carolina and was one of the signers of the Ordinance of Secession of that State.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, John volunteered and served as a member of Company C, Holcombe Legion. While stationed at Adams Run, he and two others volunteered to reconnoiter on Edisto Island, an account of which is given in the following:

"HEAD QUARTERS THIRD MILITARY DISTRICT, March 16, 1862. Adams Run, S. C.

"GENERAL ORDERS, No. 13.

"The general commanding announces to his command the gallant conduct of Sergt. Langdon Cheves Kibber, Francis Shealy, privates, Company H; and Private John Moore Carson, Company C, Holcombe Legion, who, at the intimation of their commander, Col. P. F. Stephens, readily volunteered on a hazardous reconnoissance, bravely executed their instructions, and succeeded in making captive Lieut. Col. F. P. Bennett, of the 55th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, First Lieutenant Kirby, of the 47th Regiment New York Volunteers, and a citizen of the enemy.

"By order of GENERAL EVANS.
A. T. EVANS, *Assistant Adjutant General.*"

"ORDER No.

"Part 1.

"The following General Orders are hereby published for the information of the command:

"Part 2.

"The colonel commanding heartily indorses the encomiums pronounced by General Evans, and he returns thanks to the three men above mentioned, not only for service rendered, but for their bravery in capturing three men whom they had every reason to suppose were as fully armed as themselves.

"By order of COL. P. F. STEVENS,
W. A. DUBOSE, *Adjutant.*"

John Carson afterwards transferred to Tucker's Cavalry, Company Seven. Captain Wallace, was wounded at Malvern Hill, June 13, and died at Jackson Hospital, Richmond, July 23, 1864. One of his officers said of him: "No man fought more bravely. He was ahead of the others, firing as fast as he could, and calling, 'Come on, men. We can whip them.'" He was one of the first to go in and the last to come out of the fight, and was wounded after leaving the field."

The following letter gives a little more on the expedition for which he was commended:

"CAMP BLAIR, March 17, 1862.

"*Dear Ma:* I wrote to you on Friday that I would be on a scouting excursion and might be absent for ten or twelve days, but the fact of the matter is that the Colonel (P. E. Stevens) called for three men on Friday evening to go on a very dangerous excursion. Sergeant Kibber and Private Shealy, of Captain Moffit's Company, and I stepped out and volunteered to go. [It was said that John was the first to volunteer to go.] We then received instructions to pack up as much provisions as we could carry and prepare to start on a scouting expedition to Edisto Island. The Yankees hold possession of that island and are supposed to be in great numbers. At least they have pickets all over the island and are encamped at the lower and eastern end. We were ordered to proceed there and find out how many there were, where they were stationed, what sort of a camp they had, and all about them.

"I was afraid to tell you about it till I got back, as the probabilities were that I might take a trip to New York at the expense of the United States, and I did not wish to cause you any uneasiness before it was necessary.

"Well, we left camp early Saturday morning and proceeded to Pineberry, took a boat, and paddled down the Dawhoo River toward the coast. We wandered about all day and all night, but got entirely lost and had to come back to Pineberry, where we arrived about eight o'clock yesterday morning. We then took a fresh start and went through Ichoser [not clear] across Watts Cut, which separates the islands, into Edisto. We then went forward pretty boldly for two miles to the first house, and squatted behind some bushes to reconnoiter. We had been there only a few minutes when we saw a buggy drive up containing three Yankees. We waited until they got pretty close, when we stepped out and accosted them: 'Good evening, gentlemen.' They returned the salute in great surprise, when we ordered them, if they had any arms, to give them up. I forgot to say that we were armed with a pistol apiece and a spyglass. They immediately surrendered and gave up one pistol, which they said was all they had. We then ordered them to drive up their dump cart and come back to the Cut; then we made them unhitch their horse and turn him loose. We could not bring the horse and buggy across, as the bridge had been burned, and we crossed on a pine pole. We then came safe enough to camp with our prisoners.

The men turned out to be a lieutenant colonel of

the 55th Pennsylvania Regiment, a first lieutenant of the 42nd New York Regiment, and a government agent, who has charge of the negroes on Edisto and was planting cotton for his Majesty, Abraham. A pretty good haul, I think. The colonel promised a furlough on the strength of the capture, and I may be at home in a week or two.

"We found another pistol on the prisoners when we searched them. Send me something to eat by Mr. Twitty.

"Write soon to your affectionate son,

JOHN M. CARSON."

[Copies of original papers furnished by Mrs. S. M. Carson, sister of John O'M. Carson.]

"JOHN WILKES BOOTH."*

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

This is an interesting volume, and, in so far as the immediate affairs of its subject are concerned, it is authoritative and perhaps final, which is a great deal to say of the biography of any man who has moved in the memory of some still living.

The author forcefully, if unconsciously, suggests an idea. The war may be said to have begun with the madness of John Brown and to have ended with the insanity of John Booth. Both were assassins, yet the author calls Brown, who was also a common robber and petty felon, a *martyr*, while exculpating Booth, and properly, it seems, of sordid motives. If John Brown be a "martyr," so was John Booth. However, this Brown-Booth comparison is not to be carried too far.

The author thinks in common with so many of his fellow countrymen, North and South, that the point at issue between the sections was a moral one rather than political and economic. The idea vitiates the value of his historical contribution. This almost universal misconception would be absurd or pathetic if it were not also tragic in its partisan misrepresentation of a great people. Would that history were taught correctly, or the facts were set forth in proper proportion! Would that the declaration of Maryland as to the cause of the Revolution were unforgettably illuminated in connection with the first great Anglo-Celtic secession; and would that certain words of Thomas Jefferson were blazoned upon the first page of any volume essaying to tell the story of this second great secession! The Maryland freemen declared the determination to maintain the right and privileges of local self-government was the "sole and

only motive" of the Revolution; and Jefferson warned of the dangers resulting from the use of "moral motives" to disguise political ambitions and the clash of economic interests.

Whenever Mr. Wilson sticks to the line of his own personal investigation, he rarely deviates from accuracy of statement or excellence of interpretation. But alas for the story when he leans on others! For example: "The President now [1865] gave his attention to the negro, for whose freedom, unquestionably, the war was fought."

Thus an incidental outcome of the conflict is here-with made the primary cause of strife!

It is to weep! not merely because the admirable Mr. Wilson says this, but because it is the pathetic delusion of millions of people.

If, in 1776, the British had won, the slaves of Washington, Mason, Henry, and Jefferson would have been set free by virtue of Lord Dunmore's proclamation of emancipation. But the Revolutionary struggle was not begun or waged on the issue of slavery, not to anybody's present understanding. Governor Dunmore was not concerned, primarily, with the freedom of the negroes; he hoped that the promised freedom would handicap the rebellion against British authority. President Lincoln freely admitted that his proclamation was "a war measure"; and he had been in favor of perpetuating by Constitutional amendment, if need be, the "bonds of slavery" wherever it existed within the bounds of the United States. Such was the form of a Thirteenth Amendment as passed by a Northern Congress in 1861. Why not believe Lincoln when he specifically said he was *not* waging the war to free the slave? Why not believe the testimony (now wholly lost sight of in the pathetic fallacy of the "moral" issue) of contemporary witnesses that the Northern armies would have melted away had any such idea been understood in 1861?

General Grant held slaves. Lee was an emancipationist. A. W. Bradford was the Union governor of Maryland in 1862-1864. He was a large slaveholder, while his neighbor, Bradley T. Johnson, a distinguished Confederate general, owned no slaves. Lincoln's proclamation did not affect slavery in Maryland because slavery in Maryland was protected under the Union. Slavery in that commonwealth was abolished later by action of the legislature.

The author "falls for" the awful myth of a Confederate official "who, in common with many soldier companions, had had his drinking cup made from the skull of a dead Yankee prisoner"! The author believes that privations were the lot of Federal prison-

*By Francis Wilson. Houghton-Mifflin Company.

ers and that at the North the Confederates were well housed and fed, whereas, in one case, at least, Southerners returning South eagerly seized and ate the rejected food of Federals going North. The histories the author has read—the earlier ones, at least—do not tell him that the mortality was greater in the Northern prisons; and that the suffering, from causes additional to starvation, was far more severe.

It is to be expected that the author should believe that Lee proffered his sword and that Grant returned it; but here no spiritual harm is done, no slander perpetuated. If the fiction serves to illustrate the magnanimity of Grant on this great occasion, let it pass. It is, on the other hand, most unfortunate that the author, along with several noted historians and textbook writers, accepts Grant's alleged post-bellum expression as to the cause of the Southern contention (above-mentioned), not realizing that Grant, ill of an incurable malady, wrote his memoirs largely by proxy, in modern parlance, through the medium of a "ghost writer."

Turning to his happier treatments, the author convincingly and completely exposes the myth of a Southern conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln. It would now seem that this would scarcely be necessary, yet there may be thousands who still believe in the charges then current, but never so fully refuted in connection with Booth himself. The author shows clearly that the original and long-persistent idea of Booth was the "capture" or kidnaping of the President, changed to murder, in the mind of Booth, in the last few hours.

For the most part, the author condemns the fictions of the superperjurer head of the Federal Secret Service, but he apparently accepts the yarn of the "Colored Swan" as to Samuel Cox, embellished with a note of Cox's descent from "the Bayards and the Baltimores."

So accurate is the author in his investigation of the matters pertaining directly to the personal movements of Booth that the writer detects but one minor error: the name of the Virginian who turned Booth aside was Dr. Stuart, not "Stewart."

Mr. Wilson forevermore lays the ghosts of Booth's sundry doubles. Half or even a fifth of the evidence he adduces is sufficient. In all such matters his is an admirable and really needed work, if only he had held strictly to the line of the sources he himself examined, in lieu of accepting the fables that are, unhappily, become a large part of the narrative of the sectional conflict, in "history" as now accepted.

It may be too much to expect the elimination of these traditions in the first three generations after these events in controversy. Millions of people will insist that Barbara Fritchie seized the "silken scarf,"

and that Pickett led the charge that bears his name. Hence, it follows General Lee fought to hold the slaves he hoped to free, and that Lincoln called for volunteers in order to strike the shackles from the race, whose bonds he was willing, under a special amendment to the Constitution, to make perpetual in reality, until the pressure of economic laws would have compelled the abandonment of an institution which must have ended its existence by force of circumstances, a happy end that was delayed by the fanatical abolitionists whom Lincoln heartily condemned as traitors to their country; for nothing could be more vile than their slanders of their fellow Americans and nothing more violent than their denunciation of the Union, the flag, and the Constitution. If anyone should be unconvinced, let him read Lincoln's speech in honor of Henry Clay of July 16, 1852, in which he condemns the fulmination of forum and pulpit alike. No wonder the Churches split and negroes themselves protested that such unreasoning abuse was not only unchristian, but unwise, in that it postponed the date of their economic freedom.

EXPERIENCES AT SEVEN PINES.

Comrade D. B. Easley, of South Boston, Va., has a little more to say on General Huger and his own experiences at Seven Pines in the following:

"I see that Mr. Barnwell is having trouble in establishing General Huger's reputation for promptness at Seven Pines and Malvern Hill. As I was not at Malvern Hill, I can only say that in the sixty-six and a half years that have elapsed since that battle I have never heard soldier or citizen attribute the failure to occupy the position to any other till Mr. Barnwell's last article. It is said to be seventeen miles from Richmond, and Armistead's Brigade under Huger, claims the distinction of starting the first day from about seven miles nearer and getting there about four o'clock on the 7th without firing a gun when there was good fighting to be had all around there. As to Seven Pines, I abide by my first statement. We started early, saw no other troops crossed no bridge, were near the fighting when it started, passed near it, loafed in the road all day, occasionally moving a little farther. That Huger was with us, sitting in our company part of the time, and got on the field at dark by double quickening. Also every one but Mr. Barnwell says that I 'never forget anything,' and that 'a warfaring man, though blind,' could have gotten into that fight unless he had orders to hold the road.

"Another correspondent corrects me as to saying the flag of the '15th Virginia.' He is correct. It was the 18th, and I do not believe I wrote the 15th.

He also says Corse did not join the division till they got to Winchester. I was told he came in after the charge. I do not know, as I kept on and captured Fort McHenry, Fort Delaware, and Point Lookout. The Yankees might tell it the other way. At any rate, I was nearer there than your correspondent.

"I started to give an account of the Seven Pines fight next day. We got on the field at night and camped in the fly tents of the 11th Maine. There was a commissary close by with a hogshead of coffee, round and sweetened, and we fared sumptuously. Next morning I started out to see my first dead or wounded Yankee. The land had been plowed, was on the edge of a swamp, and had been fought over. It was a loblolly, and the wounded were sunk half way their bodies. Those who were able begged piteously for water. I got my first Yankee canteen and started to look for some that was not mud. I came to a small new house and opened the door, and saw a Yankee neatly covered with a blanket. I jerked it off, and he was as dead as any I had passed. From his dress he was an officer. From a barrel with a spigot, I filled my canteen with whisky and gave it to the wounded Yankees. Some drank it like water. After refilling it, I heard firing, and broke for my regiment and caught up after they had started.

"Armistead sent a courier for the other regiments, and halted the 14th on a road parallel to the one we were on the day before, and said: 'Colonel Hodges, they told me there was a line of battle in front, and I did not even put out a guard. Throw out your right company as skirmishers, and caution them not to fire unless they know they are firing on Yankees.' The Captain hardly advanced out of sight in theicket before he said, 'Ready! aim! fire!' and a volley came back at us, but they fired too high. We had the dandiest color bearer in the army, I am satisfied. He lit out with the flag, and I do not think the adjutant caught him in a hundred yards though he had a horse. The Yankees fell back and Armistead advanced us into a worse thicket, halted us, and said: 'Prepare to charge.' I saw nothing to charge, and thought him looney. The Colonel said, 'Fix bayonets!' and we did. The General said, 'Lie down!' when 'Ready!' and we cocked our rifles. Then he said, 'Now men, if the Yankees step on you, don't let a man shoot till I say fire,' and I saw the point. There was a sapling down in front of me which made a good rest, so I knelt. I happened to look back and saw the brush shaking about fifty yards behind us. It turned out to be our other regiments coming in under a political colonel, without reporting to Armistead. On turning to the front, the brush was shaking there. Soon we saw their bayonets, then their heads. They

must have been fresh troops, for their skirmishers were not more than fifteen or twenty feet in front of their line, and they were peeping back to where the brush was shaking behind us as if they were hunting turkeys. As they were about to step into us, Armistead yelled: 'Fire!' The whole line disappeared, and I do not think many of them fired, as we lost only one or two killed and five or six wounded. The man in my rear put his gun just beside my face and fired, blacking my face, burning it slightly, and deafening me; and a ball struck me on the round bone which projects outside on the right knee and stopped about an inch above the ankle. It felt as if something heavy had fallen on it. I looked and saw a small hole in the only new uniform I got during the war. As it did not hurt, I started to reload, but got sick, and the captain told two men to take me off the field. They put me in a blanket, as we had no ambulance corps, took me back to the road, and put me in one of our regimental wagons. I gave the driver my canteen and he got drunk on the first drink, and took me to Richmond, about seven miles, in a gallop, which came about as near killing me as the wound. He put me in the first hospital he came to, the 3rd Georgia. In about ten days an artery broke, and I nearly bled to death. Dr. G. W. Campbell, of Augusta, Ga., tied the femoral artery, and the next day they cut out the ball. They told me if I stirred too much and it broke loose, I would bleed to death without remedy in two and a half minutes, and I lay there afraid to move for about a month unnecessarily; also that the ball went between the bones all the way down and shivered them, and I am certain it only hit the bone where it struck me and where it stopped. They also said it was as straight as it would ever be when I could get my toe to the ground by bending over. I can prove that is not so; and the newspapers said I was killed. I doubt that. Don't think I find fault with doctors, they were good doctors, good fellows, and treated me right.

"I must give you a hearsay account of the rest of the fight. The Yankees poured shot into the regiments in our rear, and their officers knocked up their guns, yelling, 'Don't shoot!' the 14th is in front!' till they ran the Yankees on the right and left of the 14th, kept on into the field, and then saw the gap in their line, and closed it. When Armistead saw he was flanked and his regiments did not report, he called the 14th to attention, then: 'About face! forward! double quick! charge!' When the Yankees saw Armistead charging their rear, they broke, and that ended the fight. We got seven lines inscribed on our battle flag that the others did not. D. H. Hill made us a speech, thanking us and abusing them. They lost more than we."

THE STATES MADE THE UNION.

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

In the October VETERAN, I called attention to President Lincoln's disregard of historical facts when they stood in the way of his desire. It struck his fancy to assert that the Union made the States and not the States made the Union. It suited his purpose to declare that, and doubtless he considered that it would be an appealing idea and reach the hearts of the Northern people, for he was gifted with a certain sort of wisdom.

In his address at Gettysburg, a year after that memorable battle, he made a similar venture into the realms of fancy, doubtless being animated by the same sort of wisdom, closing his address with this appealing sentence: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

It has been said that this address received but little attention throughout the Northern States at the time, but in later years, when the North found it interesting to magnify Mr. Lincoln, it has been regarded as of surpassing excellence.

The basis of all fine portrayal is accuracy of statement. The delineation should not be foreign to the subject. Mr. Lincoln paid slight attention to this rule when seeking to enlist the patriotic people of the North in his propaganda for a consolidated nation. It is apparent that this appealing thought—that "government by the people" "shall not perish"—is entirely at variance with the fundamentals of the tremendous conflict he was waging.

The system of government established by the Constitution in 1788 between eleven States was not affected by the accession of two more States after its establishment. Neither was the system affected by the withdrawal of six States in 1861. It remained perfect as to the twenty-nine States that remained in the Union. Indeed, instead of the system perishing by the withdrawal of some of the States—since those States continued the same system under virtually the same Constitution—the effect, instead of destroying the system, was to duplicate it, and thus give the people of the world another example of that form of government whose excellence had awakened general admiration.

Moreover, President Lincoln's characterization as a nation, of the system under the Constitution he had sworn to observe and maintain, is erroneous. Though Jefferson did not write the Constitution, there was not a man concerned in writing it who had the purpose to create a nation in the legal meaning

of that word. Indeed, although, when proposing to invest certain high powers in the government, they had freely used the word "national" in the rough draft; when the Constitution was prepared for adoption, the word "nation" was entirely eliminated. The purpose was not to create a nation, but, just as Jefferson and everybody else desired, to continue the confederation, making it a more perfect one, as the Constitution says, "between the States." A nation is responsive to the popular will; a majority of the people rule. In 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected, but failed to get a majority of votes at the polls. His election was a striking denial of the idea that our government is that of a nation. So, likewise at the recent presidential election, although one candidate received more than seventeen million votes, being two million majority over his opponent, a change of only about 275,000 votes would have elected the defeated candidate in spite of the two million popular majority against him.

Our system is a Confederation of States, set up by the colonies after having freed themselves from a monarchy. Democracy is the fundamental basis of our State governments. We have forty-eight democracies. Regarding each State as a sovereignty, we present to the world an example of forty-eight sovereign democracies, each free from the control or interference of any other, but all subject to the joint control of the forty-eight in certain specified matters. This secures to each State the greatest freedom.

The separate entity of the several sovereign States is recognized in the Constitution from first to last. The Constitution was to go into effect "between any nine States adopting it," not over them.

As a sovereign State might in itself establish an aristocracy, or a limited monarchy, such as Hamilton and John Adams are said to have favored, to prevent that, the ratifying States agreed to guarantee to each other that no such fate should befall any. Now, suppose there had been no such guarantee, and that Massachusetts and New York had been persuaded to have a limited monarchy. Again, any State was liable to be invaded and conquered. So the ratifying States agreed to protect every State against invasion. Certainly that would have been unnecessary had the States been consolidated into a single nation. Yet it is to be remembered that in 1814, Great Britain hoped and expected to acquire Massachusetts and other States bordering on Canada, and perhaps had not the war then ended she might have done so. Indeed, when considering the new Constitution which for two years she rejected, Rhode Island threatened to connect herself with some European country. The Constitution throughout bears evi-

hence that our Union is a federation of States, each State retaining every power and right of a sovereign State, not specified as delegated to the Union.

Now, what is the relation of the States to the government? Consider legislation by Congress. Legislation is by the States represented in the House according to their own importance, while in the Senate there is equality; but, for expediency's sake, there are two members, instead of a single member, to represent the State.

Thus, there can be no legislation except by the assent of a majority of the States; and it is expressly agreed that no State shall be deprived of her equal representation in the Senate without her consent.

Then consider the election of the Executive. Were this a nation, the President would be elected by a majority of the people; but it is not so. The States elect the President. Ordinarily, in this election, they have votes according to their importance. The legislature of each State is to appoint or provide for the appointment of a number of electors equal to its representation in Congress, and these Electors, acting for their States, select the President. In event they fail, then the State delegation in the House of Representatives act as Electors, and, in the name of their State, give a single vote to some candidate. It requires a majority of the States to elect. So, in 1801, Jefferson, who received ten votes of sixteen, was elected; and, in 1825, John Quincy Adams got thirteen votes out of twenty-four and was elected. No matter how small or how great, each State has a single vote.

So we see that the government, legislative and executive, is by the States. Certainly, the people of each State constitute that State. The sovereignty of the State resides in the people, and the Union is a confederation of forty-eight sovereignties. The Union is governed by the States. This government has been declared to be the achievement of the highest wisdom known to the human race. There have been doubtless a hundred conquerors who have created a hundred nations, and there have been some famous confederations in Europe, but our American system of a confederation of sovereign States, in a Union, under a Constitution, stands as a beacon light directing the people of the world into the path leading to pure democracy, and the greatest personal freedom, the greatest happiness and prosperity. It is the acme of wisdom in government. This system was not disturbed by the withdrawal of six States from the Union; and, although President Lincoln had sworn to support it, he announced a doctrine, not founded on any provision of the Constitution, that the Constitution created a nation; then he solemnly declared that by conquering the Southern States,

bringing their unwilling people again into the Union was to give a new birth to freedom! While at the time the Northern people did not make much of that sentiment, of late it is greatly admired.

Certainly, a return of the States without a war was greatly to be desired; and steps had been taken to that end—and Mr. Lincoln personally may have been willing—but he was led to change and to seek to enforce his will by arms.

Some persons erroneously suppose that Mr. Lincoln began the war with the purpose of abolishing slavery, freeing the negro slaves at the South. So, England, when she established Colonies, forbade them to manufacture anything and required them to trade only with Great Britain. "To increase their products," she supplied them with African slaves and sold them her convicts. The war of 1775 was for economic purposes. So the war of 1861 was for economic purposes. Mr. Lincoln was urged on by the northwestern folks who did not wish to lose the trade of the Mississippi River, and by the financial and commercial people of the northeast, who could point to the ten per cent tariff of the Southern Confederacy and to the cotton exports, which, in 1859, had been \$161,434,923 out of a total of \$278,302,080; while the South furnished perhaps the greater part of the residue!

So it came about that on March 30, 1861, the *New York Times*, speaking *ex cathedra*, said: "It is no longer an abstract question, one of a constitutional construction, or reserved or delegated powers of the States to the Federal Government, *but of material existence*, and moral position both at home and abroad." The North had to have the South even by conquest! And so Mr. Lincoln started the war. He had no purpose to interfere with slavery, but held that under the Constitution, neither he nor Congress could interfere with slavery. After four years of war, he said, in his second inaugural: "The progress of our arms on which all depends. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration it has already attained. Each looked for an easier triumph." Yes, he certainly looked for an easier triumph. We may well believe that he had fully realized what was to come, he would have listened to the pleadings of W. H. Seward, his Secretary of State, and have sought a peaceful restoration of the Union. Instead, he took his own course. And, after declining, in February, 1865, at Hampton Roads, to consider anything but unconditional surrender, in his Inaugural of March 4, he declared: "Yet, if God wills that it continues until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn

with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." And it was all his own doing—from start to finish. So he conquered the South for economic reasons, as most of the wars have been waged in Europe. And it brought him the fame of unnecessarily causing the deaths of more human beings and of destroying more wealth and property, and of causing more sorrow, distress, and sectional hatred than attaches to the name of any other person that ever lived up to that time. And yet there are those who speak of him as a good, kindly man!

PEACE! PEACE!

BY RUTH DAUGHERTY.

Lo! around the land was heard
That despised, dreaded, and abhorred word!
The name "War" spread through all the South
And circled round each patriot mouth,
As it called them to the battle field,
And urged them not to yield.

The gallant men who went so brave
Ere long were silently sleeping in their grave.
But if this curse should fall again,
Others will rest like these brave men.
So why not force this sin to die,
Instead of forcing them in graves to lie?

In war, "World Honor" they did gain,
But peace supplies as great a fame.
If they should rise this honored day,
They would to us most truly say,
"Peace, peace, please keep peace,
And never, never let it cease."

In memory long these brave will last
The world will ne'er forget their past;
And though beneath the sod they lie,
Their honor and fame will never die.
And in their footsteps we would tread,
Hating war. They are the honored dead.

So before these honored dead
We would humbly bow our head;
Though in the battle they did fall,
Each this dreaded word recall.
And we would to them this very day
Our promise give, and humbly pray,
"Peace, peace, we'll keep peace
And never, never let it cease."

(This poem was read by the author, a twelve-year-old girl, member of the E. M. Green Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, of Danville, Ky, at the memorial exercises on January 19, 1929.)

THE SOUTH'S CONTRIBUTION OF GREAT MEN.

[Prize Essay by Miss Mary R. Ellis, President Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo.]

The spiritual, intellectual, patriotic, educational and political characters of a people are inevitably and inextricably bound together in the upbuilding or the deterioration of a nation.

To think of that portion of the United States known as the South, one thinks at once of Virginia. It is a matter of history that when the United States applied to a foreign nation for a loan of money, soon after the organization of the new government, the loan was made upon the condition that Virginia should guarantee payment. Thus it came about that the part was greater than the whole.

Of course, the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence will always be remembered as well as those names that are signatory to the Constitution of the United States. Second to none were the great representatives of the Southern States at the formation and signing of these two immortal documents.

Virginia presents a galaxy of great men led by the illustrious Washington, the great Liberator, Father of his Country. He declined pay from the Continental Congress for his eight years of military service. The Virginia legislature voted \$60,000 to him after the Revolution. He declined to receive it for himself but used it to endow a university to be established in the National Capital at his suggestion, and a small university already in existence in Lexington, Va. In gratitude, the name was changed to Washington University, later to become Washington and Lee University.

More than to any other one man the American people owe their liberty and their existence as an independent people to Washington. When the great Constitutional Convention was convened, Washington presided as chairman over its deliberations. Under this Constitution he served the first two terms as President, that momentous period when the nation was being organized and stabilized, foundations laid and precedents established that were to endure throughout the coming years.

Following him in importance came John Marshall who served for thirty-four years as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, during which period he construed and established upon a firm basis the Constitution. It is true that other great minds were associated with them, but after all it was Washington who led, who called the others to him, and placed them with unerring judgment in the positions they were best fitted to fill. He was ever the peerless

leader. It was Gen. Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry," commander of the Light Horse troops, who declared Washington was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens." It was he who said also: "These United Colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent Colonies."

Thomas Jefferson had many facets to his character, all of them brilliant. He was planter, lawyer, scientist, statesman, philosopher, musician. He was the writer of the Declaration of Independence, father of Virginia University, founder of Southern colonial architecture, as illustrated in Monticello, the University of Virginia, State capitol building in Richmond, all of which he designed. Virginia preceded all other States in erecting a new building for its government.

Jefferson was the founder of the Democratic political party. The Louisiana Purchase was made during his administration as President. Eight splendid States were formed out of this territory. He was the first Secretary of State under Washington, Vice President under John Adams, and for seven years was minister to France.

It was during Jefferson's administration that Lewis and Clark made their great expedition to the Northwest. Lewis and Clark were both governors of Missouri Territory. They are among America's most famous explorers. Another member of this distinguished family, Col. Fielding Lewis, gave his fortune to the cause during the Revolution.

The distinguished Marshall family of Virginia was one of the foremost in patriotism as well as in culture. John Marshall, of the Forest, was a militia captain in colonial times. His son, Col. Thomas Marshall, was Washington's aide; his son, Capt. John Marshall, later became the greatest of Chief Justices. Colonel Marshall and his family were statesmen, though it has not always been given full recognition, because they were overshadowed by the prestige of the Chief Justice.

Among distinguished Revolutionary officers were Sumter, Pickens, Green, Henry Lee, Marion, known as the Swamp Fox, and Moultrie. When General Moultrie was captured by the British, he was offered money and the command of a British regiment in Jamaica if he would desert. His reply was: "Not the fee simple of all Jamaica could induce me to part with my integrity." Moultrie was twice governor of South Carolina.

Patrick Henry was planter, lawyer, patriot, and statesman. He is considered one of the greatest orators of all time. His "Give me liberty or give me death" not only thrilled the whole country, but has come ringing down the ages. He was twice

governor of Virginia, being first governor under republican form.

Pinckney expressed the sentiments of all true patriots when he was envoy to France and had been told that a payment of money might secure the cause he represented. His reply was: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Another distinguished family of Virginia was the Randolph family. Edmond Randolph was one of Washington's aides, also governor of Virginia and first attorney general. Peyton Randolph, his uncle, was first president of the American Congress.

James Madison is recognized as having one of the most brilliant minds America has produced. Highly educated, he occupied always a leading and influential position. He was known as the "Great Little Madison," also as the Father of the Constitution. He was a member of the Virginia Convention, also the Constitutional Convention. For eight years he was Secretary of State under Jefferson, then served two terms as President. His state papers are recognized as among the finest productions of American statesmen. It was under his administration that the War of 1812, the second War of Independence, was fought.

James Monroe followed Madison as President. He was twice minister to France, being one of the three sent by Jefferson to negotiate the Louisiana Purchase. He was twice governor of Virginia, and was Secretary of State under Madison, who made him Secretary of War at the same time.

Andrew Jackson was representative in Congress, United States Senator and Supreme Judge in Tennessee. He was major general in the War of 1812, and served in the Creek and the Seminole wars. He served two terms as President.

Henry Clay, one of the most brilliant orators, will always be associated with the Missouri Compromise, which cost him the presidency. He was lawyer, statesman, Speaker of the House in both Kentucky and Washington, United States Senator, Secretary of State, then returned to the Senate. Congress adjourned at the time of his death, and both House and Senate delivered eulogies.

John C. Calhoun, the cultured South Carolinian, orator, and defender of State Rights, was one of the greatest of statesmen. A member of the legislature of South Carolina, he was sent to the National House of Representatives for six years. He was then appointed Secretary of War, where he remained for seven years, then became Vice President, which office he resigned to become United States Senator. President Tyler appointed him Secretary of State. He later returned to the Senate, where he remained until his death.

Robert Young Hayne, celebrated orator, was Speaker of the House in South Carolina, also governor. He was United States Attorney General and United States Senator.

Commodore Stephen Decatur gave distinguished service in the Tripolitan War, also War of 1812.

Other Southern Presidents were William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Johnson, James K. Polk, who had also been governor of Tennessee. The Territory of Oregon was brought into the Union under his administration. Jefferson Davis, born in Kentucky, was a graduate of West Point, a member of Congress, United States Senator, and Secretary of War. He also gave service in the Mexican War.

John C. Breckinridge was a major in the Mexican War. He was United States Senator and Vice President, also nominated for President.

Stonewall Jackson was a graduate of West Point and gave gallant service in the Mexican War. He resigned from the service to accept a chair in the Virginia State Military Institute at Lexington, Va. He is regarded as being second only to Lee as a great general. Other great officers in the United States army, graduates from West Point and who served in the Mexican War, were Generals Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, Bragg, and Longstreet. Then there was Gen. Sam Houston, governor of Texas, and Winfield Scott, the latter one of the most distinguished of all the American generals. These men, many of them, also gave important service to their country as civil engineers, among them General Beauregard, of the Confederate army, who had also been Superintendent of West Point.

Gen. Robert Edward Lee, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A., was a graduate of West Point, a civil engineer, and he served with distinction in the Mexican War as chief engineer. He was truly great in the fullest sense of the word. He possessed a most luminous character and a strong personality that impressed every one who came into his presence. He was a light bearer everywhere and in every relation in life. Out of the galaxy of wonderful men that Virginia has produced, the great Washington and the beloved Lee were the chosen ones to represent Virginia for all time in the Hall of Fame at the National Capitol.

Washington and Lee! Symbolical of all the great virtues, their names are fittingly linked together in Washington and Lee University, endowed by Washington, presided over as president by Lee. What a heritage to leave to their country through all the coming years!

Among spiritual leaders are Thomas Alexander Campbell, Bishops Meade, Marvin, Hendrix, and McMurray. Doctors McNally, Palmer, and Wood, all served as editors of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*. In the front rank are Barton Stone, Walter Scott, Moses E. Lard, and A. McLean.

The South has supplied many distinguished physicians and surgeons. Dr. Samuel Brown, one of the two who first inoculated for smallpox. Dr. Joseph R. Buchanan was a founder of the Eclectic School of Medicine. Dr. Bullitt held chairs in five medical schools and founded the Louisville Medical College. Dr. Alexander Dunlap shares honors with Dr. Ephraim McDowell, first ovariologist. Dr. Charles McCreary was first to remove the collar bone. Dr. Mannett first to control yellow fever by quarantine. Dr. Brachear was one of the most distinguished surgeons of his day. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley is Chief of United States Bureau of Chemistry.

Among national senators and representatives not heretofore mentioned are: Senator Benton, Francis P. Blair, B. Gratz Brown, Cockrell, Vest, Stone, Austin King, Champ Clark, John G. Carlisle, John Sharpe Williams, Ben Tillman, Oscar Underwood, Alexander Stephens, who served six years in Congress.

Colonel Donopon's expedition into Mexico is one of the greatest in all history. He was cofounder of William Jewell College. David Rowland Francis was governor of Missouri, Secretary of Agriculture, distinguished diplomat.

In literature are Poe, Lanier, Dixon, Allen, Page, Cobb, Mark Twain, Watterson, Grady, Stephen Foster. The South has been well represented in literature. Paul Hamilton Hayne was the greatest poet during the War between the States. Sidney Lanier, in the period just following gave to literature his beautiful poems, *Sunrise* and *the Marshes of Glen*.

Poe is considered by foreign countries as the greatest poet of America. He is distinctive in style and perfect in rhythm. His *Raven* is considered the most perfect poem in literature.

It was the beautiful Southland with its haunting happy home life, that supplied the inspiration to Stephen Foster to write his immortal Folk Songs, at the top of which stands the *Old Folks at Home* and *My Old Kentucky Home*. Foster is classed with the group of Southern poets. For many years Frank L. Stanton was regarded as the Poet Laureate of the South. Many of his lyrics have been set to music. Every one is familiar with his *Just a Wearying for You* and *Mighty Lak a Rose*.

Cable heads the list of novelists. He has preserved for future generations the life and scenes of Old

Creole Days. Thomas Nelson Page comes next. Who that has ever read it can forget the exquisite tale, *Mars Chan*? James Lane Allen and John Fox have represented Kentucky, while Joel Chandler Harris, distinguished editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, has given us his matchless tales as told by Uncle Remus, tales of the inner life and superstitions of the negro. Irvin Cobb is a leading humorist of to-day. Once more foreign nations have chosen their favorite among American writers, and have placed their laurel wreath upon the brow of Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), perhaps the greatest humorist of all time.

Lastly, we would speak of the South's great contribution of Woodrow Wilson, Christian gentleman, distinguished citizen, fine historian, cultured university president, governor of New Jersey, great statesman, Commander in Chief of American Allied Forces in the World War, President of the United States.

"He stood before many kings."

"When he was reviled, he reviled not again."

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC SLAVE TRADE.

BY ILA EARLE FOWLER.

This article is prepared from the data collected on the subject which won first prize in the annual contest in 1928 for the Rose Loving Cup and goes to prove that many histories are doing justice to the slave trade and are striving to place the blame where it belongs. Fifteen histories were consulted, of which three had no mention of the trade. Those that treated it in few words and touched it lightly were older histories. Without exception, the newer histories gave more or less unbiased accounts. The history of economics quoted gives a very plain account, and this has been found true of several economic histories that have been read.

The whole subject of slavery is one for adult minds and is to be considered as a grave social problem, no part of which should be played as drama or placed on the screen for children to see. Any showing of New England or British shipmasters who owned and operated slave ships should be prohibited, as well as any showing of later developments of the social system.

There was a darker side to the trans-Atlantic trade than ever developed on American soil after the negroes were landed. For this the reader may consult the speeches made in the English Parliament by Wilberforce in the later 1700's and by Brougham in the early 1800's. These and the fight made against it by Thomas Clarkson tell the story of the traffic and reveal its nature. That many men

from New England and from Old England acted in perfect accord with their consciences is a fact that is brought out in a recent narrative poem by Stephen Vincent Benet. Clergymen in the North would return thanks for the safe return of the slave ships, while good people of the South would rejoice that more of the heathen would be brought under Christian influences. It was true that the negro was raised in the scale of civilization, but the methods of the trade were too often cruel.

Slavery in some form has existed in every known nation. The trans-Atlantic slave trade, which bore such bitter fruit for America, lasted from 1503, when the Portuguese first carried slaves to St. Domingo, until 1808 with some form of legality. From 1808 until April 21, 1861, there was a trade carried on by smugglers, the last ship, the *Nightingale*, having sailed from Massachusetts to Africa, brought nine hundred Africans and was captured in Charleston harbor after Fort Sumter was fired upon. The trade still survives upon the coast of Africa, being carried on by Arabs, who supply Mohammedans, who, in turn, are supplied by the age-old African custom of one tribe selling another into bondage.

When Spanish slaveholders emigrated to the West Indies, they brought their negro slaves with them, and also enslaved the Indians. At first the trade was carried on by the Portuguese and Spanish, but later the Dutch and English (1562) engaged in the traffic. Thus for a century prior to the settlement of Jamestown, slavery had existed in the West Indies. This regular traffic was very naturally introduced into the English colonies. All school histories, except a few founded on recent research, say that the first slaves were sold at Jamestown in 1619 by a Dutch ship flying the English flag. Later investigators say these were sold as indentured servants and eventually gained their freedom. Slavery was not then recognized in either Virginian or English laws and customs. At any rate, there is an account in the archives at Richmond, Va., where, in the 1600's, a negro brought over other settlers and received his stipend of land therefor. The Colonial Entry Book shows that in 1636, sixteen years after the landing of the *Mayflower* and eight years after the Massachusetts Bay Puritans landed, the *Desire*, a slave ship, sailed from Marblehead, Mass. It is not revealed to whom they were sold, but there was fifty years interlude between 1619 and any further mention of slaves brought to Virginia.

In Massachusetts laws regulating slavery were passed in 1641, in Connecticut in 1650, in Virginia in 1661, in Maryland in 1663. At any rate, the

number increased slowly after 1619, for in 1671 there were only two thousand slaves in Virginia. It is difficult to ascertain the number of negroes at any given time. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the total number carried each year to all the world by British vessels was estimated at 25,000; from 1713 to 1753 it ranged between 15,000 and 20,000. In 1771 almost two hundred British vessels were engaged in the traffic, carrying annually 47,000 slaves from Africa. The number of slaves shipped by all nations was estimated at 97,000 in 1768. Only a small part of these found their way into the thirteen English colonies. By 1750 there were about 300,000 slaves, and slavery was permitted by law in all the colonies. Massachusetts, Providence, and Georgia passed laws either forbidding or restricting the trade. Any laws passed in the colonies, however, were generally disallowed by the crown, and royal governors were warned that the colonists would not be permitted to "discourage a traffic so beneficial to the nation." Later all the States, except South Carolina and Georgia, had forbidden the importation of slaves by their own laws as early as 1787, when the Constitution was in the making. Then Congress, by law, on March 2, 1807, prohibited the trade. Indeed, after the Declaration of Independence the colonies had a housecleaning, ridding themselves of many things that had been irksome; among them, the most important was that Virginia put an end to the importation of slaves. South Carolina, in colonial days, several times tried to lay duties on the importation. The Northern States, as well as Maryland and Virginia, were in general strongly opposed to reopening the slave trade, so a compromise was made in the Constitution which placed the date at 1808. An appeal to put an end to this trade was one of the petitions addressed to the English king and people in 1774-76.

The Navigation Acts of England had struck a blow at the trade, but there was always much illicit smuggling. And whether illicit or not, all histories agree on the "three-cornered trade" that sprang up as New England shipmasters brought sugar and molasses raised in the West Indies by slaves, converted it into rum, which they carried to the coast of Africa to exchange for slaves. The money obtained for slaves was exchanged for more molasses to make more rum with which to buy more slaves, and so on in a vicious circle. In the Webster-Ashburton Treaty settling the boundary of Maine, both England and the United States agreed to keep enough ships of war on the African coast to stop the slave trade there. Though the States forbade the trade, the constitutional provision did not go into effect until 1808, and there was a grand rush to gain

all the profits possible before this time. In 1803 South Carolina threw open her marts, and Charleston became the most important slave market in the United States, becoming the fourth largest city. New England traders carried on a large share of the traffic, and the ships were fitted out in Boston and New York, the voyage usually being made under the flag of some foreign nation. From 1804 to 1807, inclusive, two hundred and two cargoes of negro slaves were taken into Charleston; of these 8,488 were sold for account of persons living in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. After 1808 considerable illicit trade continued, such great sums of money being invested in these ships. In 1820 the traffic was made piracy and punishable with death, even this stricture not stopping it entirely.

To return to the earlier development, one of the most outstanding instances of transported slaves was about 1676, when King Philip, the noble-hearted Indian who warred against the New England whites, was driven from his lands and his friend, Canonchet, put to death. Just before he fell by a traitor's bullet, knowing his wife and son were captured, he said: "My heart is broken. Now I am ready to die." His only son was sold as a slave in the Bermudas, as were many of his people.

But the larger aspects of the trade in these earlier times were in the hands of the English and European shipmasters. One of the boldest adventurers and bravest fighters was Sir John Hawkins, who made several profitable voyages to the Spanish colonies with African slaves (1568). It was the value of the cargo landed in Haiti by him that caused Queen Elizabeth to become his partner and protector. About 1663, a British Committee on Foreign Plantations declared the "black slaves are the most useful appurtenances of a plantation." Seventy years after this, the Lord Commissioners of Trade stated that "the colonies could not possibly subsist" without an adequate supply of slaves. The Royal African Company of England was subsidized at £10,000 a year. It was after 1688, when the trade was thrown open, that the New England merchants were engaged in it. Under the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), an English company, in which Queen Anne was a partner, got the *asiento*, or privilege of carrying slaves to the West Indies. She thus became the greatest slave merchant in the world. Many English lords had large shares in the traffic; and Parliament forced every American port to receive men as merchandise.

Thus every nation of the earth and every section of the United States contributed to forge the chain that bound the South to an unprofitable economic system that, together with the poverty and prostra-

tion brought on by the War between the States, has been a source of great trial and greater loss. A new South is emerging from the incubus. May no blight ever fall across the pages of the history being written now in the light of modern progress.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

BY MARION B. RICHMOND, LONG BEACH, CALIF.

In order to get a comprehensive view of the siege of Vicksburg, Miss., by Grant's army from May 17 to July 4, 1863, it is necessary to consider events which led up to the siege, the most notable during the War between the States, 1861-65.

In the winter of 1862, General Sherman landed an army at Chickasaw Bayou, above Vicksburg, near Yazoo River, which was met by our army under command of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who routed the enemy, drove them back to their boats, with the loss of a number of men killed and captured, and the capture of much equipment. In this engagement I succeeded in getting a brand new Yankee hat (the man who wore it crossed over the river many years ago). This was the first assault in an attempt to capture Vicksburg.

In the early part of 1863, on another expedition, General Grant came down the Mississippi River with an army of a hundred thousand men in transports, convoyed by gunboats, and made a landing on the Louisiana side of the river above Vicksburg. After several unsuccessful attempts to run his army on transports, guarded by gunboats, past Vicksburg, he became convinced that our guns along the route were too numerous and too deadly in aim for him to succeed. He then discontinued the attempt and started in to dig a canal across the peninsula on the Louisiana side opposite Vicksburg, in order to change the channel of the river, so as to enable him to run his army through on his transports. After months of digging and the loss of thousands of men from swamp fever, he became convinced of his failure to change the course of the turbulent Mississippi, and then marched his army across the peninsula and down the river on the Louisiana side to a point opposite Bruinsburg, below Port Gibson, Miss., where he crossed the river and was met by a small army of Confederates under command of General Pemberton. Our army was driven back, and from that time on we had a series of fights—*viz.*, At Raymond, Jackson, Baker's Creek (called by the Yankees, Champion Hill), and Big Black River. In each of these engagements we were defeated. We then fell back to Vicksburg, the last battle taking place May 17, 1863, at Big Black River.

When my battery (Company A, 1st Mississippi Artillery) entered this campaign, it consisted of eight guns, about 250 men, officered by a captain, a senior and a junior first lieutenant, a senior and a junior second lieutenant, and a caisson lieutenant. When we fell back into Vicksburg, we had only about 150 men, three guns, and four commissioned officers. On the 16th of May, at Baker's Creek, our captain was killed, a number of our men killed, captured, and wounded, and four of our guns captured. The next day, the 17th, at Big Black River, an enemy percussion shell struck the axle of my gun, exploded, dismounted the piece, and blew up six boxes of loose ammunition. One lieutenant and the bugler standing near him were badly burned, their clothing being set afire, and five men were wounded. In this encounter, 3,000 of us, under command of Brigadier General Humphreys, were left at Big Black River to hold Sherman's army of 50,000 in check while the main body of our troops were retreating into Vicksburg. We held them until about noon, when we were forced to retreat. It surely was a hot fight and a terrific cannonading, as the enemy had at least three cannon to our one. We had about 31,000 men when we entered the works in Vicksburg. When we surrendered, on July 4, there were 17,000 men in the breast-works. Grant's army was estimated at 100,000.

An amusing incident occurred the morning before the battle opened at Big Black. The night before, when Bill, our negro cook (our captain, being a wealthy planter, had given my mess a negro man for a cook), brought our supper to us, I said to him: "Bill, you see those woods over there?" pointing to the timber about three hundred yards distant. "Yes, sah," he said. "Well, they are full of Yankees, and early to-morrow morning they are gong to open fire on us, so you be here with our breakfast by daylight." He came before it was good daylight with our rations on tin plates. While we were sitting on the ground eating, a Minie ball went whizzing by with that spiteful "spist" sound, so familiar to a soldier who has gone through a battle, and struck near us. Quicker than I can relate it, several more went "spisting" close to us. Bill hopped around with eyes nearly popping out, and presently a shell burst not over twenty feet from us. That ended Bill's battle. He said: "Good Gaud, Marse Maron! Can't stand dat." He threw our grub on the ground and went to the rear like a jack rabbit, while we rolled on the ground laughing and shouting at him. But it was not many minutes before the game took on another aspect, and while we did not exclaim, "Good Gaud, Marse Maron" audibly, things began to get serious, and many of us thought it, no doubt.

By the 22nd, Grant had his army in fortified position around our lines, with gunboats and 13-inch mortars on barges on the river both above and below Vicksburg. He also had large cannon mounted across the river in Louisiana. Therefore, we were completely surrounded with an army and equipment far superior to ours. On this date, the 22d, at 10 A.M., he opened all of his artillery, about 600 pieces, on the land side, together with gunboats and 13-inch mortars and heavy artillery across the river, and at 12 noon, Grant's entire army, estimated at 100,000 men, made a general assault around our lines, which continued until dark. Any reader of this who doesn't think we were in *hades* during this period, let him imagine the condition of a rat in a hole with a dozen terriers scratching and barking around him. We repulsed them at every point, and at night held our position. Many Yanks got into our works, and a Yankee flagbearer, with flag in hand, jumped down over the works alongside my gun. All prisoners captured were paroled and sent across the river, as we did not have sufficient rations to feed them. After this disastrous assault by Grant, he never made another general assault (though keeping up a continuous firing at us day and night during the entire time), but settled down for a siege to starve us out, which he finally did on July 4, as we were never taken by assault. Though they tunneled under and blew up our breastworks on two or three occasions, but never succeeded in driving us out.

During the latter part of the siege, occasionally a Yankee brass band would come up to their works and serenade us, playing "Yankee Doodle" and other Northern tunes; then one of our bands would reply, playing, "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and other Southern pieces. One night we asked them what they had to eat over there. The reply enumerated "beef, good bread, molasses, coffee," etc., and then asked what we had to eat. Some wag replied that we had "hot biscuit, young lamb, butter, coffee, cake," etc., when a Yank yelled back, "*and pea meal.*" Then we all roared.

During this period from May 17 to July 4, we lived mostly on hope of our Confederate government sending an army to relieve us. For the first two or three weeks, we each received fourteen ounces of food a day, but during the last few weeks, ten ounces or thereabouts made up our menu. From a mess of seven, we were reduced to three, and while we drew rations for three, we had to divide with Bill, our negro cook, which brought us to the ten-ounce mark. Our rations consisted mainly of pea meal (and not very sound peas, either), salt, tobacco, and sugar. If we got any meat, I do not remember it, barring the last

three days, when our rations consisted of mule meat alone, which was served at our table, being in tin plates on the ground. Yet I will state that occasionally a mule (all of our mules and horses were turned loose within our lines) would graze too close to the lines and get killed by a Yankee bullet, and immediately some of us would rush out of the works, slice off a piece, and, when cooked, eat it with relish. Pea meal was the worst ever, as, after being cooked, it was a slimy, unpalatable article of food.

When our army first entered Vicksburg, there were many fruit trees, blackberries, and other fruit, but the fruit and berries lasted only a few days. Each private was allowed a day off every week from the works in order to go to the river and bathe, which could be done only at night, as the enemy's guns on the Louisiana side kept up a continual firing at us across the Mississippi River.

One day one of my messmates and I came across an apple tree with some half-ripe fruit on it. Of course both of us climbed up into the tree and were enjoying ourselves immensely, when suddenly we noticed a large shell ricocheting along, coming in our direction. It lost its force and stopped immediately under the tree where we were eating apples. We did not say a word, but each let loose all hold and dropped, hitting the ground running. We ran off about twenty feet, stopped, and looked back. The shell did not explode. We then picked it up, threw it off, climbed back in the tree, and ate every apple on it. Mr. Yank gave us a good scare, but we got the goods.

At another time, I was detailed with two other boys to go to the river with a wagon to haul water out to the trenches. The driver drove by a store, loaded on four empty molasses barrels, and drove into the river. In washing out the barrels, I discovered in one barrel quite a bit of sugar sticking to the sides and bottom. I immediately dived into the barrel and was scraping up sugar when the Yanks on the Louisiana side of the river opened fire on us, a shell bursting close by. Mr. Wagon Driver whipped up the mules, they started with a jerk, and head first into the barrel I went, getting covered with sugar and molasses. I stuck to the sugar nevertheless, and a good deal of sugar stuck to me and my clothing.

One more amusing episode, which I could prove by my two messmates, but, sad to relate, both passed away several years ago, therefore, for the truth of it you will have to trust to my veracity. One rainy day, or, rather, shortly after the rain ceased, my shoes came apart after splashing around in the mud and water, and I got permission to go to the quartermaster's department and get another pair. When I got there, I found but two pairs of shoes in the build-

ing; one was a No. 6, the other No. 7, one made of horse leather, the other cowhide, and both for the same foot—I do not remember whether for the right or left. It was Hobson's choice, so I put on both shoes (my socks being either sent to the laundry or to Davy Jones's locker) and sauntered back to the works with a pair of new shoes.

When all our rations gave out, and we were subsisting on mule meat alone, General Pemberton and his officers engineered an armistice with Grant and his officers to see about the terms of surrendering the Confederate forces. After a two-day parley, they agreed upon terms, which were to parole all of us, officers and men, commissioned officers being allowed their mounts and sidearms, the privates to foot it back to Dixie the best way they could. On July 4, the surrender took effect. We left the entrenchments, and each mess set up camp a few hundred feet back toward the city within our lines. Within a few hours thereafter, big United States army wagons came along and threw out to us a bountiful supply of "grub," consisting of sugar, meat, soap, candles, crackers, and such like, many articles of which we had not seen for months. My mess set Bill to cooking, and before the food was thoroughly cooked, we commenced eating. We would eat until we were literally stuffed, then lie down and sleep until we had digested the food, and then start eating again, this being kept up both day and night. After about three days of this performance, we began to feel as though we had eaten a square meal, and felt that we could walk around a bit, which we did, mingling freely with the Yanks, most of whom seemed to court our friendship.

At the end of eight days of this feasting, we were all lined up, and after taking an oath to the effect that we would not take up arms against the United States nor aid nor abet the Confederacy until we were regularly exchanged, each one was handed a parole, when we broke ranks and started back to our homeland, dear old Dixie. Many of us had not seen home nor our mothers and relatives for months. I had not seen any of mine for fourteen months, although my home was at Jackson, Miss. At that time, I was nineteen years old and had been in the army two years.

After being on parole about two months, we were exchanged, when we went back to the same old game and continued till May, 1865, when the final collapse came. General Lee surrendered in April, but my command did not surrender until May.

THE ROMANCE OF BATTLE FIELDS.

(Contributed by Oswald E. Camp, Resident Engineer, Battle Fields Memorial Commission, Fredericksburg, Va.)

The romance of battle fields! This is, indeed, an intriguing title under which to write. And particularly so as concerns the romance of battle fields in the immediate vicinity of Fredericksburg. For here were hard-fought battles during the War between the States, and strategy employed of such a high order that commanding generals of practically all civilized nations of Europe have come here to study the battles and to "see how it was done."

The romance of battle fields! Sixty-six years ago deadly enemies, now the greatest of friends and boon companions in fighting over the battles, is a short résumé of the lives of two of the Federal Commissioners here. Gen. John L. Clem, "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," and Vivian Minor Fleming, now working heart and soul and side by side in the creation of these four battle field parks. The Blue and the Gray, now the warmest of friends, working under the direction of the Federal government to create battle field memorial parks on the sites of battles that were far from being victories for the Union forces, this item, in itself, stirs the imagination along the lines of the romance of battle fields.

In the last five to ten years there has been a steady increase of interest in historic events and places. Witness the rebuilding of Williamsburg by the Rockefeller interests, the recent purchase of the Washington home farm across the Rappahannock River from Fredericksburg by outside interests, the Congressional mandate to the Army War College to study all battle fields in which the United States has had troops engaged. In the local paper of December 14, 1928, the day after the anniversary of the Battle of Fredericksburg, an article was published telling of the broadcasting of the play, "The Battle of Fredericksburg." These things all point to a renaissance of interest in matters pertaining to historical events. It is the interesting job of this Federal Commission to take the "physical remains"—the trenches and historical sites—and make them accessible to students and others interested, to show some of the romance of battle fields.

The Battle Field Park Project, after more than thirty years, is now about to become an accomplished fact. On January 9, 1928, the present Commission was appointed by the Secretary of War with the avowed purpose of building memorial parks on the ground where were fought the battles of Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania Courthouse (including the Bloody Angle), The Wilderness, and Chancellorsville (in-

cluding Salem Church), all battles of great importance. One of them, Chancellorsville, had in it potentialities fraught with dire results. Had the movement projected by General Jackson been successful—and it was, within a space measured by hours, leading to success when he was wounded—it would have meant the complete envelopment of the entire Union army under General Hooker. This might well have meant the end of the war with the cause of the Confederacy successful. . . . But General Jackson was wounded; the delay caused by this accident allowed General Hooker to put his army over the river to safety. Another example of the romance of battle fields.

The Battle Field Park Project has been in the hearts and minds of the people of Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania County for many years. They have actually yearned to make accessible the interesting points on the battle fields hereabouts. The *Washington Post* of June 27, 1899, carried a full-page article entitled "Historic Battle Fields. A tour through Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, The Wilderness, and Spotsylvania." This article, written by Henry Litchfield West, then a newspaper man, later on one of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, was most interesting and illuminating. But the battle field park idea of 1898 died, and nothing definite was ever done about it until the creation of the Commission, which rendered its report as of December 1, 1925, on which report was based the approved bill by which the present Commission was created to carry on the work of building these parks.

It is true that the government is actually preparing to spend \$475,000, which has now been authorized. The survey party has practically completed surveys in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, and is about half done on the Spotsylvania Courthouse area. Surveys have been started at The Wilderness.

The former Commission, the one which rendered its report as of December 1, 1925, was composed of General Clem; Judge Goolrick, of Fredericksburg; and Major J. A. O'Connor, Corps of Engineers, United States Army, Local District Engineer, Washington, D. C. On the death of Judge Goolrick, Mr. V. M. Fleming was appointed. This Commission made such a comprehensive report that bills presented by Senator Swanson and the Hon. S. O. Bland, based on this report, finally passed both houses of Congress and became a law.

The former Commission, in getting up its report, considered many things prior to rendering a favor-

able report on the feasibility of building these battle field parks. The desirable effects to be expected are, in part, briefly listed as follows:

1. The marking and preserving of the battle fields for historical and professional military study.

2. Preserving and making accessible to the present and future generations the scenes of important historical events.

3. Commemoration of the action of the armies on these fields.

4. Aid in the development of patriotism.

6. Fredericksburg and vicinity has been an important and historic section since the time of the first settlers in this country, but the scenes and events have been somewhat inaccessible and but little known. The marking and preserving of the battle fields should assist materially in changing this condition.

6. Such a development should have a desirable commercial affect for the adjacent community.

The former Commission, having accomplished the work for which it had been appointed, was then dissolved. When the present law was signed by the President, a new Commission was appointed to carry on the work. The personnel of this Commission is: Maj. Gen. John L. Clem, United States Army, Retired, Chairman; General Clem represents the old Union army. Mr. Vivian Minor Fleming, of Fredericksburg, is a member. Mr. Fleming represents the old Confederate army. Capt. George F. Hobson, United States army, Constructing Quartermaster, Fort Humphreys, Va., the active army representative, has been detailed as Secretary to the Commission. Captain Hobson is also the chief engineer.

At Fredericksburg there will be winding roads so laid out as to give a good view of the wonderfully preserved trenches and the valley below, and even across the mighty Rappahannock to the Stafford Heights, those hills crowned with sinister Union cannon in those brave old days of yore. Paths will meander to the more inaccessible points of interest; it is hoped to have cast bronze relief maps of the terrain for use alike of the tourist and the student of military tactics. It is hoped to have old cannon, set in some cases, exactly where it was used in the battle. Flowering trees and shrubs, climbing and flowering vines, everything that can be had that will help enhance the natural beauty of the site. Nothing more artificial than good roads will be included in the parks if the plans of the Commission carry through. These plans also contemplate plans for the preservation of the sunken road and the stone wall.

There were, I am told, ten States that had troops in the Confederate army in the battle of Fredericksburg, and eighteen States and the District of Columbia having troops in the Union army here. I think it fair to assume that many of these States, and many organizations within these States, and some few individuals, will erect memorials in these parks. Many more States—maybe as many as thirty-five—had troops in both armies in the four battles around Fredericksburg, which could be induced to memorialize in one or more of the parks. The beauty of the memorials to be erected in the future is assured, as their design must carry the approval of the Secretary of War, which means the Fine Arts Commission.

The present commission hopes, upon the completion of its legitimate work, to have the most beautiful parks that can be built for the money available. It will take from six to eight years to complete the work.

There are many memorials on these battle fields which have already been erected to various units of the Union Army. The United Daughters of the Confederacy have erected four stone bases with cast bronze tablets placed on them. There is, near Chancellorsville, the monument where General Jackson was wounded. These are the only memorials erected by representatives of the Confederacy. On one Union monument at Salem Church it says: "In memory of our troops and of our opponents, the gallant Alabamians." There are twelve simple stone markers paid for through the generosity of Mr. Thomas F. Ryan and erected by a group of men closely associated with Gen. Stonewall Jackson and his staff; some few markers of the same type were erected by the Fredericksburg Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; others have been placed by some agency whose identity I do not know.

We want this battle field park project to be finished as the most beautiful we can get for the money available. I can see, with my mental eye, a vision of beauty such as has seldom been attained before. I see park roads winding through the lines of trenches and gun positions which have been cleared of the mould of sixty years, carefully raked, and so grassed over as to help preserve their contour. Forget-me-nots carpet the parks in the spring. Paths meander through the woods from which the undergrowth has been trimmed to increase the visibility. I see wonderful memorials in these parks, symbolic of such abstract thoughts as forgiveness, love, memory, understanding, sympathy, manly valor, erected by States, army organizations of both the North and the South, and by individuals to the memory of friends and relatives who were engaged here in the severe fighting. I see old cannon in the gun emplacements

of the parks, and I see slightly pedestals topped with cast brass relief maps of the terrain, with seats surrounding them, so that military students can listen comfortably while explanation is made to them of the strategy of those great generals, Grant and Lee. And I can see beautiful planting around these pedestals to enhance their interest by the addition of beauty. I can see the whole of the parks outlined by flowering trees and shrubs so that, throughout the whole year beautiful flowers will be in sight and, at the last, drop their petals, dying, where fought those brave old Americans who died for an ideal in the War between the States.

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

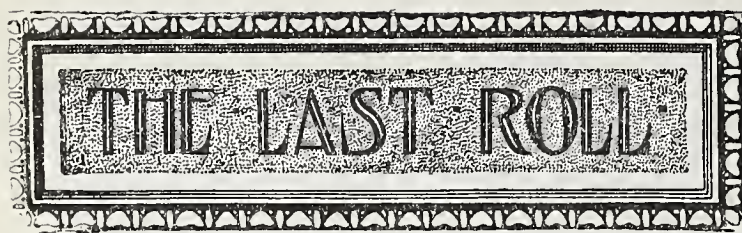
[An incident of the battle of Spotsylvania as told by George Peyton, Company A, 13th Virginia Infantry, now of Rapidan, Va.]

"I was on picket duty to the right of the Bloody Angle at Spotsylvania Courthouse, Va., on the night of May 12, 1864. During the night our troops fell back to a reserve line of breastworks where we were on picket. At this place there was a thick body of old field pines which the Yankees had cut down. The pickets were between these pines and our breastworks. As soon as it got so they could begin to see us on the morning of the 13th, the Yankees began to fire, so we got back into the pits. I had not been in a pit long when I saw a man wearing a straw hat and a long linen duster come out of the woods in rear of the pits. He crawled over the bank of the pit and disappeared in the cut-down pines.

"About this time Captain Randolph, of the 49th Virginia, and who was in command of the pickets, came along. I told him about this man, and he wanted to know why I had not stopped him. I told him that I thought he was a citizen, but he said that was no reason for not stopping him, that it was my business to stop everybody who tried to pass.

"While the Captain was scolding me, we heard a scuffling in the pines and out came the man of the linen duster, leading a Yankee and carrying his gun. He came up to us and said: 'I liked to have been captured. I am from Georgia and came here to see my son. They told me back yonder that he was out here; I got to the breastworks and, seeing no one, I walked on into those pines and found this fellow asleep. I got his gun and waked him up, and he told me that I was in the Union lines, so I came back.'

"As the Yankee line of battle was now advancing, Captain Randolph ordered all of us to fall back to our new line, about a half mile in the rear of the old one. The man from Georgia went on back with his prisoner."



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.

"Their sacrifice, their deeds of worth
Have made for us a purer earth;
Their victories, unknown to fame,
Have touched their children's hearts with flame;
And all the South is glorified
Because for love they lived and died."

CAPT. HENRY CLAY CARTER.

From resolutions passed by Stonewall Jackson Camp, U. C. V., of Staunton, Va., in honor of Commander Henry Clay Carter, the following is taken:

Commander Henry C. Carter answered to the Divine call on Sunday, February 24, in his eighty-fifth year. His illness was brief, and he had been blessed throughout his long and useful life with excellent health, vigor of mind and body.

In June, 1862, at the age of eighteen, Henry Carter enlisted for the Confederacy, joining Imboden's Partisan Rangers, afterwards known as McClanahan's Battery, and served with honor throughout the war to the surrender at Appomattox. He participated with his command in the major engagements at Port Republic, Piedmont, White Post, New Market, Fisher's Hill, Williamsport, Gettysburg, and many less important engagements. His devotion to the cause of the Confederacy was constantly manifested by undaunted courage, fidelity, love, and loyalty. He cherished the memories of war days, and his greatest pleasure in late years was in service to his comrades and in active, helpful participation in every movement looking to their comfort and honor. He cherished the memories of the war, the sacred sacrifices of its turbulent days, the heroes it developed, the undying comradeship created. He was faithful and constant in his attendance upon this Camp, upon every memorial occasion of the community, and attended every reunion possible of his comrades, both State and general, having been at Little Rock in 1928.

Stonewall Jackson Camp delighted to honor Commander Carter in life, and in his death pay tribute to his memory.

Committee: J. L. Dunlap, J. N. Britton. J. R. Mohler, Lieutenant Commander; J. Wellington Spittler, Adjutant.

CHARLES JAMES FAULKNER.

In the same room of the historic old home, Boydsville, in Martinsburg, Va., where he was born on September 21, 1847, death came to Charles James Faulkner, Virginia gentleman, scholar, and former United States Senator, on January 13, 1929. He died in his eighty-second year.

When the father of Charles Faulkner was appointed Minister to France, the son accompanied him to Europe, attending schools in Paris and Switzerland until their return to America in 1861, when, in his fifteenth year, Charles Faulkner entered as a student the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. During the desperate fighting in 1864, the battalion of cadets was rushed into action and rendered heroic service in the battle of New Market. After that there was no more schooling for these boys, and from that time to the end, young Faulkner was in active service, as an aide on the staff of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, and later on the staff of Gen. Henry A. Wise, with whom he surrendered.

Returning home, he studied under the direction of his father until 1866, when he entered the law department of the University of Virginia, from which he was graduated in June, 1868, and admitted to the bar a few months later, being then twenty-one years old. In 1887, his reputation established as one of the ablest jurists of the country and a leading citizen, he was elected to the U. S. Senate, and there served twelve years with distinction, serving on many important committees. Many honors came to him in the different activities of his life, both at home and abroad, and he was loved and honored by those in all walks of life. He is survived by two sons and two daughters.

ALLISON OGDEN.

Died at his home in Brady, Tex., Allison Ogden, on January 20, 1929, aged eighty-five years.

He served for four years as a gallant and faithful Confederate soldier, a member of Company A, 2nd and 6th Missouri Infantry, Shelby's and Granberry's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. He was a charter member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 563, U. C. V., organized and chartered March 25, 1895.

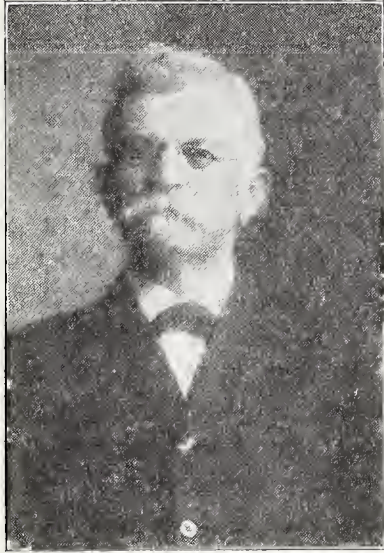
Comrade Ogden was a prominent and highly respected citizen of Brady. His wife preceded him in death several months. Surviving him are five sons and four daughters.

He was a faithful member of the Baptist Church. It was his misfortune to be totally blind for many years, but he bore his affliction patiently.

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

ALEXANDER MCQUEEN SALLEY.

Alexander McQueen Salley, beloved citizen, member of Camp Thomas J. Glover, U. C. V., and oldest representative of a family long prominent in political, civic, and patriotic affairs of his community, passed away at his home near Orangeburg, S. C., on the early morning of February 27. He was the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Salley, born in Orangeburg County on August 6, 1847. At the outbreak of the War between the States he was too young for service, but was several times permitted to visit his father, the regimental



A. M. SALLEY.

surgeon of the 20th South Carolina Volunteer Infantry at the Confederate hospital at Mount Pleasant, while the regiment was on duty on the South Carolina coast. When still under sixteen years of age, young Salley entered the Arsenal Academy in Columbia, this being the "fourth class," or freshman class of the South Carolina Military Academy. The boys of the school had to do guard duty around Columbia under the service of the Confederate government, and late in 1863 Samuel Catawba Lowry, a student who had been in active service, but had been discharged on account of a wound, attempted to organize a volunteer company of cadets, but the entire company, among whom was A. M. Salley, was dismissed from the school. Lowry entered regular service and was killed at the Crater, but Salley was reinstated and entered the "third class" of the academy, at the Citadel in Charleston. Here the students not only had to be on guard duty in Charleston, but made numbers of trips to Andersonville prison as guards for prisoners.

In the spring of 1865, Cadet Salley left school, temporarily enlisted as a member of Frederick's company of State troops, and communicated with his father for permission to go to Virginia for regular service, when Sherman's army descended on Orangeburg and cut off all communication with the army.

Shortly after the war, when a boy of eighteen, Mr. Salley ran a wagon train from Orangeburg to Augusta and other points, hauling goods and cotton, for at that time the railroads were torn up in every direction out of Orangeburg. He also began farming

when a mere boy, and more than fifty years ago built his attractive home on the historic old Belleville Road, three miles east of Orangeburg. Part of his lands, still under cultivation, have been in the family since Revolutionary days.

In the days of the Ku-Klux he was a leader of the local Klan, but fortunately the negroes in the section were not as troublesome as in the upper part of the State. Mr. Salley was an active follower of Hampton in Reconstruction Days, and assisted in bringing order out of chaos in his own county. In 1880, he was elected by his county convention, the first Democratic sheriff after the War between the States. He served for twelve years, discharging his duties fearlessly, conscientiously and without ever having to inflict injury on a single criminal, of whom there were many in that critical period. From 1893 to 1908, in addition to his agricultural pursuits, he was in business in the city of Orangeburg, and in 1908 was again elected sheriff, serving until 1916.

In October, 1868, A. M. Salley married Miss Sallie McMichael, daughter of C. M. McMichael, of Orangeburg County, and last October this couple celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary. Eight of eleven children survive, and there are twenty-one grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. The eldest son, A. S. Salley, Jr., has been for twenty-five years secretary of the South Carolina Historical Commission and is authority on South Carolina historic lore. The youngest daughter, Miss Marion Salley, is Historian General of the U. D. C.

Upright, honorable, genial, genuinely kind-hearted and noble, is the summary given of the life and character of one known long and loved tenderly.

TEXAS COMRADES.

From January, 1928, to January, 1929, eight members of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 144, U. C. V., of San Antonio, Tex., answered to the last roll call, as follows:

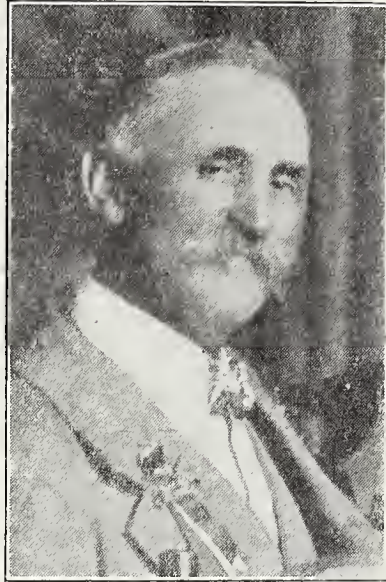
Capt. Paschal R. Turner, C. K. Gravis, J. H. Tackitt, Capt. Walker R. Baylor, S. W. Long, Light Townsend, Henry Moeglin, L. T. Coker.

At the time of his death, Captain Baylor was Commander of the Camp, which was deeply grieved by this loss. He was ninety-three years of age. All of these comrades had been members of the Camp for many years, and now that their familiar faces no longer greet us as we gather at our socials, a pall of sadness settles over us as we realize that ere long we will be deprived of the pleasure of seeing any gray-clad forms. All honor to the men who fought so valiantly for Southern rights!

[Mrs. E. O. Spencer, President Barnard E. Bee Chapter, No. 86, U. D. C.]

WASHINGTON SEWELL MERCHANT.

Washington S. Merchant, who died at Charles Town, W. Va., on December 12, 1928, volunteered in the Southern cause in 1861 at the age of eighteen, enlisting with the Hedgesville Blues, which was Company E (Captain Colston), of the 2nd Virginia Regiment (Col. John Nadenbousch), Stonewall Brigade, A. N. V. He took part in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Mine Run, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Fisher's Hill, Winchester, Antietam, Gettysburg, and many smaller engagements.



WASHINGTON SEWELL MERCHANT.

At Cedar Creek Va. October 19, 1864, he was seriously wounded, the ball passing through one leg above the knee and through the other knee. At the field hospital the worst injured limb was amputated, and the surgeon was preparing to amputate the other when orders were given to remove the wounded immediately to Harrisonburg. After fifty-four miles of suffering in an army ambulance, the hospital was found already crowded, and his wounds could not be redressed until the second day. The surgeons then decided to try to save his leg, his vitality being so reduced that his recovery was uncertain. He was taken to the home of relatives, and the comfort and attention given cheered and helped him, and he was soon doing well, though his knee threatened to be permanently stiff. As soon as able, he was furnished with a pair of crutches and soon learned to hop around briskly.

The last winter of the war passed, and when the news came of General Lee's surrender, Comrade Merchant bade his friends farewell and started home with a wounded soldier cousin living in Winchester, Va. There his brother met him with a carriage, and he reached home finally. After a few months of inactivity, he determined to engage in some business for himself in Charles Town, and sympathizing friends helped him to get started. By indomitable perseverance and strict integrity, he succeeded. After several years, he married happily, and though sad bereavement was his portion, yet his noble, motherless daughter tenderly cared for him.

Comrade Merchant was a useful Church member,

always cheerful and patient in the constant suffering of his last years. He was willing and ready to join the triumphant ranks of soldiers of the cross in a land of eternal peace. May the Prince of Peace guide them all to that endless rest!

CAPT. JOSEPH R. HAW.

Capt. Joseph Richardson Haw, Adjutant of the R. E. Lee Camp No. 5, U. C. V., of Hampton, Va., and one of the leading Confederates of that section, died at his home in Hampton in January after a brief illness, aged eighty-four years. He was born at Oak Grove, in Hanover County, Va., December 14, 1845, the son of John Haw III and Mary Austin Watts, both of Virginia ancestry.

Joseph Haw and four brothers fought in the Southern army. He was in the Confederate ordnance department in Richmond; and, during the winter of 1864-65, he served in the trenches in front of Richmond as a member of the 1st Battalion, Local Defense Troops. When Richmond was evacuated, he made his way on foot to the South and joined Company A, 4th Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, Dibrell's Division, of Wheeler's command, which escorted President Davis to Georgia, and young Haw was with it until its surrender on May 10, 1865.

A member of the second class to graduate from the Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, where he was a cadet lieutenant, instructor, and prize debater, Comrade Haw was also the oldest graduate at the time of his death. He later studied law at the University of Virginia, and then, as a civil engineer, he was employed in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad in the Dakotas. He had been a resident of Hampton since 1889, and in charge of the Hampton Foundry for many years. In 1896, he became chief engineer in the quartermaster's department at Fort Monroe, retiring in 1922. He served as adjutant of the R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., for more than twenty-eight years, and stood high in the organization, having served on general staffs. He had contributed a number of articles to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, being one of the best informed in the history of the Confederacy. From early life he was a member of the Presbyterian Church and was one of the leaders in the Church at Hampton, serving as ruling elder for many years.

In 1891, Captain Haw was married to Miss Mary A. Cumming, of Hampton, who survives him with one son, Maj. Joseph Cumming Haw, of the 61st Coast Artillery; also one brother, George P. Haw.

He was of the old school of Virginia gentlemen, loyal to the South, a true friend and generous contributor to those in need, a man of the strictest integrity and the highest Christian character.

RALEIGH P. DODSON.

Raleigh P. Dodson, a native of Maury County, Tenn., and a citizen of Columbia for more than fifty years, died at his home there on January 10, aged eighty-three years. He was born in September, 1845, and entered the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, serving with the famous Brown Guards of Field's 1st Tennessee Infantry, and was wounded at the battle



R. P. DODSON.

of Perryville, Ky. Comrade Dodson made a splendid record as a soldier of the Confederacy, and no less worthy was his life in the days of peace. He returned to his native county and later located in Columbia, where he spent the remainder of his life as an active leader in the business and civic life until stricken with illness some five years ago, since when he had been an invalid.

His first business venture was with his lifelong friend and schoolmate, Miles C. Mayes, in operating a livery stable and stock business, then in operation of hotels in Columbia; later he was in the hardware business, and was also identified with the racing industry of the county, and he was one of the pioneers who made Maury County famous as a race horse center, having been one of the first in bringing racing blood into the county.

Comrade Dodson was a Mason, a member of the Knights Templar, and was active in many civic movements for the advancement of Columbia. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Laurette Gill.

WILLIAM T. CARICO.

William T. Carico was a member of Company F, 4th Kentucky Confederate Cavalry, organized September, 1862, with Henry L. Giltner as captain. But soon thereafter Captain Giltner was made colonel of the regiment, and served as such until he was given command of the First Brigade, John H. Morgan's Division of Confederate Cavalry. Upon the advancement of Colonel Giltner, Thomas M. Barrett was promoted to captain of Company F, and served as such until the war closed.

William T. Carico died at Pewee Valley, near Louisville, Ky., on the 11th of January, at the home of his son. It was my privilege to have known Comrade Carico from his early boyhood days, and also to have been member of the 4th Kentucky

Cavalry, from enlistment until the close of the war. He was one of the most popular men with his comrades, a devoted and fearless soldier when duty called to the battle line as any which composed that regiment, which saw much hard service. He was blessed with a bright and cheerful disposition. He was married soon after the close of the war, his wife dying some years ago. Surviving him are three sons and a daughter. He had attained to near his eighty-eighth year. For many years he had been a member of the Baptist Church, his life largely devoted to the cause of vital Christianity, and an example of inspiring optimism.

[George D. Ewing, Pattonsburg, Mo.]

CAPT. C. Y. FORD.

Capt. Cornelius Y. Ford, of Odessa, Mo., died at his home there on February 20, after an extended illness. At the funeral service in the Christian Church, of which he was a member, the Confederate ritual was read by an old friend, a Confederate chaplain, ninety years old, who was one of three Confederate comrades attending from Kansas City. Only about a half dozen veterans are now left at Odessa.

C. Y. Ford was born in Danville, Ky., April 12, 1843, from which place his parents removed to Missouri when he was about fourteen years old. They located in Pettis County, and that was his home until he went out to fight in defense of it. With eight of his schoolmates, young Ford enlisted with the Missouri troops under Sterling Price, and after one year they were mustered into the Confederate service at Memphis, Tenn., as the 2nd Missouri, under Gen. Earl Van Dorn, and remained with him until he was killed, when they were transferred to the cavalry of Gen. N. B. Forrest, and served under him to the surrender at Columbus, Miss. He was in many hard-fought battles and skirmishes—Elk Horn, Holly Springs, Iuka, Corinth, Bratton's Lane, Fort Pillow—and he was the last of the eight comrades who enlisted in 1861.

After his marriage to Miss Sallie Beatty, in 1870, they made their home on a farm in the Greenton Valley until locating in Odessa some ten years ago. There was no man of the community better known or more highly esteemed than Captain Ford, and he was an acknowledged leader wherever he lived. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge for many years. Always deeply interested in the Confederate Veterans' organization, he had served it locally and in official appointments in the Missouri Division, attending every general convention until ill health prevented.

Kind and courteous, public spirited, and generous in his dealings with his fellow men, Captain Ford will be long remembered.

COL. W. L. GAGE.

One of the last three Confederate veterans of his section, W. L. Gage, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. M. Cole, at Artesia, N. Mex., on September 19, 1928, aged eighty-three years. His boyhood was passed in Green County, Ark., his parents being of the pioneer settlers of that section. At the age of sixteen, he enlisted as a member of Company G, 8th Missouri Cavalry, under Colonel Kitchens in Marmaduke's Brigade. He saw service at the evacuation of Little Rock and in the battles at Poison Springs, Mark's Mill, Jenkins' Ferry, and others, and was under Price during his border raids in the fall of 1864. During that winter he was wounded in the thigh in a battle at Fort Scott, Kans., and he was hauled on an ammunition wagon to Cane Hill, Ark., where his father, who had been wounded in the same battle, died. Though his case was considered hopeless, he was taken on and eventually recovered.

After the war, Comrade Gage engaged in farming and lumbering, and as the railroads came into that section, he engaged in building and constructing railroads. During the Spanish-American War, he was commissioned as colonel of Arkansas State Troops, for which he had offered his services. He went West in 1908, first locating at Kress, Tex., and a year later in the Pecos Valley. After going to New Mexico, he made his home with his daughter, Mrs. C. M. Cole. He had led an active life almost to the end, looking after his varied farming interests, and he served for several years as a director of the Citizen's State Bank. He had been a member of the I. O. O. F., for fifty-five years, the oldest member of the order in the State. He was a member of the Baptist Church, of which he had been deacon for a number of years. In addition to his daughter, he is survived by one brother and a number of grandchildren.

MOSES D. BATES.

Moses D. Bates, son of Moses D. Bates, Sr., the founder of Hannibal, Mo., died February 15, 1929, at Palmyra, Mo. He was born September 12, 1838, and thus was in his ninety-first year. It had been his custom for some years to spend the summer months on the farm where he was born, situated between Hannibal and Palmyra, and the winter in Palmyra.

On June 16, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army with the 4th Missouri Infantry, and took part in the battles of Lexington, Iuka, and Corinth, at the latter place being wounded and taken prisoner. He was also at the siege and capture of Vicksburg and in the Georgia campaign under General John-

ston, where he was again wounded, but he received no serious injury during all the four years of the war.

A detachment of the American Legion Post, in uniform, served as an escort of honor at his burial, and the casket was draped with a handsome United States flag. At the grave Taps was sounded and a salute of honor to the dead soldier given by the firing squad. A small Confederate flag was interred with him. The Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Palmyra attended in a body.

"Uncle Moses," as he was generally called, was a favorite all over Marion County, where he had served four years as tax collector, the county never having a more accommodating official.

EDWARD S. LEE.

On Friday evening, February 1, 1929, Edward S. Lee, first cousin of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and grandfather of the writer, passed away at the age of ninety-six years. He was born in Lynchburg, Va., and at the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted as a private in the army of Stonewall Jackson and followed him through all of his campaigns in defense of the Confederacy until Jackson was wounded at Chancellorsville. After Jackson's death, Edward Lee was transferred to the command of General Lee and fought under him with the Army of Northern Virginia until its surrender at Appomattox Courthouse.

I can truly say of Grandfather Lee that he was a typical Virginia gentleman of the old school, a man of distinguished bearing, courteous, kindly, jovial, and a devout Christian who loved God and his fellow man.

There are eleven children, eighteen grandchildren, and thirty-two great-grandchildren surviving him.

[Myrtle Lee Genser, Higginsville, Mo.]

WILLIAM L. KEERL.

William L. Keerl died December 24, 1928, at Erwin, Tenn., where he had made his home for eighteen years. He was born December 3, 1842, at Charles Town, W. Va., and was the last of his immediate family. At the beginning of the war in 1861, he enlisted in Company G, 2nd Virginia Regiment, and served until the close in 1865.

Mr. Keerl was of that Southern type of which few are left. He met the Great Mystery without a struggle; just went to sleep. All that was fine and best in this true, clean man was written in his face. He was laid to rest with the evergreen wreath and the Confederate flag upon his casket. He was never married.

[Mrs. Robert W. Brown, Honorary President, Rosalie Brown Chapter, U. D. C., Erwin, Tenn.]

JOHN WESLEY MCFARLAND.

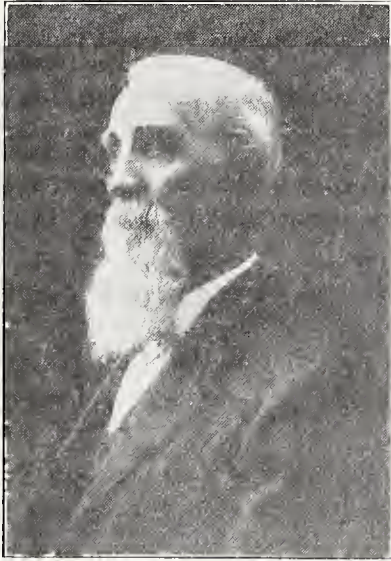
On December 14, 1928, John W. McFarland answered the last Roll Call at his home in Warrensburg, Mo.

He had been ill since July 20, when he suffered a sunstroke, from which he never recovered; but he was well enough to go to the polls and vote, as he always had, the straight Democratic ticket.

J. W. McFarland was born in Cooper County, Mo., April 20, 1841, his parents having come from South Carolina some years before. He was attending school in Boonville, Mo., when war was declared in 1861, and he ran away to join Gen. Sterling Price's army. He was in service four years, though in the last part of the war he was ill in Texas the entire year. When the war was over, he returned home to Cooper County, back to the farm. Several years later he married Landonia Virginia McMellon, also of Cooper County, her family having settled there from Culpepper County, Va. Later, they moved to Warrensburg, Mo., where they reared their family of four children, all of whom were with him when he passed away.

Comrade McFarland was always interested in politics, having held several city and county offices. He was a man of the highest ideals; he loved honor and truth, and no one could change him when he knew he was right; a devoted husband and loving father; a splendid neighbor and Christian gentleman, having been a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church most of his life. He was a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for years, and in his last illness reminded his daughters to renew his subscription. He was Commander of M. M. Parson's Camp U. C. V., at Warrensburg, for many years, until his death.

His love of the Confederate cause grew greater, and he was happiest when living over the days of long ago with another comrade. He was a Mason from young manhood and was buried with full Masonic honors, in Sunset Hill Cemetery, at Warrensburg, Mo.



J. W. MCFARLAND.

LEVI J. JOHNSON.

Levi J. Johnson, was born in Hampshire County, Va., August 23, 1845, died at his home in Tulsa, Okla., December 30, 1928, and was laid to rest in Memorial Park near that city. Surviving him are a faithful wife, who tended him lovingly through his last long illness, six children, and seven grandchildren.

Levi Johnson was a mere boy when the War between the States came on, and at the age of fourteen he became a member of the Home Volunteer Company organized by Capt. Robert White. When only sixteen, he was mustered into service of the Confederacy as a drummer boy in the Hampshire County Rifles, Company I, 13th Virginia Infantry, under Col. A. P. Hill. This was shortly after the first guns were fired on Fort Sumter, and his first war work with his regiment was at Harper's Ferry immediately after the John Brown raid.

In the summer of 1862, he was serving under Gen. Robert E. Lee, when it was found that he was under military age, and he was given an honorable discharge. Reluctantly and unwillingly he prepared to leave the service of his beloved Confederacy. During his short time in the army he had the distinction of being in the command of Generals Beauregard, Joseph E. Johnston, as well as the incomparable Lee.

With his discharge papers in his pocket, and dressed in civilian clothes, he started home in company with James Ream, of the same command, who had leave of absence to visit his family. The man and boy traveled on foot.

The destination of both was within the Federal lines, and when nearly within sight of home, the two were captured, and all their possessions taken from them. The Federals making the capture were of the Cook and Kelley command of Cumberland, Md. The prisoners were taken to Romney, Va., Johnson's destination, and there he found that his old home had been burned and his family had gone. He and James Ream were transported to Libby prison, where both remained for several months.

The boy became ill from privation and confinement, and his parents made every effort to secure his release. This was finally accomplished, and though his discharge papers were never returned to him, Levi Johnson was mustered out of the service and returned home to nurse himself back to health.

During his long life he has commanded the esteem and admiration of a large circle of friends and been a beloved figure in his home and community.

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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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.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The first duty of every woman, when notified of her enrollment in this organization, should be to familiarize herself with its Articles of Incorporation and By-Laws. Important as is this knowledge at all times, a study of the Articles is peculiarly desirable on the odd calendar years, the years when the constitution may be amended. Mrs. John Wilcox, our efficient General Chairman of the local committee at the Houston convention, writes that her Chapter has recently held a "round-table drill" on the constitution. This is commended to all Chapters, and your President General would suggest that each Chapter of the organization have a study of the by-laws at least one meeting before adjournment for the summer. When you reassemble in September or October, you will be in a position to consider with far greater readiness the amendments that may be offered.

The folder of information, authorized by the last convention, is now ready for distribution. Please send your orders to Mrs. W. E. Massey, 738 Quapaw Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark. This folder is *yours*, financed from the general fund, meaning the per capita paid by each member of the organization. We trust that you may derive information and entertainment from the reading.

Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, President of the Ohio Division, has recently accomplished a wonderful piece of historical work by having placed in her keeping, by act of the Ohio legislature, about two hundred letters written by Confederate soldiers while in prison at Camp Chase. For some reason, these letters were not mailed and have been in the State Library of Ohio for more than thirty years. Previous to that time they had been stored in an old cupboard in the State House. As soon as these letters are in Mrs. Porter's possession, she will endeavor to locate relatives of the writers where possible.

Another interesting piece of legislation is the following bill signed by President Coolidge, February 28:

"That the Secretary of War is authorized to erect headstones over the graves of soldiers who served in the Confederate army and who have been buried in national, city, town, or village cemeteries, or in any other place, each grave to be marked with a small headstone, or block, which shall be of durable stone and of such design and weight as shall keep it in place when set, and shall bear the name of the soldier and the name of his State inscribed thereon, when the same is known. The Secretary of War shall cause to be preserved in the records of the War Department the name, rank, company, regiment, and date of death of the soldier, and his State."

Tidings come from Mrs. Porcher, President of the Chapter in Minneapolis, that at the January meeting the Chapter voted a substantial contribution to the Relief Fund, arranged for payment of per capita, emphasized the importance of being one hundred per cent in dues paying, registered members, and sent the amount requested per member for the support of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, this being the first Chapter to "go over the top" in this campaign.

The *New York Times Book Review*, January 13, 1929, gives a most interesting review of "Benjamin Hill, Southern Champion of Conscription," by Haywood J. Pearce, Jr. This essay, under a different name, was second in the Mrs. Simon Baruch University Prize contest of 1927. The prize-winning paper has been printed by the University of Chicago Press.

A number of cordial invitations have been received with the greatest appreciation and have not been previously acknowledged on account of space. For each of these acknowledgment is herewith extended, with regret at the enforced delay: Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, celebration on the afternoon of the 19th at Council Hall; Boston Chapter, January 15, memorial luncheon; Confederate Ball, January 19, Richmond, Va.; Reception, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney,

January 19; Richmond Chapter's Memorial Exercises, House of Delegates, January 19; Illinois Division, to a dinner, January 18; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Washington, D. C., "Dixie Ball," February 4; Sidney Lanier Memorial Association, February 3, to the unveiling of a bust of this poet, musician, soldier, and seer.

While absent in January, an invitation was received from the Society of Sponsors of the United States Navy to participate in a special patriotic service to be held in the Washington Cathedral, January 27, 1929. We were invited to have four representatives present with our colors. Grateful appreciation was expressed to Mrs. Langdon, the President of the Society, for her courtesy, the letter not having reached me until after the date of the services.

With this month, our thoughts turn to the observance of Memorial Day.

Sixty years have heard the story,
Sixty years have passed away,
But no years can dim the glory,
Of the men who wore the gray.

Although the flag they died to save floats no longer on land or sea, the banner of their chivalry will wave throughout the years of eternity. Under sunny skies we will lay our roses and garlands upon the graves of our dead. Let it be made possible that those who lie on Northern soil may rest under the flowers of remembrance.

It gives your President General great pleasure to indorse the appeal of the President of the Ohio Division for flowers, and funds to secure flowers, for Camp Chase Cemetery. This year, with the letters of which we have written having been placed in the keeping of the Ohio, U. D. C., those who lived for many months in this prison, as well as those who passed into eternity from there, are brought especially near to the entire organization.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mr. A. McQueen Salley, the father of our Historian General, entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God on Tuesday, February 27. Mr. Salley was attending the Citadel during the War between the States, and as a boy of sixteen frequently, with other cadets, guarded the prisoners being sent to Andersonville. In the spring of 1865, he left college to join the army, but the surrender came before he enlisted.

Our deepest and most sincere sympathy is extended the family, and especially to the wife, who for sixty years has been blessed with the companionship of

this "great soul who stumbled somewhere upon a body and made the best of it." A life well lived in the service of God, country, and community needs no words to commemorate it. Though dead, he yet lives in the county which he so faithfully served. Flowers and an expression of your remembrance were sent our Historian General.

Sincerely, MAUDE MERCHANT.

Please remember the special April offering for the Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Alabama.—"Alabama Day" held the center of interest with the Chapters of this Division in January, reports coming in telling of interesting programs carried out. At the meeting of the William Henry Forney Chapter, of Anniston, tribute was paid to Mrs. Sorsby as the originator of "Alabama Day," the early history of the State was interestingly touched upon, and a talk was given on "Alabama's Contribution to the Great World War." In addition, there were musical numbers on the program, and the membership was asked to urge upon their congressman a change in the name of Camp McClellan to Camp Robert E. Lee.

The John H. Forney Chapter at Jacksonville also observed "Alabama Day" with a splendid program, which was given before the student body of the State Normal School. Alabama's Birthday, the Spirit of Alabama, Alabama's Treasury, Spirit of the Future, and Alabama's Creed were the characters represented. The salute to the State flag and the singing of "Alabama" by five hundred students made a beautiful close. A large birthday cake held tapers, and on each side burned candles in candlesticks which had belonged to Edward Rutledge, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The Boy Scouts attended in full uniform.

The R. E. Rodes Chapter, of Tuscaloosa, also observed Alabama Day in a most appropriate manner, with talks, songs, and special dances.

The Daughters throughout Alabama are thoroughly awake, and they are undertaking and accomplishing more than ever before.

[Mrs. C. W. Daugette, State Editor.]

* * *

Arkansas.—Our President, Mrs. J. F. Weinmann, shut in with repeated attacks of pneumonia, yet has kept the machinery of the Division in running order. The Chapters all seem busy. The birthday of Arkansas's gallant cavalryman, Gen. T. J. Churchill, has again been noted with a memorial service by the Chapter bearing his name, in the home of his

daughter, Mrs. M. M. Hawkins, in Little Rock.

Extra efforts are being put forth to arouse and increase the interest of our young people in Southern history and Southern heroes. Eleven subjects have been given out by the chairman of the Essay Committee to the Chapter, with an urgent request to make *this* "Essay Year." The principals of schools are urged to make the Essay Contest of the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., a part of the school curriculum, giving credits for same.

We are hoping that our legislature, now in session, will make a liberal appropriation for the opening and improvement of the old battle field at Arkansas Post. This is the oldest white settlement in the State, a trading post between the French and Indians. A battle was fought there in 1863; truly, a historical spot, and it will make a most interesting park.

[Mrs. William Stilwell, Editor.]

* * *

Georgia.—The Executive Board meeting of the Georgia Division was held on January 30, 1929, in beautiful Memorial Hall at the University of Georgia, Athens, Ga. The meeting was held in Athens at the invitation of Chancellor Charles M. Snelling, and the meeting was ably presided over by Mrs. Trox Bankston, President of the Georgia Division. A matter of nation-wide importance was the launching of the movement to erect a \$100,000 fireproof building on the campus of the University of Georgia, to be known as the Mildred Lewis Rutherford Historical Museum-Library. Mrs. Bankston was authorized to appoint a committee for this campaign.

Another matter of great importance was the unanimous indorsement of Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, of Montezuma, Ga., now First Vice President General, U. D. C., for the office of President General.

Of special interest in Georgia this year will be the Historical Essay Contest, under the direction of Mrs. J. L. Beeson, of Milledgeville, and her splendid committee. The subject of the essay is "Benjamin Harvey Hill," and the contest is open to all white children of Georgia from the fifth grade up.

The prizes in the high school contest are a "full season" campship for those who win over all contestants in the State. Mr. A. A. Jameson, of Atlanta owner of the wonderful Dixie Camps, has given these two grand prizes, a full eight weeks' campship for the boy who wins, and likewise one for the girl who wins; prizes are valued at \$450.

The prize for the fifth, sixth, and seventh grades, both for the boy and girl who win, is a gold medal, given by the Georgia Division to be awarded at the State convention in Moultrie, in October.

[Lena Felker Lewis, Editor.]

Maryland.—The Frederick Chapter, Mrs. H. O. Nicodemus, President, observed the birthdays of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee, January 19. A luncheon at the Wayside Inn was followed by an enthusiastic meeting and interesting program.

The Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, Hagerstown, held a Woodrow Wilson memorial meeting in December, and on January 21 the Chapter observed the birthdays of three of our heroes. Col. John Tucker Carmichael spoke on "Maury, the Pathfinder of the Sea," and also paid a glowing tribute to the memory of Lee and Jackson. Mrs. Forbes Shaw, President of the Maryland Division, made a brief address. A beautiful silk flag was presented to the Chapter by the President, Mrs. Leo Cohill.

Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, Mrs. Henry J. Berkley, President, celebrated the birthdays of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee on January 19. A most interesting and enlightening meeting. Two beautiful silk flags were presented in memory of two beloved Daughters who have gone before. One was to Mrs. William T. Shakelford, presented by her husband and unveiled by their little grandson, William T. Shakelford III. The flag in memory of Miss Jane Carey was donated by her nieces, Mrs. Albert Bruce and Mrs. Gaylord Lee Clark, and was unveiled by little Letitia Lee Clark, a descendant of the first Richard Lee, who was Privy Councillor to Charles I. She was named for the wife of the second Richard Lee, Letitia Corbin. A Cross of Honor and one of Service were bestowed.

[Marion Lee Holmes, Division Editor.]

* * *

South Carolina.—The Daughters of the South Carolina Division have been instrumental in having the legislature make an increase this year in Confederate pensions. The ranks are thinning fast, and the remaining few deserve this increase.

A special appropriation of \$100 to clean the statue of Gen. Wade Hampton, on the capitol grounds, was also secured by the Daughters, the need of this having been brought before the State convention at Columbia in December, and the legislature petitioned accordingly.

The birthday of Robert E. Lee was fittingly observed at the Confederate Home, Columbia, S. C., where there are fifty-eight veterans and sixteen Girls of the Sixties, the program being arranged by the Central Committee.

The Johnson Hagood Chapter, of Barnwell, has two C. of C. Chapters "to mother"—the Jennie P. Green and the Perry Manville Chapters.

The E. M. Law Chapter, C. of C., Rock Hill, has a membership of one hundred, Miss Katie Hutchinson leader, while the Chapter at Greer, Miss Bertie Smith, leader, has about eighty members.

The State Historian, Mrs. D. S. Vandiver, of Anderson, is receiving congratulations over the very splendid and very informing yearbook she has mailed out. It is replete with all information.

[Zena Payne, Editor.]

* * *

Virginia.—Richmond Chapter celebrated its thirty-second anniversary on January 28 with a reception in the Mayo Memorial Home in honor of the President of the Virginia Division, Mrs. William Allen Roberts.

In the annual report, the work of the Chapter was summarized by the President, Mrs. Charles E. Bolling. The Treasurer's report showed that \$2,273.99 had been raised for all purposes, of which \$601.63 had gone to the relief of needy Confederate women, who had also been remembered by visits, entertainments, and remembrances at Christmas and other times. In this the loyalty of the Chapter to the memory of its founder, whose heart and hands were always ready to respond to the need of the Confederate woman, is shown.

In addition, two members assumed the care of two Confederate women—one in memory of Mrs. Randolph and the other in memory of Howard J. Nuckols.

The care of the Jefferson Davis plat in Hollywood is the work of a special committee, and beautiful blossoms the whole year through testify to the fact that his memory lives in the hearts of Southern women. Near by is beloved Fitzhugh Lee, and a little farther on is Matthew Fontaine Maury, and the Stars and Bars and fragrant flowers are reverently placed on both.

A memorial service was given in honor of Mrs. Randolph on April 29, in Randolph Hall, at the Confederate Home. Appropriate music was rendered by the choir of Monumental Episcopal Church, of which she was a communicant, and an address was made by Eppa Hunton, Jr.

A new work awaited the Chapter this year. The care of the monument and grounds which mark the spot where General Stuart fell in defense of Richmond has in late years devolved upon the Chapter. Some years ago an outlay of over \$1,000 rehabilitated this monument. Last summer heavy rains caused the foundation to slip and the manument was endangered. Under the able leadership of Mrs. P. J. White, funds were subscribed, the work planned and executed.

CHAPTER OFFICERS.

The accidental omission of the following Chapters from the Minutes of the Houston convention brings request for publication in the VETERAN of these Chapter officers, as follows:

MEMPHIS, MARY LATHAM CHAPTER, No. 474.

Mrs. T. W. Faires, 671 Melrose Street, President.

Mrs. J. R. Gill, 1548 Monroe, Recording Secretary.

Mrs. J. M. Hines, Treasurer.

Mrs. Embry E. Anderson, Historian.

MEMPHIS, SARAH LAW CHAPTER, No. 110.

Mrs. W. C. Schwalmeyer, 1617 Vinton Avenue, President.

Mrs. Homer E. Sloan, First Vice President.

Mrs. J. L. Kline, Vice President.

Mrs. Duncan Martin, Recording Secretary.

Mrs. V. B. Humphreys, Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. Mary E. Rees, 654 Vince Avenue, Treasurer.

Mrs. Lux McFadden, Registrar.

Mrs. George Knox, 654 Vance Avenue, Historian.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM BY RADIO.

The Educational Committee of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., calls attention to a radio program to be put on by W.S.M.B. on April 30, from 6 to 6:30 (Central time), and all friends are invited to "listen in." The program rendered will be by prominent musicians of New Orleans as follows:

"Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," complimentary to Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President General, U. D. C.

"Carolina," complimentary to Mrs. R. D. Wright, General Chairman of Education, U. D. C.

"Louisiana," complimentary to Mrs. F. P. Jones, President Louisiana Division, U. D. C.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. Topics for May, 1929.

Confederate Advance into Kentucky. Battles of Richmond and Perryville. Movements of Generals Kirby Smith and Bragg.

C. of C. Topics for May, 1929.

Roll Call: "Women of the Confederacy."

Reading: "The Ride of Roberta Pollock." (Women of the South in War Times.)

Story of "Captain Sally Tompkins."

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*
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.



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ARKANSAS—Little Rock.....Mrs. J. F. Weinmann
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster
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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
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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

CONVENTION CALL.

The thirtieth annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will be held in the city of Charlotte, N. C., June 4-7, 1929, in accordance with Article IV of the Constitution: "The time and place of the annual meetings of the Association shall be the same as that of the annual meeting of the United Confederate Veterans." Hotel Charlotte has been designated as Official Headquarters of the C. S. M. A. Business meetings will be held daily at 9:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. in the ball room of Hotel Charlotte.

Reduced rates have been granted by all railroads—secured only by certificate through the United Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, or Confederated Southern Memorial Association. Be sure to secure certificate.

We appreciate the privilege of meeting at the same time and place as the United Confederate Veterans and to be a part of the remnant of the armies of Lee, Jackson, Gordon, Forrest, Beauregard, and other leaders of as brave an army as ever marched to battle.

A banner is to be presented to the Association having the largest delegation. We hope that you are working for it.

Matters of great importance are to be considered. A large attendance is urged.

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

THE C. S. M. A. CONVENTION.

My Dear Coworkers: That the coming reunion is to meet in Charlotte, and we, with the allied Southern organizations, are to share in the delightful hospitality of that charming city and the Old North State, is a source of delightful anticipation, for the charm and gracious courtesy of her people are

proverbial. May the Convention Call enlist your heartiest interest and may widespread plans bring a glorious delegation to express our appreciation of the privilege extended to us.

Mrs. J. J. Yates, State President of North Carolina, writes of most interesting and elaborate plans being made for the C. S. M. A. convention. Being a prodigious worker, she is carrying to success a very ambitious program, which insures a delightful time to all who attend. In her home town, Asheville, a \$25,000 county courthouse, recently finished, has a large and beautiful Confederate Memorial Hall, with a museum dedicated to the use of veterans and kindred organizations. Mrs. Yates has been one of the most active workers in securing this privilege and in its later dedication.

A source of gratification to the many friends of our beloved Chaplain, Rev. Giles B. Cooke, is the news contained in a recent letter of improved health and his plans to attend the reunion.

OUR SOUTHERN MEMORIAL DAY.

What a wealth of memories cluster around our Memorial Day! How scarcely, how gloriously they speak to us of the gallant sacrifices, the matchless heroism, the dauntless courage, the intrepid valor, and the noble response to every call of duty in the heroic struggle on the fields of battle. Yet another side of the picture reveals to us a great moving army of workers toiling in the fields, weaving cloth at the old-fashioned looms, overseeing every detail of farm, garden, the home life, or caring for and training the young, and, when night falls, keeping the lonely vigil at the bedside of the wounded and dying, whose cool palms soothe the fevered brow, moisten the parched lips, while the low voice encourages thoughts of home and mother to those whose life

ebbs slowly away. 'Tis she, "the Spirit of the South," that closed the eyes and whispered the last prayer. Then when "earth to earth, and dust to dust" is said, the same spirit heaps the newly made mounds with flowers, paying tribute alike to loved ones and to the stranger within her gates. Year after year for threescore years and more has the "Spirit of the South" paid tribute in flowers and the telling of "the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray." The patriotic fires burn no less brightly to-day, for, like the Vestal Virgins of old, the Memorial women stand yearly at the altar of memories, renewing afresh the devotion to a cause which they knew to be just, and time, the vindicator, the arbiter, writes "Vindices" across the historic pages of a never-to-be-forgotten past.

MEMORIAL DAY ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

An appeal from the State President, Ohio Division, U. D. C., Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, for flowers or money to aid in the decoration of the graves of the 206 Confederate officers on Johnson's Island, fifty-six of which are marked "unknown," can but touch the hearts of our C. S. M. A., and every Association is asked to send either flowers or a little money to aid the small Chapter of twelve Southern women, organized a year ago, in Sandusky, Ohio, three miles from Johnson's Island. This small band of women, aided by the Northern friends, can reach the island only by boat, which has to be chartered for the occasion, and at no small expense. By the memory of our own dear ones near our doors, whom we love to honor, let us not fail to help in paying honor to those who sleep far from home and loved ones. Send to Mrs. G. A. Rurmer, 1110 Fifth Street, Sandusky, Ohio.

Gratifying news of the recovery of our dear Poet Laureate General, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, from a protracted illness is most welcome, and her many friends are looking eagerly forward to seeing her in Charlotte.

The editor of our C. S. M. A. Department in the VETERAN is taking up her work again after several months of illness. We welcome her return and anticipate with pleasure the products of her brilliant articles.

Again with cordial good wishes,

Faithfully yours, MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.

In a recent communication of our President General, information is given of the forming at Charlotte, N. C., of an active Association of the

C. S. M. A., with Mrs. I. W. Faison as President. The Charlotte Association will be hostess to the C. S. M. A. in June. We congratulate the Association on its President, who has done so many worth-while things for the State she loves and to honor our beloved Confederacy.

"THE DAYS OF YESTER-YEARS."

A very interesting book has just reached me, well worth being in the library of every Southerner. It is thirty years of research, travel, and study by W. H. T. Squires, entitled "The Days of Yester-Years." The treatment of history is both original and effective and is filled with data found in books long out of print and in unpublished records. Most interesting in the facts assembled by Dr. Squires, wherein he sets forth that "it was at Cape Henry that the foundation of our republic was laid."

RUTHERFORD MEMORIAL BUILDING.

Miss Gladys Carter writes of the proposed memorial building to be erected upon the campus of the University of Georgia to honor "Miss Millie" by the Georgia Division. The building will be fire-proof and will house the valuable collection of papers and records pertaining to the Southern Confederacy owned by Miss Rutherford. At the time of her death, Miss Rutherford was Division Historian of Georgia, U. D. C. and Historian General, C. S. M. A.

HISTORY OF THE SOUTH.

Ulrich B. Phillips, professor of American History at the University of Michigan, has been awarded the \$2,500 prize, in addition to book royalties, for the best unpublished work on American History, offered by Little, Brown & Co., Boston book publishers.

The judges in this contest were James Truslow Adams, of Brooklyn, author of "The Founding of New England"; Washington C. Ford, of Boston, editor of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and Allan Nevins, of New York, professor of History at Columbia University.

This manuscript of Professor Phillips will be published in May, under the title of "Life and Labor in the Old South."

Professor Phillips was born in La Grange, Ga., and was educated at the University of Georgia and Columbia University. He taught history at the University of Georgia, at the University of Wisconsin, and at Tulane University, prior to his professorship of American History at the University of Michigan, which chair he has held since 1911. He was a captain in the Military Intelligence Division of the American army, 1918-1919.

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.

SPECIAL ORDERS—NEW CAMPS.

SPECIAL ORDERS BY COMMANDER IN CHIEF WILES.

Upon suitable recommendations, and in obedience to and by and under the authority vested in the Commander in Chief by the Constitution, Commander Wiles has appointed Dr. Luther Little, of Charlotte, N. C., Chaplain in Chief, S. C. V., to rank as such from May 12, 1928. He will be respected and obeyed accordingly.

COMMANDER OF KENTUCKY DIVISION.

The term of office of Capt. J. E. Keller, Commander of the Kentucky Division, having expired—Comrade W. C. G. Hobbs, Security Trust Building, Lexington, Ky., has been appointed Commander of the Kentucky Division, until its next annual reunion. He will at once appoint his official staff and inaugurate a campaign for the organization of new Camps and the reorganization of inactive Camps, and make reports thereof to General Headquarters.

CAMPS ORGANIZED.

Camp Beaumont No. 623, of Beaumont, Tex., recently organized by Assistant Adjutant in Chief C. E. Gilbert, with the following officers and members:

Commander, Judge W. H. Davidson; First Lieutenant Commander, C. Terry Duff; Second Lieutenant Commander, Frank L. Bentschles; Adjutant, J. C. Safley; Treasurer, J. B. Synnott; Quartermaster, F. W. Nason; Judge Advocate, W. M. Crook; Surgeon, J. H. Shiffeld; Historian, Tobe Hahn;

Color Sergeant, M. M. Davis; Chaplain, W. T. Blackmon; and the following members: Thomas J. Baton, George C. O'Brien, A. L. Leonard, Thomas S. Blewett, Edgar Hill, B. R. Kirby, C. M. Hammer, David E. O'Fiel, E. W. Long, Robert M. Hall, Smyth Walden, James R. Hartfield, Dr. T. R. Bager, G. W. Ford, H. S. Switzer, Ben E. Irby, R. A. McReynolds, Charles L. Bentley, P. P. Butter, R. M. Campbell, W. E. Young, John D. McCall, Dr. William E. Carpenter, W. P. H. McFadden, D. M. Anderson, Marrs McLean, W. P. Stine, J. G. Hamby, H. M. Hargrove, S. E. Eckles, C. E. Kennedy.

Camp E. B. Pickett No. 858, of Liberty, Tex., was recently organized with the following officers and members:

Commander, E. B. Pickett, Jr.; First Lieutenant Commander, W. W. Jett; Second Lieutenant Commander, T. B. Bevil; Adjutant, M. P. Daniel; Treasurer, M. P. Daniel; Quartermaster, L. P. Bristley; Judge Advocate, M. E. Cain; Surgeon, Dr. E. H. McLean; Historian, Price McLean; Color Sergeant, H. E. Norman; Chaplain, H. O. Compton; members: E. W. Pickett, L. V. Hightower, F. S. Griffin, F. H. Stensoff, L. C. Stensoff, Valry Brown, P. C. Mathews.

CHARLOTTE REUNION ENTERTAINMENT.

A \$200,000 armory-auditorium, located in Camp Goodwyn, three-fourths of a mile from Headquarters' hotels, will be used for the first time to serve the double purpose of furnishing a place for the convention meeting, Tuesday evening, June 4, and also the great Veterans' Ball on Wednesday

evening (U. C. V. Convention Ball) and Sons' Ball Friday evening, June 7. The large basement will act as a mess hall in which all veterans, their wives accompanying them, and widows of veterans will be served. *Please note* that no members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans organization or others not supplied with passes will be served in the mess hall in Camp Goodwyn. Accommodations, as in Little Rock last May, will be provided in clean, sanitary tents, in barracks, using three large school buildings in addition to three hundred pyramidal tents.

In the way of additional entertainment, the famous United States Marine Band, sent by special act of Congress, with all expenses paid by the government, will give a special concert on Thursday evening on the new courthouse lawn, for the entertainment of the reunion guests and general public. There will be a series of concerts during the four days of the reunion by the Marine Band, the famous Cowboy Band of Abeline, Tex., the official band of the U. C. V., and many other notable bands, numbering eighteen or twenty. Other entertainment features will be announced in the reunion program. The week will be crowded with many special features of entertainment.

Commanders of Brigades and Camps should immediately select their official ladies (one Matron of Honor, one Sponsor, one Chaperon, and three Maids of Honor) in order that they may have time to make their arrangements to attend the reunion. As soon as your official ladies are selected, the names and addresses should immediately be sent to headquarters.

GENERAL LEE'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
December 31, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 138.

The General commanding takes this occasion to express to the officers and soldiers of the army his high appreciation of the fortitude, valor, and devotion displayed by them which, under the blessing of Almighty God, have added the victory of Fredericksburg to the long list of their triumphs. An arduous march, performed with celerity under many disadvantages, exhibited the discipline and spirit of the troops and their eagerness to confront the foe.

The immense army of the enemy completed its preparations and gave battle in its own time and on ground of its own selection. It was encountered by less than twenty thousand of this brave army and its columns, crushed and broken, hurled back at every point with such fearful slaughter that escape from

entire destruction became the boast of those who had advanced in full confidence of victory.

That this great result was achieved with a loss small in point of numbers only augments the admiration with which the commanding general regards the prowess of the troops, and increases his gratitude to Him who has given us the victory.

The war is not ended. The enemy is still numerous and strong, and the country demands of the army a renewal of its heroic efforts in her behalf. Nobly has it responded to her call in the past, and she will never appeal in vain to its courage and patriotism.

The signal manifestation of Divine Mercy that has distinguished the eventful and glorious campaign of the year just closing gives assurance of hope that, under the guidance of the same Almighty hand, the coming year will be no less fruitful of events that will insure the safety, peace, and happiness of our beloved country, and add new luster to the already imperishable name of the Army of Northern Virginia.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

[Contributed by Col. W. L. Timberlake, Crichton, Ala.]

DEATHS IN NORTHERN PRISONS.

(Sent by Henry T. Williams, of Charleston, S. C., as taken from the Confederate Handbook compiled by the late Col. Robert C. Wood, of New Orleans, La.:)

	No. of Prisoners	Deaths	Per cent
Point Lookout, Md.	38,073	3,446	.9
Fort Delaware, Dela.	22,773	2,502	10.9
Camp Douglas, Ill.	22,301	3,759	16.8
Camp Chase, Ohio.	14,227	2,108	15.0
Camp Morton, Ind.	10,319	1,763	17.0
Elmira, N. Y.	9,167	2,980	32.5
Louisville, Ky.	8,438	139	1.7
Alton, Ill.	7,717	1,613	20.9
Johnson's Island.	7,357	275	3.7
Old Capitol, Washington, D.C.	5,761	457	7.9
Newport News, Va.	5,459	89	1.6
Fort McHenry, Md.	5,325	33	.62
Ship Island, Miss.	4,789	162	3.3
St. Louis, Mo.	4,585	589	1.3
Camp Butler, Ill.	4,154	816	19.6
Harts Island, N. Y.	3,117	230	7.4
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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.

SPECIAL ORDERS—NEW CAMPS.

SPECIAL ORDERS BY COMMANDER IN CHIEF WILES.

Upon suitable recommendations, and in obedience to and by and under the authority vested in the Commander in Chief by the Constitution, Commander Wiles has appointed Dr. Luther Little, of Charlotte, N. C., Chaplain in Chief, S. C. V., to rank as such from May 12, 1928. He will be respected and obeyed accordingly.

COMMANDER OF KENTUCKY DIVISION.

The term of office of Capt. J. E. Keller, Commander of the Kentucky Division, having expired—Comrade W. C. G. Hobbs, Security Trust Building, Lexington, Ky., has been appointed Commander of the Kentucky Division, until its next annual reunion. He will at once appoint his official staff and inaugurate a campaign for the organization of new Camps and the reorganization of inactive Camps, and make reports thereof to General Headquarters.

CAMPS ORGANIZED.

Camp Beaumont No. 623, of Beaumont, Tex., recently organized by Assistant Adjutant in Chief C. E. Gilbert, with the following officers and members:

Commander, Judge W. H. Davidson; First Lieutenant Commander, C. Terry Duff; Second Lieutenant Commander, Frank L. Bentschles; Adjutant, J. C. Safley; Treasurer, J. B. Synnott; Quartermaster, F. W. Nason; Judge Advocate, W. M. Crook; Surgeon, J. H. Shiffeld; Historian, Tobe Hahn;

Color Sergeant, M. M. Davis; Chaplain, W. T. Blackmon; and the following members: Thomas J. Baton, George C. O'Brien, A. L. Leonard, Thomas S. Blewett, Edgar Hill, B. R. Kirby, C. M. Hammer, David E. O'Fiel, E. W. Long, Robert M. Hall, Smyth Walden, James R. Hartfield, Dr. T. R. Bager, G. W. Ford, H. S. Switzer, Ben E. Irby, R. A. McReynolds, Charles L. Bentley, P. P. Butter, R. M. Campbell, W. E. Young, John D. McCall, Dr. William E. Carpenter, W. P. H. McFadden, D. M. Anderson, Marrs McLean, W. P. Stine, J. G. Hamby, H. M. Hargrove, S. E. Eckles, C. E. Kennedy.

Camp E. B. Pickett No. 858, of Liberty, Tex., was recently organized with the following officers and members:

Commander, E. B. Pickett, Jr.; First Lieutenant Commander, W. W. Jett; Second Lieutenant Commander, T. B. Bevil; Adjutant, M. P. Daniel; Treasurer, M. P. Daniel; Quartermaster, L. P. Bristley; Judge Advocate, M. E. Cain; Surgeon, Dr. E. H. McLean; Historian, Price McLean; Color Sergeant, H. E. Norman; Chaplain, H. O. Compton; members: E. W. Pickett, L. V. Hightower, F. S. Griffin, F. H. Stensoff, L. C. Stensoff, Valry Brown, P. C. Mathews.

CHARLOTTE REUNION ENTERTAINMENT.

A \$200,000 armory-auditorium, located in Camp Goodwyn, three-fourths of a mile from Headquarters' hotels, will be used for the first time to serve the double purpose of furnishing a place for the convention meeting, Tuesday evening, June 4, and also the great Veterans' Ball on Wednesday

evening (U. C. V. Convention Ball) and Sons' Ball Friday evening, June 7. The large basement will act as a mess hall in which all veterans, their wives accompanying them, and widows of veterans will be served. *Please note* that no members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans organization or others not supplied with passes will be served in the mess hall in Camp Goodwyn. Accommodations, as in Little Rock last May, will be provided in clean, sanitary tents, in barracks, using three large school buildings in addition to three hundred pyramidal tents.

In the way of additional entertainment, the famous United States Marine Band, sent by special act of Congress, with all expenses paid by the government, will give a special concert on Thursday evening on the new courthouse lawn, for the entertainment of the reunion guests and general public. There will be a series of concerts during the four days of the reunion by the Marine Band, the famous Cowboy Band of Abeline, Tex., the official band of the U. C. V., and many other notable bands, numbering eighteen or twenty. Other entertainment features will be announced in the reunion program. The week will be crowded with many special features of entertainment.

Commanders of Brigades and Camps should immediately select their official ladies (one Matron of Honor, one Sponsor, one Chaperon, and three Maids of Honor) in order that they may have time to make their arrangements to attend the reunion. As soon as your official ladies are selected, the names and addresses should immediately be sent to headquarters.

GENERAL LEE'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
December 31, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 138.

The General commanding takes this occasion to express to the officers and soldiers of the army his high appreciation of the fortitude, valor, and devotion displayed by them which, under the blessing of Almighty God, have added the victory of Fredericksburg to the long list of their triumphs. An arduous march, performed with celerity under many disadvantages, exhibited the discipline and spirit of the troops and their eagerness to confront the foe.

The immense army of the enemy completed its preparations and gave battle in its own time and on ground of its own selection. It was encountered by less than twenty thousand of this brave army and its columns, crushed and broken, hurled back at every point with such fearful slaughter that escape from

entire destruction became the boast of those who had advanced in full confidence of victory.

That this great result was achieved with a loss small in point of numbers only augments the admiration with which the commanding general regards the prowess of the troops, and increases his gratitude to Him who has given us the victory.

The war is not ended. The enemy is still numerous and strong, and the country demands of the army a renewal of its heroic efforts in her behalf. Nobly has it responded to her call in the past, and she will never appeal in vain to its courage and patriotism.

The signal manifestation of Divine Mercy that has distinguished the eventful and glorious campaign of the year just closing gives assurance of hope that, under the guidance of the same Almighty hand, the coming year will be no less fruitful of events that will insure the safety, peace, and happiness of our beloved country, and add new luster to the already imperishable name of the Army of Northern Virginia.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

[Contributed by Col. W. L. Timberlake, Crichton, Ala.]

DEATHS IN NORTHERN PRISONS.

(Sent by Henry T. Williams, of Charleston, S. C., as taken from the Confederate Handbook compiled by the late Col. Robert C. Wood, of New Orleans, La.:)

	No. of Prisoners	Deaths	Per cent
Point Lookout, Md.	38,073	3,446	.9
Fort Delaware, Dela.	22,773	2,502	10.9
Camp Douglas, Ill.	22,301	3,759	16.8
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"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

As a rule, a book receives few or no reviews after its first year of existence, but our book, "Women of the South in War Times" is, after nine years, still in different sections receiving such reviews. The following is taken from the *Milledgeville (Ga.) News*:

"Women of the South in War Times," by Matthew Page Andrews (Norman Remington Co., Baltimore), is one of the most interesting volumes that a Southerner can possess. In the first place, it has the rare attribute of maintaining the balance between overrating and underrating the value of the services of Southern women during the War between the States. Without any of the sentimental, overdone stories usually present in a similar volume, it relates, in a manner impressive and simple, the actual deeds of the glorious-souled women of the South. How they devised substitutes for three-fourths of the things which they had been using, how they nobly sacrificed every possible thing for their soldiers on the field of battle, how many courageously "kept the home fires burning," and in many instances did the work that was the former work of man and the now free, or nearly free, slave, all make up this fascinating volume. The material has been gathered from the most authentic sources. The resulting volume is an achievement in the realm of Southern letters. Indeed, it is of value to the entire nation, for, in the words of its own preface, which are quite true, it, 'on the one hand,' broadens the Northerner by instilling respect for and sympathy with the sufferings of the South. On the other hand, it would help to heal the wounds of the South, which much neglect, considerable partisan history, with accompanying distortion of motives, have kept open far too long."

This is the book which the United Daughters have adopted and which they are called upon to distribute. As the *News* says: "It is of value to the entire nation."

I trust the "Over the Top" Divisions will continue to be interested in the distribution, interesting new members, and placing copies wherever they will do good in a historical and educational way. We have but few delinquent Divisions. Undoubtedly an effort is being made to complete all quotas. Mrs. Gorman, Director for Oklahoma, writes that "it is the outstanding issue confronting delinquent Divisions." Mrs. Calloway, Director for Illinois, writes for instructions as to their part in the work this year. This Division long ago fulfilled its obligation and every year reports a splendid distribution.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.

Fairmont, W. Va.

"CAMPAIGNS OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA."

This book, by Vivian Minor Fleming, of Fredericksburg, Va., who was a participant in many of the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, will be of special value to those who wish to study the old battle fields, for he gives reports of the movement of the two armies in each battle (not including the Peninsular campaign), and full accounts of each battle and the approaches to the battle fields from the State highway. He also explains the scientific construction of General Lee's breastworks at Min Run, just before the Wilderness campaign, said by military critics to be the finest field construction for defense ever used, and it was the origin of the system of trench warfare in the late World War.

The book sells at \$2, and orders should be sent direct to the author, V. M. Fleming, Fredericksburg

"THE SOUTH IN AMERICAN LIFE AND HISTORY."

From J. L. Highsaw, principal of the Technical High School, Memphis, Tenn., has come the following commendation of the late work by Mrs. Selph of Nashville, under date of March 8:

"I have reviewed your book, 'The South in American Life and History,' and have found it to be very interesting, accurate, and well worth while. The volume should be in the hands of all good Southern people who take pride in what our section of the country has accomplished. I also think all young people in the South will profit by reading your book. It gives due credit to what the South has accomplished, yet at the same time it is not at all sectional."

Order from Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, 5007 Michigan Avenue, Nashville, Tenn. Price \$2.20, postpaid.

PROUD OF HIS RECORD.—Tam George, of Mayfield, Ky., sends renewal of his subscription, which dates from the beginning of the *VETERAN*, and writes: "I was a prisoner of war at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind., during the winter of 1864-65, and was released from that prison on June 12, 1865. I was just a boy; did not have a coat on my back nor a sock on my feet nor a change of clothing during that long cold winter of 1864-65. We were freezing to death, starving to death, and the lice were literally eating us up. I could have taken the oath and been released, but I refused, and that has now become the proudest act of my life. I should be glad to get in communication with some veteran who was confined in that same prison in that winter of 1864-65. I was known on the prison rolls as Tam George."



"If the cougher in the 4th row will come to the stage door... *there's a carton of Old Golds waiting for him!*"

"Of course, I've never said the above! But how I've been tempted to, when a heavy bass whoop or a shrill soprano bark has drowned out my best wise-crack.

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John W. Williams, of Company K, 6th Virginia Cavalry, would like to know how many members of his company are yet living, and hopes to hear from any of them at his home, O'Fallon, Mo.

Jack Treadwell, 815 West Main Street, Oklahoma City, Okla., asks for information on the war service of his father, William A. Treadwell, Company C, 15th Division Cavalry, under Capt. John Kelley; enlisted in the spring of 1863 at Yazoo City, Miss.

Dr. Samuel Andrew Grier, Harrisburg, N. C., who entered the Confederate army in April, 1861, would be glad to hear from any of his comrades of war days, and hopes to meet some of them in Charlotte during the reunion. While his home is fourteen miles from Charlotte, he will be with his daughter, Mrs. C. N. G. Butt, at 1807 Avondale Avenue, in Charlotte, during the reunion. He volunteered in Company B, 1st North Carolina (Bethel) Regiment; reënlisted in Company F, transferred to Company D, 5th North Carolina; was imprisoned at Johnson's Island, and released in June, 1865.

WANTED.—A Confederate officer's cap, a Confederate naval officer's belt buckle, and a portfolio of Confederate uniforms published in Richmond by authority of the War Department, C. S. A. Good prices paid. Address Richard D. Steuart, Preston Apartments, 218 East Preston Street, Baltimore, Md.

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As though a lady gently touched
Our old piano keys.

At dawn it blows my curtains pink;
They gently stir and sway;
That means the wind would have me dress
And come outdoors and play.

The stars and moon and sun are friends
That every child can see,
But best of all I love the wind;

It says so much to me.

—Marie V. Caruthers, in *Youth's Companion*.

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Stonewall Jackson. By Col. G. F. R. Henderson.....	6 00
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From Manassas to Appomattox. By Gen. Longstreet....	3 50
The South in American Life and History. By Mrs. F. E. Selph.....	2 20

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS of GEN. R. E. LEE

COMPILED AND EDITED BY HIS SON, CAPT. R. E. LEE, JR.

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The Confederate Veteran
Nashville, Tennessee

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VOL. XXXVII.

MAY, 1929

NO. 5



THE BURIAL OF LATANE.

In many homes of the South may still be found this handsome old picture, which tells the story of the burial of a gallant Confederate soldier, killed in Stuart's raid around McClellan, and which also depicts the spirit of the women of the South, who here are shown officiating in the burial. The incident was also immortalized in a poem by John R. Thompson. (See page 165.)

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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.

J. R. Beuchler, Leesburg, Va., seeks information of an old negro man who was with the 2nd Virginia Cavalry as servant for some officer and who made a good soldier.

Mrs. Minnie Allen, 617 West Sixth Street, Oklahoma City, Okla., is trying to secure the war record of her husband, James Allen, who died in Nashville, Tenn., in 1899. He was commonly known as "Big Jim Allen." Any comrade or friend who remembers him in the army will please write to her.

WANTED.—The book on "Tennessee in the War between the States," compiled by Gen. Marcus J. Wright. Please advise condition and price asked.

The widow of Solomon Henry Buse, who served in the Confederate army, is in need of a pension and would appreciate hearing from any friend or comrade who remembers his war service. He lived near Tupelo, Miss., and must have joined the State troops. Write to R. C. Garland, Wilburton, Okla., who is interested in helping her.



J. A. Joel & Co.

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AND STATE FLAGS
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Copies of Book "Deeds of Daring by Blue and Gray"—Kelsey. If you have a copy of this book to sell, write giving price wanted to

W. T. RAWLEIGH COMPANY,
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William and Mary Quarterly

HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Published by the College of William and Mary,
Williamsburg, Va.

EDITORS

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President William and Mary College

E. G. SWEM

Librarian William and Mary College

The purpose of the QUARTERLY is to print new information relating to the history of Virginia.

ISSUED QUARTERLY

Subscription, \$4.00 Single copy, \$1.00

Mrs. E. H. Peyton, 4222 Swiss Avenue, Dallas, Tex., needs the testimony of some comrade to her husband's war service in order to get a pension, and she will appreciate hearing from anyone who served with her husband, E. H. (Ephraim) Peyton, of Company G, 2nd Arkansas Regiment Mounted Rifles, who enlisted July 21, 1861, at Osage, Prairie, Ark.

The widow of Rev. Jacob Holden Wells is trying to get his war record and would like to hear from any comrade or friend who remembers his war service; she needs a pension. He volunteered at what is now Screven, Ga. (going there from Hamilton County, Fla.), and the first year of the war served in the kitchen department; later was sent to the front with the 1st Infantry Regiment (Florida or Georgia?), under a Captain Carter and Lieutenant Mann, and gave active service through the three years to the end. He died July 6, 1891. Address Mrs. Mary Beard Wells, Thirty-Fourth Street and Powhatan Avenue, Tampa, Fla.

Confederate Veteran

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

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
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SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1929

No. 5.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours,
Lying so silently night and day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away;
Give them the meed they have won in the past,
Give them the honors their future forecast;
Give them the chaplet they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they won with their life.
Cover them over, yes, cover them over,
Parent and husband, brother and lover;
Crown in your hearts those dead heroes of ours,
Cover them over with beautiful flowers.

—E. F. Stewart.

MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVANCE IN THE NORTH.

Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, Saturday, June 1, 1929, at 2 P.M. Contributions of flowers or money are solicited by the Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 519, U. D. C., of Columbus, Ohio. Send to Mrs. Leroy H. Rose, Treasurer, 729 Oakwood Avenue, Columbus. MRS. JOSEPHINE KARKAKAS, *President*.

Such contributions are also requested for the observance of Memorial Day at the Confederate Cemetery on Johnson's Island, by the State President of the Ohio Division, Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter. (See page 155 of the April VETERAN.) All contributions should be sent to Mrs. G. A. Rurmer, 110 Fifth Street, Sandusky, Ohio.

These requests are approved by the President General, U. D. C., Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant. The request is also made that the flowers be not of the delicate kind which are badly injured in sending, but

that evergreens, the moss of the Southland, and the less fragile blossoms are appropriate. Magnolia blossoms, wrapped in their heavy leaves and packed carefully, would be especially beautiful. Anything sent should be carefully packed.

THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF'S MESSAGE.

Comrades, Daughters, Sons: My successor as Commander in Chief will be elected at our thirty-ninth reunion, which will be held at Charlotte, N. C., June 4-7, consequently this will be my last message to you as Commander in Chief, U. C. V., through our official organ, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, in its May issue.

Your confiding esteem and coöperation in promoting the welfare of our patriotic organization will be a happy and grateful memory to me always.

I am looking forward to meeting you at Charlotte at our reunion in June, as many as can come. Those who cannot come will be remembered with sympathy and love. Every preparation is being made for your comfort and happiness at our coming reunion. To all our associated organizations—the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Ladies' Memorial Association, and the loyal Sons of Confederate fathers—with you will rest the fulfillment of our patriotic work of bringing before the world the justification of our sacred cause, which is already finding its way into the hearts and minds of all thinking men and women.

Fraternally yours,

A. T. GOODWYN.

But lo! the sounds of strife and battle cry
Are hushed in unison and peace to-day,
And flower-crowned graves in perfume testify
Peace to the blue, love to the cherished gray.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

REUNION NOTES.

In making plans for the reunion in Charlotte, N. C., the management has given special thought to honoring the memory of Jefferson Davis, only President of the Southern Confederacy, whose natal anniversary falls on Monday, June 3, and who, in the last days of the Confederacy, held in Charlotte the last full meeting of his cabinet, the last semblance of a government under his authority. A special program will be carried out on the evening of the 3rd in tribute to Mr. Davis, this time having been set in order that those arriving late on Monday may have the opportunity to attend. These exercises will be held at the Auditorium, at 8 P.M., and thus the splendid new auditorium will be dedicated. Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, will give the address, and other features of the exercises will make this a most interesting occasion.

Charlotte is proud to have ready for the occasion its \$225,000 Armory Auditorium, which has seating space for 3,500 people, in addition to the space for drills and storage of military supplies. All convention sessions will be held here, and about this great building will be the camps for veterans who have not been housed elsewhere. Preparations have been made for entertaining several thousands of the veterans in addition to the many other visitors who will attend the reunion as representatives of departments, brigades, divisions, camps, etc., a large number of whom will be official ladies; and kindred Confederate organizations will be largely represented, too. Charlotte is enthusiastic in preparing an entertainment that will leave only pleasant memories.

Camp Goodwyn, named in honor of the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., located near the Auditorium, is to be "the best-equipped tented camp ever erected for any reunion," the homes of Charlotte will be ready to receive visitors during the reunion, and the whole town will be in gala decorations in honor of the occasion.

One of the prominent attendants at this reunion will be Hon. Charles M. Stedman, the grand old man of North Carolina and the last Confederate veteran in Congress. He is now eighty-eight years old, but continues a life of activity which is amazing, being seldom absent from office or place in the House of Representatives.

Miss Robine Webb, great-granddaughter of Jefferson Davis, is sponsor for the South, Charlotte Reunion.

A CONFEDERATE HOME IN THE WEST.

An invitation was received by the VETERAN to the "dedication of Dixie Manor," on Sunday, April 14, in San Gabriel, Calif., and with this invitation came a note from Mrs. Helena B. Thorpe, of Los Angeles, stating: "A very fine Confederate Home for all of our old veterans is what the U. D. C.'s of Los Angeles have accomplished. They now have the former home of Mr. Wilbur, ex-Secretary of the Navy, a twelve-room bungalow, so our veterans are all on one floor."

Additional information comes from newspaper articles, showing that it was through the special efforts of fourteen Southern women in Los Angeles that this lovely home for the veterans has come into existence. "Dixie Manor" had its inception in a meeting called last December by the State President, California Division, U. D. C., Mrs. Milton L. Stannard, and those who attended the meeting took it upon themselves to provide a home for needy Confederate veterans in that State—and they have accomplished this in record time. The house secured in San Gabriel is a Southern-type cottage in spacious grounds, in a setting of orange trees, and it is already operating to the great satisfaction of nine needy Confederates, even before the formal dedication on April 14.

A REUNION OF BLUE AND GRAY—THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

BY REV. J. W. DUFFEY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

It is interesting to note the calls which have been recently made by the secular press and some Church papers for a get-together-movement of the veterans of the War between the States. The urgency of the call is based on the heavy toll which death is making in the ranks of the veterans. About a year ago a bill was offered in Congress making provision at the expense of the government for a meeting to be held in Washington City. It appears that the bill had the approval of the commanders of the Blue and the Gray, but it never came to a vote in the House or in the Senate. An impression has leaked out that the bill was strangled in the House, where it originated, and that it has had a secret and respectful interment, and "no man knoweth his sepulcher unto this day."

If the meeting which has been proposed should materialize, it would not be a reunion, though it might lead that way. A reunion is not likely to be accomplished by indirection. On several occasions, representatives of the Blue and the Gray have been present at the same time and place. They were represented at the recent inauguration ceremonies of President Hoover. They were present in large numbers a few years ago on the battle field of Gettysburg. But on those occasions they were

guests of an outside party as separate and distinct units to share and possibly "grace" the occasion. There was no bond or direct connection between the two classes of veterans. To label those and similar meetings as a reunion is to use the term in a very loose way.

When veterans on one side invite the veterans of the other side to meet them as their guests at a definite time and place, and the invitation is accepted in the spirit in which it was extended, the way is open for a reunion. But until there is mutual respect for the views and divergent convictions of the two classes of veterans concerning the right or wrong of the war, there may be "meetings," but it is not likely there will be a reunion.

A "reunion" was briefly set forth in the January VETERAN, referring to the time when the veterans in gray invited the veterans in blue to meet them at Moorefield, W. Va., in 1901, and when the next year the Blue invited the Gray to meet them in Pennsylvania. Both occasions abounded in genuine comradeship. If there has ever been any other reunion, I have not heard of it.

THE LEE MEMORIAL FOUNDATION.

A nation-wide campaign in the interest of securing funds for the purchase of Stratford, birthplace of Gen. R. E. Lee, is the plan of the incorporators of the Memorial Foundation, and for its restoration, refurnishing, and maintenance as a shrine to the great Confederate leader.

A national advisory board has been appointed, consisting of the following: Harry Flood Byrd, governor of Virginia; Franklin D. Roosevelt, governor of New York; Hon. John W. Davis; Edward A. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia; Henry Lewis Smith, President of Washington and Lee University; Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University; Joseph Lee, President of Playground and Recreational Association of America; Gamaliel Bradford; Dr. Stockton Axson, of the Rice Institute, Houston, Tex.; Senator Tyson, Tennessee; John H. Finley, of the *New York Times*; Henry Lanier, Robert Jamison, H. Latané Lewis, Edward V. Valentine, Robert A. Lancaster, Jr.

The National Board of Directors are: Dr. George Bolling Lee, Honorary President; Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, Greenwich, Conn., Chairman; Eugene W. Stetson, President of Guaranty Trust Company, of New York, Treasurer; Charles E. Stuart, Stratford, Va.; Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, New York; Mrs. William H. Fain, Greenwich, Conn.; Miss Annie Burr Jennings, New York; Mrs. Granville G. Valentine, Richmond, Va.; Lady Nancy Astor, London, England.

State organizations are being formed, and the State leaders will be announced from time to time, with their committees.

Contributions in any amount will be appreciated. Those who are not informed on this movement will find the booklet gotten out by the Foundation of absorbing interest, with its history of the Lee family and this old estate of Stratford. The booklet sells at one dollar (which goes to the fund) and can be procured from Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President William Alexander, Jr., Chapter U. D. C., Greenwich, Conn.

"THE BURIAL OF LATANÉ."

In the article on the "Restoration of Arlington," by Mrs. Cassie Moncure Lyne (page 184 of this number, reference is made to the death of Captain Latané, killed in Stuart's raid around McClellan, and the illustration for the front page was furnished by Mrs. Lyne. The incident of his death and burial was immortalized by John R. Thompson, the poet, and the following notes are taken from a collection of his poems:

"The next squadron moved to the front under the lamented Captain Latané, making a most brilliant and successful charge with drawn sabers upon the enemy's picked ground, and, after a hotly contested hand-to-hand conflict, put him to flight, but not until the gallant captain had sealed his devotion to his native soil with his blood." (Official report by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.)

"Lieutenant Latané carried his brother's body to Mrs. Brockenbrough's plantation an hour or two after his death. On this sad and lonely errand he met a party of Yankees, who followed him to Mrs. Brockenbrough's gate and, stopping there, told him that as soon as he had placed his brother's body in friendly hands, he must surrender himself prisoner. . . . Mrs. Brockenbrough sent for an Episcopal clergyman to perform the funeral ceremonies, but the enemy would not permit him to pass. . . . Then, with a few other ladies, a fair-haired little girl, her apron filled with white flowers, and a few faithful slaves who stood reverently near, a pious Virginia matron read the solemn and beautiful burial service over the cold, still form of one of the noblest gentlemen and most intrepid officers in the Confederate army. She watched the clods heaped upon the coffin lid, then, sinking on her knees, in sight and hearing of the foe, she committed his soul's welfare and the stricken hearts he had left behind him to the mercy of the All-Father." (From a private letter.)

UNFURL THE OLD BANNER.

TO THE VANISHING ARMY OF THE GRAY.

BY MILTON H. LEE.

Unfurl the old banner! Why not let it wave
 As an ensign of peace o'er the time-honored grave
 Of the vanquished, who fought for its honor and fell
 Defending their land and their homes loved so well?
 It has too long lain folded in slumber, and lies,
 Like a star of the firmament out of its skies—
 And yet, 'twas the pride of the country that gave it,
 Though ne'er as the banner of triumph could wave it.

It was born of the Southland, and left in the care
 Of her loved sons who bravely defended it there;
 And it never was furled till the last hope had shed
 Its lingering light on the graves of their dead.
 It waved in its glory till battle was o'er
 And the heroes were strong to defend it no more;
 Then it fell with their hopes, but now it may rise
 And greet the sweet peace in its own native skies.

Ah! who in the Southland can ever forget
 The flag which the blood of his comrades has wet,
 Or cease to adore it, though tattered and torn,
 Remembering the brave hearts whose hopes it had
 borne?

No gay flag that waves is to us half so fair
 As our old faded flag in its calm native air;
 And the tempests of years cannot so fade its parts
 That the deep love we bear it will die in our hearts!

It is only fond memories now that remain
 To bring back the scenes of the conflict again;
 But memories, fading, will vanish from view
 Unless they are planted in hearts that are true.
 Unfurl the old flag that our children may know
 It once waved in pride midst the scorn of a foe,
 And fierce in a conflict for right it was tossed—
 The right of a cause that has never been lost!

No banner in battle for freedom could wave
 More sacred than yon starry flag of the brave;
 And ne'er have its folds drooped in shame to the
 ground,
 E'en when its proud victors stood boasting around.
 It floated in honor, revered by the world,
 And it fell with renown and in sorrow was furled.
 The foemen have conquered; but, conquering, never
 The land and the flag of its bosom can sever!

As a flag of the brave was our banner unfurled—
 True heroes, whose glory shines over the world;
 For never did soldiers more gallant than they
 Take arms for a country or fall by the way!
 It waved through their struggles, and now it is best

That the same tattered flag be their ensign of rest;
 For the voice that has called them from duty well
 done
 Was the clear voice that called them to glory well
 won!

No more will the sound of the cannon's deep roar
 Be heard in the vale; and the musket no more
 Will break the sweet peace of a united land
 Which scatters its blessings on every hand;
 But our love for the old flag will ever increase—
 We loved it in battle, we love it in peace;
 Yea, as deep in our hearts as the pearl 'neath the
 wave
 Will live the old banner that fell with our brave!

Unfurl the old banner! The conflict is past;
 Let it rise from its slumbers triumphant at last!
 Let the once trusty cannon be eaten with rust;
 Let the sword and the musket be covered with dust;
 Let the fife and the drum and the bugle's command
 Be silent forever throughout our blest land;
 Let them sink in oblivion never to rise—
 But let the old banner still wave in its skies!

THE CITY OF CHARLOTTE.

Charlotte, the county seat of Mecklenburg County, N. C., and named for Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, wife of George III of England, was incorporated in 1768. The county, named in honor of the queen's birthplace, was settled as early as 1762 by Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania and Virginia; Germans from the same sections; English, Scotch, Germans, Huguenots, and Swiss from the South by way of Charleston, S. C.

Charlotte is the birthplace of the first Declaration of Independence made by Americans, May 20, 1775, and there is a monument to the signers of that Declaration on South Tryon Street, site of the old courthouse.

Located in the heart of the famed Piedmont section, Charlotte is the distributing center of the Carolinas, the natural radial point for railroads of that section, eight of which branch out from the city. Its position as a manufacturing and business center has caused its rapid development in late years, its population, now over eighty thousand, showing an increase of 51 per cent over the census of 1920. Two million people could come by auto to Charlotte within a radius of one hundred miles, transact their business, and return home the same day; and within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles, the population numbers over four million. From this place a network of improved State highways lead to all parts of the State, to the mountains, to the sea, and thus

by highway and rail close connection is made with all parts of this section.

The climate of Charlotte is equable and healthful all the year round, the winters mild, the summers long, but not uncomfortably warm. The average temperature is sixty degrees Fahrenheit. The population, as in most cities of North Carolina, is

survivors of the Confederate army in North Carolina, and the Old North State joins with the city of Charlotte in providing an entertainment which they plan to surpass any yet provided for the veterans of the gray. "Veterans First" is the slogan. So come on, boys, and have the time of your lives as guests of Charlotte and North Carolina.

HISTORICAL PLACES ABOUT CHARLOTTE.

Historical shrines, at some of which events affecting the trend of the nation's affairs, transpired, are scattered along the streets of Charlotte and the highways of the ruralsides of Mecklenburg County.

These spots, often unknown to many citizens and little appreciated by those who happen to know, are associated with some of the greatest events that brighten the pages of American history. About them great men moved, and from them emanated influences of national import.

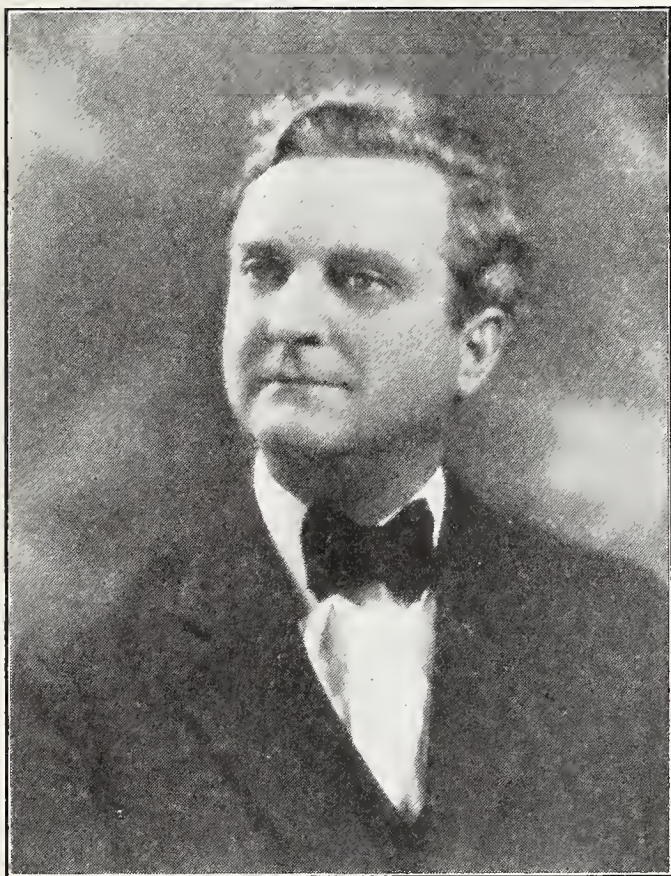
Charlotte and Mecklenburg County are rich in the lore of important happenings. Through patriotic D. A. R. and U. D. C. organizations, some of these spots have been marked so that the stranger may stop and know that in the dim, distant past some important event occurred or some outstanding figure touched that ground.

Chief of these shrines is the site of the first courthouse of Mecklenburg County, from the steps of which the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was read to the populace. This was on May 20, 1775, one year before the National Declaration was signed at Philadelphia. The log courthouse stood at the intersection of Trade and Tryon Streets, the site being marked by a large iron tablet in the center of the street car tracks. The eye of man seldom falls upon this tablet, because police regulation prevents approach to the center of the street.

This also marks the site of the battle of Charlotte, in 1780, when Lord Cornwallis marched upon the little crossroads town with three thousand Britishers, who were repulsed time and time again by a mere handful of two hundred and fifty Americans. The liberty-loving citizenry made it so hot for the royal visitor that he gave utterance to the designation of "hornets' nest." This has clung to the city ever since, and the hornets' nest has become interwoven into the history of the city.

Just below the village of Pineville, about twelve miles from Charlotte, stands a little rock monument. It is hardly visible from the highway, and no road leads to it, but it marks the birthplace of James K. Polk, who became the President of the United States. He was born in this county, November 2, 1795.

Near Waxhaw, some twenty miles from Charlotte, is the birthplace of another President of the United



HON. F. M. REDD, MAYOR OF CHARLOTTE.

predominately pure Anglo-Saxon and Scotch. In the entire State, the actual per cent of foreign-born population is less than one per cent of the whole.

Charlotte has—

The commission form of government.

An area of 12.8 square miles.

Assessed valuation of property, \$160,000,000.

Bank resources of \$77,107,866; bank clearings, \$654,758,277.

Paved streets, one hundred and thirty-five miles.

Industrial plants, two hundred and twenty-seven.

Industrial payrolls, \$20,000,000.

Churches, 111; public schools, 11; libraries, 5; seven large hospitals.

Four railroad approaches; street railway system of 35 miles.

Four extensive parks, several country clubs, and many other recreational centers.

Charlotte is a friendly city, and a warm welcome awaits all visitors during the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and kindred associations, June 4-7. This is the first general meeting of the

States, Andrew Jackson, another North Carolinian to occupy the presidential chair at the White House.

The battle of McIntyre's Farm, a few miles from the city, also is marked. It was only a skirmish when the British were "in our midst in 1780." It was more of a skirmish between a party of British foragers and a hive of bees than anything else. One of the soldiers of Cornwallis accidentally kicked over a beehive in his haste to gather in the "good things" of the farm. The bees, disliking the unceremonious entry of the Redcoats, pounced upon the Britishers. Their stings, along with an occasional bullet from the gun of a hidden colonist, routed the party, the members of which fled in all possible haste back to the town.

On the site of the present courthouse at Tryon and Third Streets was Queen's Museum, the first educational institution in this section. It was established in defiance to royal orders, and at the outbreak of the Revolution its name was changed to Liberty Hall. Largely through the preachings of Alexander Craighead, who urged the people of this section to stand for liberty and independence, the institution was established. Craighead may be considered as the father of independence in this section. He is buried in Sugaw Creek Churchyard, not far from Charlotte. There is another marker to the battle of Charlotte at the intersection of East and Elizabeth Avenues. This is a drinking fountain in the triangle in front of the A. R. P. Tabernacle.

Another historical spot is where George Washington spent the night in Charlotte. This is on West Trade Street. In 1791, Washington, as President, visited Charlotte and spent the night at Cook's Inn.

There are a number of cemeteries here in which lie buried heroes of pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary days. One is in the rear of the First Presbyterian Church, on West Fifth Street. There are buried Ephraim Brevard, who wrote the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and Tom Polk, who read the document. Others are Sugaw Creek, Steel Creek, and Hopewell cemeteries. Near Sugaw Creek Cemetery is a monument which marks the spot where Gen. Joseph Graham, commanding American troops in this section, fell wounded in nine places. Three miles from this is the place where Lieut. George Locke fell dead.

Near the Charlotte Country Club is the famous "Rock House," built in 1774, by Hezekiah Alexander, one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration. This dwelling also housed another signer, Waightsill Avery, who lived with Alexander.

The building of the Charlotte Military Institute, now the South Graded School, is not generally appre-

ciated as a historical structure. Gen. D. H. Hill was commandant of this institution, from which mere youths went, at the outbreak of the war, as instructors of troops. These boys were scattered throughout the State to help drill the Confederate soldiers. Many of them not out of their teens were in the first battle of Bethel. The Charlotte Grays, a crack outfit, was composed largely of these youngsters, around eighteen and nineteen years of age. The captain of this company, Edgar Ross, was not twenty-one when he left Charlotte with the organization.

CHARLOTTE IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

The little town of Charlotte, N. C., became a place of importance to the Confederacy as the war progressed, its location making it more or less a refuge or depository when other important points became too much the subject of attacks. Then, too, it was accessible to the only seaport which refused to be blockaded almost to the last, and thus certain necessary supplies of medicines and other materials were brought to a point of distribution. After it became necessary to abandon the navy yard at Norfolk, the men and machinery were transferred to Charlotte, in 1862, and put into operation. There were other departments in operation, too, in connection with the medical laboratory, commissary, and hospitals. An army post was also maintained there, and Charlotte itself had a large number of soldiers in the Confederate army, two full companies having been enlisted there in 1861. These were the Hornets' Nest Riflemen, the old Colonial and Revolutionary company, very distinguished, and the Charlotte Grays, a new company of young men. The old company still exists under its Revolutionary name, and its members were represented in the Spanish-American War and in the World War.

The ladies of the city observed May 10 as Memorial Day for many years before the U. D. C. was organized, and they placed a Confederate monument in Elmwood Cemetery, Charlotte, where are buried numbers of the "unknown dead." Exercises are still held there every year on May 10, which is North Carolina's Memorial Day, observed in honor of the passing of Stonewall Jackson. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, who made her home in Charlotte after the war, was the first President of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., and was "President for Life." The Chapter has two hundred and fifty members now.

It was in Charlotte that the last full meeting of the cabinet of President Davis was held. After the fall of Richmond, President Davis and members of the cabinet were making their way South and stopped in

Charlotte, where Mrs. Davis had refuged in advance of the evacuation of Richmond, and it was there, on April 26, 1865, that all of the cabinet gathered together for the last time at the home of William Phifer, on account of the illness of Mr. Trenholm, Secretary of the Treasury, by whose bedside the deliberations were carried on. During the time that President Davis was in Charlotte, from the 18th of April to the 26th, the little town became the capital of the Confederacy. Some of the meetings of the cabinet were held in the old *Charlotte Observer* building, and it was there that Johnston's surrender to Sherman was authorized, the surrender taking place at Durham (near Greensboro) on April 26.

An "unusual" historical spot is the site of the Confederate Navy Yard, on East Trade Street, near the railway. The Navy Yard, where guns were cast for the Confederate Navy, operated here from 1862 to 1865. When Confederate forces surrendered Norfolk, the machinery and guns there were removed to Charlotte. This was the only known inland navy yard in the history of the country.

It was in Charlotte that the last full meeting of the Confederate cabinet was held. After the fall of

Richmond, President Davis and his cabinet members headed South, and it was in Charlotte, in April, 1865, that all of them gathered for the last time.

While in Charlotte, President Davis was informed of the death of Abraham Lincoln. He was standing on the porch of a house at the corner of Tryon and Fourth Streets, where the Commercial National Bank now stands. That was on April 18, 1865.

Several weeks before the flight of President Davis and his cabinet, Mrs. Davis left Richmond and came to Charlotte. She was provided a home by A. Weill, in a house, then vacant, on the southeast corner of Fifth and Brevard Streets. At his home, on South Tryon Street, Mr. Weill entertained Secretary Benjamin, also of the Hebrew race.

Charlotte also was the residence of Gov. Z. B. Vance, North Carolina's "War Governor."

It was in Charlotte that Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, the widow of that incomparable Southern chieftain, lived and died.

The granddaughter of Stonewall Jackson, Julia Jackson Christian (Mrs. E. R. Preston), was reared in Charlotte and it is still her home. Her daughter, Anna Jackson Preston, was Sponsor for the South at the reunion in Little Rock, 1928.

Gen. D. H. Hill lived in Charlotte and before the war conducted a military academy there, the Charlotte Military Institute. He enlisted in the Confederate army in Charlotte and took all his cadets with him as drillmasters. During the war his school building was used as a Confederate military hospital, and the building is now a city grammar school, called the D. H. Hill School. He returned to Charlotte after the war and for a while published a magazine called *The Land We Love*. He is buried in the cemetery at Davidson College, in Mecklenburg County. His son, D. H. Hill, Jr., was one of the prominent citizens of Charlotte, and this is also the home of his grandson and great-grandson bearing his name in full.



LOOKING SOUTH ON TRYON STREET, CHARLOTTE.

THE OLD NORTH STATE.

Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's blessings attend her,
 While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her;
 Though scorners may sneer at and witlings defame
 her.
 Yet our hearts swell with gladness whenever we
 name her.

Chorus:

Hurrah, hurrah, the Old North State forever.
 Hurrah, hurrah, the good Old North State.

Though she envies not others their merited glory,
 Say whose name stands foremost in liberty's story?
 Though too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppres-
 sion,
 Who can yield to just rule a more loyal submission?

Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open
 faster
 At the knock of the stranger or tale of disaster!
 How like to the rudeness of their dear native moun-
 tains,
 With rich ore in their bosoms and life in their
 fountains.

And her daughters the queen of the forests resem-
 bling,
 So graceful, so constant to gentlest breath trembling;
 And true lightwood at heart, let the match be applied
 them,
 How they kindle in flame, O, none know but who've
 tried them.

Then let all who love us, love the land that we live in,
 As happy a region as on this side of heaven;
 Where plenty and freedom, love and peace smile
 before us;
 Raise aloud, raise together the heart thrilling chorus.

The State song of North Carolina was written by Judge William Gaston, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, in honor of the completion of the "North Carolina Railroad" to Raleigh, in 1838, an event of State-wide importance. The words were set to the music by Mrs. Mary J. Lucas, of Charlotte, who at the time taught music in Raleigh. The air was caught from some strolling Tyrolese musicians and sung first by Miss Lou Taylor, one of the pupils of Mrs. Lucas, and at the celebration she and Miss Birdsall sang the song, with instrumental accompaniment by others of the class.

NORTH CAROLINA IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

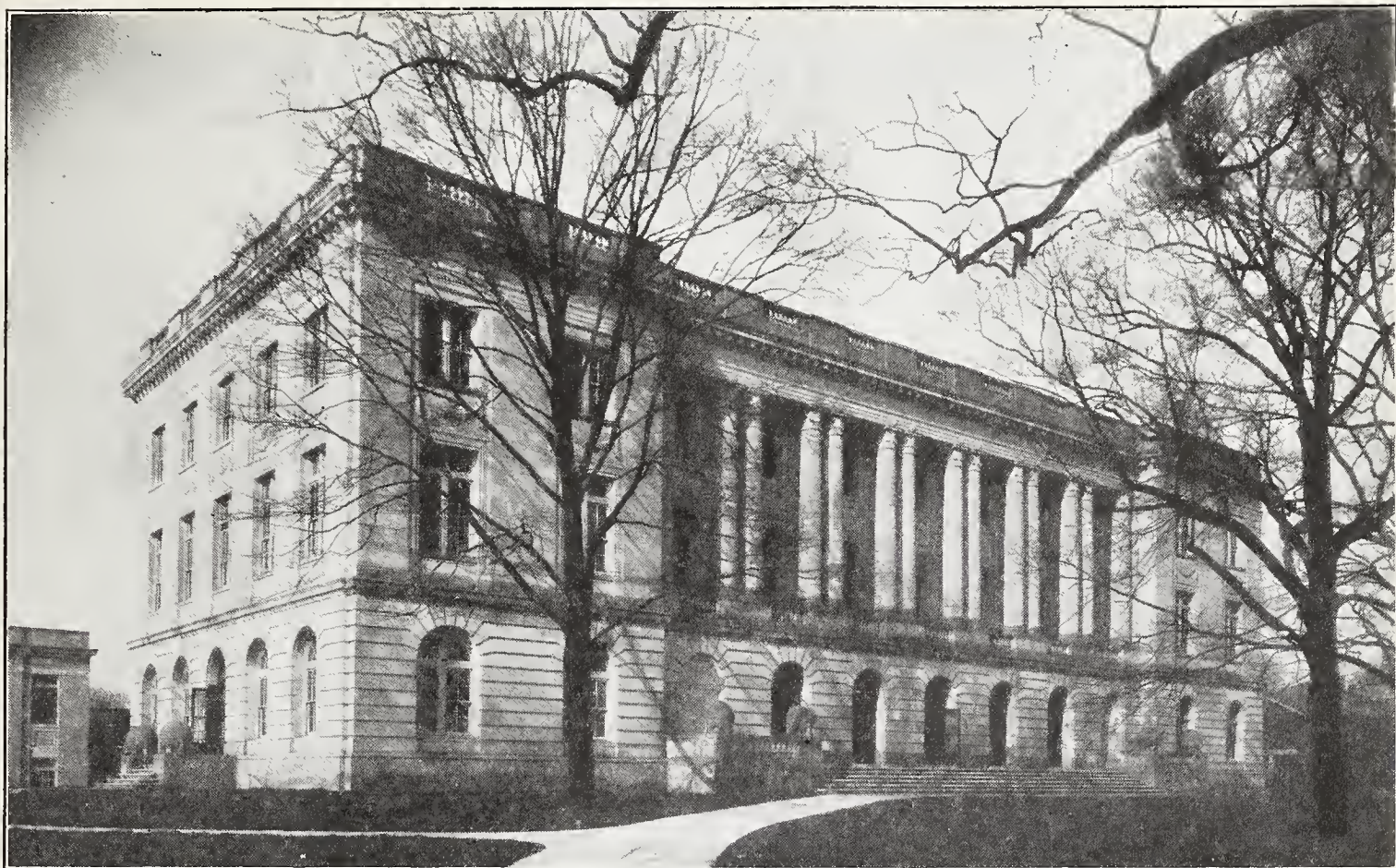
BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

When the year 1860 opened, the people of North Carolina were happy and prosperous. It was indeed their golden era. They had neither desire nor expectation of any change. Politically they were either Whigs or Democrats. The latter had for years enjoyed the powers and honors of ruling both the State and the Federal government and were especially contented and happy. But at the election, the Democrats of the North largely broke away from their associates at the South, and the "Black Republican" candidate for President was elected. He was particularly known as the author of the doctrine "that the Union could not remain half slave and half free," and his election led to the withdrawal of the Cotton States from the Union. But North Carolina and the other "border States" did not follow their example. The new President determined to put down what he claimed was a "slaveholders' rebellion," and called on the border States to furnish troops for that purpose. The people of North Carolina almost unanimously said: "If we are to fight, we will fight with the South and not against our friends and kindred." So the war having been begun, Governor Ellis ordered the local military companies to occupy the forts, and the legislature made every preparation possible for the conflict. The peaceable surrender of the United States Arsenal at Fayetteville was brought about, and the State obtained the 46,000 muskets and machinery stored there. Many of these muskets were supplied to other States that had none.

On May 20, the State Convention met and passed an Ordinance of Secession and ratified the Constitution of the Confederacy. Camps of instruction were established where the volunteers were trained by officers who had resigned from the United States army, and the State organized the several departments necessary for the war. As quickly as possible, troops were sent to Virginia, and, on June 10, in the first clash of arms in battle, at Bethel, North Carolina won glory and the State went wild with pride and delight.

At first the State paid her soldiers, and all other expenses; but on August 10, 1861, the State turned her troops—probably 40,000—over to the Confederacy, retaining several thousand for her local defense. It is notable that the western counties, where there were but few slaves, furnished relatively more volunteers than the eastern counties! There were many companies without a slaveholder in the ranks.

By March, 1862, not only all of our guns had been



THE BEAUTIFUL CITY HALL IN CHARLOTTE.

issued, but all that the Confederate authorities could supply. The new regiments in the camps of instruction needed arms. It was so in all the States.

The Federals, with abundant resources, had taken New Bern and were now threatening to take the only railroad between the South and Virginia, cutting the army off from the South, to take Raleigh, and then Wilmington. President Davis called Gen. R. E. Lee from South Carolina, and General Holmes was assigned to the Department of North Carolina. There were unarmed men in the camps, but no arms. Maj. William S. Ashe suggested to the President that the people of North Carolina would furnish shotguns. The Secretary of War telegraphed Governor Clark: "Large reënforcements are immediately necessary for the defense of your State. Call on your people to arm themselves in defense of their State." Lee sent Major Ashe to collect arms from the homes, and he began this work quickly. Governor Clark followed Ashe's example. General Lee wrote to General Holmes that he had directed some Georgia regiments to be sent him (unarmed men), and as soon as they arrived to do everything in his power to arm them, and, after arming them, to do what he could to arm the North Carolina troops. There were six regiments at Raleigh in the training camps without arms. In the extremity, Lee then wrote: "If you can use them, I can have some pikes

sent you; some of these have been sent to nearly every army and will undoubtedly do good service." Such was the dire condition in April, 1862—men but no arms. Fortunately, a week later, a part of the first shipment of arms from abroad reached Wilmington, and Lee ordered 2,000 guns to be given to Holmes. Still that left thousands of soldiers without arms. It was really a great crisis! But blockade running began, immediate wants were gradually supplied, and that danger disappeared. In a year 185,000 arms were imported, and then the battle fields yielded besides 150,000 more!

While North Carolina did her part in the army, she was equally fortunate in furnishing supplies. She was the first State to begin blockade running, and far exceeded all other States in these operations. She bought in England a fine, fast, new steamship and provided a great fund for the purchase of supplies. And she fostered in every way the industries that were necessary to sustain the army and the people at home. Salt was made from the ocean water, and at the mines; corn and wheat were bought and distributed as needed, and the distillation of grain for whisky was prohibited. All sorts of industries were promoted. Every cotton and woolen mill was kept running; the making of powder, caps, niter, swords, and pistols was in progress. Then she had a small lead mine to help supply lead for bullets.

(After the fall of Fort Fisher and importations ceased, lead became so scarce that the Confederates could not have kept up the war longer than a few months.) Among her importations were all things necessary for the farmers and mills, as well as for the soldiers. She imported 60,000 pairs of hand cards and looms, and 10,000 scythes to cut wheat; shoes and leather for 250,000 pairs of shoes; wool for 50,000 blankets; cloth for 250,000 uniforms, \$50,000 worth of medicines, as well as rifles and ammunition—supplying as far as possible every need.

Before September, 1864, the State had imported over \$7,000,000 worth of army stores. The latest importations by the State are not recorded, but between October 26 and December 6, 1864, a period forty-two days, the importations at Charleston and Wilmington together were 8,600,000 pounds of meat, 520,000 pounds of coffee, 2,639 packages of medicine, 1,933,000 pounds of saltpeter, 507,000 pounds of lard, 46,000 pairs of shoes, 316,000 blankets, 69,000 rifles, 97 packages of pistols. The State then was part owner of four ships. She had done everything possible for success. After the battle of Chickamauga, 4,000 complete suits were sent to Longstreet's corps. The shoes, blankets, and clothing were more than needed by the North Carolina troops, and large quantities were turned over to the Confederacy. There was still on hand at the surrender large quantities, which were then distributed to the soldiers. North Carolina had almost entirely supplied Lee's army with food for months, and General Johnston said at the surrender that he had on hand five months' supply for 60,000 men in his depots in North Carolina. There was a great supply at Salisbury at that period.

But there were some public men who, for one reason or another, opposed the Confederate administration. They were not opposed to

Southern independence, for they applauded the army, but they quarreled at the administration. In 1862, Colonel Vance, who had been brought out for governor by this faction, was elected. At first he listened to those who had brought about his election, but his heart was with the army and for independence. So, eventually, when those malcontents became more insistent he split with them, and it was largely due to him that the blockade running by the State became of such great proportions.

On every battle field in the East, North Carolina stood with the foremost. Among all the patriots of that period there were none more patriotic, more efficient, more heroic than North Carolinians.

In 1864, Vance was again a candidate for governor. Holden, who had been the leading spirit in antagonism to the Confederates, opposed him. Vance opened his campaign in Wilkes County, where there had been much dissatisfaction. He said: "What does Mr. Lincoln promise? He promises that if one-tenth of the people of any State will take an oath to support his proclamation abolishing slavery, his procla-



FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, CHARLOTTE, ONE OF THE MANY HANDSOME CHURCH BUILDINGS OF THE CITY.

mation inciting the slaves of your State to burn your homes and murder your families, then he is willing to set them up as the government of your State. Are you willing to submit?" Then, on the 26th of March, 1864, he opened his campaign among the soldiers and addressed the several North Carolina brigades. After that, Lee ordered a general review in Vance's honor. On a wide plain near Orange County Courthouse, the army was drawn up in two lines. Presently cannon boomed, and then arose a storm of enthusiastic cheers. Lee and Vance slowly rode between the lines. Then from an elevated platform Vance spoke. All were enraptured, inspired, and carried away as if by the spell of a magician. General Lee said with enthusiasm that "Vance's visit to his army was equivalent to a reënforcement of 50,000 men"; and General Stuart said: "If the test of eloquence is its effect, this speech was the most eloquent ever delivered."

At the election in August, Holden received 14,471 votes and Vance 58,055, four times as many as the opposing candidate. Such was the spirit of North Carolina in those trying days.

In 1860, North Carolina had 115,000 voters, many too old or infirm to go to the war; but she sent 125,000 troops for the Confederate cause, composing 84 regiments and 18 battalions. Over 41,000 were killed or died in the service, and many thousand were wounded. There were seven major generals, three of them killed; and 26 brigadiers, of whom four were killed and all the others were wounded. They won the first battle at Bethel; and, at Appomattox, Cox's Brigade fired the last volley, and on May 9, perhaps, the last gun was fired at the East when Colonel Love, near Waynesville, drove off a Federal party of Kirke's forces commanded by Bartlett.

Among the regiments that suffered the heaviest were the 5th North Carolina at Williamsburg, losing 197 out of 240; the 4th at Seven Pines, with 25 officers and 520 men, losing in killed and wounded every officer but one; the 3rd at Sharpsburg, in one hour and a half, lost 330 out of 520; at Sharpsburg, Company C, of the 14th Regiment, lost in killed and wounded every one of the 45 present; and at Chancellorsville the same company carried in 43 men and all were killed or wounded except one, and he had a ball to lodge in his knapsack. At Gettysburg, Company F, of the 26th, carrying in 87 men, lost every man except one, and he was knocked down by the concussion of a shell.

Of the 2,592 Confederates killed at Gettysburg, 770 were North Carolinians, being 300 more than from any other State! Pettigrew's North Carolina Brigade lost killed 190; Pickett's entire Division lost

214. The 26th North Carolina Regiment lost 86 killed and 502 wounded, the heaviest loss of any regiment in either army during the war.

Of the North Carolina troops, President Davis, writing in 1882, said, speaking of North Carolina:

"Hence she was not among the first to pass an ordinance for secession; yet, after having duly counted the cost, she boldly accepted the issue and staked life, fortune, and sacred honor on the maintenance of the principles for which her sons had fought, bled, and died in the war of 1776.

"How her sons bore themselves in the last ordeal your roster will partly tell. There will be shown the relative proportion of her troops to her population capable of bearing arms, and the long list of killed and wounded will prove that they were not the rear in attack or the front in retreat.

"I have often expressed my high estimate of the conduct of North Carolinians during our war, but can eulogy enhance the fair fame with which their names will descend to posterity? That their children and their children's children may be worthy of their sires is the best wish and highest hope which I can offer for them."

General Lee wrote to Governor Vance, August 29, 1864: "I have frequently been called upon to mention the services of North Carolina soldiers in this army, but their gallantry and conduct was never more deserving of admiration than in the engagement at Reams' Station on the 25th instant.

"The brigades of Generals Cook, McRae, and Lane, the last under the temporary command of General Conner, advanced through a thick abattis of felled trees, under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, and carried the enemy's works with a steady courage that elicited the warm commendation of their corps and division commanders, and the admiration of the army.

"On the same occasion, the brigade of General Barringer bore a conspicuous part in the operations of the cavalry, which were not less distinguished for boldness and efficiency than those of the infantry.

"If the men who remain in North Carolina show the spirit of those they have sent to the field, as I doubt not they do, her defense may be securely entrusted to their hands."

Then, at Sailor's Creek, when the jubilant Federals were driving the Confederates before them, and Lee had sent his staff to rally his men, presently a column in good order came up, and a smile of momentary joy lighted up the distressed features of the General. He called: "What troops are those?"

"Cox's North Carolina Brigade." Taking off his hat and bowing his head, he said: "God bless gallant old North Carolina."

Of the other States, similar instances may be cited. The South had made a great struggle for independence, but the North was bent on conquest. Mr. Lincoln, in the House of Representatives, in August, 1848, said: "Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a sacred right, which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which a whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit."

However, that related to the people of a State or nation, and the case of the Southern States was not in that category. By the second Article of the

Confederation of March, 1781, it was agreed: "Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this Confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." By the Constitution of the United States, Article 10, of Amendments, "the powers not delegated to the United States by this Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people."

The right of secession by a State was one of sovereignty, and reserved, and it was not prohibited. Congress had no right under the Constitution to make war against a State, and Congress did not start the war in 1861. Mr. Lincoln himself started it, and eventually he got the Northern States to conquer the Southern States, reducing them in 1867 to conquered provinces. Like all other wars, it was waged to promote the supposed interests of the conquerors, the people of the Northern States.



MECKLENBURG COUNTY COURTHOUSE, CHARLOTTE.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

The following compilation by the late Walter Clark, of North Carolina, lieutenant colonel of the 70th North Carolina Troops, is a certified list of the generals appointed from North Carolina:

Lieutenant Generals.—Theophilus H. Holmes, October 10, 1862; Daniel H. Hill, July 11, 1863. (For some unexplained reason, General Hill's appointment was never sent to the Senate for confirmation, but he served in that capacity in the Army of the West at Chickamauga, later resuming his rank as major general.)

Major Generals.—W. H. C. Whiting (killed in battle); Robert Ransom, Jr.; William D. Pender (killed in battle); Robert F. Hoke; Stephen D. Ramseur (killed in battle).

Brigadier Generals.—Richard C. Gatlin; L. O'B. Branch (killed in battle); J. Johnston Pettigrew (killed in battle); James G. Martin; Thomas L. Clingman; George B. Anderson (killed in battle); Junius Daniel (killed in battle); James H. Lane; John R. Cooke; Robert B. Vance; Alfred M. Scales; Matthew W. Ransom; Lawrence S. Baker; William W. Kirkland; Robert D. Johnston; James B. Gordon (killed in battle); William R. Cox; Thomas F. Toon; W. Gaston Lewis; Rufus Barringer; John D. Barry; Archibald C. Godwin (killed in battle); William MacRae; Collett Leventhorpe; William P. Roberts.

This is a full list of the generals appointed from North Carolina. There were several other generals who were born in North Carolina, but who went into the service from other States of which they had become citizens and which justly claim them, such as Gens. Braxton Bragg, Cadmus M. Wilcox, Jeremy F. Gilmer, Gabriel J. Rains, Felix Zollicoffer, Ben McCulloch, and possibly others. On the other hand, Gen. D. H. Hill, born in South Carolina, had long been a citizen of North Carolina, and Gen. W. H. C. Whiting, born in Mississippi, and Gen. John R. Cooke, of Missouri, threw in their lot with the Old North State and were appointed from it and commanded North Carolina troops during the war. Gen. James Conner, of South Carolina, and Gen. Alfred Iverson for a while commanded North Carolina brigades, but they were appointed from their respective States and do not figure properly in the North Carolina list.

It is worthy of note that one-half of the major generals and one in four of the brigadiers from North Carolina were killed in battle or died of wounds during the war.

The parole lists at Appomattox were signed by Bryan Grimes, major general, and by James H. Lane, John R. Cooke, Matt. W. Ransom, William R. Cox, William MacRae, and William P. Roberts as briga-

dier generals. The parole lists of Johnston's army at surrender were signed by Daniel H. Hill and Robert F. Hoke as major generals, and by Thomas L. Clingman, W. W. Kirkland, and Lawrence S. Baker, brigadier generals. The other general officers from North Carolina, as named above, at the time of the surrender were either dead, or wounded, prisoners, or on detached service.

North Carolina furnished seventy-eight full regiments and some twenty battalions to the Confederacy, besides a few scattering companies and a large number of individuals who served in commands from other States. There were three artillery regiments, seven cavalry regiments; and most of the battalions were artillery or cavalry. Three regiments and three battalions were of the Junior Reserves, boys of about seventeen; and four regiments were the Senior Reserves, men over military age; all rendering good service.

In addition, there were regiments and battalions of Home Guards and State Militia, giving their quota of service where needed.

CONFEDERATE NAVY.

The highest officers in the Confederate navy appointed from North Carolina (and there were many of lower rank) were: James W. Cooke, captain; John Newland Maffitt, commander; James Iredell Waddell, first lieutenant.

Captain Cooke commanded the ram Albemarle, and helped General Hoke in the capture of Plymouth, N. C., April 20, 1864. All participating were voted thanks by the Confederate Congress, and General Hoke was promoted to major general in recognition of his service there.

Lieutenant Waddell, as commander of the Shenandoah, was the last to bear the Confederate flag, not having heard of the fall of the Confederacy until August, 1865, when he was in mid-Pacific.

Commander Maffitt's services were also conspicuous.

The State of North Carolina is noted especially for its beautiful mountain scenery, for its splendid highways, and for its great advance made in textile manufactures.

The University of North Carolina, founded in 1789, is the oldest State University in America.

Its property value is estimated at over five billion dollars; over a billion and a quarter dollars are invested in manufacturing establishments; the State ranks fourth in value of its farm crops; its bank resources, State and national, are more than five hundred million dollars.

INTERESTING CHARACTER AND RELICS.

BY S. J. HOOD, BLACKSBURG, S. C.

Lying peacefully at the foot of Whitaker Mountain on the main line of the Southern Railroad, fifty miles southwest from Charlotte, N. C., the quaint little town of Blacksburg, S. C., with its two thousand souls, has some remarkable events and persons woven into the warp of its nearly fifty years of history. Older residents yet remember the vivid pictures of the infant days of the village when Maj. John F. Jones, Dr. John G. Black, and other pioneers lived and labored for the people of the place they loved.

We are told how Dr. Black spent part time rolling pills at home and part time drafting bills in the legislative halls down at Columbia for the benefit of the "burg" that was to bear his name in coming years. They tell us, too, that in those halcyon days of the past the railroad shops, located here then, furnished ample livelihood for the working population; and as an amusement center, the village was unsurpassed, for multitudes of pleasure seekers thronged the local hotels and took daily hikes to the summit of the mountain, where they found adequate provision for recreation, and a massive frame lookout built there afforded a clear view of neighboring towns in Upper South Carolina as well as in Cleveland, Gaston, and Mecklenburg Counties in North Carolina.

Hunting was popular and game plentiful in those days, when the mountain was full of deer and foxes. The present mayor, Charles Baber, though younger than some other residents, recalls those days as he leans on his trusty staff, and declares: "Yes, fifty years ago, I ate deer killed right here in Blacksburg."

The very first character Thomas Dixon tried to portray in 1883, when he began to wield a dramatic pen, is still numbered among the residents of Blacksburg in the person of Dr. David Summey Ramsuer, retired physician and intimate boyhood friend of the distinguished Southern writer. He is trying to retire from active practice in the seventy-fifth year of his life, and gives much time to rest, gardening, and reading at the ancestral home on the corner of Lime and Chester Streets. Reared in Cleveland County, just over the State line, he knew the Dixons well. He heard many sermons preached by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Sr., who established a chain of Baptist Churches and preached at Buffalo forty years on an annual salary of thirty-five dollars and upward. Dr. Ramsuer relates many interesting events in the lives of the children of this noted family, especially Tom and Clarence, having been a classmate of the latter at Wake Forest, and also of Judge James Webb. Young David Ramsuer joined the "Invisible Empire" and was active in Ku-Klux Klan

days just before entering Wake Forest College. But, with fearless courage, he went on to college to pursue his studies, although the carpetbaggers were scouring the State to get the members of the Klan. He was fond of oratory and debate, and one night, just before Christmas, 1872, while the young lad was trying out his forensic powers in the old Euzelian Hall, on Napoleon Bonaparte, the meeting was interrupted by the United States marshal and six soldiers, who came to take him to Columbia. Fellow students remonstrated, but he submitted to arrest and was taken for trial under Judge Bond before a jury of eleven negroes and one white man. Along with other prisoners, Dr. Ramsuer spent the first half of 1872 serving terms in Columbia, Charleston, and York, receiving rough fare and bad treatment, except the time spent in York, where he says he fared very well. Sentenced to eight months, he sailed out from Charleston on June 9, 1872, and after four days was safe in Albany, N. Y., prison to serve his sentence. Going to work making coffins, he made a model prisoner until January 20, 1873, when they handed him a slip of paper bearing the signature of President Grant and stating that David Summey Ramsuer was a free man. He then shook the dust of Yankeedom off his feet, came back South, finished his education, and settled down in Blacksburg to spend a long and useful life in the art of healing the physical ills of his fellow man.

Ten years later, in 1883, Thomas Dixon, while a student at Wake Forest, felt the lure of writing and began to search for some character and theme for his initial story, "From College to Prison," which appeared in the college magazine, January, 1883. Knowing the facts about the checkered career of his young friend, he chose "David Summey" as the star character of this first effort at real writing. Taking the facts from real life, Tom wove them into a fascinating story, filled with human interest, and colored here and there with touches of fancy by the rare genius of the author's then youthful imagination. Dr. Ramsuer, the living hero, has yet in his possession a much-treasured copy of the old magazine. The story reviews the life of David Summey from the day he said good-by to loved ones to go to college till he came back from prison with President Grant's pardon in his pocket and the sweet joy of liberty and freedom in his heart and soul. Some of his mother's letters to him in those dark days are included in the narrative, and they are full of pathetic love and tenderness. Gloomy days at Wake Forest are recalled, when David was wont to read the book of Job to find comfort. In weaving the story about the life of this young student in college and prison days, Thomas Dixon gave clear evidence of that masterful dramatic

talent which was so soon to come to fuller fruition in "The Clansman," "The Leopard's Spots," and other works that followed.

Perhaps the most highly treasured historic relic in Dr. Ramsuer's possession, however, is a massive, leather-bound volume of the original record of the acts passed by the Congress of the Confederate States of America. The volume is twenty by twelve inches, permanently bound in real leather. The paper is high-grade stationery, and each page is ruled and beautifully engraved "C. S. A." (Confederate States of America). The writing, evidently done with goose quill, is very beautiful and legible. It records six hundred and nine acts passed by the Confederate law-making body at Richmond—four hundred and eleven passed by the Provisional Congress of 1861 and 1862, and one hundred and ninety-eight acts passed by the Constitutional Congress of 1863 and 1864. In addition to the record, Dr. Ramsuer has a number of fully-written copies of these acts, bearing the signature of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, and also the signature of Burton N. Harrison, private secretary to the President.

Dr. Ramsuer was happily married in December, 1883, to Miss Sallie Logan, of Shelby, whose father, Sheriff Logan, helped Dr. Ramsuer years ago to get possession of these valuable relics. From authentic sources, it was learned that these Confederate documents were lost somewhere near Charlotte, N. C., as President Davis and his cabinet members were making their way south to Abbeville, S. C., where the last meeting of the Confederate cabinet was held. Dr. Ramsuer feels sure he has the very original records of the Confederate Congress, and their value is inestimable. Different clubs and historical societies have asked for these papers, but he has refused to let them go or set any money value on them. They would be of great historic worth if the owner would permit them to be recognized officially and placed in some museum.

THE DAVIS FAMILY.

The oldest living relative of Jefferson Davis is a grandniece, Miss Nannie Davis Smith, of Baton Rouge, La., whose name has appeared in the *VETERAN* from time to time as a contributor of interesting articles about her great-uncle, with whom she was closely associated in those last years at Beauvoir. Request was made of Miss Smith for a list of the brothers and sisters of Jefferson Davis—it was a large family—and she furnished the following:

Evan Davis, who was of Welsh descent, married a widow, Mrs. Williams, whose maiden name was Emory. They settled in Georgia, where a son and

a daughter were born—Samuel and Anna Davis.

Samuel Davis married Jane Cook, of South Carolina, and to them were born ten children, five sons and five daughters—Joseph Emory, Benjamin, Samuel, Anna, Isaac, Lucinda, Amanda, Matilda, Mary, and Jefferson.

The eldest daughter, Anna, married Luther L. Smith, of Louisiana, whose son, Dr. Joseph D. Smith, was the father of Miss Nannie Davis Smith.

Lucinda married twice—first, Hugh Davis, of South Carolina (not related to the Davis family from Wales). Her second husband, William Stamps, was a Kentuckian.

Amanda married Davis Bradford, a lawyer.

Mary married Robert Davis, of South Carolina, brother of her sister's first husband.

Joseph Davis married Eliza Van Benthysen.

Ben Davis married Aurelia Smith.

Samuel Davis married Lucy Throgmorton.

Isaac W. Davis married Susan Gartley.

Jefferson Davis was first married to Sarah Knox Taylor, daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor. His second wife, Varina Howell, was the mother of six children—Samuel, Margaret (Mrs. Addison Hayes), Jefferson, Joseph, William, and Varina Anne.

Mrs. Addison Hayes is survived by four children—Varina Howell (Mrs. Gerald B. Webb); Lucy White (Mrs. George B. Young); Jefferson Hayes Davis, and William Davis Hayes—all of Colorado Springs, Colo.

Of the five Davis brothers, only Samuel is survived by male descendants to perpetuate the name. Three of these brothers fought as volunteers at the battle of New Orleans. It may not be generally known that their father, Samuel Davis, of Georgia, was promoted for bravery at the siege of Savannah. He was born in Georgia, as were five of his children; the other five were born in Kentucky; later, the family removed to Mississippi, when Jefferson was an infant.

President Davis felt especial pride in his numerous nephews and grand-nephews who served under the "Stars and Bars." No conscripts these, many being mere lads. Some, as was inevitable, made the supreme sacrifice—happier thus than their comrades under the reconstruction régime.

During the summer of 1824, while visiting his son Joseph at Hurricane plantation, Samuel Davis died and was buried there. A handsome tomb marks his grave. His widow, Mrs. Jane Cook Davis, died in October, 1845, at her home near Woodville, Miss., where she rests in the family graveyard. Some years afterwards it was proposed to honor her memory by placing a monument there, which Jefferson Davis declined, stating that his mother was buried in a private cemetery and a tomb had been placed over her. She died at the age of eighty-three years.

WHAT FORT FISHER MEANT TO THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. J. A. FORE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

(This paper was awarded the prize of ten dollars offered by the Cape Fear Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Wilmington, in a contest open to the State at large.)

Fort Fisher was located at the New Inlet entrance to the Cape Fear River, the gateway of the port of Wilmington, and was the first of a chain of five forts commanding the river and protecting the city during the War between the States. The fort was composed of detached earthworks with casemated batteries. Colonel Lamb constructed there the largest earthworks in the Confederacy, of heavy timbers covered by sand and turfed.

On the parapets were many heavy guns separated by large traverses. One of the mounds was sixty feet high and was said to be the most complete fortification of the kind in the world. The fort was commanded by Col. William Lamb, Lieut. Col. John D. Taylor, and Maj. James M. Stevenson. The garrison consisted of the 36th Heavy Artillery, French's, Reece's, and Millard's battalions, composed of mere boys and a few sailors and marines—fourteen hundred in all.

The importance of Wilmington as a port of entry was recognized by the Confederate government as early as the first year of the war. No means were spared that would contribute to the defense of the city. Torpedoes and sunken obstructions were placed in the river; batteries frowned from every bluff, and the city itself was surrounded with a chain of entrenchments.

In the beginning of the struggle a Federal blockade was placed upon Wilmington as upon all Southern ports. The vessels of the blockading fleet were ranged about five miles off the coast, afraid to come nearer on account of the frowning guns of Fort Fisher. Large supplies of war munitions, clothing, shoes, etc., for the Confederacy, were received by blockade runners through this port, and naval stores and cotton were exported by the swift little runners. Most of this trade was carried on between Wilmington and the Bahama and Bermuda Islands, where England and other foreign countries placed supplies for the Confederate States.

In the last year of the war, after the ports of Mobile, Vicksburg, and Savannah had been closed, and Charleston so blockaded as to be virtually closed, Wilmington was the sole open port through which the starving Confederacy could secure the means of existence and the wherewith to carry on war. The blockade runners were swift steam vessels which

Governor Vance had had built in England for conducting ocean trade, and were painted a dark gray color to blend with the atmosphere. The *Advance* was one of the swiftest runners afloat, and the news of her safe arrival was a signal for rejoicing. "The *Advance* is in" meant that another cargo of shoes, blankets, cloth, ammunition, salt, medicines, and other necessities had arrived.

Those were brave men who dared the fire of the blockading fleet, and individual acts of heroism were frequent. The runners carried a pilot and a signal officer, and, when ready to leave port, dropped down the river, waiting for a dark night to slip out. Signals were arranged between the runner and the fort, so as to distinguish between friend and foe. This was necessary either going out or coming into the harbor. It frequently happened that in the darkness they ran so near the blockading fleet as to be heard by them, the noise of the wheel betraying their presence. Rockets were immediately sent up and a fire opened. If coming in, a dash was made for protection of the guns of the fort; if going out, all steam was raised and a chase of the most exciting kind took place, the blockaders firing continually at the fleeing runner, hoping to disable her by a well-directed shot; and the latter used every means that skill and ingenuity could suggest to effect her escape. Sometimes a great portion of the cargo was thrown overboard to avoid capture, and there were instances when large amounts of gold for foreign purchases were tossed into the sea when escape became impossible.

An agent was sent to England to sell the cotton and purchase stores for the State by Governor Vance. From reports on file, it is shown that the State spent for supplies the sum of \$23,363,663. For one year alone, North Carolina received \$6,000,000 for supplies furnished the Confederacy, besides stores of great value furnished the government free of charge. Maj. Thomas D. Hogg, chief in charge of the State's stores, reports that the last year of the war he was feeding one-half of all the armies of the Confederacy.

Secretary Welles, of the United States Navy, was compelled to confess that fifty Federal steamers had been quite unable to maintain the blockade of Wilmington. It seemed impossible for the Federal fleet to guard the Southport entrance to the Cape Fear and the New Inlet, protected by Fort Fisher, too. To deepen the bed of the river, this inlet was closed about thirty years ago by the United States government at a tremendous cost and is considered a splendid piece of engineering.

In the city of Wilmington there were two shipyards where gunboats, dispatch boats, and ironclads were constructed for the Confederate navy. Capt. B. W.

Beery owned one of these shipyards and built a number of war vessels, among them the ironclad North Carolina. Her sister ship, the Raleigh, was built at the Cassidey yard in the same city. In the second year of the war, Commodore Muse was placed in command of the port with headquarters at Smithville (now Southport). President Davis came to Cape Fear to inspect the defenses and was the guest of Commodore Muse. The Commodore died of typhoid fever while in command and was replaced by Commodore Lynch, whose flagship was the steamer Yadkin.

Of so great importance, it seems strange that Wilmington should have escaped attention until the last year of the war. At length, the Federal government decided to make an attack on Fort Fisher, which they had contemplated doing so long, and one hundred and fifty vessels were ready by October, 1864. President Davis, fearing an attack, sent General Bragg to the defense of Cape Fear, as it was of vital consequence to the Confederacy to keep Wilmington an open port. Colonel Lamb, the commander, said: "General Lee sent me word that Fort Fisher must be held or he could not sustain his army; that the Cape Fear was the last gateway to the outside world."

On the 18th of December, information came that the Federal fleet had sailed from Fortress Monroe. Governor Vance issued a proclamation asking all citizens to hasten to the defense of their country at Wilmington, and General Lee immediately sent General Hoke's Division to Wilmington. On December 23, 1864, memorable for all time, the Federal fleet, under Admiral Porter, appeared in the offing opposite Fort Fisher. The next day the fleet, numbering sixty vessels, was ranged in line of battle, and about noon opened a terrific bombardment. The Fort replied slowly, but steadily, for five hours, when the fleet retired.

On Christmas Day the bombardment was renewed with redoubled vigor, and with a force up to that time unprecedented in the history of the world. Shot and shell were hurled in an almost solid mass at the fort, and the air was filled with flying fragments. The gallant defenders held manfully to their posts and hurled defiance back. In the midst of the fight, a landing was effected by the enemy, and they advanced to the fort. The men in the fort, under General Whiting and Colonel Lamb, swarmed the parapets, and the enemy was driven back to their entrenchments.

That night the land forces reëmbarked and the entire Federal fleet was withdrawn, finding that without an army of troops to attack the land or

riverside, the fort was impregnable. The bombardment was fearful, but the fort was uninjured. Before the fight, Gen. B. F. Butler, who commanded the troops of the expedition, proposed to blow up a powder ship to frighten the Confederates into submission. Admiral Porter said the explosion would stun the men, destroy the magazines and the mound, the houses of Wilmington would tumble to the ground and demoralize the people, "and if the rebels fight after the explosion they have more in them than I give them credit for." The vessel had on board four hundred and seventy thousand pounds of powder. The explosion had small effect except to illuminate the sky.

In the United States War Records, General Butler states that "General Weltzel (colonel of engineers of the United States army) reported to me that to assault the works, in his judgment, and in that of experienced officers of his command, was impossible. Not so strong a work as Fort Fisher, said he, had been taken by assault during the war, and I had to guide me the experience of Fort Hudson and the double assault of Fort Wagner, where thousands of lives were sacrificed." There was great rejoicing in Wilmington over the discomfiture of Butler and Porter, and sincere congratulations were given to the gallant defenders.

General Grant at once determined to try it over again, and the greatest secrecy was observed. So the fatal time came when the fort was doomed to fall and the Confederacy destined to receive a blow from the effects of which she never recovered. A few weeks later, on January 12, 1865, the Federal fleet, under Commodore Porter, appeared without warning again before the fort. On board the fleet of war vessels were eight thousand five hundred troops under General Terry. These troops were landed without trouble, as the garrison could not spare a man to oppose them. Colonel Lamb in his report said he had "only fifteen hundred men to oppose the most formidable armada the world had ever known, supplemented by transports bearing eight thousand five hundred troops."

General Hoke's Division was protecting Wilmington, but some twenty miles of sandy road intervened. When General Hoke arrived the next day, he found the line of the enemy confronting him stretched across the entire peninsula from ocean to river. About noon on the 13th, the fleet opened fire on the fort, and a more terrible bombardment than the first ensued. It was soon apparent the enemy's object was to cripple the fort by this fire so as to make easy the attack by the land forces. So terrible was the storm of shot and shell that it was almost impossible to man the guns of the fort.

From noon of the 12th until three o'clock of the 15th, a period of fifty hours, the bombardment was continued without intermission. General Grant designated the bombarding fleet as "the most formidable armada ever collected for concentration upon one given point." At three o'clock the fleet suddenly stopped fire and the land forces were seen moving to assault the fort. The attack was made in two columns: one, composed of sailors and marines, moved up the sea beach, while the troops composing the other column charged along the bank of the river and made attack on the land side of the fort.

The first column was easily driven back and made no further attempt. The second was temporarily checked, but, being reënforced, succeeded in entering the fort. The Confederates stubbornly contested every foot of the enemy's advance. From traverse to traverse they, retreating, fought the overwhelming force, driving them back. The fight was continued in this way for six hours until the last traverse was torn from the hands of the brave defenders.

General Whiting and Colonel Lamb both fell, and the command devolved on Major Reilly. General Whiting was taken north later and died in a Federal prison. Thus was Fort Fisher captured; it was never surrendered. The loss of the Confederates was five hundred men, and the Federals lost over fourteen hundred men. So Fort Fisher fell, and with it the works south, commanding the river, consisting of Forts Caswell, Holmes, Pender, and, finally, Anderson, near Orton plantation, the last defense of the city of Wilmington.

The fall of Fort Fisher caused a wild panic at Wilmington. It was recognized as a terrific blow to the Confederate cause, and to General Lee it spelled doom, as it meant the cutting off of all supplies brought in by the blockade runners. There were more than one hundred steamers engaged in running the blockade. Secretary Stanton and Generals Grant and Schofield came to Wilmington to join the jubilation of the Federals, to dispense promotion, and to decide whether Schofield should operate from that city or New Bern. The decision was Wilmington.

When the Federals entered the Cape Fear there was a fleet of magnificent steamers in the harbor and the remains of the Confederate navy. General Hoke destroyed large stores that would fall in the enemy's hands, and fire was set to the navy yard. On the morning of January 21, Generals Hoke, Hagood, and Colonel Hedrick, commanding the land forces protecting Wilmington, evacuated the city, and the last hope of the success of the Confederate cause expired. The Confederacy was completely cut off from all communication with the outside world, and it was only a question of a few months when the resources

of the Southern States were exhausted, and Lee's ragged, bare-footed, starving soldiers, having fought to a finish, yielded to the forces of hunger and want, rather than force of arms.

In an address on General Lee, Charles Francis Adams said: "When, on the 16th of January, the telegraph announced the fall of Fort Fisher, the Confederacy felt itself hermetically sealed. Wilmington, its last breathing hole, was closed."

So eminent an authority as Alexander Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, says: "The closing of the port of Wilmington was the complete shutting out of the Confederate States from all intercourse by sea with foreign countries. The respiratory functions of external trade, so essential to the vitality of all communities, had been performed for the whole Confederacy mainly, for nearly three years, through the small aperture of the little port of Wilmington choked to wheezing as it was by a cordon of armed ships drawn around its neck."

COMMANDS OF GEN. R. E. LEE, C. S. A.

There is a general impression that Gen. R. E. Lee was commander in chief of all Confederate forces from the beginning of the war, while the fact is that he was not so assigned until the beginning of 1865, as the following will show. This is taken from the "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," by Gen. A. L. Long, who served on General Lee's staff until promoted to brigadier general of artillery in November, 1863; and the list of General Lee's staff was also taken from his book.

1861.—April 23, assumed command of military and naval forces of Virginia. May 7, ordered to assume command of all forces from other States tendering their services to Virginia. May 10, assigned command of Confederate State forces. May 14, appointed brigadier general, C. S. A. June 14, General, Confederate States Army. August 3, commanding forces in Army of the Northwest. October 20, same command. November 5, assigned command of Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

1862.—March 13, assigned to duty at Richmond, and charged with military operations of armies of the Confederacy. June 1, assumed command of Army and Department of Northern Virginia, and kept it until close of the war.

1865.—January 31, General in Chief, Confederate States armies. February 6, assigned command of all armies of the Confederate States. April 9, surrendered Army of Northern Virginia to Gen. U. S. Grant, U. S. A.

GENERAL LEE'S STAFF OFFICERS.

Alexander, E. Porter, Lieutenant Colonel, Chief of Ordnance, from June, 1862–November, 1862.

Baldwin, Briscoe G., Lieutenant Colonel, Chief of Ordnance, November, 1862–April 9, 1865.

Brooke, John M., Lieutenant, Virginia Navy, Acting A. D. C., May 4–8, 1861.

Chilton, R. H., Colonel, A. A. General, June, 1862, Brigadier General, A. and I. General, December, 1863.

Cole, Robert G., Lieutenant Colonel, Chief Commissary of Subsistence, June, 1862–April 9, 1865.

Cooke, Giles B., Major, A. A. General, November 4, 1864–April 9, 1865.

Corley, James L., Lieutenant Colonel, Chief Quartermaster, June, 1862–April, 1865.

Crenshaw, Joseph R., Acting Commissary General, April 29, 1861.

Deas, George, Major, A. A. General, Chief of Staff, June 15, 1861; Lieutenant Colonel, A. A. General, July 4, 1861 (Virginia State forces).

Garnette, R. L., Colonel, A. A. General, April 26, 1861, Colonel, A. A. General, May 7, 1861 (Virginia State forces).

Gill, William G., Lieutenant Colonel, P. A. C. S., Ordnance Office, November 1, 1861.

Guild, Lafayette, Surgeon, Medical Director, November 26, 1862–April 9, 1865.

Harvie, Edwin J., Lieutenant Colonel, Inspector General, June, 1862.

Heth, Henry, Lieutenant Colonel, Acting Quartermaster General, Virginia State forces, April 29, 1861; promoted Brigadier General, January 6, 1862; Major General, May 24, 1863.

Ives, Joseph, Captain, C. S. A., Chief Engineer, November 6, 1861.

Johnson, T. K., Captain, Engineer Officer, November, 1862–September, 1863.

Lay, George W., Colonel, A. I. General, March 6, 1863.

Long, Armistead L., Major, Chief of Artillery Department of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, November, 1861; Colonel, Military Secretary, April 21, 1862–September, 1863; promoted Brigadier General of Artillery, September 21, 1863.

Manigault, Joseph, Vol. A. D. C., November, 1861.

Marshall, Charles, Major, A. D. C., August, 1862; Lieutenant Colonel, A. A. General, November 4, 1864–April, 1865.

Mason, A. P., Captain, A. A. General, August, 1862–March 6, 1863.

Murray, E., Lieutenant Colonel, A. A. General, July 31, 1863–November, 1864.

Page, Thomas J., Lieutenant Virginia Navy, Acting A. D. C., May 3, 1861.

Pendleton, W. N., Brigadier General, Chief of Artillery, March 6, 1863–April 9, 1865.

Peyton, Henry E., Major, A. A. General, November, 1862; Lieutenant Colonel, July 31–November 4, 1864.

Richardson, W. H., Captain, A. A. General, May 11, 1861.

Smith, F. W., Captain, Military Secretary, May 27, 1861.

Smith, William Preston, Lieutenant Colonel, Chief of Engineers, July 31–September, 1863.

Talcott, T. M. R., Major, A. D. C., November, 1862–August, 1863.

Taylor, Walter H., Captain, C. S. A., A. D. C., November 8, 1861–March 27, 1862; Major, A. D. C., August, 1862–July 31, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel, A. A. General, November 4, 1864–April, 1865.

Venable, Charles S., Major, A. D. C., July 31, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel, A. A. General, November 4, 1864–April, 1865.

Washington, John A., Captain, A. D. C., May 6, 1861.

Washington, Thornton, Captain, A. A. General, November 6, 1861.

Young, H. E., Captain, A. A. General, July, 1863; Major, A. A. General, November 4, 1864–April 9, 1865.

AT THE SURRENDER.

This list of Gen. Robert E. Lee's staff at the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse on the 9th of April, 1865, is furnished and certified by Maj. Giles B. Cooke, the only surviving member of General Lee's staff, now living at Mathews Courthouse, Va.:

W. H. Taylor, Lieutenant Colonel and A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

Cole, R. G., Lieutenant Colonel and Chief Commissary.

Venable, C. S., Lieutenant Colonel, A. A. G. and A. D. C.

Stevens, Brigadier General and Chief of Engineers.

Marshall, C. H., Lieutenant Colonel, A. A. G. and A. D. C.

Corley, James L., Lieutenant Colonel and Chief Quartermaster.

Baldwin, Briscoe G., Lieutenant Colonel and Chief of Ordnance.

Guild, Lafayette, Chief Surgeon and Medical Director.

Young, H. E., Major, A. A. and I. Gen.

Pendleton, W. N., Brigadier General and Chief of Artillery.

Peyton, H. E., Lieutenant Colonel and A. A. and I. Gen.

Cooke, Giles B., Major and A. A. General.

The following was signed by General Lee and his staff on Sunday, April 9, 1865:

"We, the undersigned, prisoners of war belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, having been this day surrendered by Gen. R. E. Lee, commanding said army, to Lieutenant-General Grant, commanding the armies of the United States, do hereby give our solemn parole of honor that we will not hereafter serve the armies of the Confederate States or in any military capacity whatever, against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the relative authorities.

"R. E. LEE, *General*; W. H. TAYLOR, *Lieutenant Colonel and A. A. General*; CHARLES S. VENABLE, *Lieutenant Colonel and A. D. C.*; CHARLES MARSHALL, *Lieutenant Colonel and A. D. C.*; H. E. PEYTON, *Lieutenant Colonel and Inspector General*; GILES B. COOKE, *Major and Assistant Inspector General*; H. E. YOUNG, *Major and Judge Advocate General*.

"Done at Appomattox Courthouse, Va., the ninth (9th) day of April, 1865."

This parole was countersigned as follows:

"The above-named officers will not be disturbed by United States authorities as long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

GEORGE H. SHARPE,

General and Assistant Provost Marshal."

WHEN WITH GENERAL LEE.

BY MAJ. GILES B. COOKE, MATHEWS COURTHOUSE, VA.

The first time I met General Lee was when he was at Richmond, Va., in command of the Virginia forces, in May, 1861. Being then on the staff of Gen. Philip St. George Cocke, commanding the forces in Northern Virginia, headquarters at Alexandria. I was ordered by the general to lay before General Lee a plan of signals to be used on the Potomac River. As I laid this plan before General Lee, I felt that I was in the presence of one of the greatest, ablest, and handsomest men I had ever seen. My future acquaintance with this great and good man confirmed this estimate of him.

The next time I met General Lee was at Drewry's Bluff, in June, 1864, when I was sent by General Beauregard (on whose staff I was at the time) to ask for reënforcements. We had been for three days and nights with a force of about ten thousand men fighting desperately to keep General Grant, with at least thirty thousand men, from capturing Petersburg

About eleven o'clock at night, after the third day's fight, General Beauregard said to me: "Major Cooke, I have sent two of my staff officers to-day to General Lee with an earnest request for reënforcements. General Lee would not see these officers; why, I don't know. I want you to ride rapidly to General Lee's headquarters, seek an interview with him, and tell him, after explaining the situation, that unless he sends me reënforcements by early in the morning, nothing but God Almighty can save Petersburg."

I left at once, mounted on a fleet horse, and reached General Lee's headquarters, nineteen miles distant, between one and two o'clock. Knowing intimately his adjutant general, Col. W. H. Taylor, an old school and college mate, I waked him up, told him exactly our desperate condition, and said with deep feeling: "Walter, please secure me an interview with General Lee." He said: "I will do all I can to induce General Lee to see you." He soon returned, saying, "General Lee will see you," and conducted me to the general's bedside. The general received me kindly and courteously, and, after describing minutely how General Beauregard had succeeded by the most desperate fighting for three days in keeping General Grant from taking his thin lines, I ended by saying: "General Beauregard bids me assure you that unless you send him reënforcements immediately, nothing but God Almighty can save Petersburg." General Lee then reverently said: "I hope God Almighty will save Petersburg," and asked me to send Colonel Taylor to him.

On Colonel Taylor's return to his tent he told me that General Lee directed him to order the nearest troops to Petersburg to move at once and report to General Beauregard. I returned to Petersburg at the head of these troops and put them in position early in the morning near Blandford Cemetery, just in time to save Petersburg. The rest of the Army of Northern Virginia that could be spared from the front of Richmond, besieged by a part of Grant's army, reached Petersburg during the day. Knowing, I suppose, that General Beauregard had been reënforced by the army of Northern Virginia, the enemy did not attack us that day.

General Lee and staff entered Petersburg about midday and were met by General Beauregard and staff. The two generals rode (with their staffs) to the right of General Beauregard's line in front of Petersburg to examine the enemy's lines. After a satisfactory examination as to the situation, General Beauregard proposed to General Lee to attack the enemy on his left flank at once, which proposal General Lee rejected because our troops were exhausted by fighting and marching and because the enemy was entrenched behind strong fortifications.

During the summer of 1864 I served on the staff of General Beauregard, but when he was ordered back to Charleston in September to resume the command of that department, I was transferred to the staff of Gen. R. E. Lee, with his glorious Army of Northern Virginia, constantly decreasing in numbers poorly fed, and illy clad, defending a line of about thirty-five miles from the front of Richmond to Hatcher's Run, about eight miles southwest of Petersburg. To help garrison this thin line, our engineers used what might be termed water men—*i. e.*, wherever the depression in the valleys was deep enough, the near-by rivulets were turned into them, thus forming ponds, sometimes a quarter of a mile in length, too deep for the enemy to ford. During the summer and fall of 1864 General Grant occupied his large army in throwing shells into Petersburg, possibly to terrify the women and children into pleading with our brave soldiers to surrender the city. But our noble women and children who were exposed to this shelling protected themselves by dugouts in the basements of their houses, so that the loss of life was comparatively small.

Twice after the war I had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with my dear old commander. Once, when, in the summer of 1865, he was living in a house loaned him in Powhatan County, Va., by a dear friend and kinswoman, Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph Cocke, just before he became president of Washington College, Lexington, Va. (afterwards Washington and Lee University), and I was on a visit to a dear friend, Mrs. Philip St. George Cocke, living at Belmead, about six miles from Mrs. Elizabeth R. Cocke's house. The last time I saw the general was at the marriage of his son, W. H. F. ("Rooney") Lee, to Miss Tabb Bolling, in Petersburg, Va., a few years before his death. During his presidency of Washington College, I had the pleasure of corresponding with General Lee, and I have in my possession five letters which he wrote me—and they shall be handed down as sacred mementoes to my children and children's children. One of these the general wrote me about St. Paul's Sunday School, Petersburg, Va., of which I was then the superintendent, as follows:

"*My Dear Major:* I am very glad to learn from your letter of the 27th March, 1866, that the Sunday school of St. Paul's Church is in so flourishing a condition. My interest in the citizens of Petersburg is as great now as when I was a daily witness of the dangers to which they were subjected from the siege of their beloved city and my admiration of the fortitude and courage they displayed has not in the least abated. The children of the city will always have my warm affection, and I rejoice that they so early possess a desire for that knowledge which leads

to righteousness and eternal life, and in comparison with which all other learning is valueless. If it will gratify them I will, with pleasure, send the autographs you desire. Please present my regard to your good pastor, and with my best wishes for your own welfare,

"I am, with great regard, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE."

Another letter which I have treasured was written to me by Mrs. Lee after the death of my beloved general, of whom she said:

"Lexington, 31 Dec., 1870.

"To Major Giles B. Cooke:

"I will not let the year close, my dear sir, without replying to your kind letter of sympathy. It has been most truly grateful to me in my deep sorrow to know that so many have mingled their tears with mine, that the prayers of many of God's servants have been offered for me. For him I do not now weep. He has entered into his rest, the glorious rest of Heaven. Few persons could know what an humble, consistent Christian he was and how fast for the last few years he has been ripening for glory. From the moment he was seized with the last fatal attack, I saw from the appearance of perfect calm and resignation in his whole bearing and countenance that he knew his hour had come. He never evinced the slightest anxiety, restlessness, or impatience, and had evidently taken his leave of earth. It was a sublime spectacle and could only have been exhibited by a true Christian. That we may be prepared to meet him in the world where parting and sorrow are unknown is my prayer for all, especially those who knew and loved him.

"Yours most faithfully,

MARY CUSTIS LEE."

STILL honor be to woman! She has shown
The loftiest patriotism earth has known—
When some noble purpose fires the heart
Or bid the sympathetic feeling start;
When War holds carnival, 'mid heaps of slain,
With Death on Glory's drenched and crimsoned plain,
Or pestilence in darkness walks abroad
And renders desolate each doomed abode—
See with what joy her holy presence fills
A Norfolk's street or Balaklava's hills!
O! if no strain of minstrel can avail . . .
A brighter page her record shall display,
And every tear that she has wiped away
Shall crystalize into a brilliant gem
To glitter in her diadem!

—John R. Thompson, *Poem on Patriotism*.

DREAM HAUNTED.

BY ANN LOVELACE GORSUCH.

Down by the ivy-covered wall, where the old gate
 creaks on its one bent hinge,
 'Neath poplars and live oaks and spreading elms,
 stands the house that is haunted with dreams.
 The stone-flagged walk is choked with grass and a
 spiderweb's spun o'er the hewn oak door,
 And dead leaves scuttle across the gloom—inside on
 the hall's bare, dusty floor;
 But you hear the patter of tiny feet and the echo of
 mammy's call,
 And the sobbing croon of her lullaby as the dusk
 begins to fall:
 Then you hear the revel of a ball and measures soft
 and slow,
 As the ghostly strains of a minuet on the night air
 ebb and flow.
 Shadows in the moonlight, and a whisper, and two
 figures blend as one—
 The lovely belle of Ole Virginny and Carolina's
 favorite son.

 They will tell you the old house is haunted, when the
 wind in the live oaks screams,
 But you only smile, for you understand that the
 house is haunted with dreams.

THE RESTORATION OF ARLINGTON MANSION.

BY MRS. WILLIAM LYNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

An important piece of legislation of late is the decision of the United States, by an act of Congress, passed March 4, 1929, to restore the Lee Mansion, Arlington, and to allow this fine old manor to be refurnished like a shrine similar to Mount Vernon. The act reads: "Restoration of the Lee Mansion: For continuing the restoration of the Lee Mansion, Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia, and the procurement, including gifts, of articles of furniture and equipment which were formerly in use in such mansion, or replicas thereof, or other furniture and equipment of the period, in accordance with the provisions of the act approved March 4, 1925, \$90,000, to remain available until expended. Such restoration and the articles so procured to be subject to the approval of the Commission of Fine Arts."

There was previously appropriated by Congress the sum of \$10,000 to cover the cost of an investigation by the War Department and for repairs.

It has often been asked what became of the family possessions when the Lees left Arlington. Many of these were taken in the Federal occupation of

Arlington and later were known to be in possession of the United States government. Some things were stored at Ravensworth, the home of Mrs. Lee's aunt, Mrs. Fitzhugh, in Fairfax County, where Mrs. Lee and her daughters stayed for a while after leaving Arlington, and this place came into possession of Mrs. Lee on the death of her aunt. When this old place was destroyed by fire a few years ago, the few articles rescued from the flames were stored in an outbuilding there, but it was recently discovered that they had been stolen and sold to antique dealers. Among the rare pieces was one of the Cincinnati plates, which had come into the Lee family through General Lee's marriage to Mary Randolph Custis, who had received the china by bequest from her great-grandmother, Mrs. George Washington, the plates having been given to General Washington by his fellow officers in the Society of the Cincinnati. Another lost treasure was a walnut pistol case, silver mounted, which had belonged to General Lee himself. The criminals were dealt with according to the law, but many valuable things are still missing. Dr. George Bolling Lee, grandson of General Lee, to whom they belonged, has always been most generous with such possessions, and to Washington and Lee University he sent some time ago a trunk full of valuables for the museum, as well as loans of valuable portraits.

It has been my great privilege to know intimately those who were associated with this great epoch in the history of the United States, men who loved the old commonwealth of Virginia and bared their breasts and sacrificed all to their convictions of State Rights. No Virginian ever fought for slavery; that was a side issue, of which abolitionists made much; but, just as "Light Horse" Harry Lee and George Washington drew their swords to repel British injustice, history repeated itself in the sixties when invasion and injustice threatened the Southland. Stonewall Jackson said: "If war *must* come, then draw the sword and throw away the scabbard." Gen. Robert E. Lee was himself proffered the command of the Union Army, for Gen. Winfield Scott, then Commander in Chief, U. S. A., recognized his ability as the greatest American soldier then living; but Lee replied: "Never again will I draw my sword save in the defense of my native State, Virginia."

People who are ignorant of history sometimes ask: "Was not Lee ungrateful to the United States that had *educated him at West Point?*" The truth is, there might never have been any West Point but for Virginia, for Washington planned it, and Jefferson carried out this idea of a great military academy; while the Lees, as the colonial leaders in Virginia, had

served the country as burgesses, governors, and military leaders, and signers of the Declaration, so that when Robert E. Lee was appointed a cadet at West Point through the influence of Gen. Andrew Jackson, it was in *due recognition* of what *America owed the Lees*, liquidating a past debt of patriotism. At the Academy, Lee's high sense of duty made his course so honorable that he graduated without ever receiving a single demerit; and later, in the war with Mexico, fully repaid by his service all his obligations to his *Alma Mater*. He also served as Superintendent of West Point, where the dignity of his life added prestige to the institution and forever blessed the memory of those who, as pupils and professors, were associated with him. West Point to-day cherishes his name.

In 1902, when West Point celebrated the centenary of its usefulness, there was full recognition given to the Confederate roster, which numbered nearly one hundred and fifty distinguished generals, among whom were many Virginians—such as Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart, Custis Lee, Fitzhugh Lee, Joseph R. Anderson, Joseph E. Johnston, Jubal A. Early, George E. Pickett, Richard S. Ewell, Ambrose P. Hill—each of whom received special eulogy. In the toast on Alumni Day to the "Confederate Veteran," the orator said: "How shall I speak to you of the great Lee, whom it was an education to know? Never elated and never depressed, but always calm in reliance upon his troops and upon himself, whose soldiers relied upon him and loved him unto death! Grave Stonewall Jackson, trusting only in the god of battles and the righteousness of his cause, but winning by the fierce courage his personality inspired! Then, there was Joseph E. Johnston, master of strategy in the great game of war, whose brain was 'reason's self, encased in bone.' Of A. P. Hill, whose name was the last on the lips of both Lee and Jackson, and of dashing, genial Stuart, always ready for any venture and sanguine of success, who took up the battle left unfinished by Jackson's fall and carried it to its brilliant end; of good old Ewell, with his lustrous, woodcock eyes, who believed fighting to be the sole business of a soldier; of Early, whose unreconciled spirit is perhaps still raiding up and down the Valley! Their faces and forms throng the memory while history inscribes high their names on the roll of fame. Pickett's charge at Gettysburg was the brilliant culmination of attack which has forever passed away with the advent of modern arms, but Jackson's Valley campaign will illustrate forever the correct principle of strategy, however weapons may be altered or improved!"

When one reviews those names, truly the eyes grow dim with tears, for in the sixties, as I recall

them, they were all so splendid, so dashing, so wonderful, that now, as "Life's sun is sinking low," I would that everybody in the world could visit the Battle Abbey in Richmond, Va., and glimpse their heroic panorama in mural decoration—Lee surveying his generals at review; Mosby crossing the Shenandoah at midnight; Jackson marching down the Valley Pike, whose name is a talisman still in the Vale of Shenandoah—Thank God, they live again on canvas! Near by rises the barracks of the Virginia Military Institute, where he taught and where his lessons of duty and his reverence for God are kept as beacon lights for the boys whose grandfathers were once his pupils. My brother, Maj. Thomas Jefferson Moncure, had the privilege of being educated there by Jackson, who taught him mathematics. At the battle of Gettysburg, my brother was chief engineer of McLaws' Division, and his topographical reports, drawn on rough, brown paper, are deemed among the best that the United States government has. They were seized after the surrender and sent to the War Department, and to-day are studied at West Point Academy. He also had charge of the countermining at the Crater, due to the special request of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He always attributed any talent that he might have possessed to his training under Jackson, and he regarded General Lee with a love that amounted almost to idolatry. At the battle of Gettysburg, when Pickett was to lead that forlorn hope, he shouted: "Come on, Moncure! Ride with me!" That was my dear brother Tom, whose last service to his State was as a member of the Constitutional Convention. Another brother, Judge Eustace Conway Moncure, of Bowling Green, was a scout for Gen. Robert E. Lee, and most of his war experiences were close by the side of Gen. W. H. F. ("Rooney") Lee. He rode with Stuart in his raid around McClellan, and I shall never forget his kissing Ma good-by and saying: "We are going on a hazardous mission, and I may never see you again."

As Virginians are all so closely associated in memories, I have felt it might be of interest to copy Gen. Rooney Lee's report of the death of Latané for the benefit of the younger generation, who see the picture, "The Burial of Latané," without perhaps knowing that it symbolizes the sacredness of those days when the women of the South had to take the place of men and even read the burial service for the dead, for the men were all in the war. It was on June 17, 1862, and my brother had been in conversation with Latané that morning (we were kin, all Huguenots, the Moncures and Latanés). General Lee writes thus: "The first charge was made near Haw's Shop, by the Second Squadron, Captain Swann commanding, completely routing the enemy

and pursuing him one mile. The second charge was made by the 5th Squadron, Captain Latané commanding, about one mile from Old Church (Hanover) up a hill, through a narrow road; and it was here that Captain Latané was killed while bravely leading his squadron, charging some thirty yards ahead of it. It was a hand-to-hand conflict, and my officers and men behaved with greatest daring and bravery."

These men were all in the 9th Virginia Cavalry, and brother Eustace recognized Latané by his boots as he was being borne back, for his face was covered; but there was no time to bury the dead, they were so sorely beset by the Yankees. My brother was devoted to his commander, Gen. Rooney Lee, whose wife, Miss Charlotte Wickham, of Hanover, was a great beauty. The circumstances of her death were very sad. Gen. W. H. F. Lee was a prisoner at the time, and, though Gen. Custis Lee, who was an officer of the same rank, offered to go and give himself up as a hostage if the dying woman's husband could be allowed to visit her, the Federals refused to allow it. Several years after the war, Gen. Rooney Lee married the lovely Tabb Bolling, of Petersburg, Va., and at their wedding, attended by Gen. Robert E. Lee, it was all that General Mahone could do to keep the citizens of Petersburg from unhitching General Lee's carriage and themselves pulling the equipage.

General Lee gave to his sons' wives the deep devotion that he always cherished for his own daughters, and their place in his affections is shown by his correspondence.

Having reached the age of eighty-four years, naturally my memories often revert to the glorious ante-bellum days of Virginia when I was a girl, enthusiastic for the Southern cause and imbued with all the love for the old Commonwealth of Virginia that had come to me as a glorious heritage. As my father was State Auditor of Virginia, and also served long years in the Senate, I used to go as a child to his office at the capitol, for he always wished his children to see and enjoy whatever was transpiring in the city of Richmond. Hence, as a wee little girl, he took me to see the unveiling of the Crawford statue of Washington, and I also saw the unveiling of the statue of Jackson in the Capitol Square, which was presented by his English admirers. Our home in Caroline County was on the Telegraph Road, midway between Richmond and Fredericksburg, so we saw very hard times in the days of the war and suffered many privations. Refugees, falling back from Stafford, came to us by the dozens, and, though never rich, my mother shared her all with these relatives and friends, whose homes were within the Federal lines. In my life, I have witnessed the dis-

bandment of Lee's army, Grant's army, Sheridan's army, and Pershing's army, and I was a witness to the unfurling of the first Confederate flag that ever floated over Richmond.

My husband fought his first battle when a boy of seventeen at historic Bethel Church, with the Richmond Howitzers. He saw baptism by fire in twenty-seven of the worst battles of the war, including both Cold Harbors, Fredericksburg, Antietam, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness; and he was at Bloody Angle and in the Gettysburg campaign, and with General Lee at Appomattox—for when in the agony of those last hours of fighting, the cry rang out, "If only artillery could come"—McCarthy tells in his story of the Army of Northern Virginia, that, "slashing their horses furiously, the Richmond Howitzers hove into sight—while the cry rang out, 'That's Bill—that's Joe'—which referred to W. H. Lyne and his dear friend, Joe Fourqurean. Other Richmond Howitzers that he often mentioned were his commander, Captain Randolph, who was killed, and, always most lovingly, Henry Carter. Their cannons had echoed from Malvern Hill to Sharpsburg!

Jackson died at Guinea's Station, and as Ma Moncure lived near by at Ruther Glen, naturally we heard all the heartbreaking news! I can never forget Jackson's funeral, which I attended. His body lay in state in the Hall of the House of Delegates in the capitol at Richmond, and we passed in solemn line to see his majestic face. He looked exactly like his portraits, calm in the serenity of death. The casket was very plain—there was no show—we were all crushed, in tears!

The funeral cortege passed down Governor Street, and I ran to a porch near by, the better to see it. Where I stood was afterwards used by Dr. McGuire as a dispensary or hospital. All was solemn as death itself; even the youngest Confederates seem to realize what the passing of Stonewall Jackson meant to the cause of the South.

I always thought it showed a sweet bit of sentiment that at the battle of Fredericksburg, General Lee turned his field glasses to see if shells were falling on the Chatham lawn, exclaiming: "The trees are still standing. It was beneath the trees at Chatham that I pressed my suit."

Burnside was in command of the Stafford hills while the Confederates were at Marye's Heights, which the Yankees stormed six times. . . . I shall never forget how we felt when Stoneman and Sheridan were tearing up the railroad and burning the bridges between our home and Richmond. Grant had his headquarters in our yard while the battle of Jericho Ford raged.

My father, as Auditor of Virginia and member of the State Senate, was most intimate with Governors Floyd, Wise, "Extra Billy" Smith, and Letcher. Fort Monroe fell into Union hands, thereby opening a waterway to Virginia and a strategic point as to blockade. Governor Wise's last wife was closely related to Gen. George Meade, the hero of Gettysburg; and his son, Obadiah Jennings Wise, killed at Roanoke Island, was captain of the Richmond Blues, who literally worshiped him. His youngest boy, Johnnie, was among the New Market V. M. I. Cadets.

When the twilight began to gather for the great silence, General Lee met his end as he lived, Christ's faithful soldier and servant to life's end. His last act was to lift his hand in benediction, as he sought to ask a blessing for the evening meal; then, stricken, he sank into his chair. The long years of usefulness, the heavy strain of responsibility, the great life work, were ended. The chastening touch of time had melted his strength into a tender glory that blended with a radiant splendor like a sunset on the Alps. At Lexington, he had pressed forward amid the storms of life and fate to encourage and uplift a stricken people. The force of his example was the beacon light of the ruined South. Here he was even more splendid in defeat than he had ever been in battle; and he fell like a soldier on a shield that knew no stain, surrendering his soul to his Captain, Christ, under whose colors he had fought ever since the days back at Christ Church, Alexandria, when he joined the Church militant.

In Christ Church, Alexandria, at prayer, he decided the momentous question of resigning from the Union army; and there to-day are two modest marble tablets—the one to George Washington, vestryman; the other to Robert E. Lee, the Christian, whose chivalry made him truly the last of the Cavaliers. The men whom he led, the generation to which I belong, is simply now a thin gray mist hovering on the shores of eternity, . . . and yet memory conjures the past and a phantom army seems in review.

I can recall so vividly how General Lee used to look, mounted on his splendid horse, as he rode through Richmond. Often he and President Jefferson Davis went side by side, splendid, heroic types of leaders; and Davis was so anxious to participate in battles, as the foe drew nearer Richmond, that often General Lee had to implore him to regard his safety.

Davis, Lee, and Jackson had all known each other since the Mexican War, and they also knew the

commanders on the other side. This led them to gage their tactics and also to reckon how they would act under given conditions. Never was anything more helpful than this, for as Joe Johnston said once: "Anybody but McClellan would have attacked." When men have been classmates and messmates, they can rightfully appraise their worth and characteristics. General Lee and his officers knew from intimate association what were the chief traits in many of the Federal leaders, so could divine their motives. It was playing a huge game of chess with old partners—once pals, back in the days at West Point and under the burning sun of Mexico.

It is not for me to attempt to add a laurel to the fame of such widely known heroes, since eulogy they need none. Lee's statue rises in every Southern city of any size; and his bust has been carried overseas to London and to St. Cyr, the famous military school of France; while every year the inspiration of his majestic tomb at Lexington casts a spell of profound veneration on the hundreds of students who seek at Washington and Lee University their scholarships. Lee realized that with the South impoverished by war, the only possibility of the future lay in education; and so he again sacrificed all (for wealth and ease were offered to him after Appomattox for the use of his name), choosing rather to cast his fate with Virginia and share the aftermath of war, still voicing that scriptural lesson: "I am among you as one that serveth."

In the cemetery at Lexington, not far from the little chapel where Lee sleeps, in the matchless serenity that Valentine has sculptured for all ages, rest the mortal remains of Jackson.

When General Lee, on April 20, 1861, arrived in Richmond, the ties with Arlington had been forever sundered save as tender memories. He never owned Arlington; it belonged to his wife; and, by her father's will, went to her oldest son, George Washington Custis Lee, after her death. Though the United States government paid for the ground at last, no money could repay the associations or purchase the memories of the hallowed past. General Lee was profoundly touched when Virginia selected him as her defender, and said: "I would have much preferred the choice had fallen on some abler man." But as Virginia turned to a son of Westmoreland in the Revolution, Virginia again sought the protection of a son from a shire that has given to America George Washington, James Monroe, and Robert E. Lee!

AN UNUSUAL IDENTIFICATION.

BY CAPT. W. W. CARNES, BRADENTON, FLA.

A recent call on me to sign as a voucher for an applicant for membership in the United Daughters of the Confederacy brings to mind an occasion on which I had to vouch for a war veteran in an unusual manner.

As a preliminary, I must go back to the battle of Chickamauga, where I commanded a battery of artillery in Wright's Brigade of Cheatham's Tennessee Division. On Saturday, September 19, 1863, our division was sent to reënforce commands then engaged, and Wright's Brigade, with the battery, was on the left of the division without infantry support in rear. Repeated charges by superior forces drove back our infantry and, their lines overlapping our brigade on the left, threatened us with capture by flank movement to our rear; but our heavy loss in horses made it impossible to withdraw the guns. While cannonading is going on, words of command cannot be heard, and the bugle has to be used. To avoid using the signal, "Cease firing," the "Assembly" was used to call attention, and while the detachment of the left gun was continued in action to cover the retreat, the other men were assembled and rushed to the right and rear, where they met reinforcements on our side to renew the fight and recapture the guns.

After the war I changed my place of residence to Macon, Ga. (where I had married), and there I was captain of the Macon Volunteers. Many years after the war, that company was one of many assembled at Savannah for the unveiling of a monument in memory of a revolutionary soldier. While we were forming on the street for the parade, I was approached by a lieutenant of the "Irish Jasper Greens," of Savannah, accompanied by a man under middle age. Explaining that the man was an applicant for membership in the local Confederate Association, where a responsible voucher was required, the lieutenant asked me if I could identify the applicant as a member of my battery. I said to the man, "You must remember it has been a long time since I have seen any member of that battery, and you must have been one of the young members. What is your name?" He replied: "Wait a bit, Captain, who was your bugler at Chickamauga?" I said he was a young Irishman named Pat Gleason. Then he said: "Do you remember a question asked by you and a reply made about sounding the bugle to bring the men out?" In a flash of memory, I had the scene brought to mind, and I replied: "I asked Gleason if he could sound the 'Assembly' in all that din, and his answer was: 'I'd sound it in hell if you gave the order.'" Coming to

the "salute," he said, "At your service, Captain. I am Patrick Gleason," and, turning to the lieutenant, he said: "Didn't I tell you I would make him remember me?"

And, due to the question and answer, known only to the bugler and myself, he was identified and vouched for by me.

TRIBUTE TO COL. LOUIS SCHADE.

On April 4, the Daughters of the Confederacy in Washington, D. C., paid special tribute to the memory of Hon. Louis Schade, remembered for his brave defense of the unfortunate Major Wirz, Commandant of Andersonville Prison. This was the hundredth anniversary of Colonel Schade's birth, and on the morning of that day, friends of the family and representatives of the U. D. C. decorated his grave beautifully in flowers and the Confederate colors.

Centennial services in his honor were held at the Concordia Lutheran Church in Washington on the Sunday night following, with the family friends, members of the Confederate organizations of the city, in attendance. The University of Berlin was also to hold a Louis Schade memorial service on April 12.

The great effort made by Mr. Schade to save the life of the man who was held criminally responsible for the great mortality among the prisoners at Andersonville—and it will be remembered that Mr. Schade alone was willing to undertake this defense and to fight single-handed and alone to exonerate President Davis, whom the hidden powers were intent on implicating with Major Wirz—placed him in the category of brave men and ever due the high appreciation of the Southern people.

It was Mr. Schade also who finally achieved the Christian burial of Major Wirz, whose body was not turned over to his family after the execution, but had been placed in the arsenal grounds in Washington. Four years afterwards, Mr. Schade obtained permission to remove it, and Major Wirz was given decent burial in Olivet Cemetery, and for her father, on this hundredth anniversary, Miss Anita Schade placed a wreath on the grave of Major Wirz.

Louis Schade was born in Berlin, Germany, April 3, 1829, and studied law at the university there. After the revolution of 1848, in which he took part, he came to America and located finally in Washington, where he was assistant librarian of the Smithsonian Institution. For many years he edited a paper in Chicago and took an active part in politics, but in 1860 he was again in Washington as editor of the *Sentinel*, a weekly paper which thrived for thirty years. He was known as a fearless man and waged many battles before Congress for "personal liberty." His defense of Major Wirz, the trial lasting from

August to October, 1865, brought him strongly into the limelight of that day, and always the man whom Jefferson Davis called his friend will be honored by the Southern people. The last wish of Colonel Schade was that Wirz's name should be cleared "and the truth about this much-maligned man given to the world."

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

BY MRS. MARY M. TILGHMAN, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

In my memory has awakened vivid stories that had slumbered for years, stories told me in my childhood by parents and relatives, of brave and heroic deeds by the Southern men of Maryland, during the War between the States. Though many of them never wore the uniform or carried arms, yet they were loyal sons of the South and served her whenever possible, even at the peril of their lives. My father and uncle were among this number, my father being disqualified for service owing to a diseased throat, and my uncle had only recently recovered from typhoid fever.

When the hostilities began, my father, James Edward Moss, owned Hackett's Point and was engaged in farming; my uncle, Robert Livingston Moss, owned the adjoining farm, "Moss Side," and was following many pursuits. This tract of land is situated in Anne Arundel County, borders the Chesapeake Bay on the east and south, and the Harpoon Bay on the west. Some years ago this property passed into the hands of strangers.

Here was where my story had its inception, but probably it would never have been recorded had not a Daughter of the Confederacy suggested I write and let others read of the thrilling adventures these two men passed through in running the blockade from Baltimore to the South in an effort to carry a few comforts and the mail to the Southern soldiers.

Their craft was a small sloop named the Medoria. My uncle was the captain of the vessel. My father could not leave Hackett's for more than a day at a time, as he was guardian over his mother, wife, a young brother, and fifty or sixty negro slaves, so when the Medoria would reach Baltimore on her return trip, my father would ride to Baltimore on horseback. Can you imagine this trip in these days of the automobile? The distance they cover in an hour then required a day. My father would superintend the loading of the vessel, which had to be done at night, and she would sail under cover of darkness; then father would start upon his return trip, reaching Hackett's at dawn.

I cannot recall how long they ran the blockade or the number of trips they made, for the greatest impression made upon my young mind was the climax.

It was near the close of the conflict. Father had ridden to Baltimore, helped load the Medoria, and she weighed anchor. Then he started on his return trip. He was riding his fleet-footed sorrel horse named Oscar. In leaving Baltimore, he had to ride through a Union encampment. The sentry called "Halt!" twice, but, instead of obeying, he put the spurs into Oscar. Several bullets whizzed past him, but he was uninjured and reached home at the usual hour; but he feared the government had found them out. It was not many hours before his fears were realized. The wind being favorable, and the vessel small, it was not many hours after sunrise when he sighted the Medoria off Sandy Point, some distance up the bay; he also sighted a revenue cutter, which appeared to be keeping the Medoria in sight. Those on the vessel had observed her and had decided it would not be safe to continue the voyage down the bay, knowing that the steamer would overtake them, so they decided to try to make the harbor at Moss Side and thus escape the steamer; which they did. The cutter, losing sight of them, concluded, I presume, they had gone into Annapolis, so steamed on past the mouth of the river.

Every moment was valuable to those engaged in running the blockade. My uncle conducted a country store at Moss Side, now Holly Beach, so to be on the safe side, they mustered all the slaves and in about an hour all the cargo was unloaded and placed upon the shelves of the store, leaving nothing to give suspicion. The one thing they could not effectually conceal was a leather mail pouch filled with mail, and doubtless a goodly sum of Confederate money; this alone would convict them. One of the feeders of Harpoon Bay is Meredith's Creek, and between these two bodies of water was an inlet about five yards wide, through which the water ran with great rapidity. While they were trying to think out a place in which to hide the pouch, they sighted the revenue cutter rounding Greensbury's Point, and then steaming up Harpoon Bay. There was no time to falter, so into this inlet was thrown the mail pouch, and not any too soon. The cutter had stopped alongside of the Medoria, a small boat was lowered, and several men descended and were rowed to shore. The officer was a man named Pollard from Richmond. He was an editor of some newspaper, if my memory is correct, the *Richmond Times*. My father and uncle met them, Mr. Pollard told his mission, and they gave permission to search the premises, which they did, house, store, vessel, and all out-buildings, but they found no incriminating evidence. After apologizing, they departed for the South, much to the relief of all concerned.

(Continued on page 198.)

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. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Two of the four great monuments erected by the general organization, U. D. C., are in memory of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy; the generosity of a Union soldier made possible the establishment of a scholarship in memory of our great President; and through the Jefferson Davis Highway we again express our admiration for "the maker of a nation within the borders of the United States."

This highway is rapidly being recognized as one of the great national arteries. Markers have been erected at intervals along the route, beautifying has been commenced in several States, and interest needs not so much at present to be created as maintained. Those who have labored long and earnestly in behalf of this great memorial project are at last beginning to reap the fruits of their patience and most commendable perseverance.

However, the enterprise which would perhaps have had the strongest appeal for Mr. Davis has not met with the enthusiastic response that any memorial to him should prompt, nor the support commensurate with the demand for its completion. The name "Jefferson Davis" given to the historical foundation should have inspired every Daughter of the Confederacy to support an activity through which, for the first time, the organization will be in a financial position to undertake definite, constructive historical achievement.

The reunion in Charlotte next month will be a Jefferson Davis Reunion, held within the week of the one hundred and twenty-first birthday of Mr. Davis, in the city where he held one of his last cabinet meetings, where he received the tidings of the assassination of the President of the United States. The United Daughters of the Confederacy will heartily unite with all other Confederate organizations in rendering homage to this great American. That we may remember him in deed as in word, we earnestly request each Chapter, sometime in the month of

May, to make a substantial gift to the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation. Let this be your memorial to Mr. Davis, a great outpouring of love from the hearts of his people. It is the last time the writer will have an opportunity of appealing to you for this Foundation, and she trusts that your response will be in proportion to her faith in your loyalty and love for the martyr to the Confederate cause.

The library at Louvain, Belgium, was last year added to those to which we send a representative collection of Southern books. The following is a translation of a most interesting letter received by our chairman of the Committee on Southern Literature from Dr. Gobert, of the Louvain Library:

"Miss Elizabeth Hanna.

"*Madame:* I pray you right at first to excuse my delay in responding to your very kind offer of September 15, 1928. I excuse myself also to you for writing in French, but I fear to convey expressing myself in English, as I have had no practice for more than ten years. We know little in Belgium of the subject of the Southern States except the work of Madame Beecher Stowe, 'The Cabin of Uncle Tom.' The libraries of the college are poor in documents or literature except 'North against South,' by Jules Verne. These are historical romances, and I think a need will be truly filled if the University center were placed in the only European library where the name of the United States is intimately associated with publications of which you propose the gracious sender. Mr. Scattens occupies himself with books in the capacity of secretary. The address is simply University of Louvain (library). I thank you for having wished me well and of giving me the honor of your offer, and thank you also for your review. If you do not see that it is inconvenient, I will be glad to receive numerous ones for the library of the University.

"Accept, I pray you, Madame, the expression of my respectful sentiments. DR. GOBERT."

Miss Hanna deems it desirable to begin the collection for Louvain with biographies, and will appreciate the following: Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General; Stonewall Jackson; Robert E. Lee; Jefferson Davis (by Morris Schaff, if available); Matthew Fontaine Maury; Nathan Bedford Forrest; Joseph Wheeler, and His Campaigns; John C. Calhoun; Benjamin H. Hill; Judah P. Benjamin; Alexander H. Stephens; and the War between the States; Memoirs of President Davis by His Wife. Miss Hanna would also like the major poets of the South—Lanier, Timrod, Hayne, Poe, and Father Ryan; The Attitude of Virginia toward Slavery (Beverly Mumford); The Real Lincoln, by Dr. Minor; and Horton's History.

The legislature of West Virginia has recently adopted a resolution designating the highway known as "Route 19" "the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Highway." This road passes through Clarksburg, the birthplace of General Jackson, and extends from the city of Erie, Pa., to the Gulf. The legislatures of all States traversed by this highway will be requested to adopt similar resolutions. These States are Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

Invitations have been issued to the unveiling of the Memorial Window to Father Abram J. Ryan in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Mobile, Ala., April 25, 1929. This is the first completed work of the Children of the Confederacy as an organized body; the window is the most beautiful one in the church and represents the coronation of the Virgin, symbolizing the Confederacy—that a cause may fail, but its principles are immortal and deathlessly crowned. The program for the exercises has been arranged by the Third Vice President General, Mrs. J. T. Burney, and are tender and sacred, fitting tribute to the poet-priest of the Confederacy.

Our hostesses for the convention of 1929, Group 10, of the Mississippi Division, have selected the Buena Vista Hotel, Biloxi, as headquarters for the convention. This hotel has an auditorium of large size, is convenient to the church of which the Davis family were members, and we are advised that it is also within "short walking distance" of several other hotels.

Our hearts have been greatly saddened by the suffering through storm and flood that has come to the Daughters in sister States. Alabama has been among those afflicted. Your Recording Secretary General desires you to know that any failure in prompt replies to correspondence has been owing to every waking hour being employed in the service of the Red Cross and in the aid of suffering humanity.

The following invitations are acknowledged with deep appreciation: Pelham and William L. Yancey Chapters, Birmingham, Ala., March 28, 1929; Dedication Confederate Veterans' Home, San Gabriel, Calif., April 14; Congress, Daughters of the American Revolution, April 15-20; Convention, California Division, U. D. C., Fresno, May 8, 1929.

Very sincerely yours, MAUDE MERCHANT.

A MESSAGE FROM THE CREDENTIALS COMMITTEE.

During the next few weeks many Divisions will hold their conventions, and we earnestly request the various Presidents to urge their Chapters to see to it that their credential blanks be promptly and properly filled out. Let us have the largest registration possible at our general convention in November.

MRS. L. U. BABIN, *Chairman*.

U. D. C. NOTES

Alabama.—At the thirty-second annual convention of the Alabama Division, which convened May 2, at Opelika, Mrs. R. B. Broyles, Divisional President, offered a recommendation that the State be divided into districts. A special committee was appointed, and the State has been divided into nine districts.

On March 28 and 29, District No. 2, composed of Chapters at Anniston, Oxford, Guntersville, Fort Payne, Albertville, Gadsden, Attalla, Jacksonville, Talladega, Ashville, Cedar Bluff, Sylacauga, and Fitzpatrick held the initial meeting, with John T. Morgan Chapter, of Talledega, as host. Mrs. James A. Embry of Ashville, President, presided. The program was replete with talks, papers, and inspirational music with a large assembly of Daughters as audience. The homes and hearts of the good people of Talledega were opened to the many delegates, a reception was held in their honor, and the luncheons were delightful.

In the talk by Mrs. R. B. Broyles, State President, she stressed the importance and necessity of prohibiting the playing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

A special donation for a memorial to Mrs. Idora Moore (Betsey Hamilton), of Talledega, was made at this meeting.

The district went on record as having indorsed all that had been said by our beloved State President.

The Memorial Window to Father Ryan in St. Mary's Church, Mobile, given by the Children of the Confederacy, was unveiled on April 26.

[Mrs. C. W. Daugette, State Editor.]

Arkansas.—The lovely spring weather has stimulated afresh the energies of our Division, and some very interesting reports are made worthy of notice. The subject of placing in the schools of the State pictures and portraits of noted Southern characters is interesting some of the Chapters. The Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter, of Fort Smith, has presented a \$500.00 oil portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee to the new high school of that city. This picture was painted by the famous artist, Jenkins, and the placing of it was part of the school's dedicatory program. The presentation speech by the retiring President of the Chapter, Mrs. Burley Johnson, and the unveiling by the incoming President, Mrs. J. S. Holt, made a very impressive ceremony.

Mrs. Hal Norwood, with her committee, of Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, is making ready for Memorial Day, May 12, and will place twelve markers on the graves of Confederate soldiers. The David Owen Dodd School, of Little Rock, is richer by the gift of a number of books and three pictures from Mrs. T. N. Doyle, of Memorial Chapter.

At the last meeting of T. J. Churchill Chapter a very interesting talk was made by Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman on Memorial work, such as the placing of monuments on historic spots and battle fields. The passing of a bill by our late legislature gives us assurance of the restoration of one of the most interesting spots in the State. In the little city of Washington, Hemstead County, stands the once war capitol of the State, around which even now lingers the atmosphere of many patriotic and exciting events. The building, when restored, will be used as a Community Center by the people of that locality. The pioneer settlers of the State, many living near here, will furnish it throughout with antique furniture, and when complete it will present one of the most outstanding pieces of constructive work the Arkansas Division has attempted.

[Mrs. William Stillwell, State Editor.]

* * *

California.—Mrs. M. L. Stannard, Division President, has traveled over the State, making official visits to the Chapters. Such visits give encouragement to the workers, for the President gives a résumé of the General Convention and explains and outlines the work for the Chapters.

The members of the Gen. Tyree H. Bell Chapter, No. 780, of Fresno, are making extensive preparations for the State convention, which meets in Fresno in May.

One result of the efforts of California Division Daughters is the establishing of a home for veterans. "Dixie Manor," located at San Gabriel, houses nine happy veterans already.

The Sterling Price Chapter, 1343, Stockton, has a scholarship fund started through a bequest by Mrs. Abbie A. Elsom, a charter member, to the Chapter. In loving memory this is to be called the "Abbie A. Elsom Scholarship Fund."

[Edwa D. Ewing Boggs, Publicity Chairman.]

* * *

Kentucky.—The district meetings in Hickman, Hopkinsville, and at the Confederate Home, near Louisville, will be held late in the spring. The fourth district met with the Jo Desha Chapter, at Cynthiana, on April 26; the fifth district met on the 4th of May with the Dr. Basil Duke Chapter, of Maysville, at the country home of Mrs. L. G. Maltby, past State President. This home is near the birthplace of Albert Sidney Johnston, which the State Division plans to mark sometime this summer.

The State offers ten prizes for historical work this year, and much interest is being shown in these and in the prizes of the general historical work. The Chapter at Bowling Green has been revived, due to the interest of Miss Jeanie Blackburn.

Mrs. John L. Woodbury, candidate for President General, is abroad for a much-needed rest.

A committee has been created to make a shrine in evergreen and white in the burial plot of the Confederate Home, money for this purpose being given in a bequest of Miss Sawyer.

The birthday of General Lee was very generally observed, it being a State holiday. The Lexington Chapter celebrated with a luncheon, at which an inspiring address was made by Rev. Howard Morgan, appealing to the spiritual values of Lee's life. Kentucky Day, the 12th of December, was celebrated in many schools and the services of the State Historian, Mrs. Josephine Turner, of Louisville, resulted in much attention being given to the Confederate history. Mrs. Turner will give a talk over Radio station WHAS in Louisville on Flag Day, June 14, as a part of the patriotic program to be broadcast at that time.

[Mrs. Ida Earle Fowler, State President.]

* * *

Massachusetts.—The April meeting was the annual Memorial meeting for the Cambridge Chapter, and was held at the Hotel Statler in Boston. Rev. Ralph E. Bailey, of Cambridge, a native son of Georgia, delivered a very impressive address, memorializing all of our soldiers in all of the wars, who gave their all that we might live in peace!

Three Crosses of Service were bestowed on World War veterans. The first went to Thomas Dudley Packard for active service in the submarine war zone on the high seas. The next to I. J. Rogers, formerly of Alabama, for honorable home service; and the

third was given to Howell Nesmith Cobb, the grandson of Gen. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, for honorable home service.

During the last week of April, the Chapter gave a party at the home of Mrs. F. B. Sayre for the benefit of the relief work, which is near the hearts of each member.

* * *

South Carolina.—The giving of portraits of South Carolina generals and of Davis, Lee, and Jackson has been generally done of late by numerous Chapters of this Division, these being presented on red letter days and placed on the walls of high and grammar schools.

Already plans are afoot for the District meetings, which are one-day affairs. With the splendid highways of the State, these conferences are largely attended, and on several occasions have been likened to "State conventions," with such fine attendance of officers, State chairmen, and the rank and file. Chapter membership attendance is also worthy of note. Frequently reports come of a Chapter meeting with fifty or more present.

Mrs. J. Frost Walker, of Union, besides being a wonderful State President, is serving as Vice President, South Carolina Federation Music Clubs, and gave response to the welcome on Welcome Evening, and also at the luncheon to the National President. At the State Federation of Women's Clubs, of South Carolina, Mrs. Walker again brought greetings, this time from the South Carolina Division, U. D. C.

Some of the members of the Angeline Bacon Chapter, C. of C., who are of the tenth grade of the Johnston High School, put over a beautiful entertainment at the closing hour of school, at the Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, which meets monthly. Assisted by other members of the grade, they featured a program contrasting the "Girls of the Sixties" with the "Girls of To-Day." The two groups were costumed according to their period, and these charming "Girls of the Sixties," in full befrilled skirts, lace mantillas, and quaintly arranged, overshadowed literally and figuratively the slim young creatures of modern dress. Music, songs, and readings of each period gave pleasure, then a debate: *Resolved*, That the "Girls of the Sixties" were more contented than the "Girls of To-Day." The debate was highly interesting. The judges decided in favor of the "Girls of the Sixties."

* * *

Tennessee.—A handsome highway marker on the line between Tennessee and Mississippi was dedicated

on the afternoon of April 30, the location being at Whitehaven, Shelby County. The occasion was one of special interest and was largely attended.

Chapters in Nashville have been much exercised over the presentation in this city of the picture show of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," vigorous protest having been made against it. The picture in its revised form retains all the objectionable features and gives the most sordid and exaggerated view of slavery. The showing of such a picture in any part of the country tends to destroy kindly feeling between the races, and it is especially an insult to show it in the South. It should be prohibited by law from showing anywhere in this section.

BOOKS FOR SOUTHERN UNIVERSITIES.

Miss Elizabeth H. Hanna, General Chairman of the U. D. C., Committee on Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries, calls attention to a late appeal sent out by the Georgia Division Director of such work in behalf of assisting Emory University in securing whatever Southern material is available; and she urges that the Division Directors of other States center on some special institution of learning in each State and help to build up their library facilities, with the hope that continued and persistent effort in this direction will raise the standard of a number of our institutions of learning to the point where they may compete successfully with such institutions of the North. Valuable recent publications on Southern history or biography, etc., are what is wanted for foreign libraries, while the precious old documents and historic works are reserved for our own people, in addition to the new publications. Miss Hanna can be reached at St. Petersburg, Fla., 732 Seventeenth Avenue North.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. TOPICS FOR JUNE, 1929.

The Battle of Sharpsburg. Advance into Maryland, and Events Leading Up to the Battle. Position of Forces, Strength of Both Armies, and Casualties.

C. OF C. TOPICS FOR JUNE, 1929.

Incidents in the Life of Jefferson Davis, to be told by six C. of C. Members.

Reading: "Tribute to Jefferson Davis" (Henry W. Grady).

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.



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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster
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GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
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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.

MESSAGE TO THE C. S. M. A.

My Dear Coworkers: This will probably be the last message to you before I shall hope to see you face to face at our convention and the reunion. Let me again urge that you secure, without fail, your railroad certificate entitling you to the reduced rate. If you do not have the certificate, you will not have the privilege of the low rate, and be sure that only *bona fide* members of the allied organizations get them.

If you have not already secured your hotel reservations, it is also necessary that you do this without delay or risk disappointment at the last. Do not fail to have representation and to bring typewritten reports, notices of deceased members to be sent before June 1 to Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, College Park, Ga.

* * *

MEMORIAL DAY ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Don't forget to send flowers, moss, or evergreens to decorate graves on Johnson's Island, Ohio, where two hundred and six officers of the Confederacy lie buried far from home and loved ones. Fifty-six of these graves are marked "Unknown." An epidemic of pneumonia having swept the barren island when the comforts of life were denied them there, men from the South fell away like leaves in the autumn wind, and hasty interment on the part of their enfeebled associates, to whom was committed the task of putting them away, caused oversight in saving records. Send money or hardy flowers direct to Mrs. G. A. Rurmer, 1110 Fifth Street, Sandusky, Ohio.

Earnestly hoping soon to greet you, I am with affectionate remembrance,

Your President General,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

A Junior Southern Memorial Association was organized at Huntington, W. Va., during March, of which Miss Kathryn Burns was appointed President by the President General, C. S. M. A. The purpose of these associations is to promote interest on the part of the younger people in the memorial, historical, and educational interests of the people of the South. Their special work will be in preserving relics of important periods, especially that period of war in the sixties; in placing markers at memorable places throughout the country; and in celebrating birthday anniversaries of Southern heroes.

* * *

Miss Daisy Hodgson, Recording Secretary General, has announced the completion of the endowment fund for the Louisiana Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., as the result of an appropriation made by the last session of the Louisiana Legislature.

* * *

"PRESENT STATUS OF LEE'S VISION."

This very valuable leaflet has just reached the editor's desk, published by President Smith, of Washington and Lee University, and from which the following interesting high lights are gleaned:

What is the Lee Memorial School of Journalism doing, this reestablishment of General Lee's first collegiate training for newspaper work in the world?

1. General Lee inaugurated at Washington and Lee the first Chair of Journalism at any college in the world, in 1869, sixty years ago, recognizing the crying need for balanced, trained reporting and for cultivated interpretation of news.

2. In 1870, this chair was interrupted in its functioning through the financial poverty of the University and the death of President Lee.

3. In 1921, President Henry Louis Smith urged its reestablishment, which was enthusiastically indorsed by the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association.

4. In 1925, instruction was again given, made possible by generous donations and the coöperation of the members of the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association, several U. D. C. Chapters, and by Mrs. L. Richardson, of Greensboro, N. C., who paid the salary of the school head for four years.

5. The school contains the first Journalism School Library, of several hundred volumes on journalism, social sciences, history, and newspaper reference works, together with a newspaper morgue comprising a cross reference file of more than five hundred subjects.

The central committee of the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association comments thus: "Washington and Lee is a sacred and inspiring shrine of Southern patriotism, of ennobling memories and traditions, of lofty and unselfish devotion to public good. It is the one and only historic institution belonging to and patronized by the whole South. Let our effort as Southern newspaper men be to carry out Lee's great plan in a manner worthy of his great genius and our opportunity."

IN MEMORIAM.

The C. S. M. A. feels deeply the loss of two most valued and beloved members, both residents of Petersburg, Va., and long active in the work of the Ladies' Memorial Association there.

Miss Nora Fontaine Maury Davidson, pioneer patriot, a relative of Commodore Maury, died on February 10, at the Petersburg Home for Ladies, and was laid to rest in historic Blandford Cemetery, where Miss Davidson had placed garlands on the graves of Confederate soldiers during the war.

A native of Petersburg, "Miss Nora" was one of the city's most outstanding women. Besides being one of the most active of Confederate workers and one to whom the Confederacy was not a lost cause nor a memory but a living thing. She was a real Daughter of 1812, her father having served in that war. She was a charter member of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg, and the last of that band of women who went out to meet the South Carolina Rifles and the Macon Guards, the first volunteer Confederate troops to arrive in Petersburg at the beginning of the War between the States.

Miss Davidson was also an Honorary President of the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Life Custodian of the Petersburg Chapter; first Worthy Matron of Alpha Chapter, Order of Eastern Star; and the oldest member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

For fifty-nine years "Miss Nora" taught school there, and some of Virginia's most distinguished men and women, all now gray haired, were among her pupils. She led her pupils to Blandford Cemetery to place wreaths on Confederate graves during the War between the States.

"Miss Nora's" love for the Confederacy was the inspiration of her life, and from the firing of the first gun at Sumter to the surrender at Appomattox, she was one of the most loyal of the Confederate women. She nursed in Confederate hospitals here after having assisted in establishing them, and always was ready to succor the men who wore the gray. It was while nursing in one of these hospitals that she met Benjamin Wesley Hume, to whom she became engaged; but he died before they were married, and she remained true to this love throughout the years.

For many years, Mrs. Shelton Chieves served as President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg, Va., and by her constancy and devotion to the work of the Memorial Association left a record of unfailing loyalty which ended only with her passing to the great beyond. Her inspirational leadership will be sorely missed by her coworkers and by the many friends who came to know her and value her fervent devotion to the memorial work.

Her death occurred on February 14, and resolutions by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg expressed "grief for the loss of one who has been our leader in this association for the past twelve years, and who has given her faithful services all these many years, even when her failing health made it a great personal sacrifice." During her leadership much work of a lasting character was accomplished.

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT WELDON, N. C.—In the VETERAN for May, 1928, appeared an article about an old cemetery near Weldon, N. C., where some 150 soldiers of the Confederacy were buried, having been sent to the hospital there from the hospitals in Richmond. The Junius Daniel Chapter, U. D. C., of Weldon, is interested in marking these graves and asks that anyone who knew of a soldier who died at the Weldon hospital will write giving his name and command, if possible, and his grave will be suitably marked. Address Mrs. Ida Wilkins, Weldon, N. C.

U. D. C. SCHOLARSHIP.—Mrs. R. D. Wright, U. D. C. Chairman Education, reports: "Through error, the Jubal A. Early Scholarship does not appear in the 1929 Education Circular. This scholarship is for award, is worth \$137.00, is open to men, and may be used in any college or university."

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.

REUNION AND CONVENTION.

Commander in Chief Edmond R. Wiles, who has charge of the arrangements for the thirty-ninth Annual Confederate reunion to be held at Charlotte, N. C., June 4-7, reports that the Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 23, has been reorganized and now has a large membership. Many new Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans are now being organized in North Carolina.

Contracts have been let for decorating the streets of Charlotte on a most elaborate scale. The legislature of North Carolina has appropriated \$25,000 to defray expenses of the reunion, and the city of Charlotte has contributed \$35,000.

REDUCED RATES.

A reduced rate of one fare for the round trip on the Identification Certificate plan has been authorized. The fare for the round trip will be the same as the normal one-way fare from your station to Charlotte, N. C. There will probably be no reduction in Pullman rates. The benefit of this reduced fare is obtainable, however, only upon the presentation to your home ticket agent of an Identification Certificate, which you can secure from your local Camp.

OFFICIAL HEADQUARTERS.

The Headquarters of the Commander in Chief and Staff, and for the Official Ladies, as well as all other officers of the Confederation and all visiting Sons, will be at the Selwyn Hotel. Only ninety-eight rooms could be secured at the Selwyn Hotel for the general, department, and division officers and their "Official

Ladies"; however, there are numerous hotels near the Selwyn sufficient to take care of all visiting Sons and their guests, provided such reservations are requested, write to A. W. Hartley, Secretary of the Hotel Reservation Committee, 1301 Independence Building, Charlotte, N. C., as soon as possible.

BADGES.

Badges will be provided for delegates, alternates, Department, Division, Brigade Commanders and Adjutants of Division Commanders. Badges will also be provided for six Official Ladies of the Department and Division Commanders, which they will receive upon registering at General Headquarters. Brigade and Camp Commanders must see that their Official Ladies are provided with badges before they reach Charlotte.

OFFICIAL LADIES.

The reunion would not be a success without the attendance of the fair daughters of the South. In accordance with Section 2, Article XV, of the Constitution, it is expected that Official Ladies will be appointed by Department, Division, Brigade, and Camp Commanders, consisting of Matron of Honor, Chaperon, Sponsor, and three Maids of Honor, who will have *entrée* to all the social functions of the reunion and convention. All official ladies representing Headquarters and the Departments, Divisions, Brigades, and Camps of the Confederation are expected and urged to attend the business session of the Confederation. While the local committees will do all they can in a general way for the comfort and convenience of visitors in all cases, the officers ap-

pointing official ladies are charged with the duty of providing escorts and generally looking after them.

RESIDENTIAL SPONSORIAL STAFF.

The Gen. James H. Lane Chapter, U. D. C., has appointed a Residential Sponsorial Staff to welcome the officials of the reunion. In the event you would like to get in touch with them, telling them when you will arrive, the staff is as follows, all of Charlotte with one exception:

Chaperon, Mrs. Lee Folger, East Morehead Street.

Matron of Honor, Mrs. Allison Pell, 307 Circle Avenue.

Sponsor, Miss Helen Hardie, 911 Queens Road.

Maid of Honor, Miss Augusta Rose, 314 East Park.

Maid of Honor, Miss Belle Ward Stowe, 108 Crescent Avenue.

Maid of Honor, Miss Rose Bud Chamberlain, Lincolnton, N. C.

IN MEMORIAM: R. B. HAUGHTON.

A great loss has been sustained by the S. C. V. organization in the death of Judge R. B. Haughton, which occurred in Hot Springs, Ark., during February, after a short illness. For many years his home was in St. Louis, Mo., but he had resided in Hot Springs for some five years, that being the home of his wife, who was Miss Amelia Rector, daughter of Col. E. W. Rector, one of the pioneers of that section.

Robert B. Haughton was born in Aberdeen, Miss., had practiced law in St. Louis for many years, where he also held a judge's seat, and he was in active practice at Hot Springs. He had served as Commander in Chief, S. C. V., and always took an active part in the work of the organization.

TO MARK CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

An act authorizing the Secretary of War to erect headstones over the graves of soldiers who served in the Confederate Army and to direct him to preserve in the records of the War Department the names and places of burial of all soldiers for whom such headstones shall have been erected, and for other purposes, has been passed by Congress, as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of War is authorized to erect headstones over the graves of soldiers who served in the Confederate Army and who have been buried in national, city, town, or village cemeteries or in any other places, each grave to be marked with a small headstone or block which shall be of durable

stone and of such design and weight as shall keep it in place when set and shall bear the name of the soldier and the name of his State inscribed thereon when the same are known. The Secretary of War shall cause to be preserved in the records of the War Department the name, rank, company, regiment, and date of death of the soldier and his State; if these are unknown, it shall be so recorded.

"Approved, February 26, 1929."

Hon. Lister Hill, Representative from Alabama, introduced this bill, of which he writes:

"After much effort, I was able to get the bill enacted by Congress, and it is now law. . . . Coming as I do, from Montgomery, Ala., the 'Cradle of the Confederacy,' I am naturally most interested that the graves of our Confederate dead be marked and that our people take advantage of the benefits of the law which I was able to pass. Of course, there are some who are now taking advantage of those benefits, but I have the feeling that if we could make better known to our Southern people the fact that the law has been passed and that all they have to do is to write Gen. B. F. Cheatham, the Quartermaster General of the Army, who will send them proper application blanks and the headstones will be forthcoming, we could get most of our Confederate graves marked."

COMRADES OF THE FIFTH GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

The following comes from O. F. Ansley, of Dallas, Tex. (1901 Forest Avenue):

"If there is a member of the 5th Georgia Volunteers living, under Col. Charles P. Daniels at the surrender, I wish he would write to me, so we can arrange to meet in Charlotte during the reunion.

"This is important. If I can find one or two members of the 5th Georgia, we may be able to recover our flag. We lost the flag December 9, 1864, at Coosohatchie, S. C. Tip Barnes was our flag bearer. He was wounded in this fight. Lieutenant Eason picked the flag up, and he was killed; then Lieutenant Harp picked it up, and he was killed. Captain Young, of the 154th New York Regiment, saw these three go down, and he got the flag from Lieutenant Harp's body. Captain Young lived in Elmira, N. Y., and at the reunion of the 5th Georgia in Macon, some twenty years after the war, he returned the flag to us. At Tampa, in 1927, there were four of the 5th Georgia there—Chapman, of Georgia; Jones, of Alabama; Harp, of Florida; and myself. At Little Rock, last year, I was the only one of the four left; hence I may be the only member of the 5th Georgia living. I was a member of Company F."

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

(Continued from page 189.)

The mail pouch was never recovered. For years they used every available means to drag the waters, but without success. At last it was decided that the water, running so rapidly, had either covered it with sand or taken it out into deep waters.

In closing, I would like if I may quote a tribute to the South, from the pen of Philip S. Rose, editor of the *Country Gentleman*, February, 1929, issue: "For to many Americans outside of it, the South has represented a memory only, an order of life gallant and charming and splendid, that had vanished; but the South of to-day is a vital reality, quickening to the opportunities and responsibilities of a new era."

GENERAL STUART'S SPURS.

BY ALEXANDER L. TINSLEY, BALTIMORE, MD.

At least two pairs of spurs were presented to Gen. Jeb Stuart by his admirers. One pair was the gift of a number of Baltimore ladies; the other, and with which this article is concerned, was the gift of some of his friends in St. Louis, near which city, at Jefferson Barracks, he had been stationed shortly before the War between the States.

This latter pair was entrusted to his friend, Lieut. William Fitzhugh Lee, to carry to him in the East. Lieutenant Lee, however, was placed under arrest at Jefferson Barracks for certain pro-Southern utterances, pending the acceptance of his resignation as an officer of the United States Army. In the meanwhile, his wife, my aunt, returned to her home in Shepherdstown, Va., taking the spurs with her. No opportunity presented itself for some time to deliver the spurs to the General, and it was not until after the battle of Antietam that this could be done.

This battle was fought within three miles of Shepherdstown, to which place General Lee had his wounded removed. My father, Assistant Surgeon Alexander Tinsley, but lately there on hospital duty in Richmond, was directed to prepare the town for the reception of the Confederate wounded and was left in charge of the more dangerously wounded. He was captured when the town was occupied by the Federals and was sent as a prisoner of war to Baltimore. He was accompanied to Baltimore by his wife, my mother, who was the sister of Mrs. Lee, and who took the spurs with her. Not very long afterwards, my father was exchanged and was sent to Richmond on a flag of truce boat and was accompanied by my mother, who had concealed the spurs in the bustle of her dress, and she gave them to the General.

It was these spurs that, on his deathbed, General

Stuart directed be given to my aunt, whose husband, Lieutenant Colonel Lee, had been mortally wounded at the battle of Bull Run while leading the charge of the 33rd Virginia, Jackson's Brigade, which, with a loss of forty per cent of its men, succeeded in capturing two batteries of Federal Regular Artillery just on the point of enfilading Jackson's line. The spurs are now in the possession of the family of Colonel Lee's grandson, the late Maj. W. F. Lee Simpson, U. S. A.

"HISTORY OF MARYLAND: PROVINCE AND STATE."*

The VETERAN has received a copy of this new work by Matthew Page Andrews, just issued from the press of Doubleday, Doran & Co. It is most timely in view of the fact that the State of Maryland is about to enter upon the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of its founding.

Dr. Andrews presents a fresh point of view in treating of the origin of this colony and its relations with its neighbors. Hence, the story of Maryland, as here developed, carries a significance as broad as the republic. It will be of particular interest to readers of the VETERAN, because the author sets forth a great deal of new material vitally important to any interpretation of the Southern as well as the Northern point of view, for Maryland was a border State. The eastern and more popular half was heartily for the South, but the German element of Western Maryland was almost solidly for the Union. However, the narrative shows that had the legislature been free to act, Maryland must have joined Virginia in April or May, 1861. The effort to get a firm grip upon this important commonwealth, the greater part of the territory of which lay to the north of the Federal capital, was probably responsible for the several weeks of temporizing by the Federal administration up to and after the call for volunteers. This story is here told in detail for the first time.

By way of illustrative comment, it is noted that, under Stonewall Jackson, at Front Royal, the 1st Maryland Regiment, C. S. A., defeated and almost annihilated the 1st Maryland, U. S. A. This combat constituted a unique engagement in the War between the States. In the same year, when the Virginia (Merrimac) defeated the Federal fleet off Fortress Monroe, that gallant son of Maryland, Capt. Franklin Buchanan, sank the ship upon which his brother was an officer.

There is much material, and no little interpretation of men and events, not to be found, perhaps, in any other volume.

*Doubleday, Doran & Co. 720 pages. Regular octavo. Illustrated. Price, \$7.25.

Anyone who took part in the battle of Trevilians, Louisa County, Va., will confer a favor by writing to Mrs. J. K. Wingfield, Charlottesville, Va., Route 2, Box 70.

Mrs. L. J. Smithia, of Stephenville, Tex., wishes to find some comrade, friend, or relative of her husband, Hosea M. Smythia, who belonged to Company K, 45th Tennessee Infantry. He enlisted at Camp Trousdale.

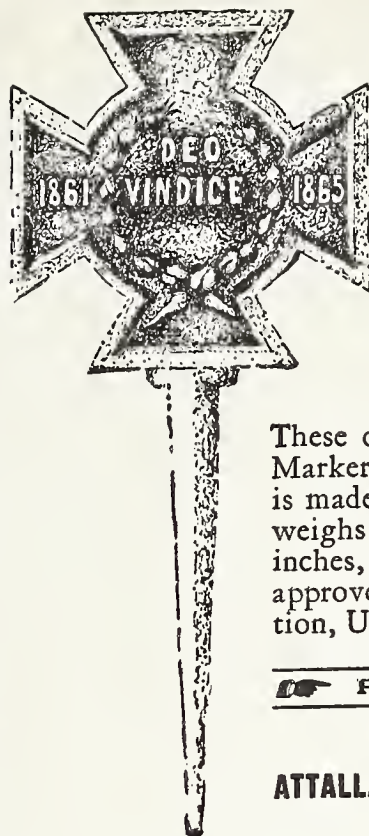
The widow of LaFayette Moore, who served with Roddy's Regiment, Alabama troops, under General Forrest, needs a pension and will appreciate hearing from any comrade or friend who can testify to her husband's service.

Mrs. Lucy Crook Sutton, Lake Waccaman, N. C., wishes to secure her father's war record and asks that anyone who knew Wiley Jesse Crook, who enlisted from Arkansas or Tennessee, will please write her; thinks he was a captain or quartermaster at the close of the war.

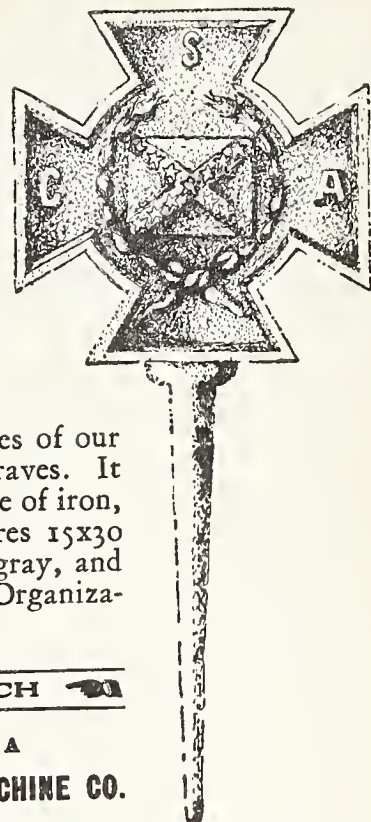
WANTED.—A Confederate officer's cap, a Confederate naval officer's belt buckle, and a portfolio of Confederate uniforms published in Richmond by authority of the War Department, C. S. A. Good prices paid. Address Richard D. Steuart, Preston Apartments, 218 East Preston Street, Baltimore, Md.

Brig. Gen. Edwin Selvage, Assistant Adjutant General, U. C. V., and Commander of the New York Camp, C. V., writes of the *VETERAN*: "I am sending nine dollars on subscription. I don't know when my subscription runs out, but I don't intend to let it run out while I live. I have been a subscriber for many years now and always welcome the *VETERAN* to my home. I have sent the *VETERAN* to several friends and hope they keep up the subscriptions."

Anyone who served with Capt. C. C. Scruggs from November, 1861, to January, 1863, with Holcombe's South Carolina Legion, will please communicate with Julian Scruggs, 511 Pearl Street, Denton, Tex. He is anxious to establish his father's war record, who was appointed first lieutenant of Company A of some regiment of Holcombe's Legion, and later elected as captain of Company K, same regiment; resigned in January, 1863, on account of bad health, and entered the commissary department, but where is not known. Any information will be appreciated.



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"I cannot get along without the *VETERAN*," writes Mrs. George H. Richmond, of Concord, N. C. "I often get my program for C. of C. meetings from this splendid magazine."

THE SINGING TOWER

On a tiny island, nestling like a green jewel in the lake that mirrors Edward Bok's Singing Tower, President Coolidge participated February 1 in the dedication of a bird sanctuary and its pealing carillon of sixty-one bells.

At Mountain Lake, the highest point in Florida, the lofty tower of fretted walls is the carillon, which is operated by wooden handles in the small studio just under the 123,164 pounds of bells.

The carillon fulfills the dream of an immigrant boy who rose to heights in America. He has built the tower and given its bells as a lasting memorial to his grandparents, of Holland.

"Make you the world a bit better and more beautiful because you have lived in it," they told him. Bok did not forget.

Fifty thousand persons attended the State dedication of the Singing Tower on December 2, when listeners came from miles across the peninsula. A greater crowd than even attended the dedication exercises.

The Singing Tower is two hundred and five feet high. The sixty-one

bells, varying in weight from sixteen to twenty-two thousand pounds each, cover a range of four octaves. The bells were cast at Loughborough, England, by the Taylor bell foundry, the world's largest bell makers.

The tower commands a view of thirty miles in every direction. It is situated in the heart of the bird sanctuary, which covers an entire small mountain. The whole has been given by Mr. Bok to the American people as a place of rest and peace for human-kind as well as birds.

TEACH SPEECH IMPROVEMENT.

Two supervisors, forty-four regular teachers, and an auxiliary teacher carry on the work of speech improvement in public schools of Philadelphia. From ten to twelve per cent of the children of the city suffer from speech defects. Each speech teacher has a daily assignment of two schools. The class period is half an hour, and classes are composed of from eight to ten children. So far as possible, children of the same age and the same type of speech defects are grouped for instruction. Three speech clinics provide for pupils in school where such instruction is not given, and car fare is supplied children living at a distance. Speech clinics are maintained in seven summer schools, and in one evening school a speech class is open during the winter to adults.—*School Life*.

FOR THE MONTH of MAY

THE handsome volume giving "The Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," as compiled and edited by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, Jr., the FIVE-DOLLAR edition, is offered especially for the month of May for \$2.75, postpaid, this being half the original price. After this month, the price must be advanced, as the supply is fast being exhausted.

The book will be sent with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$4.00, postpaid (renewals must be in advance).

Don't fail to get a copy of this beautiful book, which gives such intimate view of the character of the great Confederate leader. It will be a valuable legacy for generations to come.

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VOL. XXXVII.

JUNE, 1929

NO. 6



INTERESTING VIEW OF THE OLD STATE CAPITOL BUILDING AT
MONTGOMERY, ALA.

It was in the front portico of this old building that Jefferson Davis took the oath of office as President of the Southern Confederacy, and a star in the floor marks the spot where he stood. On the capitol grounds now is also the old building known as the First White House of the Confederacy, the home of President Davis while Montgomery was the capital of the Confederate States.

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LAND IN THE SOUTH.

The General Land Office has thrown open to settlement, as homesteads, tracts of land in Louisiana and Mississippi which a few years ago were the actual bed of the Father of Waters. This is a very unusual parcel of government land. In the first place, it is very rare that any government land is found as far east as this. As a matter of fact, this land did not exist at the time when Americans were active in procuring homes from the public domain. It has been built in recent years by the great river.

The lands offered are represented as being low, practically level, and of rich, heavy black loam and sandy loam soils, timbered chiefly with cottonwood. There are 328 acres in the Mississippi tract, in sections 14 and 20, township 5 N., range 4 W., W. M., and 197 acres in the Louisiana tract, in sections 66 and 67, township 5 N., range 9 E., La. M.

These lands will be subject to disposal only under the Act of April 11, 1928 (45 Stat., 422), for a period of 90 days from May 17, 1929, subject to prior valid settlement rights and equitable claims subject to allowance and confirmation.

On August 15, 1929, the remaining unreserved and unappropriated land may be filed upon under the homestead laws only by ex-service men for a period of ninety-one days, and if not so filed upon may be entered under any applicable public land law by members of the general public on November 14.

All applications should be filed in the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

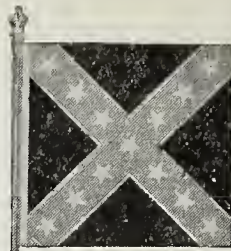
Information is wanted on the war service of W. B. Crump, who enlisted at Attalla or Gadsden, Ala., and served under Gen. Joe Wheeler; was in hospital when discharged. His wife is trying to get a pension, and will appreciate hearing from anyone who can testify to his service. Write to Charles Graham, President First State Bank, Myra, Tex.

Mrs. Daniel Kelley Younger, 3309 Westerwald Avenue, Baltimore, Md., is seeking information of the war service of her father, Walker Timberlake Payne, of Missouri, who served under Generals Price and McCulloch; she also mentions Chamlers's Brigade and a Captain Tippet, under whom her father served; and he was in the mess of one George Penn.

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A. ZIMMERMAN
423 Park Avenue, Lexington, Ky.

J. L. Havias, of Quanah, Tex., Route No. 1, wishes to hear from any friends or comrades who knew of the service of the following: Thomas Matthews, of Texas, said to have served three years; command not known. J. C. Mitchell, who enlisted in Georgia; command not known. The widows of these soldiers are trying to get pensions, and any information will be helpful.

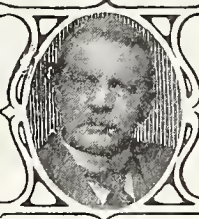
Confederate Veteran

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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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VOL. XXXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1929

No. 6.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

"OUR VETERANS."

BY T. S. CLAY, M.D., SAVANNAH, GA.

Their lines are thinning rapidly, but, old, weather-beaten, and feeble, they are holding fast and will not give way until the last note of the final roll call has been sounded, summoning the last survivor to receive his crown of victory on a more glorious shore.

These noble men have marched in battle when they could see defeat, and perhaps death, directly in their pathway, but so unshaken was their faith in their commander and so firm their confidence in his guiding hand, that they wavered neither to right nor left, and kept constantly ringing in their ears that one command "Forward! March!"

The veteran of to-day was almost the child soldier in the sixties, so young then were those boys, to-day our honored, beloved, and aged heroes. For several years it has been my privilege and pleasure to serve and mingle with them and enjoy the sweetness of their comradeship. I have seen them in the heat of the day, under the burden of toil, in grief and in want and the constant realization that their days were numbered, that their threescore years and ten had long since past on, and that the end of their march was just ahead, when they must each one meet the last and final enemy of their conflict.

I have been deeply moved by the sweet spirit of resignation and submission displayed by those heroes of the gray, and have marked that, notwithstanding their tottering frame, their failing vision, and the deafened ear, they exhibited an exalted faith and confidence in their Great Leader and Captain, and falter not, but, with lifted head and steady gaze, they press on, still hearing the one command, "Forward!" with gladdened heart and cheerful face.

It was my privilege during the late Christmas holidays to call one evening on one of our aged

members, to arrange for him to be taken the following day to a dinner prepared for the veterans by the "Daughters."

I knocked at the door, and, receiving no response, knocked again, which I again repeated. The door was opened, and, somewhat embarrassed, the "old veteran," stood before me, alone in a small room sparsely furnished, with dishes from a meager supper, which he had prepared, pushed aside upon a small table.

I explained that I feared he was out, when, in the simplest manner as a little child, he remarked: "I was saying my prayers. I never go to bed without saying my prayers, and never get up in the morning without asking God to watch over me. He has kept me through all the years; and I know he is going to care for me."

My intimate connection with the Confederate veteran has led me to believe that this was no exception, but is the rule with them, as though in that great conflict they had caught the spirit of Lee and Jackson, and had grasped the faith and Christian truths which filled the breast of these exemplars of Southern arms.

IN APPRECIATION.

The VETERAN for May, so largely devoted to North Carolina and Charlotte, the reunion city, should have carried some expression of thanks to those who furnished much material used. Such thanks are now expressed to Mrs. J. A. Fore, former Historian of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., whose compilation of historical points in and about the city was very helpful; and to the Chamber of Commerce of Charlotte for much valuable literature. Other contributions of special articles were also appreciated material for this number.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

THE "REVISED" UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

The recent showing through the South of what is called a *revised* "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has but intensified the feeling that such a picture should not be allowed to give its perverted view of slavery to the young people of the country, who accept it as showing slavery as it really was. The picture was shown in Montgomery, Ala., and there viewed by the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, whose expressions of condemnation came out in the *Advertiser*, as follows:

"I can truly say I have never before seen any pictures or heard of any conditions in screen presentation more revolting, more heart-rending, more brutal, and more at variance with the truth of history than those shown in the pictures of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

"Whatever pictures could do to excite the indignation of the Southern people, as well as the negroes, at a time when the interests of both rest on a better understanding of each other, when efforts are made for a harmonious relationship, these pictures are calculated to do. I say calculated, because the treatment of the theme is much more harassing and exaggerated than is given in the book by Mrs. Stowe.

"The picture is historically false, malicious, and indefensible. It is an insult to our ancestors and a laudation of the maligners and traducers, invaders and despoilers of our Southland.

"The picture does not show that New England had a monopoly of the African slave trade and became enriched by it.

"When Abraham Lincoln issued his proclamation of emancipation of the negro in the Southern States, he did what, under the circumstances, was the most disastrous thing that could have befallen them. Thousands of the old and infirm, thousands of the very young, were left to starve. Having no guiding hand, they knew no way to help themselves and were as incapable of providing food, clothes, and shelter.

"The South had been wantonly desolated by the most barbarous and vindictive war in military annals. This indefensible war of economic greed was waged under the direction and congratulations of Abraham Lincoln—by duplicity and prevarication, deceiving, and misguiding the good people of the North.

"This strong statement is clearly justified by the true history now being revealed."

A REUNION OF BLUE AND GRAY.

BY CAPT. W. W. CARNES, BRADENTON, FLA.

In the *VETERAN* for May, Rev. J. W. Duffey, of Washington City, has an article under the above caption about which he writes very sensibly and convincingly. Any bill for such a general reunion at Washington would be most appropriately buried in a committee room. On the part of the government it would be unnecessary expense for the benefit of promoters and speculators, due to the large crowds to be collected there on such an occasion. It could not be expected that any great number of veterans of either army would be able to attend, more than sixty-four years after the close of the war in which they fought. The fighting soldiers of both armies (excepting those who fought principally with their mouths) have long ago recognized each other as patriotic Americans who risked life in defense of what they each believed to be right, and the sons and grandsons of both have demonstrated in two foreign wars that all are loyal citizens under the flag of the Union. It is to be hoped that no Confederate soldier at the June reunion, or later, will give countenance to any such suggestion.

THE STATE AS "THE COMMONWEALTH."

The use of the word "commonwealth" in referring to a State, in one of the articles by Cassie Moncure Lyne, brought some question as to the limitation of that designation, to which she replied in the following:

"England was termed 'The Commonwealth' during the period of Cromwell, which was especially the time when many Englishmen fled to America. The three best-known colonies of this country were also termed commonwealths—as applied to Virginia, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. The term is still retained on the official stationery of those States, and these three are the only States which so retain it or have this privilege. Webster's Dictionary and the Encyclopedia Britannica say this: 'Commonwealth is the official designation in America of the States of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky.' At the time of the establishment of American independence, Kentucky was a part of Virginia, hence was so included in the phrase, Virginia and Kentucky; but this meant vaguely all that Northwest territory conquered by George Rogers Clark. Kentucky did not establish her Statehood until 1792, and prior to that she was a part of Virginia under the care of the Transylvania Company, with government, under Henderson, as Virginia had been originally under the London Company and Capt. John Smith. The Commonwealths were

formed direct from England—Massachusetts under Bradford; Pennsylvania from the colony of William Penn; and Virginia from the John Smith and Jamestown colony. In other States the population was mixed, and they had various designations. New York and New Hampshire were alternately the Netherlands, etc., under the Dutch and the Duke of York; Maryland was more of a palatine under Lord Baltimore, the Protector or Proprietor; and these vast grants of land were to dukes and lords, noblemen, like the feudal lands in early England.”

CONFEDERATE FUNDS IN LITIGATION.

BY JUDGE DANIEL GRINNAN, RICHMOND, VA.

Upon the termination of the recent war in Mexico, certain members of the defeated party who had escaped to this country were arrested in New York City for alleged violations of our Federal statutes, and it was discovered in that way that some of them had in hand large amounts of money and securities which they had brought out of Mexico. A question may well arise as to the ownership of this property, and the question of title to it may be brought before our courts. It is conceivable that the present government at Mexico City may lay claim to the funds. Cases have come before the courts in which the victorious party in a war between two factions of a country has laid claim in a foreign country to the property of the defeated faction in that country.

A celebrated instance of this kind occurred in England after the fall of the Southern Confederacy when the United States government attempted to seize the moneys and property of the defeated Confederacy. Colin J. McRae, of Alabama, was the fiscal agent of the Confederacy in London when the war ended, and he was supposed to have in his hands a large amount of funds of the fallen government. The United States filed a long bill against McRae in the English Chancery Court, a large part of which was a historical narrative, in which they claimed that by their success in the war they had acquired title to all the property in McRae's hands, and they prayed that McRae should be required to render an account of his transactions, might be restrained from paying out any of the property, might be required to answer a large number of searching questions that were appended to the bill, and that all the property McRae had or should have in his hands be turned over to the plaintiffs. It was a thing to be expected that the bill stated the Confederate cause in a most unfavorable manner, and named McRae as an archconspirator. McRae defended himself by a plea in bar at great length, in which his main defense was that there was then

pending in the United States Court of Alabama a proceeding to confiscate his lands in that State upon the ground that he had participated in the “rebellion,” and that if he should make the disclosures requested by the plaintiffs it would expose him to the pains and penalties sought in that proceeding in Alabama. There were several distinguished English lawyers employed on each side, and on McRae's side there appeared Judah P. Benjamin, who had been a member of the Confederate Cabinet, a man who had won fame as a lawyer in this country and, having escaped to England, was to win further laurels in his new home. The case was argued June 10 and 11, 1867, before Vice Chancellor Sir William Page Wood, one of the famous Victorian chancellors, who handed down a long opinion sustaining the plea as a bar both as to the desired recovery and as to the relief sought. The style of the case as reported is *United States of America vs. McRae*, and it covers some ten or twelve pages.

It became at once a leading case on a number of points, including the main one that no man can be required to make an answer that will expose him to a penalty. The great Vice Chancellor, in his opinion, quoted in a complimentary manner a part of Mr. Benjamin's strong argument. McRae won the suit. What was the amount of the funds that McRae did have in hand and what he did with them is another story. No man that sat in the late Prof. John B. Minor's private summer law school at the University of Virginia, and heard him in teaching Equity expound this case, can ever forget his sparkling and lucid comment on it.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—“Cease, sons of American, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint councils, joint efforts, and common dangers; reverence religion, diffuse knowledge throughout your land, patronize the arts and sciences: let liberty and order be inseparable companions. Control party spirit, the bane of free governments; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with all nations, shut up every avenue to foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connection; rely on yourselves only; be Americans in thought, word, and deed; thus will you give immortality to that nation which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors; thus will you preserve undisturbed to the latest posterity the felicity of a people to me most dear, and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high heaven bestows.”—*Washington's Farewell Address*.

THE LETTERS THAT NEVER CAME.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE OHIO DIVISION, U. D. C.

About twenty years ago, from the dim recesses of a dark closet in the State House at Columbus, Ohio, there was brought to light a dusty bag which contained a number of letters written by Confederate prisoners held at Camp Chase during the War between the States. No one will ever know why these pathetic missives never reached their destinations. There was no word that could offend the sternest censor, for all tried to make the best of their lot, to cheer the spirits of those at home, hoping that "this dreadful war" would soon be over, and they could come home again. Let us hope that many did reach home again, instead of being among those pitiful two thousand home-sick souls so easily falling prey to camp diseases and buried so far from those who loved them. In some of the letters is mentioned a Mrs. Smith, who had been getting letters through the lines to Richmond. Something happened, we shall never know what, through some mischance. We shall never cease to be moved to tears over the "love and kisses" that one yearning father sent his little boy—never to be given.

The letters were turned over to the Ohio State Library and were carefully indexed. The State Librarian, C. B. Galbraith, called the attention of the late Col. W. H. Knauss to the letters. It was Colonel Knauss, a veteran of the Union army, whose influence brought it about that the United States government took over the perpetual care of Camp Chase Cemetery. In his book on Camp Chase, he copied many of the letters, with some photostats.

So many years had elapsed even since they had been found, and the possibility of getting the letters to those who might rightfully lay claim to them had never occurred to anybody until the President of the Ohio Division, Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, said, "Why not?" and straightway set to work upon the problem. We have been nearly two years at work upon it, valiant, intrepid little Mrs. Porter encouraging and abetting her committee, and, after many delays, of expediency, etc. *We now have the letters in our hands!*

Words fail to express the gratitude of the Ohio Division toward Capt. John M. Maynard, Clerk of the House of Representatives of Ohio. He it was who told us the proper procedure, who obtained the enthusiastic indorsement of the three G. A. R. men serving in the legislature, a gracious and most helpful touch, and it was through him that "Joint Resolution No. 10" was presented through the proper channels and voted on at once, instead of

being side-tracked in a committee! It was all most impressive, and so very exciting as the long rolls of names were called, first in the House then the Senate, and the "ayes," one after another, kept coming in, and then, finally, we knew the letters were *ours!*

Mrs. Porter has been tabulating a list of the letters to be published in the VETERAN and all Southern newspapers, so that it may reach as many as possible who might be interested. There are about one hundred and ninety letters, and if just *one* may reach the family of the loved one for whom it was intended, or, if the "love and kisses" may be delivered to the son or the grandson of that little boy who never received them, how we shall all fairly glow with happiness and how amply we shall feel rewarded! The letters of those whose families cannot be reached after a reasonable time, will be placed in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

THE BOYS IN GRAY.

BY MARY JOHNSON POSEY.

I long to turn life's pages back until once more I see
The thin gray line that one day marched with Robert
Lee;

To hear the bugle's silver note with Dixie as its strain,
See the crimson battle flag wave on the breeze again.
Methinks there comes across the years the rousing
Rebel Yell—

I hear the tramp of marching feet—I would not
break the spell,
But live o'er in memory those dear, dear days
And go adventuring along the old, old ways.

I seek again those glorious days of eighteen sixty-three,
And wander 'neath a Southern sky with Jackson
and with Lee.

Adown my mind's dim paths march once more the
boys in gray—

A ghostly legion from out the mists of yesterday
Above whose ranks a crimson flag unfurls its cross
of blue.

Yet—'tis but a dream! I cannot turn life's pages
back;

I cannot alter fate; I cannot bring the "gray boys"
back;

So furl the flag, sheathe the sword, and put away
the gun—

The old South's gone, another South now lies be-
neath the sun.

Hark! a bugle call comes clear and sweet across the
distant past,

And calls the boys in gray to answer God's sweet
reveille at last.

“AN EXEMPLARY SOLDIER.”

The infrequency with which the commander in chief of the armies of the Confederate States personally acceded to requests for leaves of absence to soldiers serving under him makes the following communication, and Gen. Robert E. Lee's reply, of unique interest. Some of the indorsements upon the back of this letter, passing through the ordinary channels for indorsement, have unfortunately become so blurred as to be indecipherable, hence are given only in part:

“CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
WAR DEPARTMENT, RICHMOND, VA.
February 16, 1863.

“General Robert E. Lee—“*My Dear Sir:* You have under your command a kinsman of George Washington, Chapman Maupin, who is a private in 2nd Howitzers, Captain Watson, 1st Regiment of Virginia Artillery, Jackson's Corps, in which company and capacity he has served for twenty months. He is the son of Mrs. Maupin, formerly Miss Sally Washington, wife of Dr. S. Maupin, Chairman of the Faculty, University of Virginia. He is the most deserving young man and has been, I am told, a very exemplary soldier.

“I am sure that there is no nobler woman than his mother. She is now in the city and begs that her son may have a short furlough to visit her; otherwise, she will be compelled to visit him at the camp. I earnestly beg you will grant young Chapman a few days, if it be consistent with the public service, and as soon as possible, as his mother will wait here to see him and supply him with some necessities.

“No man in the Confederacy has more greatly rejoiced in your great success than,

“Your obedient servant and friend,
A. T. BLEDSOE.”

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
February 18, 1863.

“Request referred to General Jackson, as I am always willing to encourage ‘exemplary soldiers.’

“I shall have no objection to grant a week or ten days' furlough to the one in question.

R. E. LEE.”

“HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARMY CORPS,
February 18, 1863.

“Reply referred to Captain Watson, whose attention is called to indorsement of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL JACKSON;
A. S. PENDELTON, *Adjutant.*”

“Reply forwarded approved
W. N. PENDLETON, *Brigadier General of Infantry*
Head quarter Army Corps.
February 25, 1863.”

“HEADQUARTERS, February 21, 1863.
“Respectfully forwarded approved.
SKUTCHFIELD, *Colonel of Artillery, Second Corps.*”

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
February 28, 1863.

“Respectfully returned approved, 15 days furlough.”

By order of General Lee.

“Date from 9th March. Furlough extended 3 days, March 24.

HEADQUARTERS, GENERAL LEE.”

[Contributed by the daughter of the “exemplary soldier.” Sally Washington Maupin, First Vice President, Maryland Division, U. D. C.]

BIOGRAPHY OF ADMIRAL BUCHANAN.

Prof. Charles Lee Lewis, of the U. S. Naval Academy, is now writing the life of “Admiral Franklin Buchanan, Fearless Man of Action.”

Professor Lewis has been engaged in this work for more than a year and has collected a mass of valuable and interesting data. He is already well along with his manuscript, but being anxious to make the work complete in all details, he is withholding it from print until he is sure that all available material has been obtained. THE VETERAN urges all who have, and those who know of anyone else who has, letters of Admiral Buchanan, or other source material, to communicate at once with Professor Lewis, whose address is 41 Southgate Avenue, Annapolis, Md.

Franklin Buchanan was the organizer and first superintendent of the United States Naval Academy. Upon the outbreak of the War between the States, he resigned from the Union navy, in which he had served for more than forty-six years, and cast his lot with the South. As captain of the Confederate ram *Virginai* (Merrimac), he had the distinction of commanding the first iron-clad vessel to engage in naval warfare. For gallantry in action at Hampton Roads, he was made the ranking admiral of the Confederacy and assigned to command its naval forces in the battle of Mobile Bay.

Professor Lewis needs no introduction; he is himself a Southerner and well known to our readers. Among some of his interesting works are: “Famous American Naval Officers” “Famous Old-World Sea Fighters,” and “Matthew Fontaine Maury, Pathfinder of the Seas.” The latter is a delightful biog-

raphy of another hero of the Confederate navy. The VETERAN trusts all its readers will coöperate with Mr. Lewis in the life he is now preparing of Admiral Buchanan.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY ISAAC BALL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

One land I've loved, and, when its hopes were dead,
'Twas dearer still like some fond spirit fled
To higher realms, whence still it sways my heart
And e'en my life of which 'tis still a part.
As I have loved our Southland from my birth,
So will I love her 'till I'm laid in earth,
When, like a tired child 'gainst mother's breast,
In her fond bosom will I peaceful rest.
One flag I've loved, and when that flag was furled
I've loved it more, for ne'er in this wide world
Was flag so fair borne in more manly fight
By men more true or in a cause more right;
And when in gloom its Starry Cross did set,
Our hearts were full, our cheeks with tears were wet.
With tender hands we laid it by to rest
And tried to say, the Good Lord knoweth best.
We loved it then, we hold it sacred now,
'Twas furled by God and to his will we bow.
Yet oft will Memory stir the smouldering fire
Which, smothered now so long, will not expire,
But warms anew the blood by time made cold;
Makes hearts beat young and strong, which now are
old,
And frees age-fettered lips and bids them speak
That banner's glory, e'en tho' voice be weak.
'Tis thus my heart tho' old strives now to tell
How love we still that flag once loved so well.

Not diadem with pearls beyond compare,
Not sacred relic wet with many a tear,
Nor words of love sealed up in withered flower,
Nor prayers, nor praise, nor honor, wealth, nor
power,
Can wring from Southern heart that banner furled,
Revered by us, respected by the world.
Too sacred 'tis for touch of any hand,
Save but the clasp of remnant of that band
Who bravely followed where that banner led,
'Midst comrades dying or o'er foeman dead.
'Tis sacred now, for, like the grave, it holds
Forever wrapt within its tattered folds
Bright hopes, fond memories, and love sincere,
And all that is to patriot heart most dear.
As loved ones grow but dearer with their loss,
So ever dearer grows the Southern Cross.
Dyed red as if with blood, its strange device,
A cross of stars, meant noble sacrifice.

That sacred emblem set in Heaven's blue
Led in a righteous cause men brave and true.
Design so fair on field of purest white,
Formed 'scutcheon well befitting noblest knight.
No fairer land raised over flag so fair,
No braver band held country's flag more dear.
'Tis woman now who guards its sacred rest;
Made by her faithful hands, 'twas by her blest.
The winds that waved it whispered woman's prayers.
The blood that laved it mingled with her tears.
While men who bore it did their manly part,
Each shot that tore it sought some loved one's heart.
Like vestal virgin guarding altar's flame,
She, faithful, too, guards well its lofty fame.
For, when o'erwhelmed, brave men that banner
furled,
Her voice proclaimed its glory to the world.
Her hand which long had helped and soothed and
blest,
Placed Honor's Cross upon each patriot's breast.
Still proudly does she to her children tell
How round that flag her dearest, bravest fell,
And these fair monuments throughout our land
Are but its story written by her hand.
Should chiseled stone e'er crumble into dust,
And bronze inscription be erased by rust,
Its lasting fame e'en then will ne'er depart,
For love has graved that story on the heart.
E'en victors now close brotherhood would claim
With those who bore it, proud, too, of its fame.
Furled now it rests: A closed book, it holds,
Inscribed with martyrs' blood upon its folds,
A grand, sad story of a righteous fight
Wherein its starry cross waved but for Right.
Each thread a line, each fold a glorious page
Of Fame's great book, a priceless heritage.
'Twas furled with tears, and loved will ever be
'Tho' crushed lie hopes, affection still is free.
No earthly treasure is to heart more dear,
For grief's full measure blends with love sincere.
Bards oft will sing its story down the years,
A story of great glory and of tears.

To those truest of patriots, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who, in their story of the Southern Cross written in lasting bronze and stone wide o'er our land, have preserved for the vanquished South her own proud place in the history of this great land, is fondly dedicated this tribute to that long-furled but still-loved flag whose sacred rest they guard so well.

ONE WHO WORE THE GRAY.

IN TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

The life of Jefferson Davis covered four-fifths of the nineteenth century. He was born June 3, 1808, and died in December, 1889. His was a long and eventful life of an eventful century. It is not an easy matter to write a true character sketch of Jefferson Davis, but it could be done now by some capable writer without inciting or exciting any of the antagonism of the past, because, throughout the world, there has rung the name and fame of Confederate soldiers—and he was their leader.

It is not alone because Jefferson Davis was our beloved President that we revere him; long before the War between the States his name was crowned throughout the land. Few men, however, have ever lived, whose character and capacity have been the subject of more widely varying estimates than those of Jefferson Davis. His qualities were such as to secure the ardent admiration and attachment of friends and to incur the enmity of foe.

For four years Jefferson Davis was the central and most conspicuous figure in the greatest revolution in history. No statesman of his day left a deeper or more permanent impression upon legislation. His achievements alone as Secretary of War of the United States entitle him to rank as a benefactor of his country.

Notwithstanding all this, he is less understood than any other man in history. Mr. Davis was a man of rare ability, massive intellect, great force of character and steadfastness of purpose, and with physical powers and prowess to form the perfect individuality.

He was a man fashioned for great emergencies and was ever equal to any occasion. He knew his own strength, and, instead of shrinking from controversy, sharp contests of intellect had for him an agreeable excitement.

He possessed to a degree the high faculties, the indispensable elements of greatness. He was as fearless as a lion. Indeed, his bravery sometimes made him appear rash and reckless. In debate, Mr. Davis measured the statesman, the great man he was. His voice was musical, resonant, modulated, fitted for the expression of every variety of intonation and cadence. As a soldier, he was a picture for the gods. All of his acts were open and above board, frank and independent, and the only criticism is that he was sometimes too self-willed.

The South has furnished more than her proportionate share of men whose genius, talents, and lofty patriotism have shed luster on our people and bestowed a halo of glory on the great republic, but on the pages of history no name will shine brighter than

that of Jefferson Davis. No history of the South, or the nation, would be complete without this record, and it will be no holiday task to write it.

No man was more prominently identified with the nation. No man brought more ability, energy, and self-sacrifice into its service. A man of unquailing courage and indomitable enterprise, a citizen without stain, and a statesman of extraordinary sagacity. Called to the helm at the most trying period in the nation's life, he threw himself into the arena with the greatest energy and patriotism. While many others exhibited a martyrlike devotion to the South, fidelity to long-cherished principles and convictions, Jefferson Davis, more than any other, had the resignation and fortitude that "lifts a mortal to the skies and shows the divinity within us."

The passion and prejudice he encountered, to some extent, yet survive, but are gradually dissolving in the current of events, and he is now generally appreciated throughout the world as a man of the highest ability and courage.

When the historian of the future shall take up the story of the nineteenth century, he will find therein, ready noted, the chronicle of a nation's mighty conflict, and he will discover that the cause of that conflict had its origin many years previous to the war. He will find a succession of jarring incidents, a mutual distrust, and a smoldering prejudice which needed but occasion to fan into open enmity. Let him seek the cause and he will find it was jealousy of our people; and against no one was this bitter prejudice more pronounced than against Jefferson Davis, because his sword was always sharp in defense of the rights of the South and he was the master of them in mental battle. When he became President of the Confederacy, he was the guiding spirit which marshalled the greatest army ever confronted in warfare. He was able, as no other man could have been, to maintain that army for four years against a force five times our number. Our bays and rivers were all blockaded, and we had no source of supply from any country. He met disaster and reverses with a fortitude and calmness which must appeal to every lover of genuine manhood.

It is after a long acquaintance with Mr. Davis, which began in my childhood, and a study of his whole career, of his official acts and papers in the light of events that have followed, that I have arrived at the estimate of the man born to command.

Mr. Davis was a very demigod in war. He leaped from the saddle to the forum and lost not a particle of dash. His orations were models of diction, of logic, of sentiment. He was preëminent among his people, and he gave them every thought he had, every act he could perform. He was willing to be

their martyr, and only survived through a miracle of divine mercy. Through the same miracle survived the nation.

That same patriotism held the house of God's choice together, while reconstruction ravaged and passion pounded at the pillars. In that trying period, even more dire and dangerous than open war, how noble, patient, forgiving, and sublime a figure was our peerless chieftain. Like the Prince of Peace, who was his model, he bowed humbly to the decree of defeat, counseled forbearance, inspired to industry, and pointed to truth as the eventual justification and unification.

He wrapped around him the mantle of the prophet, and so he fell asleep. But the South he glimpsed in his dreams has risen from his grave, and in the midst of its magnificence is the clearer vision of his marvelous individuality and his wonderful humanity. We owe it to ourselves, and it is a duty to our children, to preserve the history of Jefferson Davis, and we must leave to posterity a truthful history of the causes which led to the war and a faithful history of the Confederate men and women also! We want the school histories, above all else, to be fair. We want the truth! But to fulfill these obligations and sanctify the cause, we must keep burning the fires of friendship and comradeship and not allow dissension to break into our ranks.

When the generations of the future shall read of the suffering and bravery of our people, when they read how we resisted the mighty hosts of men and resources for four years with so few men and with arms captured from the enemy, they will stand amazed.

Who, then, can fail to admire the flash of the indomitable spirit of the Southern people amidst the trials and dangers that encompassed them?

We want our descendants to honor our memories and feel a pride in our history.

We know that our daughters will do so!

May we hope our sons will also?

The women of the South were our inspiration, our solace, and their prayers are with us still. The graces and virtues of the mothers live in their daughters. We have known them ever true, ever loyal, ever loving, ever God's grandest blessing and greatest gift! In joy and sorrow, in adversity and in prosperity, in health and suffering, in war and peace, they have been our comfort, our support, our comrades. We have had but to stretch forth our hand to feel the responsive clasp of the sweetheart of the South, who has kept our knighthood in flower. Her spirit stirs us still. Here under the immortal banner of the deathless name of Jefferson Davis, we

find her garbed in the glory which made us men. Here we know she will keep her vigil after we have crossed the river to the reunion beyond the shadow!

Here we may safely leave our fame! Here our sons will rally; here they will consecrate themselves anew to service such as ours; here they will always maintain the fires of duty and of love; here our hearts are; here our souls will be, the echo of the hallelujahs when our mortal voices have said amen to silence!

THOMAS HILL WATTS.

ALABAMA'S WAR GOVERNOR AND ATTORNEY
GENERAL, C. S. A.

BY LAURA KATE PICKETT, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Born with the State, January 3, 1819, in Butler County, Ala., the life of Thomas Hill Watts was indissolubly linked with his native State. He grew up with the State, and all that he was he owed to Alabama and its people.

The Watts family is of Welsh and English extraction, and was among the earliest settlers in this country. Francis Watts and Thomas Watts, Sr., the forbears of Thomas Hill Watts were among the original settlers of the Eastern Shore of Virginia. They were land owners and men of standing in their community, being judges of the Ordinary of Old Prince William and Fauquier Counties, Virginia, from 1741 to 1751, and until 1761 the Watts house remained a local landmark.

Thomas Watts, Jr., the grandfather of Governor Watts, was born in Fauquier County, Va., and was married there September 26, 1768, to Hannah Rust Bogges, daughter of Thomas Bogges, of that county. He served throughout the entire Revolutionary War as sergeant, lieutenant, and captain, serving under the command of the father of John Marshall, famous Chief Justice of the United States. In 1797, Mr. Watts moved to Greene County, Ga., and his death occurred there in 1798. On November 11, 1802, his widow became the wife of Matthew Rabun, father of Governor William Rabun, of Georgia. She died in 1820.

John Hughes Watts, father of Thomas Hill Watts, was born in Fauquier County, Va., April 2, 1781. On April 27, 1815, he married Prudence Hill, of Clark County, Ga., daughter of Elizabeth Webb and Thomas Hill, of that county.

In 1816, John Hughes Watts moved to Butler County, Ala., where he reared a family of thirteen children. He resided there until his death, October 20, 1841. He was of a remarkably strong mind and practical sense, with an intuitive knowledge of men. His wife's death occurred December 23, 1866.

Thomas Hill Watts, the eldest son of John Hughes

Watts, at the age of five years, was walking five miles to attend the primitive schools of Butler County. His first teacher was Burwell Rogers. At the age of sixteen he attended Mount Aury Academy, Dallas County. James A. McLean, a thoroughly educated Scotchman, was principal of this school. Young Watts made rapid progress, and, in 1836, he was prepared for college. In November of the same year he was admitted to the University of Virginia, where he graduated in 1840. In 1841, he moved to Greenville, Ala., where, on the examination of Judge Israel Pickens, he was admitted to the bar of Alabama.

In 1842, Mr. Watts was elected to the legislature by the people of his native county. He was renominated in 1843, but declined the honor on account of the press of business interests. In 1844, and again in 1845, he was elected. During his last session the State Constitution was changed so as to have only biennial sessions. This was also the last session at Tuscaloosa.

In August, 1846, while living in Greenville, Ala., he connected himself with the Baptist Church, its pastor being the Rev. Davis Lee. Later, he affiliated himself with the First Baptist Church of Montgomery, Ala., and in this church the memory of Governor Watts is honored by a handsome memorial window, a beautiful example of stained glass art.

By nature Governor Watts was of generous spirit and most benignant mien; to all charitable enterprises in his community he contributed. On January 10, 1842, he was married to Eliza Brown Allen, daughter of Catherine Carpenter and Wade Hampton Allen, a founder of Montgomery and one of its wealthiest citizens. To this union eleven children were born; Florence Lascelles, wife of Col. Daniel S. Troy; Kate Prudence, wife of Col. Robert Murray Collins; Alice Bridgeworth, wife of Alex J. Troy; Minnie Garrott, John Wade, Thomas Henry, William Hunter, Butler, Grace, Eliza, and Margaret; the last four died in childhood. In August, 1873, Mrs. Watts died, and in 1875, Governor Watts was married to Mrs. Ellen N. Jackson.

In 1848, Governor Watts moved to Montgomery, where he soon established an extensive and lucrative law practice. The people of Montgomery County elected him to represent them in the House in 1849, and in the Senate in 1853, for Augusta and Montgomery Counties.

In 1855 he was the Whig candidate for Congress from this district, but was defeated by James F. Dowdell, the Democratic nominee. Although Governor Watts was defeated by a small majority in this election, he was generally recognized as the leader of the Whig party in the State and was accordingly

nominated as elector on the Bell and Everett ticket in 1860.

He was a delegate to the Secession Convention from the State, which assembled on the 7th day of January, 1861. Governor Watts voted for and signed the Ordinance of Secession. After the organization of the Confederate government, he was appointed by President Davis to act as Confederate States Commissioner to Arkansas, but declined the appointment from the fact that he was a member of the convention which seceded.

In the spring of 1861, war was proclaimed against the Southern States by President Lincoln, and Governor Watts was instrumental in raising and equipping the 17th Alabama Regiment, of which he was made colonel. He first entered active service at Pensacola in the grand bombardment which took place there in 1861. In March, 1862, he was ordered to Corinth, Miss., and it was while his regiment was at this place that he received notice from President Davis of his appointment as Attorney General of the Confederate States, with the request that he immediately repair to Richmond. His appointment was unsolicited by Governor Watts or any of his friends, showing how his ability as a lawyer was recognized by the men of the South. With this appointment, Governor Watts retired from the battle field, after having won for himself a fine reputation in the military circles of the country for daring bravery and gallantry during the battle of Shiloh.

He entered upon the duties of this office April 9, 1862, and continued to act as Attorney General until October 1, 1863. In August of that year, while he was absent from the State, the people of Alabama, from their high regard for his executive ability, elected him to the office of governor of his native State. He received a majority of the votes cast in every county of the State except Winston.

Governor Watts entered upon his administration under most trying circumstances. The governmental affairs in every State were in most embarrassing condition, and it required a steady nerve and a sound, experienced judgment to meet every emergency to the satisfaction of the oppressed people. He guarded the interest of Alabama to the best of his ability, and made the best use possible of the means at his command for the good of the general public. In these times of great trial and excitement, he held the reins of government with a firm and unswerving hand, and the people of this State were fortunate in having such a man at the helm of the ship of State. It is a remarkable fact that he gave general satisfaction.

He had accumulated a large fortune, but by his great liberality to friends and the fortunes of war during the needy times, he lost his wealth.

Governor Watts was a warm-hearted, polite, temperate, intelligent, energetic, honest, conscientious Christian, and was worthy of the admiration of all those who appreciated the rare qualities of a truly great man. As a statesman, too, he ranks with the greatest of his time, with such mental giants as Clay, Webster, and Clinton. In the courage of his convictions, Thomas Watts was as unflinching as he was on the battle field. He was a great soldier, a great statesman, a great and noble man.

The beautiful estate now occupied by St. Margaret's Hospital, Montgomery, Ala., was built and owned by Governor Watts.

Governor Watts never held an office after 1865, except as a member, in 1880, of the legislature and president of the Alabama Bar Association. He continued an active practice of law until September 16, 1892, the day of his death. A handsome marble shaft marks his last resting place in Oakwood Cemetery in Montgomery, Ala.

Typical of Governor Watts are the words used by him in a speech delivered in Montgomery, December, 1889, just after attending the funeral of President Davis in New Orleans, in which he represented Alabama: "I was proud that I am an American, proud that I am a citizen of the United States, proud that I am a Southern man, proud that I am an Alabamian, and prouder still, if possible that I was a friend of Jefferson Davis."

JOHN TYLER AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*
REVIEWED BY A. H. JENNINGS, CHAIRMAN HISTORY COMMITTEE, S. C. V.

The time has not yet come for history to write the truth about Abraham Lincoln. Too long has he been the household god of the majority of the people of this country for unwholesome facts about him to be calmly received. Yet Senator Beveridge, cut down before completion of his great work, has written two volumes of the proposed immense biography of Lincoln which shatters, as far as it goes, all the assertions of the Lincoln propaganda, and it has been received with some wonder and astonishing calm. Naturally, had this been a Southern author instead of a distinguished Hoosier public man, whose massive "John Marshall" has placed him so firmly as a biographer that few would dare assail him, there would have been a tremendous outburst of indignation, and maledictions of all sorts would have filled the air, many of them from our Southern editors who have been the worst bitten by the Lincolnphobia of any special class in the South.

Now Dr. Lyon G. Tyler presents a book which shows what a man, stung by an unworthy taunt, can do when he tries. It seems that a New York magazine had published an article wherein not only "Son Tyler," the Dr. Lyon G. Tyler himself, but the father, the distinguished tenth President of the United States, had been slurringly spoken of and the article consummated in the taunt: "Compared to Abraham Lincoln, John Tyler was historically a dwarf." Naturally, Dr. Tyler takes up the challenge of this unworthy expression, and he writes what he thinks is the result of a comparison of these two men in a true historical sense, and not on the plane of a ballyhoo, and his book makes out a good case.

Very truly he shows that if by "historically a dwarf" is meant the number of volumes or the mass of writing, then of course John Tyler and all our other Presidents would be indeed dwarfed by the immense Lincoln propaganda; by the volumes of adulation, which have no part with history; by the so-called "genealogies" (of which there are three different and distinct and strongly indorsed lines from which the admirer can choose, embracing a descent from Charlemagne, or from English nobility, or even kinship to Robert E. Lee) with which the country has been flooded during the past half century. But Dr. Tyler points out that "historically" means facts sifted by the rules of the law courts, the good words of enemies, the confessions of the individual himself, and the evidence of completely disinterested persons, all contemporaries" and in a comparison observing such rules of evidence, Lincoln's figure dwindles until he becomes the most vulnerable of all the Presidents, and John Tyler need fear no comparison."

The evidence Dr. Tyler presents is strongly buttressed by authorities within the strict limits he lays down above, and he makes out a case that is worthy the careful attention of all those who are truth seekers and not partisans.

Of course, the background of these two Presidents and their fitness to rule through training and experience cannot fail to count strongly for Tyler, who had been a State legislator, state councilor, member of the House of Representatives, Governor of Virginia, twice elected United States senator, member of the State Convention in 1829, president *pro tem* of the United States Senate and Vice President of the United States while Lincoln had served in the Illinois legislature and one term in Congress. From this background of experience, President Tyler is shown to have conducted negotiations so skillfully that, when faced with war when he entered office, he carried the troubles with Great Britain to an amicable settlement without losing a

*"John Tyler and Abraham Lincoln." By Lyon G. Tyler. Richmond Press, Inc., Richmond, Va.

drop of blood or a cent of treasure, while Lincoln, facing secession but not war, brought on war and a war that proved the bloodiest and most costly known to that time.

Dr. Tyler shows how Lincoln refused to see the Confederate Peace Commissioners, and goes into the matter of the reënforcement of Fort Sumter, in which Lincoln persisted, although warned by his Cabinet that it surely meant civil war. This brings to mind the recent declaration of a Chicago University professor, who could claim a Southern birthright, that Wilson's course in thrusting the United States in to the Great War will be as fully justified by history as was Abraham Lincoln for "entering upon" the devastating war of 1861. It makes one wonder whether those Wilson admirers who know a little history, take warmly to heart this curious drawing of an analogy of men and affairs where even an active imagination cannot, by vigorous stretching, find any similarity.

Dr. Tyler shows that while Lincoln refused to meet the Peace Commissioners before he started the war, he did meet others near the close of the war in the famous Hampton Roads Conference. For those who claim that Lincoln was a great strategist, this latter move could serve as argument, for it was a piece of strategy or good luck which resulted badly for the Confederates, placed them in a position of suing for a peace which was denied them except upon terms of servile submission, and hastened the inevitable end of the struggle for Southern liberty.

Beginning the war, as Lincoln unquestionably knew the reënforcement, or attempt thereat, of Fort Sumter meant, was due, says Dr. Tyler, to the determining influence of the tariff. "There was a Confederate tariff of 10% to 20% and a Federal tariff of from 50% to 80%, and fears of the successful operation of the former excited fears in the bosoms of Lincoln and his cabinet and the Republicans generally. Considering the enormous interests that centered around the tariff and the fact that in 1833 the tariff question had actually pushed the country to the verge of war, this explanation is not at all unreasonable. As early as March 16, Stanton, not yet aligned with the Republicans, had noted the apprehensions of that party, and the *New York Times* of March 30 had observed: "With us it is no longer an abstract question, one of constitutional construction or reserved or delegated power of the States to the Federal government, but of material existence and moral position both at home and abroad."

"The apprehension had grown, weakened the opposition in the cabinet and induced Lincoln to take tentative action in ordering the preparation of

a fleet for Fort Sumter. Final action was the result of the concourse at Washington of seven or, as others have it, nine governors of high tariff States, who waited upon Lincoln and offered him troops and supplies.

"In the interview with Baldwin on April 4, and in that with the delegates from the Virginia Convention, and in that with Dr. Fuller and the deputations from each of the five Christian associations of Baltimore, who spoke for peace, on April 22, Lincoln asked; 'And what is to become of my revenue if I let the government at Montgomery with their ten per cent tariff, go on?'"

The reader of the book will also have called to his attention the fact that in the recent World War this country had its flag fired upon time and again and its citizens killed on the high seas without resorting to war, and Lincoln knew that the capturing of a fort guarding and controlling the most important city of South Carolina meant merely protection for that city and not an attack on the North. It could have likewise been shown here that just a matter of weeks before the ballyhoo about "firing on the flag" at Sumter had been set to work to enrage the North, the flag had been fired on when the *Star of the West* was shot at and turned back, but under Buchanan's calm rule there was practically no excitement. The author makes the point that Daniel Webster was a sincere admirer of President John Tyler and eulogized Tyler's substitute for the bank called the Exchequer, which Tyler prepared with his own hands, as "second only in promise to the Constitution itself"; and this was the highest praise the great Webster ever accorded to any measure or any man. Lincoln, however, "had to his credit no constructive measure of any kind."

The peculiar differences in the relationship of the cabinets to their respective Presidents is brought out clearly. While Tyler had some of the greatest men of the era in his cabinet, including Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun, "nothing exists to show that while in office they did not treat him with the utmost respect, the most deferential of all being Daniel Webster." As to Lincoln's cabinet, "the accounts teem with the insubordinate actions of Seward, Stanton, and Chase, to say nothing of Welles, while Stanton and Chase revelled in insults to Lincoln."

As to the ideas of the two men in regard to personal responsibility and family obligations, the book sets forth that "Lincoln wrote to Grant in February, 1865 (the war almost over), asking that his son, aged twenty-two, who had been kept at Harvard in spite of the draft, should be put on his staff and 'not in the ranks.'" President Tyler had four grandsons in the Confederate army, one of whom was killed and

another wounded, and two sons by his second marriage who surrendered at Appomattox, aged sixteen and eighteen."

There is likewise drawn the rather painful dissimilarity between the two Presidents as to personal habits, gentility, etc. While there has never been any association of the *status gentile* with the personality of Lincoln, President Tyler was by birth and breeding naturally a gentleman. Dr. Tyler quotes numerous instances of Lincoln's indulgencies in smutty stories and in most inappropriate places. (It may be remarked that his admirers tacitly admit this when they declare that Lincoln in some such way relieved his care-burdened mind.)

"When Butler issued his notorious 'Order No. 28' at New Orleans (an order which shocked decent humanity), which Lord Palmerson, the Prime Minister of England declared in the British Parliament was 'unfit to be written in the English language,' Lincoln did not revoke the order, but on the contrary promoted Butler to responsible positions and wanted him as his running mate for the vice presidency in 1864. Yet Butler is the man who, Dr. John Fiske declared, 'could not have understood in the smallest degree the feelings of gentlemen.'"

Finally comes the comparison as to personal appearance; "The famous Charles Dickens, who saw Tyler in 1842, wrote of his 'mild and pleasant countenance and his unaffected, gentlemanly, and agreeable manners. In his whole carriage and demeanor, he befits his station singularly well.'"

"Quite in contrast was the description of Lincoln by Colonel Theodore Lyman, of Massachusetts, who saw Lincoln not long before his death: 'There was an expression of plebeian vulgarity in his face; you recognize the recounter of vulgar stories.' Lyman was a cultivated officer, friendly to Lincoln."

It may not be inappropriate to close this review with the suggestion that, however startling some of these disclosures of Dr. Tyler's, all backed by strong authority, may be, they should be read and considered in the name of Truth. The worship of Lincoln and its necessary complement, the defamation of the South, sometimes backfires and produces wonderful results, to-wit; Beveridge's biography of Lincoln, its plain facts shattering the fanciful and fictitious pictures that propaganda has drawn of this war President, is inspired by a desire for truth made strong by his knowledge that he had been lied to and deceived on these points almost all his life. Here is what Carl Bowers, states Senator Beveridge, told him: "I was brought up in an atmosphere of intense partizanship and hostility to the South. I was carried to meetings where orators indulged in most shameless misrepresentations of men and measures

of twenty years before. I believed these things, even believed them when I was in the Senate, and I continued to believe them until I began to go back to the original sources for this biography of Lincoln." Here the lines of Beveridge's face tightened as he continued: "With the realization now of how shamelessly I and all my generation were deceived, I feel a sense of personal outrage."

From the moment of the recognition of that outrage, Truth had a champion! If Lincoln's fame cannot survive the truth, it becomes a question of what the people shall chose, Lincoln as now pictured or the truth. Dr. Tyler's book will undoubtedly help to make up your mind.

A TRAGIC EVENT OF THE WAR.

An old letter, written sixty-seven years ago, was recently sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. William Stillwell, of Little Rock, Ark., for the report it gave of one of those events which added to the tragedy of war. The letter was written by James B. Garrison, at the time a member of the Haywood Rangers, a cavalry company from Haywood County, Tenn. He was the first husband of Mrs. Stilwell, the fortunes of war having thrown them together, and in May, 1864, they were married. The letter is dated "Columbus, Ky., November 12, 1861," and was written to his sister Mary, now Mrs. E. J. Peacock, of San Antonio. After some personal statements, the writer says:

"Yesterday while we were eating dinner we heard a tremendous explosion in the fortifications, which shook the earth like an earthquake. On going up there I found our great, big cannon, 'Long Tom,' which carried a 128-pound ball (and the cannon itself weighed 22,000 pounds), had burst and had killed fifteen men and wounded twenty-five. Among the wounded was Gen. Leonidas Polk. The explosion tore every particle of clothing off of him, and when I went up I saw him lying in a little shabby tent belonging to an Irish company. The cannon had torn up the ground all around in holes like caves.

"As I approached the awful place I saw fingers, hands, legs, teeth, pieces of men's skulls, bones from which the flesh had been torn off, leaving them dry and blackened by powder. I hear the muffled drums now rolling, and the brass band chanting a dirge at the burial of a lieutenant, whose body was mashed to three or four times its natural width."

A fuller account of this awful happening is given in the book, "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General," written by Dr. W. M. Polk, son of the General, and this incident is introduced by a letter written to Mrs. Polk, in which the General speaks of the battle

and describes a painful accident by which he nearly lost his life:

"COLUMBUS, KY., November 12, 1861.

"My Beloved Wife: I write you a letter with my own hand that you may see I am safe notwithstanding the battle through which we passed on the 7th and the terrific explosion yesterday of the Dahlgren gun carrying a 128-pound shot. I was standing within ten feet of the gun at the moment of the explosion. The captain of the company to which the squad of men serving the gun belonged was killed on the spot; so were the captain of the gun squad and five others, one of these being one of my aides, Lieutenant Snowden. Two of the men were blown into the river, a hundred feet below. Their bodies have not been recovered. My clothes were torn to pieces, and I was literally covered with dust and fragments of the wreck. I was only injured by the stunning effect of the concussion."

This letter, written from his bed, pays less attention to the accident than its gravity warranted; the reason lay in his somewhat bruised condition, a part of it being a ruptured eardrum. A more extended account of the catastrophe from the man who, next to General Polk, knew more about it than anyone left alive, is now given. Gen. E. W. Rucker, one of the picturesque characters of the war, one of General Forrest's most able brigade commanders, distinguished for ability and unyielding courage in the many combats he conducted or shared, writes: "I was lieutenant of Engineers; W. D. Pickett was captain of Engineers. I was principally occupied in mounting heavy artillery; as an instance, I built the little fort and mounted therein the big gun." It rendered good service in the battle of the 7th, at the close of which it had been left charged; whether any effort had been made to draw the charge does not appear; at any rate, four days after the battle, General Polk making a general inspection and, accompanied by Lieutenant Snowden of the Engineers, stopped at the gun to compliment the captain of the Battery (Captain Keiter) on his good work. The Captain asked permission to fire the charge. Knowing no reason to the contrary, General Polk assented. He then took position on the parapet with Pickett on his left and Rucker on his right. "We three had been standing there but a little while when Captain Keiter with his men, about fifteen as I remember, came up and saluted General Polk and said he was ready and asked the General if he would not step to the windward a little in order to better observe the effect of the shot, which was intended to go up the river; we were to see about where it would fall in the water; the gun was considerably elevated.

I remember distinctly General Polk's reply. He said: 'Well, if it goes any distance, I will be able to see it. If you are ready, go ahead.' Captain Keiter stepped to the rear and gave the command, 'Fire!' The gunner pulling the lanyard, the gun immediately exploded and was broken all to pieces. Almost at the same instant a magazine which was built in the parapet on the right side exploded also. There were several hundred pounds of powder or more which exploded. General Polk and I were hurled about twenty-five or thirty feet back, and fell together. Where Colonel Pickett fell I do not know. As I picked myself up, I felt some one by my side. I touched him and inquired, "Who is this?" and the answer came, "General Polk." It was as dark as midnight, or appeared so, the smoke and dust having gotten into our eyes and hair and clothes. I wanted to help the General and took hold of him to try to help him up, but he said: 'Let me alone a little while.' The General was so disabled that he was carried away to his quarters, and he didn't get out again for some weeks. Colonel Pickett was disabled, I think, for four or five days or a week. I got up immediately and went about after the shock, which lasted but a few minutes. The General, Pickett, and I were the only ones left to tell the tale. Captain Keiter, about nine of his company, and Lieutenant Snowden were immediately killed.

"The nature of the accident cast gloom over the entire camp. Both Keiter and Snowden were exceptional officers and popular with the army. Snowden's genial youthfulness, together with his ability, had won the more than kindly regard of General Polk, as well as that of his associates. Inquiry showed that the uncertain action of the cast iron of that day was responsible for the disaster."

A SOUTHERN VILLAGE.

BY T. T. GORSUCH.

'Twas dingy and old when we hailed it, with the
molder of slumbering years,
And slept on the sluggish river as a soul that sleeps
from cares.
The houses were low and dreamy under the restful
skies,
And many of them, deserted, hailed us with blinded
eyes.
The giant oaks, draped in their mosses, had put on
their fairy furs,
Slumbering in the sunlight, dancing under the stars—
Kissed by the gentle breezes, cooling the sands of
night,
When the fairies come out of the forest and dance in
the bright sunlight.

A NIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED

BY W. McK. EVANS, PARKER'S "BOY BATTERY," OF
RICHMOND, VA.

The night of September 16, 1862, found the "Boy Battery" of Richmond, Va., commanded by Capt. William Watts Parker, of Col. Stephen D. Lee's Battalion, Longstreet's Corps, on the plateau extending from the little village of Sharpsburg, Md., to the front of the Dunkard Church on the Hagerstown Road.

Sharpsburg, a village then of about 1,500, lies in a deep valley. On the east is a high mountain ridge, running nearly north and south, and all about the town are very high, bald hills. You do not often see a more broken country.

The topography of the position occupied by the battalion of artillery commanded by Colonel Lee, was in line of the rugged formation above outlined, a plateau, starting from the Hagerstown Road at a level, gradually sloping on both sides to its end, which had quite an elevation and formed an angle in the battle line on the morning of September 17.

During the afternoon of the 16th, long lines of blue were crossing Antietam Creek, moving to their right, and our front. Heavy lines of infantry, with artillery support, took position in a clump of woods about four hundred yards in our immediate front, the "Boy Battery" being on the right of the battalion formation, and at the angle in the line, at the apex of the formation.

To our flank and rear, on one of the hills out of range of our guns, we could see the enemy clearing the hilltop of timber and planting eight 20-pound Parrott guns, which were to play on our flank with telling effect on the morrow.

Before dawn on the 17th, we were heavily engaged with the infantry and artillery in our front, repulsing charge after charge, as the lines of infantry advanced up the incline to our position, with the deadly fire of the Parrott guns on our flank and rear. Nothing could reach them, and they could fire with precision and accuracy. From this position we were ordered by our colonel, about nine o'clock in the morning, after having lost twenty of our boys and twelve horses, after expending all of our ammunition.

It will be remembered that during the day of September 18 there was no fighting, both sides waiting. General Jackson having come up from Harper's Ferry, he had taken the extreme left of our line, beyond the Dunkard Church west. When at a council of the commanding officers it was decided that we would leave the field on the night of September 18, the only road Jackson's command could use was the Hagerstown Road to the village of Sharps-

burg, from which a road led to the Potomac River near Shepherdstown, Va.

The lines being very close together at this point, it would be impossible to move troops and wagons during the night without giving information to the enemy. To prevent this, the enemy must be kept in suspense as to what was going on, so a forlorn hope of artillery was to be used during the night to prevent the sound of the movement of Jackson's command.

After refilling our chests with ammunition, Colonel Lee said to the command (we could man only two guns): "You are boys, but you have this day been where only brave men dare go. Some of your company have been killed; many have been wounded, but remember that it is a soldier's fate to die; now, every man of you who is willing to return to the field, step two paces to the front."

There was no rear line left. The boy battery volunteered for this duty. Through the town of Sharpsburg we passed scarcely a building of any kind that did not show the effect of the severe engagement.

Before leaving us, Colonel Lee instructed our commanding officer to take position on a hill about two thousand yards distant, and well to the front. As we reached the foot of the hill designated by Colonel Lee, we met two batteries of artillery returning. As we were about to pass them, the commanding officer asked: "Who are you and where are you going with those two guns?"

"To take the hill you are leaving," replied our commander.

"I can't hold it with two batteries, how can you with two guns? Return with me, or you will be cut to pieces."

"We are occupying this particular hill, under special orders of Col. Stephen D. Lee." (He was afterwards lieutenant general.)

We could look over the top of the hill into the entire Yankee army, waiting. It was dark and the enemy could not tell our strength as we opened fire at the time instructed. We very soon found out why the two batteries were forced to retire. Shots of every kind simply rained on that hill from every direction but our rear.

But here we must stay, either with our guns or by them. We are boys, but we have volunteered to perform this duty, and we will do it. We must not, cannot, fail. We, what have been left of us, a battery of boys, selected by the finest artillery officer in the Army of Northern Virginia for this duty. Will we fail? No!

It was only through the mercy of God, and the fact that after every discharge of our pieces they would recoil, and we were too weak and shattered to push them back in place, so every separate shot during

the entire night was fired from a different position. What a night! Certainly one I shall never forget.

Some time during the night my gun had gotten into an old ice house on the hillside. Then it could recoil no further, as we fired over the hill.

The last I remember of that night's work is that we were firing this gun with three of our boys, and the battalion adjutant, who had come to take us off the field, as I sank exhausted by the side of our gun.

We had performed the duty to the satisfaction of our colonel, and came off the field with the rear guard of Stonewall Jackson's Corps and crossed the Potomac River with that force.

Well do I recollect how that noble company of beardless boys performed the duties of veteran soldiers and patriots second to none in the noble Army of Northern Virginia. Well do I recollect my thoughts on the bloody field of Sharpsburg, as I looked into the faces of the poor boys stretched in death around the guns they had so gallantly manned.
—From Article in National Tribune.

WEST VIRGINIA AT FIRST AND SECOND MANASSAS.

TABLE PREPARED BY ROY B. COOK, CHARLESTON,
W. VA.

CONFEDERATE UNITS WITH VIRGINIA STATE TROOPS,
JULY, 1861.

2nd Virginia Infantry.

Company A, Jefferson Guards, Charles Town.
Capt. John W. Rowan.

Company B, Hamtranck Guards, Shepherdstown.
Capt. Vincent Butler.

Company G, Bott's Greys, Charles Town.

Company H, Capt. J. H. Hunter, Duffield's Depot.

Company K, Capt. George W. Chambers, Harper's Ferry.

12th Virginia Cavalry.

Company A, Capt. John Henderson, Charles Town.

Company B, Capt. R. W. Baylor, Charles Town.

Company D, Capt. John S. Knott, Moler's Crossroads.

7th Virginia Cavalry (Laurel Brigade).

Company F, Capt. George Sheets (Hampshire Riflemen), Romney. (The 7th reached the field the day after the battle.)

33rd Virginia Infantry.

Company A, Capt. Phillip L. Grace (Potomac Guards).

13th Virginia Infantry.

Company I, Capt. Robert White (Frontier

Riflemen), Romney. (Not in actual battle, posted on right to guard a ford and afterwards on picket duty near Alexandria.)

Company K, Capt. J. Sherrard (Hampshire Guards); on guard duty, but not in action.

1st Virginia Cavalry.

Company B, Berkeley County.

7th Virginia Infantry.

Company D (24th Virginia), Capt. James H. French, Giles County; many men from Monroe and adjoining counties.

Monroe Guards, Capt. Hugh Tiffany, who was killed in action.

24th Virginia Infantry.

Company G, Capt. Robert A. Richardson (Mercer County).

In addition to the units just enumerated, there were scattered individuals from various sections of West Virginia in the 2nd, 4th, and 5th Infantry, and other commands. J. R. Peyton, from as far in the interior as Fayette County, was wounded in action, and numerous others might be cited. Among the participants was Brig. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, born at Clarksburg, who here started on a great military career, as "Stonewall Jackson." John J. Echols, who commanded the 27th Virginia Infantry, was a native of Monroe County, and also rose to distinction as a brigadier general.

In view of the fact that the "reorganized" Virginia State government had not then started to function, no Federal units from West Virginia took part in this battle.

SECOND BATTLE, AUGUST, 1862.

State Participation.

FEDERAL UNITS FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

Third Division, commanded by Brig. Gen. Carl Schurz, of the First Army Corps, Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel. 8th West Virginia Infantry, Capt. Hedgeman Slack.

Independent Brigade, Brig. Gen. Robert H. Milroy.

2nd West Virginia Infantry, Col. George R. Latham.

3rd West Virginia Infantry, Col. David T. Hewes.

5th West Virginia Infantry, Col. John L. Ziegler.

Companies C, E, and L, 1st West Virginia Cavalry, Maj. John J. Krepps.

RESERVE ARTILLERY.

Company C, 1st West Virginia Light Artillery, Lieut. Wallace Hill.

Cavalry Brigade, Brig. Gen. John Buford, 1st

West Virginia Cavalry, Lieut. Col. Nathaniel P. Richmond.

Company C, 3rd West Virginia Cavalry, Capt. Jonathan Stahl.

4th Brigade, commanded by the gallant Col. Joseph Thoburn, of West Virginia, who was wounded in the battle (later killed at Cedar Creek, in 1864).

1st West Virginia Infantry, Lieut. Col. Henry B. Hubbard.

In the Army of the Potomac, the Second Division, composed of New Hampshire, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania troops, was commanded by Maj. Gen. Jesse L. Reno, a native of Wheeling. He was West Virginia's most distinguished son in the Union army, and was killed in action at South Mountain, Md., in September, 1862.

CONFEDERATE UNITS FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

2nd Virginia Infantry, Lieut. Col. Lawson Botts, of Charles Town, mortally wounded—Company A, Company B, Company G, Company H, all of Jefferson County. Company H went into action with only fourteen of original company; six wounded.

12th Virginia Cavalry, Col. A. W. Harman—Company A, Capt. John Henderson; Company B, Capt. George Baylor; Company D, Capt. W. Kearney; all of Jefferson County.

1st Virginia Cavalry—Company B, Berkeley County; Company F, Jefferson County.

7th Virginia Infantry, Col. W. T. Patton—Company D; 11th Virginia Cavalry: 50th Virginia Infantry; Col. Thomas L. Rosser; 2nd Virginia Infantry, Col. Thomas Munford; 7th Virginia Cavalry (Laurel Brigade), Col. William E. Jones; and other organizations carried many West Virginians on muster rolls.

Early's Brigade, Ewell's Division, Maj. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, commanding corps—31st Virginia Infantry, Col. John S. Hoffman. 25th Virginia Infantry, Col. George H. Smith (wounded).

These two infantry regiments were perhaps the most conspicuous organizations in the Confederate service from West Virginia and suffered severely at Port Republic and Gettysburg. With the exception of two companies, the two regiments were made up of citizens from the counties of Randolph, Pocahontas, Upshur, Lewis, Gilmer, Harrison, Barbour, Marion, Braxton, and Pendleton.

(List subject to further study.)

NORTH CAROLINIANS AT VALLEY FORGE

COMPILED BY MRS. J. A. FORE, OF CHARLOTTE.

After the defeat of the British at Charleston in 1776, the North Carolina Continental troops were ordered from that city to prepare to join Washington's army in the North. When the brigade of six regiments under Gen. Francis Nash reached the Grand Army at Middlebrook, N. J., Washington greeted them with a salute of thirteen guns. This addition to the army enabled Washington to present a bold front to Cornwallis, who was threatening Philadelphia.

The North Carolinians went into quarters at Trenton and took part in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. In this battle, General Nash was mortally wounded, and Col. Edward Buncombe and six other North Carolina officers were killed.

The British taking Philadelphia, which was the seat of American government, it became necessary to move the American archives and the Liberty Bell to a place of safety. Col. Thomas Polk, with his command, was chosen by Washington to escort and convey the bell and important documents, among which the Declaration of Independence, to Bethlehem, Pa., to be placed in care of the Moravians.

We should be justly proud of this trust reposed in Thomas Polk and the North Carolina troops by Washington. When Washington visited Charlotte, in 1791, he was the guest of General Polk.

In December, 1777, the North Carolinians, with the rest of the army, went into winter quarters at Valley Forge. As the men trudged to this little Pennsylvania village, their shoeless feet marked the frozen roads with blood. They were without tents, blankets, and sufficient clothes. During that dreadful winter, fifty of the nine hundred North Carolina troops died and four hundred were ill in camp and in hospitals in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

By spring there were fourteen hundred and fifty North Carolina men, rank and file, at Valley Forge. As soon as Governor Caswell learned of the sufferings of the soldiers, he set workmen to making shoes, clothing, blankets, etc. These, with large quantities of bacon were sent by wagons to the North Carolinians at Valley Forge. Supplies had also to be sent by North Carolina for the whole army, as communication was open only to the southward, and "Virginia and North Carolina furnished all the food and clothing for Washington's army that winter, except what could be obtained from the unwilling Pennsylvanians," says Ashe's history.

The North Carolina troops also participated in the battles of Monmouth and Stony Point in the summer following the encampment at Valley Forge.

ESCAPE FROM POINT LOOKOUT PRISON.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE LUTHER B. LAKE, OF COMPANY B, 8TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Point Lookout, Md., was a military prison, situated at the mouth of the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay. The river is fifteen miles wide at the mouth and the bay about one hundred miles wide. There were several thousand Confederate prisoners there.

On the third night of September, 1863, five determined spirits made up their minds that they would endeavor to make their escape. The five spirits were Johnsie Tongue, Sloane, Wiley, T. W. Lake, and L. B. Lake.

After roll call, we crept as near the dead line as possible, and as the sentinels on their beat met and separated, we made a dash for freedom. Freedom, did I say? Not yet, for there was the river and the bay; besides, there was a deep inlet that flowed from the river to the bay, and a bridge across it was heavily guarded with infantry, also the inlet from the river to the bay; and outside of all was a cavalry patrol two and half miles from the prison. All of this we managed to find out before we made the attempt to make our escape, so we took the bay point about two hundred and fifty yards from the beach. There is a sand shoal, which was about the only chance for us. We waded to the shoal, the water on which was about five feet deep; the tide was out, and we knew it would rise about twelve o'clock. It was dark as Erebus, but we managed to keep on the shoal where the inlet made in from the river. It became deeper and deeper until at last my brother, a boy of sixteen, began to strangle; so Tongue and I lifted him up and carried him one-half mile through the deepest part, and then we came to shallow water again. After wading for two and one-half miles in the bay, which took us five hours, we came to land outside of the cavalry pickets. We took off our old, ragged, dirty uniforms and wrung the water out of them.

Now for a forced march to get as far from the prison as possible before daybreak. We had not gone far before we came to a large stream, which we waded and made our way through jungles and forest to another stream much larger and deeper than the other. We held a consultation and determined that we would not try to cross it. We could not tell where we were, and we traveled up and down the bank of the stream until we came to an old Colonial residence. We awoke the proprietor, who came to the balcony and asked what we wanted. We told him we wanted to cross the river. "Where are you going?" "Don't know." "Who are you?" "Don't

know." "Where did you come from?" "Don't know." "How many are you?" "Don't know," etc.

He then said for us to keep on down the stream and we could get around it. "Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir." "I would like to know who you are," he said. We were getting chilly and had to walk to keep warm, as our clothes were wet as water. We told him to come down and see who we were. He finally did so, and told us who he was, and at last I told him we were Confederate soldiers and had just come out of the bay from Point Lookout Prison. "What! What! Confederate prisoners from Point Lookout?" "Yes, truly so; feel our clothes and you will find them wet." He did so, and said: "Boys, are you not cold? Wait a minute." He stepped into the house and brought out a quart bottle of pure old rye whisky and a glass and told us to drink freely. I think I heard one of the toasts: "Here's to Jeff Davis, General Lee," and something about Stonewall Jackson, General Stuart. "Here's to General Pickett, boys." I think that was the best whisky I ever drank in all my life. I know it. When it became day we were fifteen miles from prison and the steam up. I have thought about that old Southern gentleman a thousand times since.

Before writing more, I will give the commands of these rebel soldiers. Tongue and Sloane were scouts for Gen. J. E. B. Stuart; Wiley was an independent scout and operated in Fairfax County; T. W. Lake was a member of Col. John S. Mosby's 47th Virginia Cavalry; L. B. Lake was a member of General Pickett's Division.

We were traveling and scouting along the first day and concluded that we would rest and dry our clothes. Some of us slept while some were on guard. We were off the road some distance in the woods. Heard horses clattering along the road: "Wake up, boys, Yankee cavalry after us!" They did not see us and, being good scouts, we evaded them and took another road. At night we were guided by the stars. We flanked all the towns of any size. The main thing with us was to get something to eat on the route. We met an old gentleman who wanted to know who we were and where we were going. We, of course, did not know anything. I asked him if he was a Southern man. His reply was that he did not know in these days and times. I told him we were Confederate soldiers escaped from Point Lookout Prison, when he asked what we were doing with those blue pants on. "We are using them to scout in." I took from my pocketbook a pass from Gen. R. E. Lee, which he read and said: "Well, boys, there is my home on the hill. Go up there and get all you want to eat, and, as he rode on, he raised his

hat and something fell to the ground. I picked it up and found it to be a five dollar greenback.

We went up to the house, and the lady and two girls gave us a splendid breakfast, but it was hard to make them believe that we were Confederate soldiers. We gave each a button from our jackets as souvenirs.

Day and night we marched through the peninsula of Maryland, footsore and weary. But we were free; no Yankee guard to say to us (when we forgot and put our hands to the bars of the iron-grated windows): "Take your hand back there, Johnnie." The next time it would be a shot.

After traveling day and night we came up to a house about dusk where the man was feeding his stock. He told us to go in the house and tell the madam to give us some cold grub. When he came in, he asked where we were from and "who are you"? We did not answer, but questioned him. His name was Dent, and he was a farmer. Asked if he was a Southern man, he said he was true blue, although General Grant had married a near relation. "Well, Mr. Dent, we are Confederate soldiers and made our escape from Point Lookout Prison, and we are trying hard to get back to General Lee's army." He shook hands with us all and said: "Boys, you are the first Confederate soldiers I ever saw. O! I am glad to see you." He went out of the room and when he came back, he said: "Boys, I told my wife who you are and she is going to get up as fine a supper as ever she did cook." And she certainly did. O! such a feast as we had. After supper we were invited to the parlor. Soon the lady of the house came in dressed in her finest, and he put on a clean shirt and collar.

She played for us on the fine piano, and the first thing was *Dixie*.

We decided to hunt the woods and find some place to sleep, but Mr. Dent said "No" emphatically. "You boys stay here to-night and have a good rest." He took us up stairs and put us in feather beds, and we slept soundly, never dreaming of the Yankees. The next morning, after writing a letter to the commander at Point Lookout, thanking him for his kindness and the hard-tack, we bade Mr. Dent and his good lady good-by and began the long journey again.

It is sufficient to say that we flanked Leonard town, Chaptico, Port Tobacco, and other small towns in the section.

When we were resting at night, one was always on guard. General Lee's old soldiers knew to perfection how to take precautions.

One morning we passed a tobacco field in which a man was at work. "Hello, boys, you did not go very far last night. Where are you going now?"

Our answer was: "How far is it to the Potomac River?" "O, about half mile from here. Now, boys, I would like to know who you are and where you are going." "We want to cross the river over into Dixie." He said: "I will go with you and show you the way, but you had better go to the house with me and get your breakfast." But we told him we were in a hurry to cross the river. He told us his name was Bryan and for us to stop at a tall pine tree down in the woods, where he would bring something to eat and drink. We did not have long to wait until two of the boys on picket duty escorted Mr. Bryan to us. "We then told him we were Rebel soldiers from Point Lookout prison." "Well, well, I must shake hands with all of you." He then gave us the key to a fish house which he pointed out on the river, told us to get the boat in there and at night we could cross the river, which he said was two and one-half miles wide. "Up there is a watermelon patch. Help yourselves, and I will bring your supper to you." We got the boat, muffled the oars, and made everything ready, also paid our respects to the watermelon patch. About dusk Mr. Bryan came with a basket of provisions, and, after eating, he helped us to get off. We landed safe and sound on the soil of old Virginia, and I, for one, kneeled down and kissed the soil.

At daybreak we began to hunt for arms of some description and found five Springfield muskets, which we loaded with Minie balls and buckshot. We were then not far from Grant's army, about twenty-four miles below Washington City. In a short time we were ready to cross the Orange and Alexander Railroad. It was dark, and we were right in the Yankee camp; did not know where the sentinels were, but, being good scouts, we soon found the railroad and thousands of camp fires. We succeeded in crossing between two camp fires about twenty-five yards apart and, I am glad to say, no one halted us. We were so close to one guard I heard him cough. I think he took us for stock of some kind—and we were old genuine Southern stock (short horns).

In two days we reached my brother's home, the same place where the Yanks had captured us; but we did not sleep in the house any more. We slept that night between the corn rows. My brother and I went upstairs and got two six-shooters, which he had hidden up the chimney when we were captured. He had been afraid some of the homefolks would make a fire before we got back.

This is only a synopsis of that escape. I never went to prison again, and I never surrendered at the end. No more Federal prison for me!

IN THE BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE, N. C.

BY R. A. LAMBERT, MOBILE, ALA.

I was a member of the 42nd Alabama Regiment, Company A, of Gen. Alpheus Baker's Brigade, and was on the extreme right of Johnston's army during the engagement of both the 19th and 20th of March, 1865, and, therefore, know a thing or two of what a portion of Johnston's extreme right did on those two days, hence I must attack to some extent part of what our honored comrade of Little Rock, Ark., had to say about it in the VETERAN for March.

Comrade Watson states that he was in the front line on making the charge in our advance, and that Baker's Brigade was the reserve on the second line, and that in the assault the brigade got the command to raise a yell to help out the effect. Baker's Brigade, at the beginning of the forward move, was a short distance in the rear of the front line, but, in moving forward for some one or two hundred yards, was in a thicket of small old field pines, and by the time we reached the south edge of the thick growth, our rear line was practically mixed in with the front line when we emerged into open ground, about one hundred yards in width and with a ravine having a fairly good growth of blackberry briars and some willow bushes near the farther edge of that open space. Then there was rising ground and scattering bushes, and on the north edge of this rising ground Sherman's troops had a line of breastworks, from which they opened fire on us as soon as we emerged from the pine thicket. The only commonsense thing for us to do to save ourselves, and to hold up our valor, was to charge on them pell-mell, and with a yell, which proved effectual for a space. The blue-coats fled, leaving a line of knapsacks and general plunder which they had gathered up from citizens in the country along their march from Savannah, Ga., from men too old to serve in the army in any capacity and women and children who were eking out a scanty living on what they could produce on their lands.

Our Arkansas comrade and his part of the line evidently halted in their forward rush to get into the enemy's baggage, which, so far as I could see, none of my regimental comrades took up any time to do, though I did to some extent. On passing a badly wounded Federal soldier, I noticed that he had on a good looking canteen, and I took a notion to swap with him, but was in so much of a hurry I did not take time to parley with him on a trade—just simply jerked his off and threw mine down by his side and went on. I afterwards consoled myself with the thought of having done the poor fellow a real favor, as my canteen was full of water, while the one I got was empty.

In a very short onward move, we captured a battery of artillery which had been playing on our line quite a bit. We pressed forward at a slow stride, firing as we moved on among small brush and into big pine timber until, seemingly, there was no enemy directly in front of us. However, from our extreme right there was a scattering enfilading fire on us, in which the nearest man on my right, Thomas Sumpter Sowell, of Brewton, Ala., whom I could have touched with my elbow, caught a Minie ball near his right nipple. I supposed at the time that he had a death wound, but he lived many years after; the ball came to the skin under his left arm. Fortunately, the ball had struck centrally on a rib in a glancing position, and ran around through his back next to his ribs, naturally making a very bad flesh wound. He was carried back immediately by the infirmiry corps, the flattened ball was cut out and the wound treated as best they could then. Some of our company saw Sowell early that night sitting up smoking his pipe, and I have been informed he wore that flattened ball as a watch charm for many years. One step slower in our movement forward, and I would have been the victim of that bullet.

We had orders to veer to the eastward from our south direction, and were soon in a hornet's nest of bullets. We quickly obeyed the orders to lie down, but still made use of our guns, which soon brought on a lull by the enemy's moving back from us; then we had orders to rise and move forward again, and to swing around and face the north, and the next thing I realized we were up in the rear of two lines of long breastworks which ran along parallel to each other, and the part of the line I was behind I judged to be only fifty or sixty yards distant from us. If both lines of breastworks had previously had a line of blue jackets behind each, all had gotten over in the front of the front line, and this particular double line of breastworks was a continuation of the line we went over about a quarter of a mile westward from where we were then.

The outcome of the situation here was that in a very short while, without any great deal of shooting from either side, the next change came from the blue jackets, who began to wave hats and handkerchiefs over their works, so it was natural for us to suppose they were wanting to surrender, for we knew full well that we were in behind them; therefore, we rose up and told them to come over, and they in turn told us to come over, and thus we found there was a misunderstanding, so each line dropped back into a comparatively safe position for a short time, and the same thing took place for a second time.

Just to my left was a gap of some fifteen yards, more or less, without any breastworks, and naturally

no men were in that space; but just beyond that gap we had two stands of colors, which showed that our regiment had gotten mixed up with another regiment. I then saw an act of daring take place, which I learned afterwards was proposed by one of the color bearers—that he would plant his flag on the enemy's line of works if our line would follow him. It seems that this was promised him, therefore, he deliberately stepped out with his flag into that open space and got some three or four paces forward with only about two others with him; almost at once he was felled with a bullet from the line so near in front. The other two men jumped back behind the log breastworks, while one of the two, or another man, jumped out and brought in the flag without being touched by a ball. I learned that the brave color bearer was a native of Mobile, named Flinn.

The next turn of the situation was that our line on the extreme right (the end of it being only about fifty yards from me) began to give way. I saw that our entire line was doomed to go, so I debated in a hurry whether or not to remain and be captured, or to take my chance of being shot in the back by fleeing from an enemy so very close. Having a horror of being taken prisoner, I took my chances as all others of our line seemed to be doing. In hurrying back as fast as my feet and legs would take me, I finally saw through the big pine timber in front of me a line of Yanks—the woods looked blue with them—but they were standing still and not firing a gun, which they could not do without endangering the line we had just left in front of us, hence we found ourselves (in military parlance) in a hollow square, the enemy on four sides of us in heavy timber, and each line close by at that! In this position at the very close of the day, we lost, I feel reasonably sure, about a third of our men in killed and prisoners, mostly prisoners. Our men who got out were either those who hid themselves in the thick gallberry bushes until after dark or those fleet of foot. I was in the latter class, and I am not ashamed to own up to such on that particular occasion.

On the second day's battle of Bentonville, the 20th of March, 1865, we held our line by having strengthened it the night before with numerous rifle pits, and we built a main line of breastworks; but no direct charge was made from either side. In the late afternoon a portion of General Sherman's force got around General Johnston's extreme left, where there was only cavalry to protect, and began to drive our cavalry back, thus threatening to cut off a retreat by getting possession of a bridge across a deep stream. On that afternoon Baker's Brigade was again being used as a reserve, as the start was on the day before, and on the same portion of line, hence we were

double-quickened back about two miles, where we relieved a small body of Hampton's Cavalry and took position on a bald pine ridge. We had to lie down behind stumps, trees, logs, etc., but many of us had no protection from the fire of sharpshooters for an hour or more till dark, losing a few of our number, while we had orders to hold our fire unless we were pressed by an advance. Early that night, Johnston ordered a fall back, and our brigade, with one or two more moved on through the country to Greensboro, N. C., taking up some three or more days. There General Johnston surrendered, as it was fruitless to continue the strife with armies practically all around us, railroads torn up, and bridges burned. Therefore, we were paroled and each and every man made his way home as best he could, let that distance be great or small. A wagon and team was allowed for each company, and \$2.50 in silver was given to each soldier, though we in some way (I forget now) got hold of a quantity of Confederate bills. It was worthless then, but some of our men claimed to have used it occasionally in buying something to eat by paying exorbitant prices, say, a hundred dollars or so for a chicken. I sold out my share in wagon and mules for \$2.50, on credit, and collected it a year or so later on.

My recollection is that while we broke camp near Greensboro, N. C., I did not get to ride in any way until reaching a railroad some thirty miles south-east of Atlanta, Ga. I then rode in a box car to where Atlanta had stood, and thence on to West Point, Ga., and crossed the Chattahoochee River on a pantoon bridge, the railroad bridge having been burned; got on a flat car and rode about eighteen miles, then footed it on to Montgomery, which city was invested by the Federal army, which had gone up through the country from Fort Morgan, Spanish Fort, and Blakeley, and on the east side of the Alabama River. At Montgomery our straggling troops were getting transportation to go down the Alabama River by boat, others by rail where practical. I elected to get possession of a Yankee wagon mule with the needed accouterments, unhitching the mule on a street in the city where bluecoats were scattered around in every direction; but I made my way out of the city with success, and finally reached my home near the old town of Claiborne, in Monroe County, Ala. My father's negroes had left, excepting a very few, and they were doing as good as nothing, though attempting to work out a portion of the crop, which was overrun by grass and weeds. I took hold and put a few to work as best I could on a short supply of stock and a scant supply of feed, also a scant supply of everything else to live on; yet I managed to make a small amount of corn and a

little cotton that year, and to grow some vegetables, though we had little meat to cook with them, as the Federal troops had robbed my father's smokehouse of about all his bacon, as well as other edibles, and had carried off his best horses. The next year, with my Yankee mule and some two or three other work animals, I got a fair start with hired (free) labor, a few of our faithful old slaves hiring themselves to me. From then on I began to progress under the new and trying conditions, and I have been spared to see the day of a wonderful change for the better in our country and the Southland, which is now blooming as the spring flowers; and we have much to be thankful for as well as to be proud of in our achievements.

THE MASON AND DIXON LINE.

(The following paper, prepared by Mrs. R. W. Tinsley, of Georgetown, Tex., and read before the Samuel D. Sanders Chapter, U. D. C., of that place, gives the significance of a famous old boundary line, to which few people have given much thought.)

In the time of William Penn and Lord Baltimore, the geography of the country was very vague, therefore, it was necessary to have some definite understanding as to the amount of land in the grants that had been made by the king of England. At this particular time Charles II was king. In 1632, Lord Baltimore had been given his grant, and in 1680, Penn convinced the king (Charles II) that he was owing his father £16,000 for services rendered. The king was very loath to give up such a large amount of money, but he willingly agreed to give to Penn a particular grant of land.

As soon as Penn set foot on the soil, the question arose concerning the southern limit of this territory—remember, by way of parenthesis, that this was ninety-six years before the Revolutionary War. After many disputes between Lord Baltimore and William Penn, they decided to take it to law. Crown lawyers were employed on both sides and many witnesses, both in America and England, were examined, many years were taken up with this heated discussion, and not until 1760 could they come to any agreement. It then took the Chancellor two years to get the papers with proper signatures, etc., ready. They then appointed commissioners; but the actual work of running the line was entrusted to two expert surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon. Difficulties still arose as to the tangent line and the northern boundary of Maryland, which caused the survey to be protracted for several more years. This only marked the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania. It was completed in 1782 by Virginia and Pennsylvania. The whole

length of this line, which is as straight as it was possible to make it, is two hundred and sixty-seven miles and one hundred and ninety-five perches. At intervals of five miles they placed the marked stones—some of which are still standing. Smaller stones are placed at every mile, but throughout the last hundred miles transportation by vehicle was impossible; they then piled great heaps of stone on the mountain ridges as far as the summit of the Alleghanies—beyond which it is marked by posts surrounded by stones.

Thus by the marking of this Mason and Dixon line the most remarkable boundary dispute in the history of the American Colonies was brought to an end. This line became famous later as the division between the slave and the free States.

COMMENT AND CORRECTION.

The following comes from J. W. Minnich, of Morgan City, La.:

"The mail carrier brought the current number of *VETERAN* while I was poring over the news of the previous day. I dropped politics, civil turmoil, hold-ups, suicides, divorces, bootleggings, banditry, etc., and, as usual, went for the dear old *VETERAN*, and read it through, that is to say, its most interesting articles, those relating to the days of 1861–65. Though claiming to have but an infinitesimal share in the achievements which are the pride of the Confederate soldier, one of the most brilliant and heroic in the annals of war, I am proud of the fact that I am privileged to trail along with the fast-thinning line of the gray. I do not omit the Last Roll, which has told me of the passing of many whom I knew and others with whom I served and fraternized in wildest joys of victory as well as in the stress and gloom of defeat. I am now waiting patiently, if not cheerfully, for the last bugle call, confident that when at last my name is called, I can answer clearly: 'Here!'

"But before that comes, I want to correct again, as I have had occasion to do once before, during the lifetime of Comrade Cunningham, an error based on a misapprehension of facts by Col. Robert C. Wood, in the *Confederate Handbook*, a copy of which I have before me; and on page 157 of the April *VETERAN*, I find the same error in figures presented. I can, of course, refute Colonel Wood's figures only in regard to the numbers of prisoners and deaths in Rock Island Prison, of which I was an inmate from February 18, 1864, until June 18, 1865, sixteen months to an hour, almost. From the "Day's Report" of June 15, from which I took a copy (have it yet), there had been received a total of 12,215 men,

(Continued on page 237.)



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.

OUR VETERANS.

When Taps here below has been sounded, and Life's
fitful fever is o'er,
May you each be safely conducted to that radiant
other shore,
Where there'll be no dissensions, and tears will be
wiped from all eyes,
In that glorious happy reunion in the land beyond
the skies.

—Mrs. E. L. Eaton, Poet Laureate Florida, Division,
U. D. C.

COMRADES OF SAVANNAH, GA.

During the past year we have been called to bid
farewell to six of our honored members.

George C. Heyward, Company H, 3rd South
Carolina Regiment of Cavalry; died January 21,
1928. H. C. Wells, Company D, 47th Georgia Regi-
ment; died June 23. John Derst, DeKalb Rifles, 1st
Battalion Georgia Sharpshooters; died July 15. John
Jeffrey, Company K, 63rd Georgia, Harrison's
Regiment; died November 11. Charles F. Cler,
Company L, Phillips, Georgia Legion; died Novem-
ber 25. R. F. Baker, Chatham Artillery; died
November 29.

Of these, Comrade Baker was the last surviving
"War between the States" member of the Chatham
Artillery of this city, it being, I am told, the oldest
artillery of our United States, excepting the Ancient
and Honorable Artillery of Boston, Mass.

We bid these comrades farewell with the assurance
that we shall see them again in a better land and the
hope that their lives may be examples to our youth,
not to be forgotten, but to inspire to nobler deeds
and to stimulate to greater courage and patriotism.

We now have only twenty-seven members, but
we still have the courage to keep the camp fires burn-
ing, and when we shall cross the river to rest under
the shade of the trees," will entrust the embers of
that camp fire to those whom we believe will ever
keep alive the truths and principles for which it stands.

"Rest, Soldier, rest! Impartial history will vindicate
thy motives, and write thy deeds illustrious."

[T. S. Clay, M.D., Clerk to Secretary of Camp
756, U. C. V., Savannah, Ga.]

MARION F. PYLES.

Marion F. Pyles died April 7, 1929, at the home
of his daughter, Mrs. Jesse J. Perry, Louisville, Ky.
He was born April 26, 1846, in Trimble County,
Ky., the son of Abraham and Frankie Gillispie
Pyles, and the grandson of Dr. William Gillispie, a
noted Baptist preacher in Virginia.

In April, 1863, Marion Pyles enlisted in the Con-
federate army under Capt. George W. Jessie, but
was transferred to Company G, 6th Battalion of
Kentucky Cavalry, and was with that regiment
when Morgan and his staff started on the northern
engagement. On the 18th of July, it was assigned
as advance of the command and was frequently
attacked both by militia and regular troops. Of it
on the 6th, General Duke said: "It behaved nobly.
It stood the heavy attack of the enemy like a
bastion." Marion Pyles participated in the battles
of Bull Gap, Resaca, Wytheville, Marion, Va., and
many others, and was paroled at Mount Sterling,
Ky., in May, 1865.

He was married twice. His second wife, Ella R.
Elston, to whom he was married in 1886, is the
daughter of Bland Elston and Lydia Ann Hisle.
She and seven children survive him.

Although an invalid three years before his death,
he found much comfort and pleasure in reading his
Bible, the VETERAN, and Confederate histories.
During the last year of his life, he contributed some
of his reminiscences to the VETERAN.

When a young man he joined the Baptist Church;
in politics he was a staunch Democrat and was firm
in his convictions as to truth and right.

He sleeps in beautiful Cave Hill Cemetery, but
he lives in the hearts of those who love him.

[Josephine M. Turner, Historian Kentucky Divi-
sion, U. D. C., his niece.]

KENTUCKY COMRADES.

The following deaths were reported by B. F. Day,
of Frankfort, Ky.: Judge Alley B. Landrum, of Wolf
County, Ky., a private in Company E, 14th Ken-
tucky Cavalry, died at his home at Toliver, in Wolfe
County. He served one year with the 5th Kentucky
Infantry under Gen. J. S. Williams, and then, until
the close of the war, in the 14th Kentucky Cavalry,
commanded by Col. Ed Trimble (killed at the
Saltville fight in 1864).

George W. Ingram died at his home in Menefee
County, Ky. He was a private in Company B, of the
14th Kentucky Cavalry. He volunteered as Morgan
made his last raid into Kentucky, was captured at
Cynthiana, Ky., June 12, 1864, and was a prisoner
in Camp Morton, Ind., to the close of the war. He
was about eighty-one years old, and had no family.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN THE WEST.

The following deaths in the John B. Gordon Camp, U. C. V., of Seattle, Wash., are reported:

Lawrence D. McMeekin, known as "Colonel" to his many friends and comrades of the Camp, died at Seattle on February 10, after a short illness. He was born in Bardstown, Ky., June 2, 1843.



COL. L. D. McMEEKIN.

Entering the Confederate service in October, 1861, he served with the Mississippi troops under General Chalmers, but in 1863 he joined Company C, of the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, "Morgan's Men."

Going to Seattle in December, 1907, and physically not able to lead a business life, Colonel McMeekin devoted a great part of his time to his flowers, to which he was devoted. His going brought sadness to the Daughters of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Seattle, for he was often a welcome guest at their meetings. His first wife, who was Miss Sarah Overton, of Louisville, Ky., died years ago; his second wife was Mrs. Lillian Phillips, who survives him. He was laid to rest in the Confederate plot of the Cemetery at Seattle.

John J. Moog, a pioneer of the gold rush days of 1898, passed away at the Marine Hospital of Port Townsend, Wash., on December 23, 1928, after a long illness, having been an inmate of that hospital for fourteen years. He was born in Baltimore, Md., and served in the Confederate army with Company B, 1st Maryland Cavalry. In 1898, Captain Moog came to the Puget Sound country, and some time later was commissioned by Capt. W. P. Richardson of the United States Cavalry to command the steamer Patterson. He was an honorary member of the John B. Gordon Camp, U. C. V., of Seattle. Interment was at Port Townsend. He is survived by his wife.

Aloysius Harker, a Seattle pioneer, died on January 6 at the age of eighty-two years. He was born in Maryland and served with the 1st Maryland Cavalry from 1863 to 1865. He was a beloved and honored member of the John B. Gordon Camp, also of the Seattle Pioneer Club. He came to Seattle in 1870, and had been active in business up to his last short illness. He is survived by three daughters, all living in Seattle.

[Mrs. H. A. Calohan, Acting Adjutant, John B. Gordon Camp, Seattle.]

CAPT. C. L. JOHNSON, U. C. V.

The last roll call has sounded for Capt. C. L. Johnson, for many years Commander of the Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., of Waco, Tex. Death came suddenly on March 9, and he passed away amidst the activities of a busy and well-spent life.

Enlisting at the age of seventeen as a soldier of the Confederacy, C. L. Johnson gave gallant service as a member of Company G, 2nd Louisiana Regiment of Infantry, and took part in the battle of Mansfield. He loved the cause of the Confederacy, and the South, and at the close of the war he was one of those who tried to build up his ruined country. He was a successful business man, having connections with large lumber interests and in addition was an officer of the First National Banks at Waco and Ireland, Tex., and director in a railway company. His charitable work was extensive, and he was a charter member of the United Charities since its organization in 1900, also was prominent in the Y. M. C. A. work.

Placing his Church duties above everything, Captain Johnson had been a prominent member of the Episcopal Church and a vestryman for many years, a leader in its work, and in the house of God he loved so well the beautiful service for the dead was read in tribute to a beloved member as he lay under the blanket of white flowers, on which the Camp's Confederate flag had been laid by loving hands. Next to his Church, the Camp had its place in his heart, and he attended its meetings regularly when able to do so. He is survived by two daughters and two sons, six grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

In the memories of the South's heroes—the men who wore the gray—such men as Capt. C. L. Johnson will long live in the hearts of those who knew him. [Memorial sketch by Mrs. J. B. Powell, U. D. C.]

WILLIAM VANDERSLICE

William Vanderslice, who passed away at his home in Elk City, Okla., March 20, 1929, was born October 7, 1847, in Nolensville, Tenn. The family moved to Arkansas, and when he was only sixteen years of age, he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving under command of General Forrest and Capt. W. H. Cooper, in Company E, 2nd Arkansas Cavalry.

Comrade Vanderslice was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and was held in high esteem in the community. He was ill only a short time. His wife preceded him to the grave less than a year ago. He is survived by three daughters and two sons, a sister and brother.

[Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C. Elk City.]

A. P. CLARK.

A. P. Clark, of Palacios, Tex., died on December 26, 1928, at the home of his son, Joe W. Clark, in Melrose, N. Mex., having nearly completed his eighty-ninth year. He was born in Newton County, Ga., his parents removing to Jacksonville, Calhoun County, Ala., when he was a small child.

When the war came on in 1861, young Clark cast his fortunes with the South, enlisting in the State service early in 1861, going with the State troops to Mobile, where they took possession of Fort Morgan, on Mobile Bay, and remained there until the Confederacy was organized. He returned home then and immediately enlisted in Company D, 10th Alabama Regiment, C. S. A., under Capt. F. Woodruff and Col. John Forney. The regiment was sent to Richmond and A. P. Clark participated with his command in every engagement of the Army of Northern Virginia up to the battle of Gettysburg. In that battle his command was with Anderson's Division, Wilcox's Brigade, and was on the right in Pickett's charge up Cemetery Ridge. In this bloody charge he was captured and was sent to Baltimore, then to Fort Delaware. He made his escape from that water-bound prison by swimming Delaware Bay, but, after various adventures, was recaptured and spent many more months in prison there and at Point Lookout. He was at last exchanged at Savannah, Ga., and after a short furlough at home, he reported to Gen. Ben Hill and was assigned to the Quartermaster's Department and there remained to the close of the war.

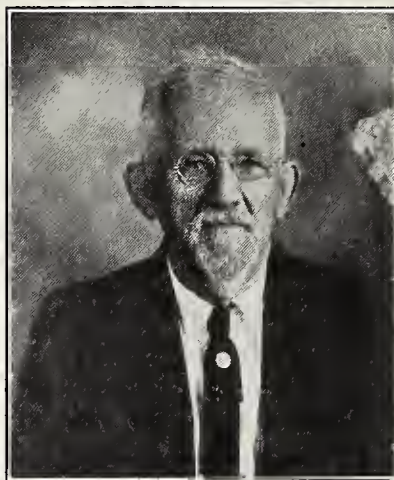
Returning home, he was married in August, 1865, to Miss Katherine Helen Alexander, and to them eight children were born. Going to Texas in 1872, Comrade Clark located at Jacksonville and was in business there some thirty years. He then spent some years in railroad construction in the central part of the State. In 1883 he engaged in farming and ranching in Williamson County, and located in Bartlett, near his farm, his house being the first erected in the town. Later he engaged in banking.

Of adventurous spirit, Comrade Clark and his oldest son spent a year in the Klondyke during the gold fever there, and had many interesting experiences. He had traveled through nearly every State of the Union, but ever called the South his home. He took an active part in politics, but his was also a studious life, and he was said to possess the best Biblical library of the country.

Removing to South Texas in 1909, he made his home in Palacios thereafter, and in the cemetery there his body was laid beside that of the beloved wife. Three sons, two daughters, and five grandchildren survive him.

CAPT. JOHN JOEL JONES.

In the gray dawning of October 24, 1928, the gentle spirit of Capt. John Joel Jones, one of the few remaining Confederate veterans of Samson, Ala., went to rest with his comrades in gray on the other side. He was the last of his old company.



CAPT. JOHN J. JONES.

Captain Jones was born in Richland District, S. C., the only son of Col. John H. and Mary Threewitts Jones. His paternal grandfather was a political exile, having been a follower of Robert

Emmett; and his maternal grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier, brother of the dashing Capt. Llewellyn Threewitts, rescuer and afterwards husband of the daring spy, Emily Geiger, who did such valuable service for General Green in the Carolinas.

The parents of John Jones moved to Cuthbert, Ga., when he was four years old, and while a student in college, he volunteered as a Confederate soldier, April, 1861, being only fifteen years of age. His company, the Cuthbert Rifles, afterwards Company F, 5th Georgia Infantry, was mustered in July, 1861, and saw service in the campaigns in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia. He was wounded at Murfreesboro and practically disabled for life, although he returned to his company in a short while. He was captured once, but made his escape by jumping from a moving train in the enemy country traveling on foot by night until he rejoined his command.

He was married April 4, 1867, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Crozier, of Cuthbert, Ga., who survives him. Eleven children were born to this union, and all but one survive him.

After the war, Captain Jones taught school over forty years, but retired about twenty-five years ago and devoted his entire time to the interests of his old comrades. It was partially through his influence that the liberal pension bill of his adopted State was enacted. He organized Camp Frank Phillips, Graceville, Fla., also Camp Mace Kimmey, Samson, Ala., of which he was Commander at the time of his death and had been for over twenty years. He is survived by only two of the charter members of the Camp. The veterans organization will erect a monument to him in appreciation of his services to them.

[J. R. Spurlin, Commander, Camp Mace Kimmey, No. 1660, U. C. V.; J. W. Baker, Adjutant.]

A. A. TRESCOTT.

On March 19, at the age of ninety-two years, Austin Augustus Trescott died at his home in Vicksburg, Miss., after a brief illness. He was born in Marion, O., February 9, 1837, the son of Stephen and Mary Shernham Trescott, and as a young man he came South and had located in Vicksburg some years before the war came on. By that time he had become thoroughly Southern in sentiment, and joined a company they made up for the Confederate army. The famous "Volunteer Southrons," which command furnished its own equipment and transportation to where it was mustered into the Confederate army. He left Vicksburg in 1861 as color bearer of the gallant company, and served through the war without receiving any wound or missing a day off duty. His flag staff was broken twice by shots from the enemy, but the colors were held aloft by the piece of shaft that was left. Comrade Trescott surrendered at Appomattox as the color bearer of the 21st Mississippi Regiment, and to preserve the old flag, he wrapped it around his body under his clothes and took it back to Vicksburg—walking the whole way.

After returning to Vicksburg, he resumed his business connections there and so continued for some fifty years, when he went into business for himself. His was a long, active, and useful life as a citizen of Vicksburg, and he died with the respect and esteem of all who knew him. His wife, who was Miss Sallie Yerger, daughter of Col. Ed Yerger, of Baltimore, Md., and Jackson, Miss., survives him with a son and a daughter.

THOMAS D. ENGLISH.

Thomas Durham English, known by his many friends as "T. D.," answered the Last Roll call on December 16, 1926, at his home, "Young Hurst," near Danville, Ky., aged eighty-one years. He was born on the banks of the laughing waters of the Little Kentucky River, on his father's farm, three miles from Bedford, Ky.

He was a mere boy when he enlisted and rode out of the county of his birth, serving with Col. H. L. Giltner's regiment, the 4th Kentucky Cavalry. At the close of the war, he was mustered out of the Confederate ranks with honor as a fine soldier. In 1865, at Mount Sterling, Ky., he rode, on the horse he had been using, behind an old soldier into Boyle County, Ky., went to work on his Uncle John McClain's farm for some time. He attended Harmonica College, at Perryville, Ky., and, in 1872, he rented a farm on Salt River, in Boyle County, Ky., went to farming, and took out license for auctioneering. He was considered one of the finest

auctioneers in Kentucky and conducted sales in many States. In November, 1875, he married the sweetheart of his boyhood days, having been engaged to her for ten years, Miss Addie K. Young, of Trimble County, Ky. She survived him, with one daughter and three grandchildren.

Much could be written of this man, whose sudden death came not only to his family as a great shock, but to the whole country, as he was well known far and near and much esteemed.

VOLNEY HOWARD KYLE.

Another member of the disbanded Legion of Honor has passed to realms above.

Volney Howard Kyle died at his Hollywood plantation home, near Houma, La., on Sunday, March 10. He was born in Madison County, Miss., January 18, 1845. He enlisted early in the war as a member of Wirt Adams's Cavalry, and during Sherman's raid from Vicksburg to Meridian, in 1863, was assigned to the staff of Major General Loring as a courier, and subsequently transferred to the staff of General Cockrell. He participated in all the actions of his command and was captured a few months before the close and imprisoned at Ship Island.

He removed from Mississippi during the early eighties and settled on a plantation near Houma. He married Miss Mary Stuart Jones, of Virginia, a sister of Judge W. Catesby Jones, of the Court of Appeals of New Orleans, and is survived by her, a son, a daughter, and two sisters.

Comrade Kyle became a member of Camp No. 2, Association of the Army of Tennessee in 1891 and was an honored member to the day of his death. He and I were lifelong friends. As little boys, we sat on the same bench at school, and our friendship was never disturbed.

An acquaintance said to me recently: "Isn't it awful to realize that every one in this world must die, that not one of the millions of people who are living to-day will be alive one hundred years from now?"

I answered: "We know there is more to the proposition than that, for when we consider that every individual who comes into the world must die, then we are obliged to believe that death is a part of a great universal system, and we are not expected to remain here; and yet, our departure from this life is an interesting thing to contemplate, and offers a wonderful field for conjecture; but it should be no more fearsome than taking a train to the next station."

Comrade Kyle has removed to another station, where he joined his mother and father and many comrades.

[James Dinkins, New Orleans.]

COL. CHARLES S. AMMELL.

On January 12, after just a few days' illness, Col. Charles S. Ammell, the last Confederate veteran in Columbus, Ohio, with a smile upon his lips, quietly slipped away to "cross over the river to rest under the shade of the trees" with his beloved commander, Stonewall Jackson.

He was born in Baltimore, Md., June 10, 1842, his father a native of Lyons, France, and his mother of Strassburg, Alsace-Lorraine. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, his father left his family in America and went back to fight for his beloved France. He died from disease contracted while with the French army and was buried at Strassburg, his wife's old home.

At the time of the War between the States, Charles S. Ammell was a member of the Maryland National Guard, being then eighteen years of age. These troops were organized and converted into the 1st Maryland Line Regiment, C. S. A. Its first service was during the riots in Baltimore, when the Massachusetts troops marched through the city. At this time, young Ammell received his commission as first lieutenant. The regiment was incorporated in the Army of Northern Virginia, under Stonewall Jackson's command, and served as part of the army all through the war. During the last year of the war, Charles Ammell was captured at Elk Run, Va., and was sent to prison at Columbus, Ohio, from where he was paroled. He then decided to make his home in Columbus, and there remained for the rest of his life. He married Miss Mary Selzer, half his age, who died at twenty-one, leaving a baby daughter. So devoted was he to the memory of his girl wife that he never married again. He was associated in business in an important capacity with the M. C. Lilley Company, internationally known makers of military regalia.

He gave many years of service in the Ohio National Guard, and received his commission as colonel in the Spanish-American War. He was active in all branches of the Masonic Order, in appreciation of which, and as an outstanding citizen, he received the supreme honor, the 33rd Degree. In the Masonic Temple, the beautiful and impressive service of the Knights Templar, which he himself had so many times conducted, was read for him as he lay beneath the Stars and Stripes and, over his heart, as he wished it, the soft folds of the Stars and Bars, his own beautiful gift to Dixie Chapter, U. D. C.—"his girls," as he always affectionately called us. He was a dearly beloved, honorary member of Dixie Chapter, of which his daughter is a member. To his fragrant memory a beautiful Confederate flag was made entirely of hyacinths.

A gallant soldier, beloved by all who knew him for his friendliness and the geniality of his spirit, so gently did he live his days and so softly furl his banner, he makes it seem for us that—

"Goin' home, it's not far,
Jes' close by,
Through an open door."

[Mrs. J. E. Karkakas, President Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Columbus, Ohio.]

CAPT. WILLIAM CHRISTIAN.

One of the oldest of the pioneer residents of Houston, Tex., passed with the death of Capt William Christian, who was in his ninety-first year. He had been one of the prominent business men of the city for more than fifty years; he had believed in Houston and worked with and for the city, and his activities had continued until a few days before his death. He was one of those who favored the deep water ship channel which has been such a factor in the thriving growth of the city; he was the oldest charter member of the Cotton Exchange and of the Chamber of Commerce, the oldest depositor in the First National Bank, the oldest alderman, and the oldest survivor of his regiment left. For a half century he had been active in the work of the Presbyterian Churches of the city and especially in that which he attended so regularly and had helped to organize, the Third Presbyterian Church, of Houston. In every movement of public interest or benefit, Captain Christian could be counted on for his part. He was born in Virginia, but as a boy had gone to Galveston, Tex., and thence two years later to Houston where he located permanently.

Besides "growing up" with Houston, Captain Christian had watched the progress of Texas from its formative days, seeing and taking part in its history as made. When he celebrated his ninety years in 1928, many friends gathered at his home to pay their respects to one of the famous men in the history of the city.

Just before the War between the States came on, Captain Christian had gone into the cotton business, and was actively connected with that business to his death. During the war he served with and commanded Company A, of the 2nd Texas Volunteer Infantry, and was a gallant soldier. He was captured at Vicksburg. His brother, Samuel Patterson Christian, served as major with Terry's Texas Rangers.

Captain Christian was married before the war to Miss Sarah Ellen Wynne, who died a few years later. His second wife was Miss Stella Louise Jones, who survives him. His nearest surviving relative is Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, a first cousin.

TENNESSEE COMRADES.

The following deaths have been reported by Capt. P. P. Pullen, these comrades being members of the Fitzgerald Kendall Camp at Paris, Tenn.:

Frank Rawls, one of the oldest citizens of his county, aged 88 years. He was a member of the Baptist Church, a prominent farmer of the county. He enlisted early in the War between the States and had the distinction of having spent every day of the war in service for the Southland, surrendering with his command at Appomattox. He is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter.

Henry E. Frazier, aged eighty-two, died at the home of his daughter near Paris, after a short illness. He was a native of Henry County and gave his service as a soldier in the sixties as a daring member of the 5th Tennessee Regiment. He was a member of the Christian Church; a son and a daughter survive him.

William Dillard Poyner, born in Dickson County, Tenn., April 27, 1833, died at the home of his son in Memphis on January 29. He was a resident of Paris for many years and a faithful member of the Camp there. He entered the Confederate army under Capt. O. C. Alexander, of Colonel Cox's Regiment, and made a gallant soldier. He was married to Miss Amanda Bumpass in 1853 and they lived together happily for sixty-seven years, his wife dying in 1920.

Of these comrades, Captain Pullen writes: "They were three as good men as ever graced this earth. Comrade Poyner had been Commander of our Camp for a long time; Comrade Frazier was the beloved Chaplain; and Comrade Rawls a devoted member. Comrade Poyner had preached continuously for fifty-four years, and was devoted to the Master's cause; often he sat in his chair and preached after age had come upon him. He leaves one hundred and three descendants. He was my life-long friend."

COMRADES OF HOUSTON, TEX.

Frank R. Jones, a native of Alabama, served with Company E, 26th Texas Cavalry; died December 31, 1928.

Dr. D. N. Burke, a native of Butler, Ala., enlisted in Company F, 2nd Alabama Infantry; died February 14, 1929.

F. M. Bailey, a native of Vicksburg, Miss., served with "Harvey's Scouts," (Company I, 26th Virginia Infantry); died March 10, 1929.

G. F. Cook, a native of Texas, belonged to Company C, Moseley's Battery, Brown's Battalion, enlisting in Matagorda County, Tex. He was born June 22, 1938; died March 19, 1929. Had joined Dick Dowling Camp only a few days before.

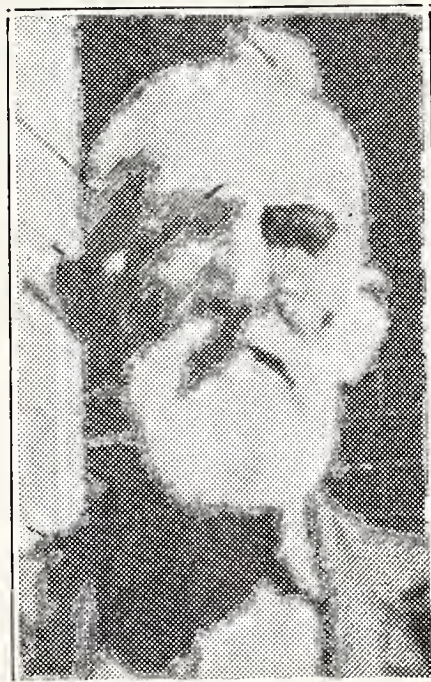
[Mrs. L. C. Lichtenstein, Assistant Adjutant, Dick Dowling Camp; No. 197, U. C. V.]

W. H. HARBISON.

After an illness of several months, W. H. Harbison died at the home of his daughter in Vernon, Tex., on October 1, 1928. He was a member of Camp

Cabell, No. 125, U. C. V., and loved to attend the reunions.

Comrade Harbison served with Company E, 5th Tennessee Cavalry, and his war experience was rather unusual. It seems that his company had not joined the regiment when one day he and eleven comrades were out on their horses, when suddenly some Federals swooped down on them, and he and one other were captured.



W. H. HARBISON.

They were sent to Rock Island Prison and kept there the full time of the war. Though he did not give that service which he had hoped to render to the cause of the South, he was faithful to the cause in remaining steadfast against the temptations to take the oath and escape prison.

Born on February 21, 1846, he was but a young boy when he enlisted as a soldier. He went to Texas many years ago and there reared his family, a son and daughter surviving him; a brother and two sisters also are left.

JOHN S. DANIEL.

John S. Daniel, a veteran of the Confederate army, died at his old home, Center, Ala., on March 1, 1929. "Uncle John," as he was reverently called by myriads of friends, was born near Center, on June 23, 1844, and upon the secession of Alabama he joined Company H, 19th Alabama Regiment (Wheeler's and McSpadden's regiment); was wounded at the battle of Missionary Ridge, having part of his skull and shoulder blown away. He was the last survivor of this company, probably of the regiment.

He was one of the most picturesque and lovable characters Cherokee County ever produced, living a sober, temperate, and devoutly Christian life. He was a life-long Mason, Methodist, and Democrat, ever loyal to the principles for which he shed his life blood. We shall not soon again see his like. *Au revoir*, old friend. [Hugh W. Cardon.]

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. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: When this reaches you, Charlotte will have opened wide the doors of her hospitable homes, her streets will be colorful avenues of flags and bunting, strains of music will fill the air, and her pavements will echo the tread of marching feet assembled to honor the heroes of the sixties.

The date of the reunion marks the one hundred and twenty-first anniversary of the birth of the Confederacy's only President, who for ten years gave his life to the military service of his country and for twenty years occupied a conspicuous position in its political life. Jefferson Davis brought to the Confederacy ripe experience, rare ability, accurate knowledge, all the gifts of a scholarly intellect, and a stainless Christian character. In all times men have been honored when successful, but when we honor him, we prove ourselves competent to discriminate between him who enjoys, and him who wins success.

Future generations of the Children of the Confederacy will refer to the 25th of April, 1929, as marking the completion of their first concerted effort as an organized body. The unveiling of the Memorial Window to Father Ryan in St. Mary's Church, Mobile, Ala., was a most happy occasion. The clergy of the Catholic Churches of the city attended in large numbers, music was furnished by the children of St. Mary's School and the Bishop Toolen High School, and selections were rendered by the band from the Boys' Industrial School. The exercises were held on the grounds immediately fronting the new church, addresses were made by the Presidents of the two Chapters, U. D. C., in Mobile, Miss Sheilbey and Mrs. Sewall; by the Hon. Harry Hartwell, representing the city of Mobile; readings of "The Sword of Lee" and "The Conquered Banner" were rendered by members of the local Chapter.

Mrs. J. T. Burney, Third Vice President General, U. D. C. was in charge of the ceremonies and presented the window to Right Reverend Monsignor T. J.

Eaton, V. G., pastor of St. Mary's. Leading characteristics of the life of Father Ryan were forcibly presented in an address by Rev. John Nichols, of Joan of Arc Church; addresses were also made by Miss Katie Daffan, of Texas, and the President General. The window was veiled in the Confederate colors, which were drawn by Miss Daffan, who, when Third Vice President General, suggested the placing by the Children of a memorial to Father Ryan in this church. The window is the most striking and decorative in the church, and represents the coronation of the Virgin Mary by her Son, our Saviour. It is thus symbolic of the Confederacy; a cause may go down into defeat, but the underlying principles are ultimately crowned with triumph and glory.

At the conclusion of the exercises at the church, a short prayer service was held at the graves of Father Ryan and Admiral Semmes in the cemetery near by; and white carnations were placed in your name on these graves. On the evening of April 24 a brilliant reception was tendered the visitors at the Battle House by the women's patriotic organizations of Mobile, and on the 25th a beautifully appointed luncheon was given at the Country Club by the Mobile and Electra Semmes Colston Chapters, U. D. C.

Greatly appreciated invitations have been received to conventions of the Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi Divisions, to all conferences of the Virginia Division districts, and to the unveiling of a granite shaft on the battle field of Ball's Bluff, Va., May 24, 1929. It would have been a pleasure, had the duties of the office permitted, to accept these gracious invitations.

April 30 was spent in Memphis, Tenn., as a happy participant in the exercises incident to the dedication of a handsome boulder on the Mississippi-Tennessee line, marking that branch of the Jefferson Davis Highway extending from Beauvoir, Miss., to Fairview, Ky.

Preceding the dedicatory exercises, a handsome luncheon was tendered, the distinguished guests by the seven local Chapters, U. D. C., at the Hotel Gayoso. Following the luncheon, the guests returned to the Peabody Hotel and from there proceeded in cars to the State line, where the bowlder was dedicated by the President General.

Among those making addresses were Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price and Mrs. Homer Sloan, Directors for Jefferson Davis Highway in Mississippi and Tennessee; Mrs. Alexander B. White, Mrs. Charles B. Bryan, the Rev. Dr. Dean, Mr. Bell; the representatives of the counties in Mississippi and Tennessee which will have charge of the preservation of the bowlder, the Presidents of each of the Chapters in Memphis; General Bullington and other Confederate veterans, Sons and Daughters. Appropriate music was furnished by the band of the Whitehaven High School.

An interesting feature of the luncheon was the presentation of a Jefferson Davis Highway pin to Mrs. Alexander B. White by Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Vice Chairman of the Central Committee, Jefferson Davis Highway.

A recent letter from Mrs. L. U. Babin, our most efficient Chairman of Credentials for the Biloxi convention, and who is also Director in Louisiana for the Jefferson Davis Highway, brings the glad tidings that she is planting crêpe myrtles along the Highway in her State and hopes to also plant magnolias this season. Mrs. Babin also reports the completion of the endowments for the Louisiana Room, Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.

A most interesting and informing eight-page pamphlet has been prepared, at our request, by the Historian General, Miss Marion Salley, and is now ready for distribution.

The title "Errors and Omissions in Textbooks on American History," explains the contents. After an exhaustive study of school histories, Miss Salley has presented a concise, forceful, and comprehensive review, extending from the earliest explorations in America through the reconstruction period. While the review is an important addition to the collection of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and should be read by every member, it is especially valuable to Chapter Historians, Chairman of Educational Committees, and any others whose work brings them in contact with those responsible for the selection of textbooks. The pamphlet may be secured from Miss Marion Salley, Orangeburg, S. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

One of the outstanding Sons attending the reunion in Little Rock last year was Henry H. McCorkle, Lieutenant Commander S. C. V., of New York. A

native of Rockbridge County, Va., an alumnus of Washington and Lee, Mr. McCorkle possessed all the grace, dignity, and charm of manner of the time of the old-fashioned Southern gentleman. He was handsome in face, distinguished in bearing, and his rare intellectual qualities had advanced him to the forefront of his chosen profession in the city of New York.

It was our privilege to attend the annual camp fire of the New York Confederate Veterans last January; at the request of General Selvaie Commander McCorkle presided, his quickness of wit and brilliancy greatly enhancing the delight of the occasion.

On the 23rd of March, while engaged in his professional duties, God's finger touched him, and in the glory of his manhood he passed on. And we who will long for "his old-time step and his glad return," will think of him often, but will not say that "he is dead." "*He is just away.*"

Very sincerely,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. NOTES

Florida.—Several district meetings were held in Florida during the month of April. Mrs. J. G. Cary, of Jacksonville, chairman for the new Second Brigade, held a splendid meeting in Starke, with the W. T. Weeks Chapter as hostess. Mrs. J. L. Medlin, Division President, gave a most inspiring message in the interest of the organization in Florida. Mrs. O. G. Husband, Corresponding Secretary, and other Division officers were present. A meeting was held in Daytona Beach, with the Daytona Beach Chapter as hostess. Mrs. W. E. French is chairman for this new Fourth Brigade, and had arranged a most excellent program. Mrs. J. L. Medlin, Division President, made an address. At noon a delicious luncheon was enjoyed at the ocean pier casino, with Mrs. Alexander B. White, Past President General, as toastmistress. Another district meeting was held in Clearwater, with the Mary Custis Lee Chapter as hostess. Mrs. Flossie Walker Morris, Fourth Vice President, Florida Division, presided. This was one of the largest district meetings of the spring. The Executive Board of the Division held its semiannual meeting at this time, Mrs. J. L. Medlin, President Florida Division, presiding. All meetings were held in the handsome Peace Memorial Presbyterian Church, and a noon-day luncheon was arranged by the Auxiliary of the Church.

Confederate Memorial Day, April 26, was observed throughout Florida. This day is a legal holiday, and is observed every year "in loving memory of the Confederate soldiers and sailors and the women of the sixties."

[Mrs. F. L. Ezell, Division Editor.]

Maryland.—The Maryland Division held its semiannual convention in Baltimore on March 20, being the guests of the James R. Wheeler, Chapter, Mrs. Adelbert Mears, President; Mrs. J. J. Forbes Shaw, President of the Division, presiding. Presidents and delegates of nearly all the Chapters in the State were present, and most interesting reports were given.

Special interest is being taken in the Georgia Bright Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women of Maryland, which will be available in October, 1929. The invitation was to hold the annual convention in October at Hagerstown, with the Henry Kyd Douglass Chapter as hostess, was accepted.

Mrs. Andrew Banks, Chairman of Education, reported that Robert Burwell is receiving A and A plus in his studies at St. Johns, Annapolis. This is most gratifying to the Division, as he won the competitive examination for the scholarship to St. Johns.

Mrs. Marion Lee Holmes, Editor, appealed to the Chapters for contributions of interest to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, so that others might see what is being accomplished by the Division; she also pleaded for subscriptions to the magazine.

Miss Maupin, First Vice President, reported the sale of the Confederate seals, and again urged the purchase of them by the Chapters generally.

After the reports of the Special and Standing Committees, the convention adjourned to meet in October, 1929.

At the meeting of Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, on April 15 Mrs. Maude Henneberger, Division Historian, gave a splendid paper on the "History of the Foundings of Maryland."

Mrs. Adelbert Mears, President of the James R. Wheeler Chapter, reported forty-one members in her young organization.

[Marion Lee Holmes, Division Editor.]

* * *

South Carolina.—The report of the retiring President, Miss Marion Salley, at the convention of South Carolina Division last December, showed a gain of 409 new members, with five new Chapters; 354 new C. of C. members, with six new Chapters. Several monuments and tablets have been placed, 400 bronze markers. In educational work, the Chapters support thirty-seven scholarships in colleges in the State, valued at \$14,801.00. Seven general prizes were won: Anne Sevier Loving Cup, best essay on "Rights of Secession; the Blount Memorial Loving Cup, for Division bestowing greatest number of service crosses; the Perdue Loving Cup, best essay on "The Blockade, 1861-65"; Osborne Loving Cup, best essay on Orphan Brigade; Taylor Loving Cup, for registering greatest number of C. of C. new

members during the year; \$10.00, best essay by C. of C. on "Prisoners of the Sixties"; \$5.00, best essay on "Mammy of Plantation Days."

There were sixteen South Carolina Division prizes awarded, four C. of C. prizes, and three District prizes.

* * *

Virginia.—The annual report of Richmond Chapter shows that for the coming year the outstanding endeavor of this Chapter will be the completion of a fund of \$5,000 to endow the Janet Randolph Scholarship at William and Mary College, a permanent memorial to Mrs. Randolph.

Death has removed many of the oldest and most valued members, but thirty new members have been added to the roll.

Another memorial was placed this last year, a boulder of Virginia granite, with bronze tablet suitably inscribed, on the Jefferson Davis Highway.

Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Carey, Historian, Warren Rifles Chapter of Front Royal, reports that the Chapter offers an essay prize of \$10 in the local high school, and that Horton's History is being placed in the library. Much interest is being manifested in the Chapter Scrapbook, in which work Mrs. Nannie Brown, an eyewitness of the battle of Front Royal, is giving valuable assistance. She has recently found in her home scores of letters written during the War between the States, which are rich in interesting incidents of the period.

Warren Rifles Chapter has a membership of eighty-one, and the monthly meetings are always largely attended. Mrs. Nathan Allnutt, President, is zealously having the Chapter fulfill the mission for which it was organized.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. TOPICS FOR JULY, 1929.

Battle of Gettysburg. Position and Strength of Forces. Results of Each Day's Fighting. Losses on Both Sides. Lessons learned from the Result.

C. OF C. TOPICS FOR JULY, 1929.

Story of Gen. N. B. Forrest, the "Wizard of the Saddle." Reading: "Song of the Texas Ranger."

"THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES."

[Argument presented by Miss Ida F. Powell, Chairman U. D. C. Committee appointed to inaugurate a campaign for the use of "War between the States" in referring to the conflict in the sixties.]

The official title of the contending parties in the struggle from 1861 to 1865 was the United States and the Confederate States, and the war was waged between them.

Prior to 1861 the United States was a confederation of sovereign States, banded together for convenience, and granting the central government strictly limited and delegated powers. It was a voluntary union of States, from which any one had the constitutional right to secede. Eleven States, exercising this constitutional right, withdrew from the Union, and twenty-two Northern States made war upon them to force them back into the Union. Later the eleven Confederate States were strengthened by the action of Missouri in August, 1861, and of Kentucky in December, 1861. But while these border States gave loyal service to the Confederacy, the number of Federal States was increased by the admission into the Union of Kansas in January, 1861, of West Virginia in 1863, and of Nevada in 1864.

For a period of four years, the Confederate States maintained its own government—Executive, Legislative, and Judicial. It had its own currency, levied and collected taxes, issued bonds, etc., and the struggle that existed for four years was distinctly a struggle between two recognized governments—the United States of America and the Confederate States of America.

Therefore it was not a "Civil War," as that term signifies strife between two parties in one State—one side fighting for the State, the other side fighting against the authority of that State. Neither was it a "War of Rebellion," for sovereign States, co-equal organizations, cannot rebel against each other. It was not a "War of Secession." The Southern States seceded peaceably, exercising their constitutional right to do so. The war was caused by the North attempting to coerce the South back into the Union. It was not a "War of Sections," for brothers often fought against brothers. Both sides were contending for a principle, for their interpretation of the Constitution.

But it was a "War between the States," the States that did not secede making war upon the seceding States to coerce them back into the Union. The term "War between the States" is the term used by the veterans themselves in Article I of the Constitution of the United Confederate Veterans, adopted in July, 1890, at Chattanooga, Tenn., Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief.

Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy and recognized as one of the ablest thinkers of his day, entitled his history of the struggle from 1861 and 1865 as the "History of the War between the States." Many prominent writers and thinkers have adopted the term "War between the States," notably Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts; Dr. Henry Louis Smith, President of Washington and Lee University; Irvin Cobb, Lady Astor, and Premier Clemenceau of France; and the term has been officially sanctioned by the Congress of the United States, as appears in the Congressional Record of March 2, 1928, in a report to the Senate on Joint Resolutions, No. 41.

General Lee wrote: "Every one should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the truth, in the hope that it may find a place in history and descend to posterity. History is not the relation of campaigns and battles and generals or other individuals, but that which shows the principles for which the South contended and which justified her struggle for those principles."

So let us "disseminate the truth." Let us stand steadfastly for what we know to be true, and let us live up to the tribute paid to our Southern people by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, when he said: "The Southern people have inherited from the great race from which they sprung a sense of duty and an instinct of honor. . . . they have above all, and giving value to all, that supreme and superb constancy which without regard to personal ambition, without yielding to the temptation of wealth, without getting tired, and without getting diverted, can pursue a great public object in and out, year after year, and, indeed, generation after generation."

SOUTHERN HISTORY COURSE.

A course in the history of the New South is offered this semester for the first time at the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, Stillwater. The course was introduced by Dr. T. H. Reynolds, head of the History Department, as a supplement to the popular course in the history of the Old South which he has conducted for two years.

The new course is mainly one of research, in which the development of the New South is studied as far as facilities permit from original documents and sources. In addition to regular class work, each student in the course prepares a paper treating extensively some subject dealing with the South since the War between the States.

B. B. CHAPMAN,
Assistant Professor of History, Oklahoma A. and M.
College.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

GREETINGS TO THE HEROES IN GRAY.

The cycle of time has rolled around to another epoch in the lives of those who treasure the memories and traditions of a dream that rose so full of hope that thrilled a nation with flashes of wondrous achievements, built monuments in the hearts of a people that shall never die, but rise higher with the passing years.

To the remnant of that proud army that emblazoned in glory the matchless courage shown on many a well-fought battle field, we bow our heads in reverence and open our arms and hearts in affectionate greetings, and welcome the time that once again gives to us the coveted honor of sharing with you in some small part the wonderful hospitality of the people of the great State of North Carolina, and the charm of her Queen City, Charlotte.

Representing the wives and mothers who, side by side, ministered during the terrible scenes enacted on many a battle field as Ladies' Aid Societies, then later, when war had ceased, claimed the privilege of gathering the hastily buried dead from every field of carnage and giving them reinterment beside loved ones—and thus began our Southern Memorial Day—we now stand as their representatives to again give the glad hand of welcome and to again renew our pledge to stand as sentinels beside each sacred shrine, and to tell to future generations the story of a nation of heroes who prized more than life itself the principles for which the South bared her breast to fight, not for might, but for right, and a righteous cause which she knew to be just. May the Omnipotent Father keep you each in his tender care.

Faithfully and loyally yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General C. S. M. A.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. EARNEST WALWORTH

Not only the Ladies' Memorial Association of Memphis, but the patriotic South has lost in the passing of Mrs. Earnest Walworth an outstanding figure. Truly typical of the old-time Southern gentlewoman, dainty, refined, charming in manner, filled with the lofty ideals inculcated in her home life, possessed of unusual mentality, gifted as a writer—and never happier than when championing in her beautifully written English the histories and traditions of her beloved Southland—her going leaves not only her family bereft, but a breach in the fast-thinning ranks of the cultural elements which went to the making of brains and brawn of the South. To her dear family, and to the Ladies' Memorial Association of Memphis, to which she gave loving and loyal service, we tender our deep sympathy, for she stands upon a pinnacle in many hearts that knew and loved her.

MAJ. W. E. MCALLISTER.

We would be recreant to duty and friendship if we failed to pay tribute to the splendid soldier and gentleman who so long and faithfully served with deep affection his comrades at arms in the capacity of superintendent of the Atlanta Soldier's Home. Uppermost in the thought and heart of Major McAllister was the comfort and pleasure of his "boys," for he served at his post not as a paid servant, for that was his last thought, but as friend and brother. The comfort and happiness of each individual inmate was his chief concern. This small tribute from one who knew and honored his outstanding devotion to the cause for which he sacrificed all is given after a personal acquaintance of more than twoscore years. To his bereaved wife and family we commend the com-

forting spirit "who doeth all things well." After eighty-one well-rounded years of life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

STONE MOUNTAIN.

Plans are on foot to renew work on the mountain at an early date, Stone Mountain Monumental Association having had a recent meeting looking to that end, and, with the necessary funds in hand to complete the central group, the work should go rapidly forward.

MEMORIAL DAY.

That Memorial Day interest does not wane with the years is attested by the fact that April 26 has been more widely observed than ever before. Among the new Associations observing the day for the first time was the Margaret A. Wilson Memorial Association of Little Rock, whose President, Mrs. Sam Wassell, drew participants from all sections of the city resulting in wonderful floral decorations and widespread interest.

Our Chaplain General, Maj. Giles B. Cooke, though well past his ninety years, is as alert, and eagerly anticipating the clasping of hands and affectionate greetings that awaits his arrival in Charlotte. Crowned with years and honors, he, the last surviving member of the staff of Robert E. Lee, passes through the great throngs attendant upon the reunions, a revered, beloved and honored benediction wherever met. May he be spared for years of service yet and as an inspiration to those who follow him.

SOUTHERN WOMEN AND WAR.

The picture of "The Burial of Latané" on the cover of the VETERAN for May recalls the fact that many of our Southern women performed the last rites over their dead when they returned "on their shields" of honor. One of these was Rhoda Earle Williams, who, with the help of her young son and an old man, made the coffin, dug the grave in her garden, and buried her eighteen-year old brother, George Robert Earle, on the night of the second day of December, 1862, in Dade County, Mo.

He had been in the Missouri State Guards, M. W. Mitchell's company, and was discharged to join the Confederate service, Company C, 10th Missouri, Parson's Regiment, J. M. Stemmons, captain. (Capt. G. G. Lindsay, of Naples, Tex., was a comrade). Earle and Captain Stemmons were both severely wounded at Lone Jack. He was at home on

leave when it became unsafe for him to stay there, and he reported to Lafayette Roberts's Company. He was killed in a skirmish in Horse Creek Bottom while firing at pursuers until he was shot through the heart. An old man came and told his sister Rhoda that he had seen the body and covered it with brush. She and her son and this aged friend went and brought him to her home, made a coffin of the planks of her kitchen loft, muffling the eye of the ax as they nailed and worked in the dark. Houses were being burned all around them by the enemy, and once outdoors it was light enough to see to dig the grave, where they hastily buried him, fearing that they might have to leave the house and that his body would be burned. He was removed in a few days to the garden at his father's home, where he was reburied beside his mother, Isabella Herndon Earle, who had died in 1860. He was buried in a new gray uniform made during his convalescence by his sisters from a pair of beautiful gray blankets that had been woven by his mother and her servants.

FOURTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE LATE MARION PYLES, OF KENTUCKY.

As we turn back the hands on time's dial, we behold a knightly cavalier about thirty years old, a tall, graceful, commanding figure, neatly attired in the uniform of a Confederate lieutenant colonel. A clear, strong voice and frank expression make up the engaging personality of Col. Tandy Pryor. Colonel Pryor was captured at Cynthiana, Ky., during Morgan's last raid in Kentucky, June 18, 1864, and held a prisoner on Johnson's Island until the close of the war, being released June 18, 1865. He died in Arkansas of swamp fever in January, 1873.

A history of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry would be incomplete without the name of Mrs. Barbara Pryor, the wife of Colonel Pryor. This noble lady, indomitably energetic, fearless, and self-sacrificing in her support of the Southern cause, was regarded by the boys as almost one of the regiment. She was indeed a near relative and an honorary member of the "Old Fourth." She was in the field for four years, soliciting clothing, provisions, and other supplies for the poor fellows who were confined in horrible prison pens. While other women did much, Mrs. Pryor did more. The history of the struggles and hardships endured by her during those eventful four years can never be written. Imbued with the same spirit that characterized her husband, she was persistent in her great

(Continued on page 237.)

Sons of Confederate Veterans

EDMOND R. WILES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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 JAMES F. TERRELL, JR., New Orleans, La. *Inspector in Chief*
 J. S. UTLEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
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 DR. GEORGE R. TABOR, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Surgeon 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.

WORK OF IMPORTANCE.

NEW CAMPS ORGANIZED.

Adjutant in Chief Walter L. Hopkins announces that several new Camps have recently been organized, among which are Camp Joseph E. Johnston, High Point, N. C.; Camp J. W. Marshall, Rock Hill, S. C.; Camp Rowan Rifles, Salisbury, N. C.; Camp Robert E. Lee, San Diego, Calif.; Camp Henry L. Wyatt, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Camp C. M. Thompson, Lexington, N. C.; Camp Zeb Vance, Thomasville, N. C.; Camp Fletcher Satterfield, Roxboro, N. C.

MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD CONFEDERATE PARK.

At the Tampa and Little Rock conventions, 1927 and 1928, respectively, the Sons of Confederate Veterans organization pledged its support to raise sufficient funds to liquidate the indebtedness of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park. The last financial report of Comrade R. H. Augel, Chairman of the S. C. V. Committee, shows that there is a balance of only \$1,708 due on the property. Commander in Chief Wiles has inaugurated a campaign to raise the balance of the fund immediately. Miss Sallie Schenck, Charlotte, N. C. is chairman of a committee of young ladies to assist in the work. The report of Chairman Augel shows the amount contributed by each Division, as follows: Alabama, \$45; Arkansas, —; Central District Division, \$50; Columbus and Maryland, \$169; Eastern Division, \$500; Florida, \$469; Georgia, \$526; Kentucky, \$1,083; Louisiana, \$105; Missouri, \$251; Mississippi, \$—; North Carolina, \$—; Oklahoma,

\$—; Pacific Division, \$—; South Carolina, \$25; Tennessee, \$110; Texas, \$25; Virginia, \$1,279.57; West Virginia, \$—. Total, \$4,637.57.

The organization is in possession of the land; has a guide on the ground to point out places of interest; and there is now serious need of this force being enlarged; operates a small battle field museum; holds yearly on the anniversary of the first battle a well-attended Confederate field day; and is slowly but surely moving into national proportions. The organization plans to improve and enlarge this service and to furnish the most reliable battle field information to be had upon any American field, and, as fast as possible, to put into effect its charitable, educational, and historical work.

No State that would honor its war dead, commemorate its living heroes, and fittingly chronicle its contribution to American history and government, can, without injustice, be indifferent to a proper and worthy memorial on the battle fields of Manassas.

IN MEMORIAM: HENRY H. MCCORKLE.

Death has been invading the ranks of the Sons of late and taking from this life many who have been leaders in the work of the organization. Of these, the last reported is Henry Hale McCorkle, of New York City, a member of the New York Camp, S. C. V., and also an associate member of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, and he had been honored by appointment on the staff of the Commander in Chief, U. C. V. Death came suddenly on March 21, while engaged in a business transaction.

Henry H. McCorkle was a Virginian, born at Lexington, October 17, 1871, the youngest child of William H. and Virginia Wilson McCorkle. He attended Washington and Lee University and later studied law at Columbia University. He was married in 1907 to Miss Elizabeth Glasgow, of Rockbridge County, Va., who survives him.

Comrade McCorkle was a man of most pleasing personality and was universally popular. He was a member of the Independent Lodge of Masons, of the Society of Virginians and the Southern Society of New York City, and had served as national president and secretary of the Phi Kappa Psi a college fraternity, which, with the Masons, had charge of the funeral. He was taken back to Old Virginia and laid to rest with loved ones in the cemetery at Lexington.

ONE OF THE FAITHFUL.

CONTRIBUTED BY B. T. CLARK, TUPELO, MISS.

When Jim Burdine died in Tupelo, at the age of one hundred and six years, there passed from the life of the community one of the typical ante-bellum darkies, one who exemplified in his character the noblest traits of his race in his faithfulness to his "white folks," and it is a duty laid upon us to put on record such an example of faithfulness.

After the War between the States, the U. S. Congress created a "Freedman's Bureau" charged with looking after the welfare of the negroes so lately made free. The officers of the bureau were Federal soldiers and their influence over the negroes was great; they assumed and exercised extraordinary powers, and they were responsible for most of the political troubles that followed. They organized the negro voters and secured their own election to State and county offices. Many of them were notoriously corrupt and dishonest and became rich after being elected to office. Wherever these men gained control, exorbitant taxes were levied and enormous public debts accumulated. Confederate soldiers and Southern sympathizers were disfranchised, and it was only with the negro vote that these "carpetbaggers" could be defeated and the South saved from ruin.

During Reconstruction days, when Ames was governor of Mississippi and was robbing the State of everything he could, Jim Burdine was one of the principal men who helped to defeat Ames's move to have the constitution of the State changed so he could carry out his nefarious plans. Jim had great influence over the men of his race, and, as a true

Southerner, he saw that something must be done promptly to save the State. He was taken over the State by Private John Allen and Col. L. Q. C. Lamar, making speeches to the negroes, urging them to stay with their white folks and save their State from "carpetbag domination." Jim always allied himself with those seeking to do the right, especially for the protection of his State and country, and his life was an influence for good.

Born in Nashville, Tenn., about 1822, when Jim was about five years old, his master, who was a trader, started South with his slaves, stopping along the way here and there to trade with planters and hiring out slaves to help in the crops. It took them over a year and a half to reach Ittawamba County, Miss., where Jim was sold to the Rev. John Burdine. When war came on, Jim went into the army as a horseshoer, and in his last years he drew a pension from the State for this service to the Confederacy. During the last three years of the war, Jim belonged to a Dr. Hussey, and it was on the Hussey plantation that he found his wife, Jane, who passed away many years ago. Jim died at the home of his son in Tupelo on January 7, survived by three sons and three daughters. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Henry Mosely, an old friend of the family.

There are now few left of those who grew up in that "involuntary servitude" which had its Christianizing influence, and Jim Burdine was an example of the best of them.

COMMENT AND CORRECTION.

(Continued from page 223.)

and to that date there had been 1,963 deaths. This is a far cry from Colonel Wood's figures of 2,484 received, with 1,922 deaths, or 77 per cent. My copy (not just now at hand) says 12,215 with 1,963 deaths, or a fraction over sixteen per cent, is much nearer the truth. The difference in the deaths is only forty-one, but the difference in the percentage is sixty-one. While the difference in numbers, a very possible clerical error, is of very little import, but the figures 2,484 and 77 per cent should not be allowed to stand.

"My report makes the total of our men in the above enumerated prisons 180,000 instead of the 170,000 in Colonel Wood's otherwise very able contribution to history. Let us be fair. We want the VETERAN to be a true history, not a compend of falsehood and spite. We are not afraid of the truth being known. '*Deo vindice*' should be our motto always. We are often disgusted by the stuff we read by would-be-considered historians, who can see only their own side of the picture."

IN TRIBUTE TO "THE GALLANT PELHAM."

"The Gallant Pelham," by Philip Mercer. The J. W. Burke Co., Macon, Ga. 180 pages. Illustrated. Map. \$1.50.

Written to preserve the cherished memory of the famous "boy major" of the Confederacy, this book should be warmly welcomed, for it is the first complete biography of "the gallant Pelham" to appear in print.

John Pelham, born in Calhoun County, Ala., in 1838, was a student at the West Point Military Academy when the War between the States broke out. Several of his letters, reproduced in the book, are a delightful revelation of his life at this period. Leaving West Point at the call to arms, he hurried South and entered the Confederate service, being present at the first battle of Manassas, where his ability and bravery won the admiration of his superiors.

In November, 1861, he became the chief of Stuart's Horse Artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia; and from that time until he fell mortally wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863, his career was an unbroken record of lofty courage and brilliant achievement. "He disclosed upon the battle field the conduct of a veteran, and displayed in his handsome person the most imperturbable coolness in danger." Called "the gallant Pelham" by Gen. Robert E. Lee, highly esteemed by Stonewall Jack-

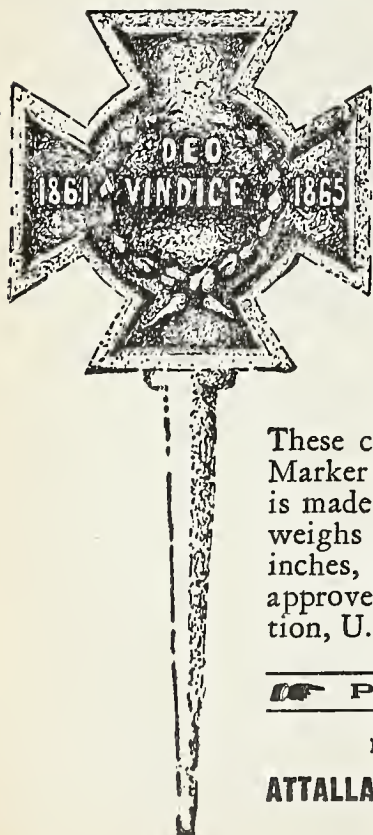
son, beloved by "Jeb" Stuart, flower of Virginia cavaliers, the subject of one of the most beautiful poems that came out of the war, the life of this knightly, chivalric young hero, conspicuous at all times for rare charm of heart-winning personality, is an inspiration to manhood everywhere.

Stuart, reporting the death of the comrade he loved so dearly, said: "His eye had glanced over every battle field of this army from the First Manassas till the time of his death, and he was, with a single exception, a brilliant actor in all. The memory of 'the gallant Pelham,' his many manly virtues, his noble nature and purity of character, are enshrined as a sacred legacy in the hearts of all who knew him. His record has been bright and spotless, his career brilliant and successful."

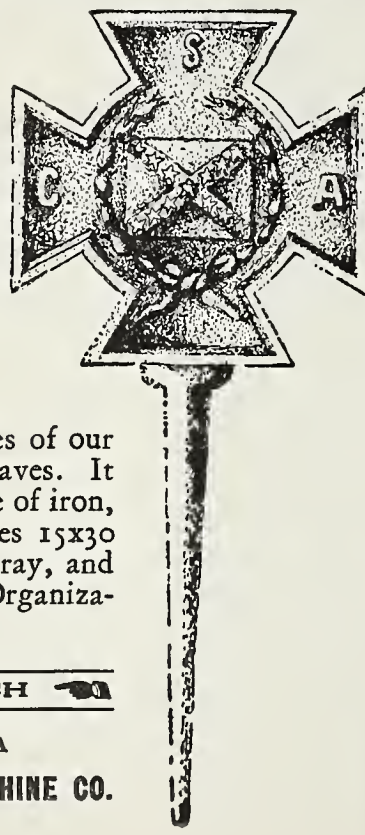
FOURTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

(Continued from page 235)

work, and though often faint and weary, she bravely kept the field, undaunted by winter's cold or summer's heat and the innumerable obstructions thrown in her pathway. She was the general in chief of every relief corps. The "boys" long since erected monuments in their hearts in commemoration of her efforts in their behalf, and pleasant memories cluster about dear Mrs. Pryor, whom I knew so well.



**"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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F. O. B. ATTALLA

ATTALLA FOUNDRY AND MACHINE CO.

Attalla, Ala.

Mrs. Glendora N. Watkins, 308 Eighth Street South, Fargo, N. D., wishes to secure a list of prisoners on Ship Island in 1865. Anyone knowing of such record will please write to her.

Mrs. Samuel Hull, New Baden, Tex., would like to hear from anyone who knew her husband, Samuel Hull, as a Confederate soldier or can give any information on his service. He volunteered as a boy of fifteen at Brockville, Ellis County, Tex., but she knows nothing of his command. She is in need and trying to get a pension.

John G. Ross, clerk of the House of Representatives, Austin, Tex., is trying to secure a pension for the widow of Charles S. Haden, but the only information available on his service is that he enlisted in the latter part of the war at Henderson, Rusk County, Tex., and was sent to "Camp Martin." Any friends or comrades who knew of his service will please respond to Mr. Ross.

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Gentlemen:

We hereby certify that we supervised and audited a public test of the four leading cigarette brands at 1741 Broadway, New York City—from March 2 to March 5, 1929, inclusive.

This test was conducted in the following manner:

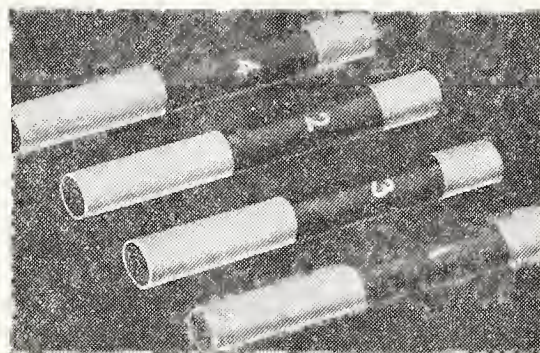
- 1 All 4 brands were bought through regular retail channels.
- 2 Each cigarette was banded with a paper "mask" wide enough to conceal the name.
- 3 The test was open to the general public.
- 4 After each tester specified his choice, he was permitted to remove the brand-masks and identify all the cigarettes.

We further certify that the following summary correctly sets forth the complete vote:

	FIRST CHOICE	PERCENTAGES
OLD GOLD	601	30%
Brand X	522	26%
Brand Y	450	22.5%
Brand Z	430	21.5%
	<u>2,003</u>	<u>100%</u>

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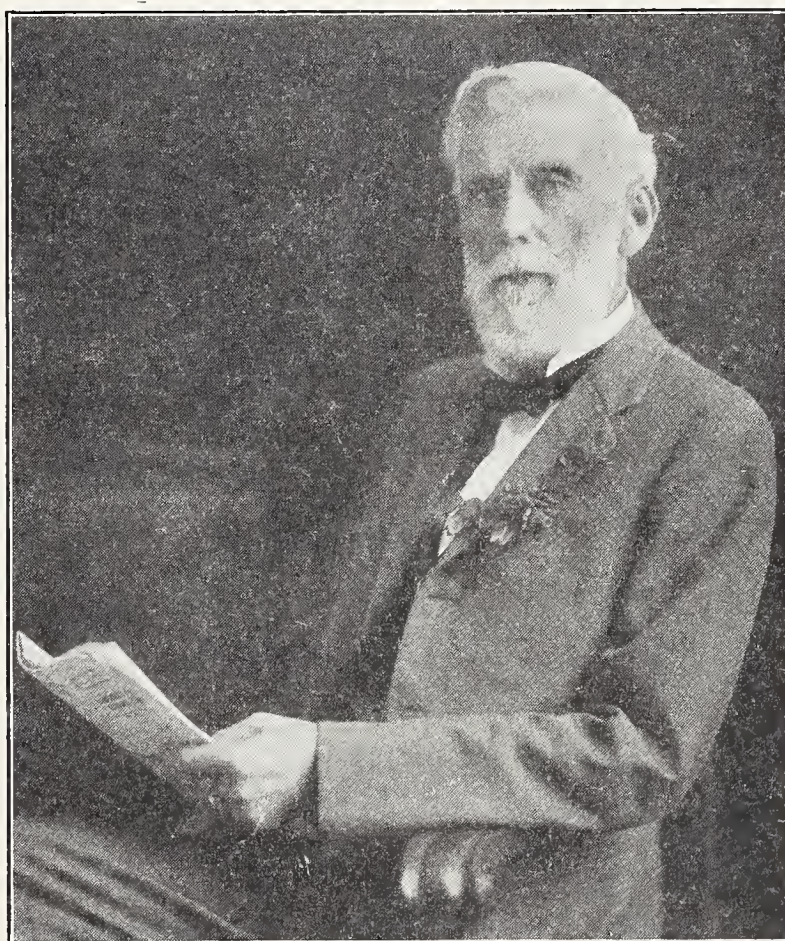
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VOL. XXXVII.

JULY, 1929

NO. 7



GEN. RICHARD A. SNEED
Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans

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Friends are interested in getting a pension for Leamon Chancy Barker, of Evant, Tex., now eighty-three, blind, and ill. He enlisted in Anderson's Company, of Ford's Regiment, Texas troops, and served one year in Brownsville. Anyone who can add to the information of his service will please write to him in care of Mrs. W. H. Harkins, Evant, Tex.

Rev. George L. Petrie, who served as chaplain in the Confederate army and is now chaplain of John Bowie Strange Camp, U. C. V., of Charlottesville, Va., would like to hear from any other Confederate chaplains still living, though he thinks he must be the last survivor. He is now in his ninetieth year.

Prof. Charles Lee Lewis, of the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., who is now at work on a biography of Admiral Franklin Buchanan, C. S. N., would appreciate hearing from any descendants of Commodore Josiah Tatnall, born near Savannah, Ga., and Capt. J. D. Johnston, of the C. S. ram Tennessee in the battle of Mobile Bay. Any information from or of them will be appreciated.

George Henry Howell, of Mississippi, said to be ninety years old, needs to complete his record of Confederate service in order to get admittance to the Home at Beauvoir, Miss. His memory is not accurate, but he recalls enlisting in a scout company, "Jeff Davis Brigade, 1st Regiment, and mentions the name of Hatchell and Cochran. If there are any surviving comrades or friends who recall him as a soldier of the Confederacy, please write to Florence Lec. Eisele, Executive Secretary, American Red Cross, Natchez, Miss.

W. K. McMillan, who served with the Spartan Rangers, of South Carolina, as a teamster during the War between the States, is now trying to get a pension and will appreciate hearing from any old comrades who can testify to his service. Friends are trying to help him get this pension from Oklahoma and replies may be addressed to Mrs. R. H. Stanley, care of the House of Representatives, Oklahoma City, Okla.

CORRECTION.—The reference in the April VETERAN to "Tam" George, of Mayfield, Ky., (page 158) should have given the name as Tom George instead.

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LAST MEXICAN WAR VETERAN.

The last American survivor of the war with Mexico is Thomas Owen Edgar, ninety-eight years old, an inmate of the John Dickson Home of Washington, D. C. He had been a resident of Washington for fifty years. The other of the last two survivors was William Fitzhugh Thornton Buckner, who died at Paris, Mo., on June 16, said to have been one hundred and one years old.

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

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

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

(Continued on page 278.)

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

THE VETERANS.

Passing years have not dimmed the South's reverence and respect for the gallant soldiers who "carried on" so courageously in the face of overwhelming odds. Time has laid its inevitably heavy hand on the "gray line," but those survivors who find it possible to unite again this year will find in North Carolina a welcome as warm, as whole-hearted, and as spontaneous as the patriotism and courage displayed by Tar Heel wearers of the gray back in the sixties.—*Concord (N. C.) Tribune*.

THE SOUTH IS LEADING.

Refuting a malicious reflection (emanating from Chicago) upon the South's "backwardness" as a part of this great, progressive country, the editor of *Holland's Magazine* makes a showing for this section which may be an "eye opener" for those who need to be informed. From this editorial is the following:

"The South, in six years, increased its manufactured products values \$567,000,000. In those same six years, manufacturing values in the rest of the country decreased \$279,509,000. Southern ports handle 42 per cent of the country's water-borne tonnage. Over 61 per cent of all active cotton spindles in the nation are in the South. Such facts as these are endless. If this be remoteness from commercial activity, make the most of it.

"The South was steeped in culture and learning, and its cities were the sites of recognized colleges and universities more than three-quarters of a century before Chicago came into existence. Its first college was founded over 140 years before Chicago. In fact, when Chicago was founded, there already were 40 universities and colleges in the South—as against only 20 in the Middle West and 36 in the remaining States. Two of these Southern colleges were in Louisiana and Mississippi.

"The second college founded on American soil was in a Southern State—the College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Va., in 1693. Only one other university was founded in America during that century, Harvard, in 1636, located in Massachusetts.

"In the eighteenth century, beginning with the founding of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., in 1749, the South saw 13 colleges and universities founded within its borders, and 14 founded in the rest of the country. No college or uni-

versity was founded in the Middle West during that century.

"The first American college established in the nineteenth century was the University of South Carolina, at Columbia, in 1801, the fifteenth Southern university to be founded prior to the establishment of any such institution in the Middle West. Before the founding of Chicago's first university, the South had 58 colleges and universities. Of these, three were in Texas, two in Louisiana, and one in Mississippi—States, according to the learned *Tribune* 'remote from culture and learning.'

"Of the twoscore Southern universities founded while Chicago was still but an idea in a trader's mind, one was Wesleyan, in Macon, Ga., the oldest woman's college in the world, and the first to award a degree to a woman. Subsequent Southern colleges, preceding Chicago's first, included the famous Baylor's in Texas, in 1845—Baylor College for women and Baylor University.

"To-day, there are in the Southern States 189 recognized colleges and universities. The Middle West has only 116. The remainder of the country has 275.

A "LAST MEETING" AT THE REUNION.

BY R. DET. LAWRENCE, MARIETTA, GA.

As the Confederate States Cabinet had its last meeting at Charlotte, N. C., so also did the College Cadets of the South Carolina College when the three surviving members, Corp. R. deT. Lawrence, W. A. Clark, and A. T. Goodwyn met informally at the reunion at Charlotte in 1929.

The South Carolina College Cadets were fully organized in 1861, so when hostilities were threatened, the offer of their services was accepted by the governor of the State and the company was stationed on Sullivan's Island in anticipation of a possible landing of Federal troops on the island. They witnessed the surrender of Fort Sumter, and after being held in camp for a month, were returned to Columbia.

During the summer vacation, several of the boys joined other companies. In this way it happened that one member, Iredell Jones, returned to the college on crutches, having been wounded at the first battle of Manassas.

The company was reorganized in the autumn and offered for duty, but not having been put in active service due to the opposition of the faculty, the company was gradually disbanded, the several members becoming incorporated in other companies. In this latter company, W. A. Clark was a lieutenant. A. T. Goodwyn has just retired as Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans.

HEROES IN GRAY.

Specters march with us to-day,
Ghosts of those long gone away;
Marching on with weary feet,
Marching to the drums that beat,
Beat for them their last tired tread,
Ghosts of gray-clad soldiers, dead.

Marched we on with one so grand,
Lee, defender of our land.
Grander name shall ne'er be given,
Grander man has never thriven
For a cause whate'er it be
Than our leader, Robert E. Lee.

And to him who sleeps to-day
Where the snow-white daises sway,
As the drums beat and we hear
Dixie played, a silent tear,
Falls for him whose cause to fight
Was to him so just and right.

He is waiting for us there,
In that glad beyond, somewhere;
And when angel's psalteries play,
As they greet us on the way
With their songs so sweet and low,
Dixie they will play, we know,
—Mrs. Harley Goode, in *Charlotte Observer*.

THE REUNION IN CHARLOTTE.

"The best ever" was the general opinion of the reunion in Charlotte, N. C., June 4-7, and voiced most heartily by the veterans attending. Indeed, it seemed that everything had been done to make the occasion a happy one for the veterans; and if any failed to get his share, he made no mention of it. "Veterans first" was the thought in this reunion, and they had the best there was. Charlotte gave not only royal entertainment, but provided the most ideal weather in which to enjoy being entertained—and everybody was happy.

It is estimated that some 3,500 veterans registered for the thirty-ninth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, in addition to the many thousands accompanying them. The average number of people served at the commissary in the basement of the new auditorium was four thousand at each meal, and three meals were served daily. Such a crowd on the day of the parade was never seen in Charlotte before. A conservative estimate is that 25,000 visitors circulated about Charlotte each day, and that possibly 150,000 viewed the parade. Charlotte is to

be congratulated upon the success of its first entertainment of the United Confederate Veterans in the Old North State.

* * *

Preliminary to the reunion proper were the exercises held on the evening of June 3, to commemorate the one hundred and twenty-first anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, American soldier and statesman, the great leader of the Southern Confederacy. These exercises also dedicated the new auditorium, and a special feature of the occasion was the introduction of Miss Robine Webb, great-granddaughter of Jefferson Davis, who had come from her far-away home in Colorado to take part in this reunion as Sponsor for the South. A tribute to her from the city of Charlotte was a basket of beautiful flowers, presented to this attractive young woman by Miss Alice Cowles Barringer, a granddaughter of Gen. Rufus Barringer, one of the generals furnished by North Carolina to the Confederacy. Miss Barringer was dressed in a quaint costume of the old days and made a charming picture.

The special tributes paid to the memory of Jefferson Davis on this occasion stressed the greatness of the man in every position he had been called to fill. Hon. Walter Clark, State senator, presided, introducing Judge Winston, for a preliminary talk, and others also paid their tributes in short speeches. The principal address was made by Mr. Clyde Hoey, North Carolina's magnetic orator, who thrilled the audience with his magnificent tribute to Jefferson Davis, "imperial citizen of the South, the finest product of our American civilization."

Splendid music added to the program, the reunion chorus delighting the audience with patriotic songs of long ago, as they did in subsequent meetings during the reunion.

* * *

On Tuesday evening, June 4, the formal opening of the reunion proceedings was held at the auditorium, and the notables of all the Confederate organizations were presented to the greatest audience ever to assemble there. It was estimated that six thousand people filled the seating and standing spaces, and many more were gathered about the entrance. The Marine Band gave its initial performance in full dress, and every number brought appreciative applause. The reunion chorus, made up of local men and women, contributed much by its spirited singing.

A hearty welcome to the veterans and other visitors was given by Mayor George E. Wilson, and Gov. O. Max Gardner paid homage to "this remnant of the bravest army of the American continent and the most patriotic citizens that ever dared venture their

lives and all for principles they held dear." United States Senator Pat Harrison, from Mississippi, gave a short and eloquent tribute to the men and women of the Confederacy, and his special tribute to Jefferson Davis, first and only President of the Southern Confederacy, was a vivid presentation of that gracious and tragic figure of the sixties.

Among those presented at this time was Miss Anna Jackson Preston, great-granddaughter of Stonewall Jackson, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Preston, of Charlotte, to whom Commander Wiles, S. C. V., presented the gold badge of his association, the second time a woman has been thus honored.

The splendid "Ode to North Carolina," written by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate, U. C. V. and of other Confederate organizations, was read by former Gov. Neil S. Morrison, its beautiful sentiment impressing the vast gathering.

* * *

The business sessions of the reunion began on Wednesday morning, former Gov. Charles H. Brough, S. C. V., of Arkansas, presiding during the addresses of welcome, which were given by former Mayor F. M. Redd for the State; by Mayor Wilson for Charlotte; by C. O. Kuester, business manager of the Chamber of Commerce. Gen. W. A. Smith, commanding the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., greeted comrades of the gray in behalf of his Division; and the heads of other organizations voiced greetings in behalf of their membership—Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A.; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President General U. D. C.; and Edmond R. Wiles, Commander S. C. V.

A departure from the usual proceeding was that the principal address of this meeting was made by the Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, who conveyed to his comrades the great importance of carrying out that resolution of the previous convention to correct the errors and falsehoods of history prevailing, and to uphold local self-government, now being threatened on every hand by the encroachments of centralized government, quoting many authorities to show the trend of the times, and he also took occasion to refute many statements which had reflected upon the integrity of the Southern people in the operation of the Confederate government.

The short afternoon session was given over to committee reports and that of the Adjutant General, who evoked cheers by the statement that the treasury held \$2,600 clear of any indebtedness, this being some \$500 more than was reported at Little Rock.

* * *

Though the VETERAN has not been furnished the text of resolutions passed during this convention, some of the most important were as follows:

A resolution which provides that in the event of the death of the Commander in Chief, the Adjutant General automatically fills the place of Commander in Chief until the next reunion.

A resolution that the United Confederate Veterans join in the effort to purchase Stratford, the birthplace of Gen. R. E. Lee. The Commander in Chief and the Department Commanders will form a committee to direct this work, and contributions are to be sent to the Adjutant General.

A resolution to use space in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for official orders and other matters of interest to the organization, this space to be paid for and used to mutual benefit.

By acclamation, it was voted to send the following telegram to President Hoover: "The United Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, unanimously thank you for the courtesy extended them when their Commander in Chief was invited to participate in the inaugural ceremonies at Washington."

* * *

On Thursday afternoon came the election of officers and the selection of the next place of meeting. Gen. Richard A. Sneed, of Oklahoma City, Okla., commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, was unanimously made Commander in Chief, and the invitation from Biloxi, Miss., was accepted with enthusiasm. An invitation from Washington City was presented by Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, but the invitation from Biloxi was cordially indorsed by him—and to Biloxi they go in 1930.

Gen. Homer Atkinson was reëlected Commander of the Northern Virginia Department, and Gen. L. W. Stephens, of Coushatta, La., was again honored with command of the Army of Tennessee Department. Gen. R. D. Chapman, of Texas, was elected to command the Trans-Mississippi Department.

The first action of the new Commander in Chief was the reappointment of Gen. Harry R. Lee as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, and Mrs. W. B. Kernan continues as Assistant to the Adjutant General, with headquarters in New Orleans.

* * *

THE PARADE.

Passing through solid walls of humanity, perhaps the largest crowd ever assembled on the streets of Charlotte, the Confederate parade, climax of the thirty-ninth annual reunion of Confederate veterans, moved to the sound of enthusiastic cheers and wild applause on the morning of June 7, a line of march said to cover five miles, taking some two hours in passing a given point. Three wars were represented in the veteran soldiery taking part—the War between the States, the Spanish-American, and the World War—while the soldiers of the present were repre-

sented by the National Guard of North Carolina and other military units from schools and colleges—all making a grand array. The Boy Scouts were in line in great force, and made a great impression. There were miles of cars, loaded with veterans of the gray and their fair official ladies, a colorful note with flags and other decorations. In the lead was the Marine Band sounding patriotic airs, and many others were interspersed throughout the line, whose martial strains were heard above the cheers of the multitude of onlookers. There were Sons of Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, the Memorial Women, and members of local patriotic associations, all adding a note to the wonderful pageant moving through the streets of Charlotte, the like of which may never be seen again.

After leading the parade, the new and retiring Commanders in Chief, the governor of North Carolina, and other notables of the reunion, with their wives and official ladies, stood at attention in the reviewing stand as this pageant moved past, a wonderful spectacle, "showing," as Governor Gardner expressed it, "to us of the present generation the glory and greatness of the Old South in the veterans and the splendid future of the new in the Boy Scouts."

Of the veterans of the gray in line, the *Charlotte Observer* said: "They did not feel the weight of the years nor the heat of the day; all their hearts were in the wave of emotion that swept over them and connected the memories of the past with the glorious reality of the day. The parade was more than a line of march; it was a pageant of the South, containing visible expressions of the best that the country has to offer. The bravest of the manhood of the South and the fairest of Southern womanhood were there, glamorous with the emotion that can come only from a deep feeling of patriotism and love."

MEMORIAL HOUR.

Tender and beautiful is the tribute paid to departed comrades and members by the three organizations in joint meeting during these reunions, and in reverential spirit the meeting was adjourned at noon on Thursday to receive the C. S. M. A. and the S. C. V. in this memorial hour. Associate Justice Herriot Clarkson gave the memorial address to these departed, both men and women, "who contributed their part toward making the Southland a great empire," and in concluding gave a poem written by his uncle, Henry Mazyck Clarkson, on the return of the Confederate flags by the North. General Goodwyn gave a brief tribute to his departed comrades, and a silent prayer was held for Henry L. Wyatt, of North Carolina, first soldier killed in the war; for Gen. J. C. Foster, Past Commander in Chief; and others. A

list was read for each organization, and Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A., gave a brief exhortation to keep alive and sacred the sacrifices of the dead. In his prayer, Rev. W. B. McElwaine, D.D., asked that nothing might separate us from the high ideals as we see them, coming to us from heaven, and that even as their blood was dedicated to their cause, so "we should be dedicated to-day to the cause of right."

* * *

The memorial poem, "Taps!" by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate, was given, and the services concluded with the sounding of that immortal bugle call by Boy Scouts stationed in the building.

They answer not who late have dwelt with us,
Who climbed with us along life's rugged steep;
The sunlight falls upon the low green mounds—
God whispered to them and they fell asleep.
Blow, bugle, blow!
So softly fades the light.
Blow, bugle, blow!
Good night! Good night!

Full sixty years they kept the altar fires
With us, who would not, could not, let them die;
But other hands must take their torches now—
Beneath that altar all our memories lie.
Blow, bugle, blow!
Love marks the angel flight.
Blow, bugle, blow!
Good night! Good night!

* * *

THE BOY SCOUTS.

No Confederate reunion could be held without the assistance of the Boy Scouts, and every Confederate veteran will indorse that statement. They are indispensable. At Charlotte they again proved their worth in their eagerness to serve, their tact and gentleness in conducting the veterans about, their willingness to give of themselves wherever needed—and this meant everywhere—even into the late hours of the night. Indeed, it seemed that they took not time for sleep. Fine boys they are, and fine men they will become through their training in consideration and service for others. Our grateful thanks and heartiest cheers for the Boy Scouts!

Ever since the reunion in Birmingham, Ala., 1916, the Boy Scouts have been an important feature of every Confederate reunion, and more and more have they become endeared to the passing hosts of gray. "Young soldiers," one said, "a splendid army which, God grant, may never face a cannon!"

MRS. PRESTON'S "OPEN HOUSE."

Of the many courtesies to the veterans attending the Charlotte reunion, nothing gave them more pleasure than the "open house" held by Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Preston during the week. Mrs. Preston is the granddaughter of Stonewall Jackson, and in her home she had on display many relics connected with that great soldier of the Confederacy. Drawn by these mementoes of one so beloved and revered in memory, a constant stream of visitors kept her house indeed wide open, and many lingered for a little chat with the gracious hostess, whose charm won all hearts. There are five lovely children of this home, and the two older daughters, Miss Anna Jackson Preston and Miss Julia Cortlandt Preston, were presented to reunion audiences and did their part in many entertainments.

* * *

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Many delightful entertainments were given to honor the veterans and others during the reunion—receptions and teas and garden parties, dances, etc. Especially pleased were the veterans when they could dance, and many who seemed too feeble to walk any distance could shake a wicked foot when the music called for action. The veterans' ball was a crush soon after the grand march got under way, but they managed to dance, some of them keeping it up to late hours.

Adding largely to the enjoyment of the reunion were the many bands, which, when not taking part in reunion exercises, were entertaining the veterans and others by their concerts in different places. A very special performance was given in Independence Park, when nearly a score of bands, under the direction of Capt. Taylor Branson, leader of the Marine Band, gave a joint concert, concluding with "Dixie" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," moving the great audience to wild enthusiasm.

* * *

A special entertainment of the reunion was the pageant put on at the new Auditorium on Wednesday evening, the story of the Confederacy through the thrills and tragedy of its rise and fall. An audience of many thousands witnessed the tragic drama depicted by a cast of several hundred, the connected episodes being interspersed with interpretive dancing. Eleven young girls took the part of the States of the Confederacy, and each spirit depicted was called forth by the spirit of the South. Scenes of mirth as well as tragedy were depicted in this story of the South before and during the war. "Did you enjoy it?" one of the veterans was asked. "Yes, until the scene of the battle field, which made me think of the time I

was lying there," he said, as he glanced down at his maimed hand.

* * *

A tragic note is injected into reunion cheer by the illness or death of some comrade. At Charlotte there were many cared for in the emergency hospitals, happily most of these for slight ailments. But there were two who passed to the eternal reunion while their comrades met and mingled in this earthly activity. Gen. Cortez A. Kitchen, Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., was one of those who answered to the last roll call at this time, another being Maj. John Hancock, of Austin, Tex.

* * *

DEDICATION OF REUNION MARKER.

An interesting occasion following the reunion was the dedication, on Friday afternoon, of a memorial marker at the new Auditorium which commemorates the holding of the thirty-ninth annual reunion in Charlotte. This marker was the gift of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Rev. Albert Sidney Johnston, S. C. V., presided over the exercises. The veil was drawn by Thomas Jonathan Jackson Preston, great-grandson of Stonewall Jackson, and little Nancy Palmer Stitt, granddaughter of Capt. William Morrison Stitt. The official roster and records of the reunion were placed in the memorial. Dr. Oren Moore gave the dedicatory address, and the exercises were closed with taps.

AN APPRECIATION.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

The reunion at Charlotte revealed an overwhelming enthusiasm for the Confederate soldiers. The people of that delightful city gave us the best they had. Nothing was withheld to make us welcome and to entertain us. The event will be a delightful memory, not alone for the veterans, but to unnumbered thousands of visitors whom Charlotte had to provide for.

There is not a Confederate soldier who does not feel the weight and cares of time, and yet, when the bands played, the old men would straighten up and greet each other with recollections of bygone days, and live over again the hardships, the excitement, and the thrills of war.

These memories are sweeter with the knowledge of the magnanimity and self-sacrifice of the spirits that are gone.

A halo of glory hangs around the soldiers who died on the field of battle. There is something sublime in the marshaling of hosts. The sound of the fife and drum, the battle array, the clank of the saber, the rattle of musketry, "the cannon's opening roar,"

but greater still are the soldiers who fought and lived. They lifted the South from the ashes of destruction, and made it the favored section of the nation, and it is well that our people shall share in their triumphs, for they cast a mellow glow over the South, just as the sun, after its departure, leaves behind those splendors that illumine and make beautiful the evening sky. They left a record of loyalty and devotion that will ever remain a brilliant page in the annals of time.

Nothing less than sublime confidence in the justice of the cause could inspire humanity to such deeds of glory, such endurance, such patience, as the South displayed.

So let us step apart a little space in memory, as none others but ourselves can have, in tribute to a band of soldiers dead who wore a uniform in which, for four years of red and fateful glory, a new nation was born and died in battle.

The English-speaking people have come in these after generations to recognize that in that war of brothers, out of which has come what Jefferson Davis termed "the perpetual Union," a record was made of high captaincy and daring and chivalrous leadership and gallant, disciplined following not surpassed of the folk to whom ours is the mother tongue.

The years have gone. The echo in deed and words that full acceptance of the great arbitrament which our great chieftain urged at the close of the story of his life, but we treasure in pride the tale of the splendid years of ill-fated, tragic effort, the futile sacrifice perhaps, the pathetically avoidable and needless sacrifice, and will so long as memory lasts.

The man has not been born who can write a just tribute to the Confederate soldiers. It may be written in future years, but we will not read it. Let us keep the fires of love and friendship burning brightly, let us live and move together—proud of the past, satisfied with the present, and confident of the future.

REBUILDING THE SOUTH.

In his address of welcome to the United Confederate Veterans, in reunion at Charlotte, N. C., Gov. O. Max Gardner told the story of the rebuilding of the South by its own men and women, saying:

"In the lives of individuals some days stand out from the rest and are memorable. It is the same in the life of a commonwealth or a nation. This is a proud day for North Carolina. This occasion has deeply touched the hearts of our people. I, therefore, speaking in the name of my people, bring you more than their word of welcome; I bring you assurance of their love and devotion. For more than sixty years you have been fighting gallantly with us and for us. You have sacrificed much and risked all. Your lives

have been an inspiration to our children and a benediction upon our efforts to rebuild that which was destroyed by war. We not only, in gratitude, welcome you, but in proud affection we here to-day claim you for our own.

"It would be a mistake to suppose that the War between the States ended with the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. This was but the passing of one phase of a vaster struggle. The deepest and truest values in life are spiritual values and the greatest force in the world is fundamentally spiritual in its nature. Even God, we are told, is a Spirit, and they who worship him must do so in spirit. The most far-reaching conflicts are not those which are fought with arms or settled around the conference table. They are rather those which, without the drama and panoply of war, are settled silently upon the lonely battle fields of the souls of men. There is no bugle call save the still small voice of duty, and the only declaration is the consciousness that we have fought the good fight.

"Sixty years ago, the South was beaten and prostrate. Our material wealth had been consumed or destroyed; most of our men had been killed or incapacitated in battle; our spirit was apparently broken. Anarchy and a reign of terror seemed imminent. It was the twilight of our Southern civilization, and despair settled over the land.

"Then began the greatest struggle of all, which I call the second phase of the War between the States. The men of the South, beaten in battle by the sheer force of numbers, again dug in and threw up their fortifications. But this time they were assailed not by the hosts of invading armies, but by doubt and despair. And they dug into their own souls to find strength and courage with which to face the future.

"I have long felt that the most serious consequence of the war was not the loss of material wealth, staggering though this was, or even the appalling loss of life, but was the psychology of despair which resulted from the defeat of the Southern armies. This insidious and long-drawn-out aftermath of the struggle may be likened to the after effects of a disease which has ravaged and weakened the physical body. It manifested itself in a diminished respect for law and order in an incapacity to visualize the latent potentialities of the section and its people and in a general exodus from some States to the West and other parts of the country.

"But at this critical juncture of affairs, the men and women of the South joined battle with their own doubts and fears. They gathered for a last desperate charge upon the somber battlements of despair. There was no beating of drums or display of colors. There was no time or means for preparation. But,

with their faces to the foe and with the thought of surrender forever put behind them, they hurled at the forces of lawlessness, poverty, and ignorance which were threatening our very heritage of civilization a defiant challenge.

"They shall not pass," they said, and they went to work. The women worked harder than the men. Plows were started, schools reopened, elections held. It was a long and bitter struggle, and by the end of the century hope had returned and victory was well in sight. And this story of the rebuilding of the South, carried on in the face of almost heartbreaking difficulties forms one of the most glorious chapters in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. And our victory was essentially a victory of the spirit.

"It is my proud privilege to welcome you to North Carolina. To us here it seems indeed that you have only just come home; that somehow we must convey to you the thought which to-day is close to the hearts of our people that we not only honor you as we honor our own fathers and mothers, but that we love you and shall be happy if we feel that you have made our home your home.

"And shall we not, in passing, remember those comrades who have responded to the call of taps and who are to-day holding joyful reunion in the presence of the Great Commander? I recall at this moment the inscription on the Confederate monument at Arlington, and here repeat it in tribute.

"Not for fame or reward, not for place or power, not lured by ambition or goaded by necessity, but in simple obedience to duty as they understood it, these men suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all, and died."

"LEST WE FORGET!"

In speaking to the thirty-ninth reunion of United Confederate Veterans at Charlotte, N. C., Senator Pat Harrison said, in part:

"We of the South must never permit Southern glories to be forgotten in the maelstrom of industrial strife. We must not allow those principles for which our fathers sacrificed to be supplanted by yielding to the commercial exigencies of the hour. We can never sanction the tearing down of that shrine which was builded by our splendid men and women and see one erected instead to the god of mammon. The sentiment of the South is too dear, its heritage too priceless, its sacrifice too great to be bartered away, however large and alluring the price. No government could have sustained itself so long without its people having abiding conviction in the righteousness of their cause.

"Slavery was not the cause of the war. A bigger and larger question was involved. It was the unquestioned

right of a State to exercise those rights not expressly delegated in the Federal Constitution to the Federal government. The South believed that property of every kind should be respected and protected under the laws of the land. They resisted any invasion of the right of the States to control their own domestic affairs as a violation of the Federal compact. And may I be permitted to say in this gathering that the South to-day needs a rebaptism in that principle?

"From the first angry shriek of the cannon at Fort Sumter until taps was sounded at Appomattox the Confederate soldiers shed glory and luster on the Southland. They only sheathed their swords and returned to their homes when nothing else remained for them to do.

"By the side of these loyal men through four long years of anxious suspense were the noble women of the South. No comforter had they save their God and no resource but unwearied prayer and hope.

"Men of gray and women of the sixties, by your magnificent examples of devotion and bravery and sacrifice, you made humanity better. You gave to the South a song, a sentiment, a story, that will live forever. You made patriotism more sublime, and let me say to you whose faltering footsteps are turned toward the grave, fear not that in this materialistic age, in this mad race for wealth and power, that the real children of the South will ever forget the principles for which you suffered and the priceless legacy that you have bequeathed to us.

"But why should Jefferson Davis have been selected and singled out to carry the alleged sins of the South? What was there in his deportment that was not found in the deportment of tens of thousands of others? What act of his touching the South and the cause for which he stood and fought was there that was not sanctioned and approved by every Southern officer and private in the Confederate army? What speech did he ever utter that did not find enthusiastic acclaim in the burning heart of every Southern man? It is a sad commentary that a distorted public opinion should measure one man by one standard and all the other men who stood for the same thing by another.

"Mr. Davis loved the Union with all the devotion of his heart. He had given the best years of his life in its cause. He had served it in its highest legislative body and in one of its most important administrative positions and upon the field of battle. The country cannot forget the qualities of leadership he displayed in Indian warfare on the Western frontier and the glory he attained for this great country as commander of Mississippians upon the plains of Mexico, winning the highest encomiums at Buena Vista and Monterrey. The country will not forget the qualities of statesmanship displayed by him as a member of the

United States Senate, and services to the government as Secretary of War under Franklin Pierce.

May I express the hope that some time before it shall have become too late, along the shores of the Mexican Gulf, amid the historic scenes of the Mississippi coast which are so interwoven with the life of Mr. Davis, the United Veterans of the Confederacy can hold their annual reunion so that the remaining few may visit historic Beauvoir and touch again the very scenes that surrounded this illustrious and beloved man."

ODE TO CAROLINA.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

[Written for the thirty-ninth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, held at Charlotte, N. C., June 4-7, 1929.]

Out of the past with its storms and its fears,
Out of the fume of adventurous years,
Out of the triumph of stern pioneers.
The Old North State was born.

To her shores, first of all of America's lands,
Came the Anglo-Saxon upon her strands,
Ere Plymouth had gathered her wandering bands,
Or Jamestown, anchor weighed.

And her blood flowed first in liberty's name,
In the earliest dawn of her country's fame,
When the hearts of patriots caught from the flame
That blazed at Alamance.

'Twas never to die, for she builded there
An altar of freedom, by sword and by prayer;
The zeal of her women stirred to its flare
At Edenton that day.

She was silent and stern as she armed for the fray—
For revolutions are born that way—
While over her mountains, cold and gray,
Sped the news of Lexington.

She was first to strike, without parley or fear,
When from Charlotte rode out her lone trumpeteer,
That the highest tribunals and all men might hear
The message of Mecklenburg.

She had shown them the way—it was liberty's call
To the colonies crushed by a tyrant's thrall;
It swept like a besom from one to all,
In the clarion of seventy-six.

And the after years waxed strong and great,
In the fame of her sons, in her halls of state;
In the Union, decreed by the hand of fate,
That her prowess had helped to build.

By the altar of freedom some came to kneel,
But strife had broken the Union's seal;
Once more for liberty, woe or weal,
She fought for the rights of State.

She gave of her all for the flag of Lee—
For the spotless nation that was to be;
And she gathered her sons from mountain to sea,
For the mother fought to win.

She was first at Bethel, and furthest lay
Her dead on Gettysburg's last day;
And furthest pressed her sons in gray
On Chickamauga's field.

But the glorious flag that had never trailed
Went down in the dark—'twas the years that failed—
On a land of ruins, bowed and veiled
For the empire she had dreamed.

She has builded again on her mountain peak,
And deep in her valleys her forges speak;
The wealth of the land was hers to seek—
And, seeking, she has found.

And holy the dust of her heritage,
Her history, writ on an iron page,
A shrine for the pilgrim, from age to age—
A motherland of men!

STRATFORD, BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL LEE

The movement for the purchase of Stratford, the birthplace of Gen. Robert E. Lee, originating with the Greenwich, Conn., Chapter, U. D. C., Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President, and which has been incorporated as the Lee Memorial Foundation, reports organization of the work in many States, of which the following leaders are given: Alabama, Mrs. David Roberts; Arkansas, Mrs., Rufus N. Garrett; California, Mrs. N. V. Livermore; Connecticut, Mrs. Emerson R. Newell; Delaware, Mrs. Alfred I. Du Pont; Georgia, Mrs. Walter D. Lamar; Indiana, Mrs. C. A. Carlisle; Kentucky, Mrs. Thomas Floyd Smith; North Carolina, Mrs. W. B. Newell, Charlotte; South Carolina, Mrs. Andrew Jackson Geer; Tennessee, Mrs. Horace VanDeventer, Knoxville; Virginia, Mrs. Ambrose C. Ford, Clifton Forge; Washington, D. C., Mrs. Joseph E. Washington; New Hampshire, Mrs. Orton B. Brown (daughter of Gen. John B. Gordon).

Special effort is now being made to meet the second payment due in July on the purchase price, and the people of the South are urged to send in their contributions to secure this historic old place, which is

to be made into a national shrine to commemorate the great name of Lee. These contributions can be made in the local campaigns or sent direct to headquarters (Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, Rock Ridge, Greenwich, Conn.). An interesting booklet giving the history of Stratford, beautifully illustrated, is sold for the benefit of this fund at one dollar, post-paid.

Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, of Alabama, as Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans, wrote: "I am very much gratified to feel that I am a part of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, and think I can assure you that the State of Alabama will rise to the responsibility of its firm establishment with us."

An important action by the convention of United Confederate Veterans, in reunion at Charlotte, N. C., gave strong indorsement to this movement in the following:

RESOLUTION UNANIMOUSLY PASSED BY THE UNITED
CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN CONVENTION
AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Whereas, in one of Gen. Robert E. Lee's last letters, he said, "It has always been a great desire of my life to be able to purchase Stratford, the home we so loved;" and whereas, a small group of Southern women, feeling that General Lee's wish must be carried out, succeeded in securing an option on Stratford, his birthplace, and have already made two payments on it; and whereas, in order to secure full title to the property, \$25,000 more must be paid by July 1, or Stratford will be lost as a memorial and General Lee's wish will never be fulfilled; therefore, be it

Resolved: 1. That the United Veterans of the Confederacy, in convention assembled, indorse the plan and purposes of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation to purchase and restore Stratford as a national shrine and memorial to Robert E. Lee, our peerless hero; and

2. That the chair appoint a committee of at least five to coöperate with the Memorial Foundation to secure title to Stratford by receiving such voluntary contributions as shall be within the compass of the humblest citizen who loved Lee and desires the grateful privilege of paying some tribute to him.

The five members of this committee will be the Commander in Chief, the three Department Commanders, and Adjutant General, Harry R. Lee, and to the latter may be sent all contributions from members of the organizations. His address is 210 Fall Street, Nashville, Tenn.

*THE FIRST DECLARATION OF
INDEPENDENCE.*

(The reference in the VETERAN for May to the Mecklenburg resolutions as being the first declaration of independence on the part of Americans brought the query from J. A. Whitman, of Wytheville, Va.: "What about the Fincastle Resolution, written at the Lead Mines, the county seat of Fincastle County, Va., on January 20, 1775? The Fincastle Resolution preceded the Mecklenburg Resolution by about four months." Later on, by request, Mr. Whitman sent a copy of the Fincastle Resolution, as taken from "A History of the Middle New River Settlements," by David E. Johnston, which is here given.)

On the 20th day of January, 1775, the Freemen of Fincastle County assembled at Lead Mines and made a declaration which was the precursor of that of July 4, 1776, made by the Congress at Philadelphia. This declaration of the Fincastle men, foreshadowing American independence, was the first one made in America, and it so fully breathes the spirit of independence and freedom that it is hereby inserted in full:

"In obedience to the resolves of the Continental Congress, a meeting of the Freeholders of Fincastle County, in Virginia, was held on the 20th day of January, 1775, and who, after approving of the association formed by that august body in behalf of all the colonies, and subscribing thereto, proceeded to the election of a committee, to see the same carried punctually into execution, when the following gentlemen were nominated:

"The Rev. Charles Cummings, Col. William Preston, Col. William Christian, Capt. Stephen Trigg, Maj. Arthur Campbell, Maj. William Ingles, Capt. Walter Crockett, Capt. John Montgomery, Capt. James McGavock, Capt. William Campbell, Capt. Thomas Madison, Capt. Evan Shelby, and Lieutenant Edmonston. After the election, the committee made choice of Col. William Christain for their chairman, and appointed Mr. David Campbell to be clerk.

"The following address was then unanimously agreed to by the people of the county, and is as follows:

"To The Honorable Peyton Randolph, Esquire, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Jr., Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmond Pendleton, Esquires, the delegates from this colony who attended the Continental Congress held at Philadelphia:

Gentlemen: Had it not been for our remote situation, and the Indian war which we were lately engaged in to chastise these cruel and savage people

for the many murders and depredations they have committed amongst us, now happily terminated under the auspices of the present worthy Governor, His Excellency, the Right Honourable Earl of Dunmore, we should have before this time made known to you our thankfulness for the very important services you have rendered to your country, in conjunction with the worthy delegates from the other provinces. Your noble efforts for reconciling the mother country and the colonies, on rational and constitutional principles, and your pasifick, steady, and uniform conduct in that arduous work immortalize you in the annals of your country. We heartily concur in your resolutions and shall, in every instance, strictly and invariably adhere thereto.

"We assure you, gentlemen, and all of our countrymen, that we are a people whose hearts overflow with love and duty to our lawful Sovereign, George the Third, whose illustrious House for several successive reigns have been the guardians of the civil and religious rights and liberties of British subjects, as settled at the glorious revolution; that we are willing to risk our lives in the service of his Majesty for the support of the Protestant Religion and the rights and liberties of his subjects; as they have been established by compact Law and Ancient Charters. We are heartily against the differences which now subsist between the parent state and the colonies, and most urgently wish to see harmony restored on an equitable basis, and by the most lenient measures that can be devised by the heart of man. Many of us and our forefathers left our native land, considering it as a Kingdom subjected to inordinate power; we crossed the Atlantic and explored this then wilderness, bordering on many Natives or Savages and surrounded by mountains almost inaccessible to any but those various Savages, who have insisntly been committing depredations on us since our first settling the Country. These fatigues and dangers were patiently encountered, supported by the pleasing hope of enjoying these rights and liberties which have been granted to Virginians and denied us in our native country, and of transmitting them inviolate to our posterity. But even to this remote region the hand of enmity and unconstitutional power hath preceded us to strip us of that liberty and property with which God, Nature, and the Rights of Humanity have visited us. We are ready and willing to contribute all in our power for the support of his Majesty's Government, if applied to considerately, and when grants are made by our Representatives, but cannot think of submitting our liberty or property to the power of a venal British Parliament, or will of a greedy ministry.

"We by no means desire to shake off our duty or allegiance to our lawful Sovereign, but on the con-

trary shall ever glory in being the royal subjects of the Protestant Prince, descended from such illustrious progenitors, so long as we can enjoy the free exercise of our religion as Protestants and our liberties and properties as British subjects. But if no pacific measures shall be proposed or adopted by Great Britian, and our enemies will attempt to dragoon us out of these inestimable privileges which we are entitled to as subjects, and to reduce us to a state of slavery, we declare that we are deliberately determined never to surrender them to any power upon earth but at the expense of our lives.

"These are real though unpolished sentiments of liberty, and in them we are resolved to live and die."

We are, gentlemen, with the most perfect esteem and regard,

Your most obedient servants,"

From the American Archives, Fourth Series, First Volume, page 1166.

L. P. Summers in his "History of Southwest Virginia," gives the same.

It is to be found in other works of history.

The Capt. William Campbell, who was one of the signers of the Fincastle Resolution, was the Gen. William Campbell, the hero of King's Mountain. He married a sister of Patrick Henry. They are buried at Aspenvale, near Seven Mile Ford, Smyth County, Va.

Fincastle County, of which the Lead Mines was the county seat, at that time extended to the Mississippi River and took in all of the territory immediately west of us.

"TELL A. P. HILL."

(Among the last words of Stonewall Jackson were: "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action"; of R. E. Lee: "Tell A. P. Hill he must come up.")

No epitaph more noble or sublime
Has e'er been writ in all the tide of time,
Nor yet can be; they do all fullness fill,
These—death's undying words—"Tell A. P. Hill!"

Hill was already Fame's, but Jackson's death
Confirmed her verdict with his latest breath;
So Lee's last words, as his great heart fell still,
Were Fame's and Jackson's own, "Tell A. P. Hill!"

"Prepare for action!" Ah, the action's done,
These three have met on fields beyond the sun,
But Fame endures and will endure until
Her trumpets cease to sound—"Tell A. P. Hill!"

—W. W. Scott.

IN MEMORIAM—DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD.

BY SALLY WASHINGTON MAUPIN, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT, MARYLAND DIVISION, U. D. C.

Dr. Henry Elliott Sheperd, in his eighty-seventh year, on May 29, 1929, at his home in Baltimore, answered the bugle call to "cross over the river and rest beneath the shade of the trees."

When the Southland prepared for her baptism of blood, Dr. Shepherd, a lad of sixteen, enlisted from his native State in the 43rd North Carolina Regiment of Infantry, Daniel's Brigade, in which he won his commission as first lieutenant. A participant in many important battles, he at last fell wounded in the third day's engagement on the field at Gettysburg. Taken prisoner, he was, with many delays, finally removed to Johnson's Island, one of the most famous of the Federal prisons. There, as an inmate of Block 11, he endured the untold privations and hardships that befell those who languished in durance vile amid the rigors of a Northern clime. Released, and paroled after the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, Va., Dr. Shepherd returned to his home in Fayetteville, N. C.

A man of wide cultural endowments, he early became an outstanding figure as savant, philosopher, historian—an intensive student of Holy Writ and an authority on theological subjects, as easily familiar with the garnered lore of the old world, through the broadening influences of travel and wide social contacts, as he was versed in the literature of his own country. Throughout his life, Dr. Shepherd was affiliated with the Presbyterian denomination and faithful to its teachings.

Dr. Shepherd's activities as an educator were diverse. At Louisburg, N. C., he taught for a time, also lectured in various sections of the country. Between the years 1868-75, he was an instructor at the Baltimore City College, subsequently becoming Superintendent of Public Schools. Responding to a call from Charleston to become the organizer and president of that institution of learning, he remained there for a period of fifteen years. During that time he wrote and edited many books widely circulated, among them a masterly treatment of the life of Gen. Robert E. Lee. At all times was Dr. Shepherd's correspondence of enormous scope, scholars from all parts of the world seeking to verify through the trained accuracy of his mind data of historical facts and the classics; and he had the distinction of being one of the limited number of Americans invited to contribute to the great Oxford Dictionary. Student and lover of poetry, Dr. Shephrd numbered among his personal friends such men as Tennyson, Sidney Lanier, Longfellow, and other poets.

The city of his adoption, the community and State

at large, mourn Dr. Shepherd as a citizen of unblemished repute. The friends who were privileged to come into close contact with the charm of his courtly personality revere him as one of the old school who bore "without reproach, the grand old name of gentleman."

The United Daughters of the Confederacy, both here and elsewhere, have lost one of the most admired and respected of its supporters. This organization, ever dear to his heart, has been enriched through the years by his interest and help, no literary labors being too intensive to deprive any individual Daughter of either his time or attention.

"So rests his head upon the lap of earth," "among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience unmixed with blame, have been in all conjunctions true to themselves, their country, and their God."

"LIFE AND LABOR IN THE OLD SOUTH."*

REVIEWED BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT.

Some years ago I received a letter from a member of the faculty of the University of Georgia who had been reading a little book entitled "Grandmother Stories," and he wrote:

"You keep saying that Georgians should be proud of this thing, or that, or the other. This is undoubtedly true, but it is my observation that State pride is waning, waning. . . . The students at the University have almost none of it. . . . These desperately scientific-minded youngsters want to know why, if our remote ancestors were so very grand, does it turn out that Georgia now foots the lists in so many tables of achievement? In fact, it is a hard question to answer."

"Life and Labor in the Old South" offers happy refutation of such a view as expressed above; having been awarded the prize of \$2,500 offered by Little, Brown Company for the best unpublished book on American history, the author who thus heads the list in this "Table of Achievement," was "born and bred" in Georgia, and for years has been writing history and biography of first class. Such work as he has done, he promises to continue to do, and this is supplemented by achievement of others of the State. Allow me to call to mind a notable book by a Georgian reviewed in the VETERAN some years ago, "Augustus Baldwin Longstreet," by John Donald Wade.

By all means State pride should be waxing, waxing!

* * *

"Life and Labor in the Old South" is a handsome volume, appropriately illustrated. The writing of

*"Life and Labor in the Old South." By Ulrich Bonnell Phillips. Publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

such a book represents the ultimate function of the qualified historian, in that facts are so assembled and related that a particular study of conditions of life is not given that provincial bias so detrimental to the unprejudiced survey, but receives a broad-minded, intelligent adjustment to the general status of society of the age in which these conditions are found.

The causes, growth, and development of the institution of slavery in the South is justly treated as a peculiar and passing phase of an age-old and universal social order, and not as sporadic and Southern in character. This inherited social order would have passed naturally with other archaic institutions, for wage labor was to the economic interest of all classes. Another generation of "scientific-minded" youth would have risen up against that incubus and sought real freedom for the whole agricultural section, enslaved as it was, and is, by tariff laws.

There is something fascinating as well as masterly in the writings of Ulrich B. Phillips, and that book is singularly delightful reading. There is "distinctive genius in his way of taking infinite pains, a sweet tolerance, a touch of humor, a natural grace that lightens the pages. In gathering facts about slavery, he selects those salient with scientific indifference, and withal is evidenced acute intellectually in generalization. So much is suggested that the instances given may be multiplied a thousandfold. Labor in the South? How much of it was done by the white ladies, mistresses of such plantation homes as "Wingate Hall," in Stephen Vincent Benit's epic poem. This typical home was in Georgia—we know how true to the life.

One reviewer has written: "It is to be regretted that Professor Phillips has not seen fit to analyze somewhat more fully the cultural side of the Old South, to describe the South that produced the *Southern Literary Messenger*, *The Charleston Mercury*, and *The Richmond Enquirer*; that patronized William Gilmore Simms and Henry Timrod, John P. Kennedy and William Wirt; that sent twice as many students to college as any other section of the country and filled the pews of the churches to overflowing every Sunday."

No doubt Dr. Phillips will do this in later volumes promised, and do it brilliantly. To write exhaustively and not selectively of life and labor in the South would have been an impossible task, and not to be comprised in one volume. The South had no paved roads nor palaces built by servile labor; there are no monuments or ruins of wealth that passed away.

The millionaire class of to-day would scorn the plain homes and frugal life of the planter class. But we claim a heritage from matchless men and women who knew the sane and subtle art of living and let

live, which means civilization. In the words of the author: "Social ease, often heightened into winning kindness and cordiality, came not only from precept, but from our accustomed expectation of meeting these qualities in others."

It makes a wondrous story, the distinctive development of this civilization in the South from early colonial days unto the time of flowering and its destruction in the sixties. Dr. Phillips writes of Virginia: "Somehow, though rusticity remained almost complete, urbanity prevailed against rusticity, and somehow the Old Dominion formed a crucible in which men and women were refined until, in the times that tried man's souls, a galaxy on each occasion stood forth."

Virginia, the home of "gallantry and serenity," became the pattern for newer States so largely populated by her, and so the word "Southern" became the designation of these attributes.

Two races in the South hold a common tradition, a code of honor and manners instilled for generations. Understanding beats in the pulse of their Southern blood. Together in life and labor, they formed a civilization different from any the sun ever shone on. The future is theirs; what their forbears did, they can do. We hand the gage to "scientific-minded young Americans in the South and commend to their profound consideration such studies of their history as offered by scholars like Ulrich B. Phillips: that they may learn how to think, how to weigh evidence, reason, and draw conclusions that will bring just pride and hope. A last survey of that past from which we must turn with new hopes for a new age is given on the concluding page of Dr. Phillips' book. It is worth pondering: "De Bow lamented in 1859 that railroad facilities were bringing a less desirable element (to White Sulphur, Va.). We are glad to say, however, that much of the older times still linger here, the propriety of demeanor, polish of manners, courtesy, and cleverness which seem inseparable from Southern society." (The word "cleverness" is here used in the Southern colloquial sense of obliging disposition). "The 'olden times' lingered at White Sulphur and on the plantations. Lusty manhood withered with age and found place under new slabs in family burying grounds. Young mothers, with old mammies to help them, led their children in the way they should go, and fathers took striplings in hand that they might be men in turn. Courtships calm or tumultuous led to marriages with or without settlements to secure the bride's property to her and her children. Generations went and generations came, new households in old homes, old burdens on young shoulders, fresh voices to speak old phrases: "The ways of industry

are constant and regular.' 'Order and system must be the aim of every one'; 'the care of the negroes is the first thing to be recommended'; 'no man should attempt to manage negroes who is not perfectly fearless, and in entire control of his temper.' These rules of great planters for their overseers were also maxims for themselves and their sons. They served for two centuries and most of them are not yet outworn.

"The olden times had prevailed but a hundred years in the Virginia Piedmont, and half as long in most of the cotton belt; but that was ample to hallow them in the minds of those who had found them congenial. The scheme of life had imperfections which all but the blind could see. But its face was, on the whole, so gracious that modifications might easily be lamented and projects of revolution regarded with a shudder."

THE HEROINE OF FORT FISHER.

BY LOUIS T. MOORE, IN CHARLOTTE OBSERVER.

The fall of Fort Fisher, in January, 1865, was the determining event of the War between the States. This post guarded the port of Wilmington. The backbone of the Confederacy was broken when Wilmington fell, and Lee surrendered to Grant within ninety days. The bravery and gallantry of Col. William Lamb, in command until wounded, of General Whiting, and of Maj. James Reilly, of Wilmington, in charge after the wounding of Colonel Lamb, is a matter of historic record.

This is to be the story of the "Heroine of Fort Fisher." She was veritably an angel of mercy to sick and wounded Confederate soldiers, a brave and fearless woman who elected to spend the last two years of the war in a lonely hut north of Fort Fisher, so that she could be near her beloved husband. Her romantic and remarkable influence has never been sufficiently emphasized and published.

This wonderful and lovely character, the only white woman who lived under constant exposure of shot and shell fired by the Federal blockade fleet at belated blockade runners, was Mrs. Daisy Chaffee Lamb, wife of Colonel Lamb. This particular phase of Fort Fisher reads more like romance than fact. The chapter is being outlined to show that the bravery of womanhood was never more certainly exemplified than in the lonely and heroic life which Mrs. Lamb voluntarily adopted for the sake of the cause so wonderfully served by the gallant husband and by herself as well. Her presence, the delicate touch of her hand, her words of cheer and comfort proved veritable healing elements to many wounded and sick Confederate soldiers during the dark and trou-

blous times, supported with an invading army of more than ten thousand men.

While man may wage war, it is a fact that encouragement and support from womanhood are necessary aids. This statement certainly was illustrated in the conduct and attitude of Mrs. Lamb. In her voluntary decision to subject herself to every discomfort, to every privation, to utter solitude for herself and children, to loneliness which one gathers from her letters almost drove her to despair at times—all of which she gladly underwent—one can readily see that her every thought was of her husband and of the cause for which he was fighting. Certainly the utter absence from historical record, which has thus far marked the wonderful bravery of Mrs. Lamb, is far from what is due her. This tribute is published in the hope that, while of most belated nature, it will nevertheless serve to give the public a true perspective and grateful acknowledgment of the valorous character possessed by the beautiful and brave "Heroine of Fort Fisher."

Miss Daisy Chaffee was the lovely and charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Marcus Chaffee, of Providence, R. I. In the fall of 1857, she was married to William Lamb, a gallant young Southerner. He had just passed his majority. He took her to his home in Norfolk, where she quickly became enamored of her surroundings. Her life in the South soon caused her to forget the environment of the North in which she had been reared.

After John Brown's raid occurred and her husband was ordered to Harper's Ferry, there was not a more indignant woman in all the South. Secession at last came. It brought with it a four-year period of war and strife. From that time on, there was not a more enthusiastic adherent of the cause of the South than this charming young woman who had formerly lived in the North. In her letters it is rather amazing to note the many times she spoke of the Northern forces as "The Yankees."

Her father-in-law was mayor of Norfolk. It was he who formally surrendered that city to the Federals in May, 1862. A son was born to her about this time. Since she was in a subjugated community, open to the privations necessarily enforced by the conquerors, and as her husband was fighting for his beloved Southland elsewhere, Mr. Chaffee, in Providence, insisted that his daughter and her children come to his home. She complied with his wishes for a short while. Despite the fact that she was domiciled in an elegant home, with all luxuries and conveniences, she told her father frankly that she preferred to leave so as to share with her beloved husband the uncertainties and hardships of the South. The Union authorities would not permit her to return to the South

with a nurse. As it was manifestly impossible for her to manage three little children, she left the youngest with his grandparents. With two others, she then courageously set out for Dixie. Her personal property and effects were ruthlessly thrown aside by inspectors. No entreaties availed to pass anything except a scanty supply of clothing and other necessities.

Upon arrival at Wilmington, Mrs. Lamb was offered a spacious house in the city, or the use of Orton, the splendid colonial mansion in Brunswick County, about opposite Fort Fisher, still used by the present owner. The brave young woman refused these proffers. She elected to take up her abode in a pilot's house, near the fort. Here she remained until the soldiers could build a crude cabin. The location of the hut was a short distance north of the ocean side of Fort Fisher.

In this quaint cabin, constructed in primitive style, with three rooms around one big chimney, the heroine of Fort Fisher spent practically two years, from 1863 until the end of the war in 1865. The hut had a porch. Promenading upon the piazza (according to letters of the heroine) constituted practically her only form of exercise. A vivid comparison is seen with the elegant home in the North which she had voluntarily left to be near her husband, when it is recalled that the only light and heat in the cabin were furnished by North Carolina pine knots.

It was in this cabin that Mrs. Lamb won for herself the honorable title, "Heroine of Fort Fisher." Although weighed down by the utter loneliness of her position as she was the only white woman living in the vicinity of the fort, she never for a moment neglected an opportunity to serve the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors. These men, some of them wounded unto death, were the objects of her tenderest solicitude. There was nothing which she could possibly do for their comfort or convenience which she left undone. It was her actions in this respect which caused her to be looked upon by the soldiers of the garrison as the "Angel of the Fort." Her work for the sick and wounded entitles Mrs. Lamb to a never-to-be forgotten place in the annals of the Confederacy. Any reference to Fort Fisher, and to the men who so gallantly defended the garrison against overwhelming odds, is incomplete without some acknowledgment of her attitude and work.

At first, Mrs. Lamb was satisfied with the crudest forms of fare, such as corn bread, pork, potatoes, and rye coffee with sorghum sweetening. If the average woman of the present day will reflect upon the hardships which Mrs. Lamb gladly assumed to cheer and brighten her husband, she will certainly agree with the statement that our heroine played a wonderful

part in the soul-stirring story of the last days of the Confederacy. After the blockade runners established connection with the port of Wilmington, and with the fort, it is needless to say that Mrs. Lamb was showered with gifts of provisions, etc. These filled her larder to overflowing.

Mrs. Lamb was staying in her hut at the time Rose Greenhow, the Confederate woman spy, was drowned, in September, 1864, off Fort Fisher. She helped to tenderly prepare for burial the remains of the spy. The body was carried to Wilmington and interred in Oakdale Cemetery.

While filled with hardship and exactions, Mrs. Lamb's life at the fort had a romantic atmosphere in the fox hunts with horse and hounds, in witnessing the narrow escape of friendly vessels running the blockade, in being near the scene when deserters were occasionally executed, in watching the occasional bombardment of the Federal fleet off shore, etc. The death of an infant son one summer's night was an exceedingly sad chapter in her life. It occurred at a time when loneliness and separation from her family made it doubly hard to bear.

Mrs. Lamb was a fearless woman. Her bravery was well exemplified at the final bombardment of Fort Fisher. The Federal fleet reappeared unexpectedly on the night of January 12, 1865. Her husband, in command of the fort, sent her a message to pack at once and be prepared to leave with her children as soon as he could come to tell her good-by. The garrison barge was stationed near the cottage. After midnight, Colonel Lamb went to the hut, but all was dark and silent. He found that his original message had been delivered. Although the bombardment had already started and the hut was just as much in line of fire as the fort proper, Colonel Lamb discovered that his brave wife was absolutely undisturbed by the news of the bombardment. She had gone to bed with her children, having made no preparations for escape. He then hurried his family to the boat as soon as they could be dressed, taking only what could be gathered up hastily. They left dresses, toys, and household articles to fall into the hands of the enemy.

Mrs. A. A. Billisely, of Norfolk, Va., one of the three surviving children of Colonel and Mrs. Lamb, has a series of letters written by the "Heroine of Fort Fisher" to her parents during the fateful days of 1863-65. These letters are of the most intimate family nature. They reveal the intense love which Mrs. Lamb had for her husband and children and other members of the family. These communications in themselves constitute a valuable historical picture of the stormy times which featured the concluding months of the war. From these letters one

can well visualize the intense loneliness and homesickness which permeated her life at Fort Fisher. She describes vividly the rough nature of the shack in which she lived. In all the letters, however, there is not a single word of complaint. A vein of cheerfulness and optimism pervades them, illustrating in no uncertain manner the unquenchable spirit of the brave person who wrote them. Under conditions which would have tried the soul of any delicate woman, her wonderful faith is revealed in the following sentence from one of her letters: "I do think we are blessed in these hard and trying times, and I feel that God is so good to us."

In all of these letters she pours out her love for the young son who had been left with her parents in the North. She also details at length the utter loneliness of her existence in the hut near the fort. In one, she asked her parents to send her some books via Bermuda, with which she might while away some of the dreary hours. She humorously says in another that she would like to send a picture of one of her boys as he appears in his home-made hat. She said she could buy none for him and had made a broad-brimmed one of pasteboard and covered it with brown and white gingham. She remarked amusedly: "It has gotten wet and is all kinds of shapes." In this letter she mentions that calico is four dollars a yard, that she had paid \$30 for a coarse straw hat, \$20 for a pair of shoes, and \$5 for a pair of gloves.

These letters are heart appealing and portray humanly the valorous and brave soul possessed by the "Heroine of Fort Fisher."

Mrs. Lamb's little hut near Fort Fisher was a historic structure. She entertained there with true Southern hospitality and graciousness many famous English naval officers and others who visited Wilmington during the course of the port blockade. Some of these distinguished Britishers came under assumed names. Their sympathies were with the South, but as citizens of a nonpartisan nation they had to keep their identities secret. Among some of those who were entertained in the little house by Mrs. Lamb and Colonel Lamb were Roberts, afterwards the renowned Hobart Pasha who commanded the Turkish navy; Murray, later Admiral Murray-Ansley, rapidly promoted in the British navy for gallantry and meritorious services; the brave but unfortunate Hugh Burgoyne, V. C., who went down, in the British ironclad Captain, in the Bay of Biscay; and the chivalrous Hewett, who won the Victoria Cross in the Crimea and was knighted for his services as ambassador to King John of Abyssinia. In addition to the foregoing, there were many genial and gallant merchant captains. Among these were Halpin, who afterwards commanded the Great Eastern

while laying ocean cables. Two famous war correspondents also were entertained. These were Hon. Francis C. Lawley, M.P., correspondent of the *London Times*, and Frank Vizitelli, of the *London Illustrated News*, afterwards murdered in the Soudan. All these and many other famous men were the recipients of the generous hospitality of this gracious and charming Southern heroine.

While this little story is intended as a slight tribute to Mrs. Lamb, it is interesting to note just here the fact that, in 1896, Colonel Lamb, commander of the fort, and General Curtis, in command of the Federal forces, visited together the scenes of the world's most terrific naval bombardment prior to the great war. They fraternized with each other and spent a day in inspecting the fort. In landing from a small boat, Colonel Lamb's health made him cautious about getting in the water. Mr. T. W. Clawson, dean of the Wilmington newspaper fraternity now, carried Colonel Lamb "pickaback" to shore, in spite of an offer from General Curtis to be the bearer. The newspaper man since has often chided himself for not allowing Colonel Lamb to ride his "friend the enemy." Then he could have witnessed the remarkable instance of a brave and distinguished Federal officer carrying on his back the illustrious Confederate, who, thirty-years prior, was raising "Old Harry" with shot and shell to keep the general at a safe distance.

The letters written by Mrs. Lamb from which quotations are made were stored in an iron box. The receptacle was all that was saved from a huge fire in a storage warehouse. The box was dug out of the ruins two years after the conflagration.

Mrs. Lamb was a very beautiful woman, small, a brunette, with large hazel eyes. She and Colonel Lamb were lovers of the truest type throughout their long and happy wedded life. He was such a lover that he always prided himself in telling his friends that he had saved every letter she had written to him in life.

After the fall of Fort Fisher, Mrs. Lamb lost all trace of her husband. She finally found him in the big Federal hospital at Fortress Monroe. With her usual bravery and devotion, she stayed with him while he was a prisoner. After his release, they returned to the old Lamb homestead in Norfolk. They had a family of eleven children. Only three are living to-day. These are Miss Maria Kerr Lamb, Henry Whiting Lamb, the youngest son, and Mrs. Madge Lamb Billisely, now living in Norfolk.

Mrs. Daisy Chaffee Lamb, truly denominated by the sick and wounded soldiers whom she befriended as the "angel of Fort Fisher," died in 1892 at the age of fifty years. She was buried in Elmwood cemetery, Norfolk. Colonel Lamb never married again. Hon-

ored and beloved as one of the heroic sons of the Confederacy, he died in 1909. Lovers in life, this brave and courageous man and woman are closely united in death, their bodies being deposited in the same grave which he had made at the time of her death.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL MEMORIAL.

BY MRS. J. H. ANDERSON, STATE DIRECTOR.

The Jefferson Davis Transcontinental Highway extends from the Capital of the nation through many of the capitals of the Southern States, to the Gulf, and from the borders of Mexico to the Golden Gate City on the Pacific, with spurs intersecting from the States on the Mississippi Valley, and stretches three thousand four hundred and seventeen miles. Each mile is dedicated to the memory of a great American, the man who, from 1861 to 1865, made the most supreme sacrifices for the cause of the right of the States to self-government—Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy are endeavoring to make this one of the most beautiful and renowned highways in this or any other country. This memorial transcontinental highway is eminently fitting, as it was Jefferson Davis who, when Secretary of War under President Pierce, was the first to conceive and advocate the plan of a great transcontinental railway from coast to coast, and the Jefferson Davis Highway follows the southern route which was outlined by Mr. Davis.

It was in 1913 that the United Daughters of the Confederacy undertook the Jefferson Davis Highway, a work of stupendous proportions, of vast importance, of untold historic value. This is said to be the only road-building undertaking ever fostered by a woman's organization. The general plan has been to link up parts of State highways, have such parts designated by each State highway commission as the Jefferson Davis Highway, then to mark and beautify the same. The idea which directed the course of this highway was not only to include the Southern capitals, but many points of historic and scenic interest. Starting from the Potomac Bridge, it passes Arlington, Mount Vernon, battle fields of the War between the States and other points in Virginia and the Carolinas linked with vivid history of America; the grandeur of Stone Mountain; "Fairview," Ky., birthplace of Jefferson Davis, which is marked by the second highest monument in the world; then on through Beauvoir, the last home of President Davis, and on to the historic city of New Orleans, whence it follows the old Spanish trails through Texas and California, America's alluring playground.

The Jefferson Davis National Highway will vir-

tually be an open route all the year, with ideal climatic conditions. One of the most picturesque roads in America will be the scenic route through the Davis Mountains and by old Fort Davis, named by the United States Government to honor Jefferson Davis for gallantry in the Mexican War of 1846.

ROUTE THROUGH NORTH CAROLINA.

The designation by name of the Jefferson Davis Highway through North Carolina was secured by the State Highway Commission, September, 1922, through the earnest efforts of Mrs. Thrash, then North Carolina's director of the Highway. The route every ten miles was marked with small granite bowlders, on which a bronze tablet states that this is the Jefferson Davis National Highway. At our State boundaries were placed large granite and bronze markers at a cost of about \$200, each.

On the bronze tablets of these bowlders at State boundaries is the following inscription, showing the services of Jefferson Davis to the nation as well as to the Southern Confederacy:

"JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY, A MEMORIAL
TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

GRADUATED AT WEST POINT, 1826
SERVICES

INDIAN WARS 1828-1836-CONGRESS 1845-46
COLONEL U. S. A., HERO OF BUENA VISTA AND
MONTERREY.

SECRETARY OF WAR 1853-57; SENATOR FROM MISSISSIPPI 1849-51-57-61

PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES, 1861-65
ERECTED BY THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE
CONFEDERACY."

Many of the States are emphasizing their routes by marking historic spots along the way, bringing out the historic value of the highway. On a handsome bowlder placed at the most southern point of this highway in Texas is recorded the part taken by Jefferson Davis as the hero of Buena Vista and Monterrey.

North Carolina was the first State to place permanent markers along her entire route, and it was the earnest wish of the former State directors, Mrs. O. E. Mendenhall and the late Mrs. R. P. Holt, that it be the first State to beautify its entire length.

This highway traverses a most interesting and attractive section of our State. As route Number 75 it enters North Carolina from Virginia three miles above Bullock, passes through the lovely tulip town of Oxford, on through the bustling city of Durham, with its "Hope Valley" estates, then through beautiful flower-bordered Chapel Hill, seat of the oldest State university; on through the historic little town

of Pittsboro (where Cornwallis rested after the battle of Guilford Courthouse.) Ten miles farther on, Number 75 joins Route 50 (which brings the traveler from the State's capital), and the highway then goes through the busy railroad towns of Sanford and Aberdeen. Leaving Route 75, the highway enters the famous winter resort of Southern Pines, as Route 50, on to Richmond County's thriving seat, Rockingham, and eight miles farther it enters South Carolina.

A book of this national highway has been authorized for publication by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to give historical information to the traveler, so that he who rides may read as he journeys through our Southland.

Each State's director of the U. D. C. is vying with the other in extolling the attractions and progress of State's section of this highway. As North Carolina's director, I am anxious, at the next general convention, to report that the North Carolina Daughters have actually begun the beautification of this as a whole, and, as in other things, to place our State among the first in this great undertaking.

For several years the North Carolina Daughters have been raising a fund for the beautification of our part of this road, but until sufficient funds are on hand the work cannot be begun. This should not be the work of only this organization, but every loyal "Tar Heel" should contribute to this project, so that planting of our section may be well under way this fall. All property owners along this road and the civic bodies of men and women in towns through which it passes are being urged to make this route not only beautiful, but free of the unsightly billboards that mar the landscape. It would be well for many of us to remember that by act of the North Carolina legislature in 1924, it was made a misdemeanor "for any person not on his own land, who shall within one hundred yards of any State highway in North Carolina to commit any damage or any injury or spoliation to any tree, wood, timber, plants, etc., or who cuts, breaks, or injures such, or who shall deposit any trash, debris, garbage, or litter within such limits." If this law were observed along the Jefferson Davis Highway, it would assist greatly in its beautification.

When the red and white crêpe myrtles (the flower elected for North Carolina's route) are planted the length of our section, interspersed with native trees and plants there will be no more beautiful road in the land. The Highway Commission and State Department of Conservation and Forestry are coöperating with our U. D. C. committee in this undertaking, which will be a wonderful memorial to a great man, the martyr of the Confederacy.

We are endeavoring to put our grand old State ahead of other States on the Jefferson Davis High-

way, and with this refrain of our General Chairman in our minds, we shall soon realize our plans in its beautification:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Through the land of the U. D. C.
'Tis the Jefferson Davis Highway,
And it's calling you and me.
We never will stop working,
Till all our dreams come true.
Till the day that I go riding
Down that long, long trail with you."

FINDINGS IN MARYLAND HISTORY.

BY MRS. MAUDE B. HUNNEBERGER, HISTORIAN MARYLAND DIVISION, U. D. C.

Some one has said that Maryland is but a rim of shore, a shell of mountain, but all pure gold, and it is even so. But when we think of the heritage that was hers, we do not wonder that she has done so much toward the making of this country and the cause of the Southland. When that little band of pilgrims founded the settlement of St. Marys, it marked a distinct era in the religious history of the world, for then and there religious liberty gained its first foothold among all the nations of the earth.

It has been said also that to Maryland belongs the peerless distinction of being the Land of Sanctuary, for here all creeds found a peaceful home—the Prelatist, excluded from the haven of Plymouth; the Puritan, self-righteous, yet self-denying; the peaceful Quaker, hounded from every spot where he might build a little cabin to call his home; as well as the Jew, persecuted by all, found in this little land of Mary, a welcome and an abode of peace.

This palatine form of government had been experimented upon before, but without success. Joseph II of Austria, the son of one of the greatest rulers the world has ever known, Maria Theresa, tried it, as did William the Conqueror of England, when he invested the Bishops of Durham and Chester with superior power. But it remained for our little colony of Maryland to establish it first in all the world.

So with a Christian basis like this, is it any wonder she has been so full of good works, even in the "War of the Rebellion." I still call it that, for it was even so; but we were not the "rebels." In the Constitution of the United States there is a clause on State Rights. The North rebelled against this clause, and this is what brought on session. Daniel Webster, the great orator and statesman, known as the expounder of the Constitution—the New Englander to the manner born, and the bitter antagonist of our be-

loved John C. Calhoun of South Carolina—this same Daniel Webster, in the very zenith of his fame thirty years before secession came, made a stirring speech in old Faneuil Hall in Boston, on State Rights, in which he said: "The time will come when the South will positively have to secede." So bitter was the feeling against him that his own publishers were afraid to publish his speech, and it has been silenced, as has a lot of true history; but perhaps some day it may come into its own.

His prophecy was fulfilled. Secession came. South Carolina was the first to sign it, and she has given us a flag and a song of which we are proud, "The Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star," and a story that is without parallel in the whole world. Fort Sumter was under fire for sixty days and sixty nights and never was surrendered. The Fort defense work done there by Maj. John Johnson, Major of Engineers, was nothing less than a miracle. What the Federals pounded down during the day, Major Johnson had built up at night. He also had a channel made in direct line from Fort Sumter to old St. Philip's Church, placing a beacon light upon each (the spire of the later was planned by Sir Christopher Wren). This was known as a range of light, being the only one in the world, and it guided the vessels in safety across the bar, both in this war and the late World War.

Now Maryland has a song and a flag and a story of which we may be proud also. Our flag is part gold and bears the chevrons of the Calverts and the crosses of the Crosslands. And a song among songs; it was a call to arms, and a bitter call to arms, inspired by that blood riot when the 6th Massachusetts Regiment passed through Baltimore, when the first blood was shed in that war. Oliver Wendell Holmes called Randall a traitor, but he lived to see the day when he said he only wished he could have written a song on his side of the controversy with the ring and the spirit of "My Maryland"; and a lady from Boston wrote, "No wonder the South held out as long as it did if it lived on such music." Another said no national anthem ever approached it, not even The Marseillaise. It was first sung by Miss Jennie Carey of Baltimore, to the tune of an old Yale song. She also sang it under the protection of General Beauregard upon the field of the first Confederate triumph, the night before the first battle of Manassas, and the refrain was caught up and tossed back by hundreds of throats. There was not a dry eye in the tent, nor a cap with a rim on it in camp. Dr. Andrews says: "History does not record another such inception of a war song on the field of battle. It is a remarkable coincidence that Miss Rebecca Lloyd Nicholson carried this song to the publishers, as did her grand-

mother, Miss Rebecca Lloyd, almost fifty years before, carry "The Star-Spangled Banner" to the publishers, the original manuscript of which was written on the back of an envelope.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to Dr. Gilman, J.H.U., that Baltimore had given three of the best things of its kind to the world! "My Maryland," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "The Raven." In order to appreciate our battle hymn, we must understand the situation here in Maryland. The midnight arrests, the proposed imprisonment of Chief Justice Taney, the U. S. Marshal closing the doors of the Maryland legislature, marching the secession party under guard to Fort McHenry, over thirty members, and lodged in prison there without even a trial. There was a complete suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, which had been the law ever since the year of 1679, when Charles II of England affixed his signature to it. Yet the secessionist has never had a hearing. And secession never would have destroyed a dollar's worth of property or a human life. It simply would have restricted the extent of the territorial jurisdiction of the Federal government.

The first blood shed in that war was in the streets of Baltimore. The first pikes made for the Confederate army were made in South Baltimore at the locomotive works of Mr. Ross Winans, which he had made for use in defense of Northern invaders. The first camouflaging done for that war, or any other war in America, was done by Ross Winans at his country estate at Catonsville, when he threw up breastworks simulating a fort, to frighten off Northern invaders, for which he was thrown into Fort McHenry for the second time. The first time he was put there for being a leader in Maryland legislature of the secession party, and so was my grandfather.

Ross Winans also invented a steam gun for the use of the Confederate army, which was captured by the Federal army either at the Relay or the Mount Clare Shops. This gun is described in a book called "Our Citizen Soldiers in the Late War." Then Ross Winans invented his cigar boats which were in reality submarines, and for use in the Confederacy; but after the battle of the Monitor and Virginia (Merrimac), he gave up all hope of getting sent to Richmond. Ross Winans may justly be called the "Father of the Submarine," for, prior to this neither Lake or Holland had ever given submarine construction the least thought.

When Butler took possession of the city of Baltimore, he ordered that the Winans' pikes be handed over to him. Marshal Kane refused to do so without a written order from Mayor Brown, for which he was thrown into a dungeon at Fort McHenry. They were called after that the "Marshal Kane Pikes"

and he afterwards became mayor of the city of Baltimore. He was a brother of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, of Delaware, the great Arctic explorer. In the past year, the Maryland Division has had another finding, a most precious one, that Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the Southland, was born in Hagerstown and baptized in old St. Mary's Church there.

And there is something I would like to mention that is not generally known that happened in Maryland. It was after the battle of Antietam, and the armies were going off the field, when a gun carriage passed by, upon which was a sixteen-year-old boy, begrimed with powder and heat of the day. He saluted General Lee, and the latter said: "God bless you, Bobby!" It was his baby boy. And it has been said that never before in the history of any country has the son of the commander in chief been a private in the army. Now, about all Maryland did not do for that war, she did not secede; and if she had, it would have been one of the most unique things in all of history. But she was kept in the Union by force, for the guns of Fort McHenry were leveled upon the city of Baltimore.

Those brave men under Lee fought for State Rights, and perhaps some day it may come. I may not live to see it; you may not live to see it. It is still in embryo—but if it does come, the Southern cause will no longer be called the "Lost Cause." What a monument to the men who wore the gray!

WITH THE PALMETTO RIFLEMEN.

[Experiences of the late Capt. Peter A. McDavid, of Greenville, S. C., as a member of that famous South Carolina command.]

When the State called for volunteers to defend her rights, and Fort Sumter was being wrested from Major Anderson, I was a schoolboy in the military school at Anderson, S. C. Both the teachers in that institution belonged to military companies and, as they had to join their commands, the school was broken up.

On the 14th day of April, 1861, the 4th South Carolina Regiment was ordered to report to the governor. The Palmetto Riflemen, a fine military company, was one of the companies attached to this regiment, so I laid my books aside, joined that company, and took up arms as a private to defend my State. We boarded the cars at Anderson and everybody in that city was at the depot to bid us good-by. Fathers, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts were there, and there were few dry eyes as the last loving kisses were imprinted upon the lips of the soldier boys.

I had no one to give me the farewell kiss and loving embrace, for I stole away without the knowledge of

my parents. We reached Columbia the next day and went into quarters in an old nunnery on Main Street, where we remained and drilled arduously for a month or more on the beautiful streets of Columbia.

As we were not versed in the rules and duties of a soldier, every man carried a trunk packed with all his fine clothes and other things that he had no use for. But the time was at hand when we were asked to volunteer for twelve months as Confederate soldiers, and I think about all of the Palmetto Riflemen readily consented.

We were mustered into the Confederate service by that brave Carolinian who gave to General Jackson the name of "Stonewall," Gen. Barnard E. Bee. As is well known, he was killed near the Henry House in the first battle of Manassas.

Some time in June we were ordered to Virginia, and we boarded the cars and went by the way of Wilmington and Weldon, a long, tedious route. When we reached Richmond, we went into camp just on the outskirts of the city, and I was told by an old citizen of Richmond that Monroe Park is the place where we first pitched our tents.

We remained there only a short while, when we were ordered to move. We boarded our train and sped our way on the wings of steam until we reached Gainesville, on the Manassas Gap Railroad. There we camped for the night and the next morning took up the line of our first march to the beautiful little town of Leesburg on the Potomac, about twenty miles from Washington. This, being our first long march, was very tiresome to us, but the citizens were true and patriotic and treated us well, and pretty girls handed us cold water and often nice milk fresh and cold from the springs that abound in that section.

When we got within about a mile of Leesburg, we went into our first camp in a beautiful grove overlooking the little city, and the camp was known as "Carolina." Thousands of letters were written from there headed, "Camp Carolina." Here we had a delightful time; true, we had many hard camp duties, such as drill and guard duties, but we did not mind that, for every day all the pretty girls were at the camp to see the drill and dress parade, and there were so many of them and they were so patriotic. They gave us so many nice things to eat and we could buy the nicest fresh clover butter at ten cents per pound, and everything else in proportion.

The ladies, as I said before, were truly patriotic. They presented the 4th South Carolina Regiment with a beautiful regimental flag, and when the presentation speech was concluded, Warren D. Wicks was called on. He had been accidentally shot in the leg and was lame, but he was lifted to the stand and made the most beautiful oration of his life. It was

eloquent beyond anything we expected, and he closed amid the shouts and hurrahs of that immense assemblage.

This flag is now in the possession of Mrs. J. A. Hoyt, of the city of Greenville.

But the time was approaching when the sterner realities of war were to be enacted. We had to part from these dear people too soon, for the enemy was advancing, and we hastily broke up at Camp Carolina and rapidly marched to Frying Pan (a very dismal place), from there to Camp Holcombe; thence to Stone Bridge, where the old 4th, on the 21st of July, held back the Army of the Potomac until reënforcement came to its relief. The story of this first great battle has so often been told that I shall not attempt to say more, except that this regiment, Wheat's Battallion, and two guns of the Loudon Battery distinguished themselves by bearing the brunt of the battle.

After this battle our army did very little except picket duty as "All was quiet on the Potomac." The summer was hot and trying on us as we camped at Germantown and as we picketed around Fairfax, Falls Church, and Munson's Hill. Then came the cold snowy winter with its piercing winds while we were in winter quarters on the bleak hills of Centerville. At this place I was taken ill and sent to the hospital at Warrenton Springs, where I was confined with a case of mumps. I spent the Christmas holidays at this place with several other South Carolinians—Samuel J. Douthit, Bill Chandler, and others. On returning to camp, I got sick furlough and remained at home till the reorganization of the army. When I concluded to return to my old command, I went to Adam's Run to visit my brother James, who was a lieutenant in the 2nd South Carolina Rifles. A new company had just arrived to fill out the regiment. Col. John V. Moore plead with me to join his regiment, that I had seen hard service in Virginia, and that there would be better opportunities for promotion in his regiment. I had my doubts about having the right to change my command, so he telegraphed the Secretary of War, who gave his permission. I was appointed first corporal in Company L and assisted in drilling the company. I was also appointed on the color guard. We were ordered to Virginia soon thereafter, and reached the camp the night before the battle of Seven Pines. We were held in reserve at this battle, but heard the music of the shells mingled with the Rebel yell.

Just after this battle the 2nd Rifles were placed in Anderson's Brigade, with my old comrades the Palmetto Riflemen, so I felt at home and knew that I was close to men who were true and tried. The battle of Gaines's Mill, the first battle of the 2nd

Rifles, was fought the 27th of June, 1862. I was not ashamed of its record that day; but we had a much harder fight on the 30th at Frazier's Farm. We gained the victory, but at a great loss. I was on the color guard, close by the colors when Thad Dean, its brave bearer, was killed. I, too, had a shock by a grapeshot striking my bayonet and bending it double. Here I captured several prisoners, but was unable to manage them.

At the close of this battle I was promoted to color bearer, a place I did not court. I made an effort to decline, but Colonel Moore insisted. Many of my comrades had made such discouraging remarks about the most dangerous position on account of being so conspicuous that I was somewhat intimidated, but I found it to be a very desirable position, so clean and nice, and nothing to do except when the regiment was called out.

I fired my last shot at the enemy on the battle field of Frazier's Farm. I don't know that I ever killed a man, and in all probability I did not, for I took deliberate aim at one there and missed him.

After these battles we moved by forced marches to form a junction with Jackson, who had got around to Manassas and captured large supplies of army stores. Longstreet's Corps was intercepted at Thororoughfare Gap, where we had to fight our way through to relieve Jackson, who was being sorely pressed. We succeeded in driving the enemy back and reached a position on Jackson's right on the afternoon of the 29th of August, 1862, and we bivouaked on the edge of a skirt of woods overlooking the plains of Manassas. The morning of the 30th dawned upon two powerful armies facing each other and watching for a chance to strike. Jackson had stubbornly held his position, though out of ammunition.

On the afternoon of the 30th, as Jackson had to resist the charges of column after column of the enemy, General Longstreet selected a commanding hill where he placed all the artillery. With shot and shell from these well-directed gunners, the enemy became confused, and Gen. Longstreet ordered his infantry forward. As we moved across the ravines and hills in battle line, I looked away to left where Hood's Texas Brigade was beautifully moving in battle line to meet the 5th New York Zouaves. It was a frightful scene! The brave New Yorkers stood their ground until the Texans killed, wounded, and captured the most of that command. In a little while after witnessing the grand charge of Hood's Brigade, we had reached a point about fifty yards in front of a piece of woodland and where, to my horror, I saw the enemy kneeling on one knee with arms at ready. I was in front carrying the colors. I cried out to the Colonel: "See the enemy!" but it was too late, for

they had the drop on us and right there we lost almost half of our regiment. Colonel Moore, Major White, and all the captains save one, were killed or wounded. It was a fearful blow to the 2nd Rifles. We lost so many good men without being able to accomplish much. It devolved upon me as color bearer to rally the regiment, as this fearful slaughter was enough to stagger and confuse the bravest hearts. As to how well I succeeded, I leave that to some of the members of the Old Palmetto Riflemen, my old comrades who witnessed it. My old friend, Colonel Hoyt, often alluded to it, not only to myself, but to others.

About fifty yards from where I stood to my left is where the shell from a battery on Bald Hill killed the three young men, sons of Methodist preachers, classmates and messmates in their company. I slept the night before on the same blanket with Hattie Emerson's son, and he told me that he would be killed the following day. It came to pass; he was killed. I never say him again.

After we had recovered from that staggering blow, the enemy disappeared from our front, for the whole line for miles was pushing the enemy at every point and driving him back, while deadly missiles hurled their frightful shrieks of destruction through the air until the line had reached the vicinity of the Henry House.

The scene of the first battle, when darkness kindly spread her sable curtain over the field and hid from view "the bloodiest picture" of modern warfare—the solemnity that followed the close can never be forgotten! The dead, the wounded, the missing, and the searching parties trying to find their friends, listening for calls for help, a groan, and often to hear "Water! O for water!"

There were many prominent South Carolinians in this battle, and perhaps our State lost more men here than in any other battle. I think there were nine South Carolina colonels killed, but I did not know who had been killed or wounded until all was over. My position held me to the front. Sometimes a man's position makes him brave. So with me, for I could not have held up had it not been for the position I held. My honor was at stake.

After it was all over, I found that brother Jim was wounded and sent to the rear, the colonel mortally wounded, Jesse Emmerson killed, and many more of my intimate friends and comrades. So you cannot blame me for wanting to quickly tramp again over the fields that are rich from the blood of Southern patriots.

The next day we were ordered to pursue the enemy. I went as far as Ox Hill, where I was excused and placed on sick list and did not rejoin my command till

the Sharpsburg battle. We recrossed the Potomac near Shepardstown, Va., and camped near Martinsburg until December, when we took up forced marches to meet Gen. Joe Hooker at Fredericksburg. Just here I will mention one of the pathetic incidents that took place just as Lee's tattered and tired army recrossed the Potomac and reached the Virginia shore. Some one commenced to sing the old familiar hymn, "There is rest for the weary." One by one it was taken up until the whole army joined in and, as its echoes resounded over the hills, it made the sweetest music I ever heard.

On the march to Fredericksburg the cold December weather was very severe and when we reached the Rappahannock River, we had to wade it, for the bridge had been burned. It was about waist deep; ice had formed on the edge of its water, and when we plunged in I thought it was the coldest water in the world. But Lee's army, undaunted, waded the cold stream and continued the march in wet clothes until after dark. The marching in our wet shoes blistered our feet and put us in bad shape for the forced march the next day. However, we pulled through in time to give Gen. Joe Hooker a whipping that stopped his career for the winter.

At this battle the Butler Guards, with others, fought behind a stone wall and they killed Yankees by the acre. Yes, fully two acres were lying dead, crossed and piled on each other.

After this battle we went into camp on the heights around the city of Fredericksburg to watch Gen. Hooker's army. A vacancy for lieutenant in Company L was caused by the resignation of Lieutenant Major. An election was ordered, and Colonel Thompson told me that I must run for the office. I made the race and won by a large majority, so the colors fell into other hands and I buckled on the sword.

Snow storms were frequent here, and the ground was covered for several inches. We had a grand snowball battle and a very exciting one at this place, so much so that the whole army, the generals in command of their brigades and divisions, took part in it, and as one brigade would attack a camp and perhaps push them out for a time, the others would rally, and many hand-to-hand tussles occurred, but all in a frolicsome manner.

I had just been elected third lieutenant of Company L a few days when the colonel sent for me. I had no idea what he wanted, and when he handed me a paper and said, "Report at General Longstreet's Headquarters at once," I was startled, until he explained that he had received orders to send one man from his regiment home on thirty-five days' furlough to get recruits and arrest all who were at home over-time, and that he had given me the appointment.

My heart leaped for joy, a furlough! going home and so unexpected. How I bowed, saluted, and thanked the colonel for the unexpected pleasure! I hurried back to my company, broke the news to my captain and tried to find something decent to put on that I might make a favorable impression on General Longstreet. I hurried to his headquarters, some two miles away, and what do you suppose the "Old War Horse" said? These were his very words: "Go home, send all the recruits you can, and be sure to come back yourself."

I was not long in getting my transportation arranged, so I boarded the first train for "home, sweet home," and had a grand old time for the next thirty-days. I managed to get a few recruits for the army, as well as I could hope for, as the country had already been drained and the only chance were boys who were just reaching military age. But I took back many who were at home without leave. Two fine young men, John Williams and W. E. Branyon, enlisted with me, and I took them to my company.

After I left camp for home, Longstreet's corps moved south of the James on the Blackwater, so on returning to camp, I found my command there. I soon had the young boys broke into camp life, but very soon Williams took sick and was sent to the hospital in the little town, where the poor fellow died. His body was disinterred and sent home soon after.

(Continued in August Number.)

A REPRESENTATIVE VETERAN.

One of the young soldiers of the Confederacy was Corp. Wiley M. Crook, a native of Tennessee, but now a resident of Star City, Ark., for he joined the



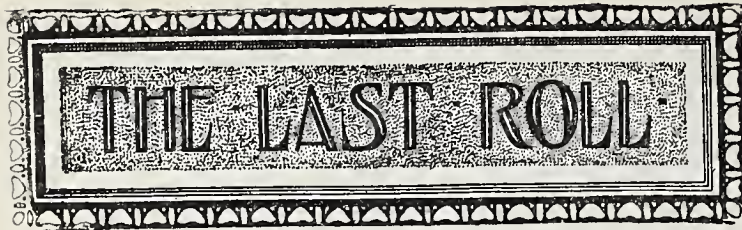
WILEY M CROOK AND WIFE.

Confederate army when under eighteen, becoming a member of Company I, 13th Tennessee Infantry, at Corinth, Miss., in March, 1862. He was prompted to volunteer as a soldier when, early in 1862, West Tennessee was overrun by the invading army from the North. The 13th Tennessee was a part of one of the Tennessee Brigades which formed the Division commanded by Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham, and Corporal Crook was in all the campaigns of Cheatham's Division from the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 7, 1862, to the surrender of Johnston's army in North Carolina, April 26, 1865. He took part in the battles of Richmond and Perryville, Ky.; was at Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, where he was wounded in the leg; was at Chickamauga, September, 1863, and at Missionary Ridge, where he was again wounded, this time in the arm.

The army retreated to Dalton, Ga., and went into winter quarters, and there, he says, "an event occurred which gave Tennessee a new right to be called the 'Volunteer State.' The time for which our troops had enlisted would soon expire, and to prevent a depletion of the army, on the 14th of January, 1864, Vaughan's Brigade reënlisted for the duration of the war, and on the 15th Strahl's Brigade so tendered their services, and this was followed by the brigades of Bate and Maney. All these brigades were of Cheatham's Division, and this patriotic act aroused a spirit of valor, characteristic of Cheatham's Division. No event of the war conferred a higher honor on the Confederate soldier than was here obtained by those brave Tennessee troops."

Corporal Crook was in the entire campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, and was in the fighting there during July, August, and September of 1864; then in the campaign into Tennessee, at the battle of Franklin and the disastrous fighting around Nashville in December, on the retreat out of Tennessee to Corinth, Miss., and into North Carolina to surrender.

Returning to Tennessee after the close of hostilities, he engaged in farming until, in 1875, he took his wife and little family in a two-horse wagon to Johnson County, Tex. He was a charter member of Camp Joe Wheeler, No. 581, U. C. V., at Cresson, Tex., and served as Adjutant. In 1907 he moved to Arkansas and joined Camp Ben McCulloch, No. 542, U. C. V., of which he has been Commander for fifteen years. He is now in his eighty-fifth year.



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.

SOLDIER OF THE SOUTH.

BY HATTIE WITHERINGTON PRICE.

Unto our just and righteous Cause,
Your youth, your all you gave,
And now you sleep the last long sleep,
Within your narrow grave.

Chorus.

O, sweetly sleep, brave soul and true,
While flowers we bring to you,
Sweet Southern blossoms that you loved,
For the low green grave of you.

Your Southland sent its ringing call,
No question and no pause,
You tore yourself from love and home,
Soldier of our great Cause!

And when from world to hurtling world
The last clear call shall run,
You'll hear your Father's loving voice:
"O faithful soul, well done!"

(Dedicated to Mrs. Elizabeth Kittrell, President of the Hamburg (Ark.) Chapter, U. D. C., and sung on Memorial Day there, May 12, 1929), to the air, "I gave my life for thee.")

CAPT. J. H. TOMB.

Capt. James Hamilton Tomb, the man who, as an officer in the Confederate navy, engineered the first torpedo attack in naval history, a distinguished citizen of Jacksonville, Fla., for the last twenty-four years, died at his home there on May 25. He was in his ninety-first year, and had been ill only a short while.

Captain Tomb was engineer and torpedo officer of the C. S. S. David, the torpedo ship that plowed into the U. S. S. New Ironsides, of the Federal blockade off Charleston Harbor during the night of October 5, 1863.

The crew of the David, believing the ship would be blown to bits with the impact, had jumped overboard, but when it was discovered that the David was afloat after the New Ironsides was wrecked, Engineer Tomb swam back to the David and with the pilot brought the vessel back to shore. For the

hazardous service, he won commendation from President Davis and for his "gallant and meritorious conduct" was promoted to the chief engineership of the navy.

Born March 16, 1839, Captain Tomb came to Florida with his parents from Savannah, Ga., in 1852, settling on the banks of the St. Johns' River near New Berlin. In April, 1861, he was offered the appointment as third assistant engineer of the U. S. Navy, but declined the position to enter the Confederate States navy as third assistant engineer. He was promoted to second assistant engineer in September, 1862, first assistant engineer in August, 1863, and in June, 1864, received his commission as chief engineer, the appointment dating from October, 1863, the night of the torpedo attack.

He was serving on the C. S. S. Louisiana as engineer when Farragut captured New Orleans, and he was captured and imprisoned in Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. His exchange was soon effected and he was ordered to the C. S. S. Chicora, Charleston squadron. He was associated with Lieutenant Glassell in attempts to torpedo ships of the Federal blockading squadron off Charleston, and first used open boats without success, the David affair coming in October, 1863.

After the War between the States, Captain Tomb went to Brazil, where he was appointed torpedo expert on the staff of the Brazilian admiral in command of the squadron operating against Paraguay, and in that position had much to do with the designing of torpedo protection craft for the Brazilian government. He served in that navy for six years.

Returning to the United States in 1872, Captain Tomb entered private business in St. Louis, Mo., going back to Florida in 1905.

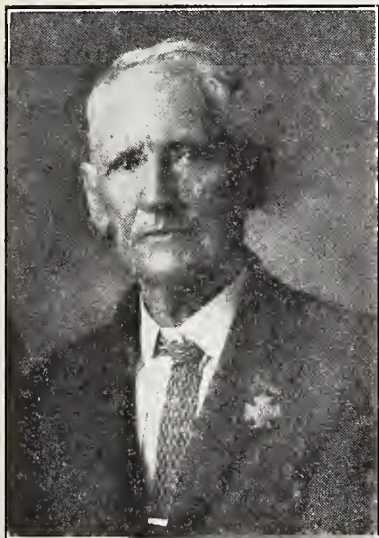
Surviving him are two sons, Capt. J. H. Tomb, of New York City, and Capt. W. V. Tomb, of Los Angeles, both of the U. S. navy, retired. A sister also survives him.

EDMOND T. BAYSE.

Edmond T. Bayse, who served with Company H, 5th Missouri Regiment, died in Seattle, Wash., after a long illness. He had lived in Seattle for twenty-two years and was actively at work until his health failed, some three years ago. During the World War, believing that all able-bodied men should do something, he secured a position as street car conductor. Comrade Bayse was a native of Texas and took an active part in the early history of the State. He was the first marshal of Dallas, and for many years published a newspaper in Amarillo. He is survived by a daughter, a grandson, and a great-grandson, all of Washington, also a sister in Dallas, Tex.

L. L. FATHEREE.

In memorial resolutions passed in tribute to a beloved comrade, L. L. Fatheree, who died February 16, 1929, the R. A. Smith Camp, No. 24, U. C. V., of Jackson, Miss., expressed a sense of loss in the going of this faithful and worthy member, and gave his Confederate record, as follows:



L. L. FATHEREE.

L. L. Fatheree was born in Hinds County, Miss., in that section between Bear Creek Church and Utica, in May, 1845, and was educated in the county schools and at Hazlehurst. When about eighteen years of age, he ran away from home and enlisted for service in Company C, of the 3rd Mississippi Cavalry, Forrest's command, in which he remained to the close of the war.

After the war, Comrade Fatheree engaged in merchandising, and later held town offices in Hazlehurst and Jackson. He was married in December, 1876, to Miss Mary Alice Thompson, at Jessamine Hill, in Copiah County. He had confessed Christ in early life and united with the Methodist Church.

[Committee: P. A. Haman, J. W. Clingan.]

JAMES A. KIBLER, SR.

In the passing of James A. Kibler, who died at his home near Woodstock, Va., at the ripe age of ninety-four years, the people of Shenandoah County mourned the loss of a man whose life had made the world a better place in which to live. He was a member of the Lutheran Church, and was active in its work at Patmos as long as he was able to take part in it.

Volunteering with the Muhlenburg Riflemen at the beginning of the War between the States, James Kibler fought under Stonewall Jackson at Manassas and was also wounded at Chancellorsville. It is told that, wounded and bleeding as he was, after the second color bearer had been shot down, James Kibler mounted the breastworks, picked up the flag, and waved it, then fell. His life was despaired of for many weeks. After recovering in the hospital at Staunton, he was captured at Mount Jackson and for six months was a prisoner at Fort Delaware. His army knapsack, with the name of his command, Company F, 10th Virginia Regiment, is in the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

Comrade Kibler is survived by his wife, who was Miss Amanda Hoover, three sons, and a daughter.

ANGUS A. PATTERSON, SR.

Angus A. Patterson died at his home in Walterboro, S. C., on June 4, at the age of eighty-seven years. He was the son of James Patterson, of what is now the town of Barnwell, who was an eminent lawyer and at one time Secretary of State. His mother was Martha Tarrant, also of Barnwell. He was born in Barnwell County, January 7, 1842. He enlisted for the Confederacy in the South Carolina Volunteers, and served several months on Cold's Island, near Charleston. Later his command became a part of the regular army, and young Patterson served with Hart's Battery, of which he was the last survivor. He served to the end and received his discharge at Fayetteville, N. C. He was also the last member of his family, but is survived by many nieces and nephews. He and his brother married sisters, and, though having no children of his own, he was very fond of his brother's children and much loved by them.

Comrade Patterson was an interesting talker, and was known as a man of strong convictions. He had many friends over the State. He was one of the marshals in the Wade Hampton parades of 1876 and 1878. Funeral services were from the local Catholic Church, of which he was a member, and his body was laid in Live Oak Cemetery with the loved ones gone before.

JESSE R. MORRIS.

Jesse R. Morris, one of the oldest of the few surviving members of the A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., Davidson County, N. C., passed into the great beyond, January 15, 1929.

He was born April 2, 1837, thus making him ninety-two years and several months old. As copied from his original discharge, which is still in possession of his family, he was a private in Company A, 10th North Carolina Battalion of Field Artillery, and was discharged May 6, 1865. Comrade Morris married Miss Julia Saintsing, and one son was born to this union, but both preceded him in death by many years.

He is survived by one sister, Mrs. Delphine Hilton, and several nieces and nephews. The last seven years of his life were spent with his niece, Mrs. H. C. Culler.

Eighteen years ago Mr. Morris made a profession of faith near Wilmington, N. C. Funeral services were conducted at Zion Reformed Church, near Thomasville, N. C., and he was laid to rest under a Confederate flag, placed there by the Brierfield Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

CAPT. ADOLPHUS B. CATES.

Capt. Adolphus B. Cates died at his home in Newnan, Ga., on January 13. He was born in Eutaw, Ala., in 1840, and was therefore in his ninetieth year. Losing his mother at the age of eighteen months, he was taken by his father on horseback to his maternal grandmother, Mrs. James Lyon, of McMinnville, Tenn., where he was reared. His grandfather was the son of Matthew Lyon who mounted and fired the first piece of artillery of the Revolution.

Young Cates graduated from Union University at Mursfreesboro, Tenn., in 1860, and was teaching at New Middleton, Tenn., when the war came on. There his schoolboys formed a company and made him captain, and this became Company D, of the 9th Tennessee Cavalry. He was with the army on the retreat through Tennessee, North Alabama into Mississippi, at Corinth. Later, he was made captain of another company in Col. William Ward's regiment and attached to John H. Morgan's Division of Cavalry. Being wounded near Murfreesboro, Tenn., in 1863, he was assigned by General Hardee to provost duty at Newnan, Ga., where he married Miss Lucia Robinson of that place, who died in 1917.

After the war, Comrade Cates was for a number of years in newspaper work, having been connected with the *Western Recorder*, of Louisville, Ky., 1872 to 1880, when he bought an interest in the *Herald* at Newnan, Ga., and lived there until his death. For almost fifty years he had been deacon in the Baptist Church of Newnan, and was also active in its Sunday school. He is survived by a daughter and a son, both of Newnan.

MARK D. CHAPMAN.

Mark D. Chapman was born at Spartanburg, S. C., on March 23, 1845, and died January 7, 1929, in his eighty-fourth year.

Joining the Confederate army in 1862, when seventeen years of age, he served in Company F, 1st South Carolina Artillery, stationed at Fort Sumter, near Charleston, S. C. He joined Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's forces in 1865, and served on scout duty at Columbia, S. C. The army was moved from here just before Sherman burned the city.

While on picket duty at Bentonville, N. C., he and his companions were captured by Sherman's army, and he was taken to Mare's Island, N. Y. by boat and held there as a prisoner for six months. While there the prisoners underwent many hardships, the worst being hunger. He was returned by boat to Charleston, where he received his discharge from the army with which he had served to the bitter end.

LUKE LEA KANTZ.

Luke Lea Kantz, prominent citizen of Fayetteville, Tenn., died there on January 5. He was born January 25, 1845, in McMinn County, Tenn., one of the five children of Frederick A. and Amanda Dill Kantz. His father was born in Carlisle, Pa., in 1812, of French-Scotch parentage, and his mother was born in Gettysburg, Pa., in 1818. After her husband's death, she moved to Washington County, Tenn., and, at Hiwassee College, Luke Lea Kantz finished his education. In 1863, he enlisted in Company G, of the 43rd Tennessee Infantry, and served through the rest of the war. He was in the battles at Baker's Creek and Big Black River and was captured at Vicksburg.

After the war, young Kantz studied law and began to practice in 1866. For a short time he was at Kingsport, then went to Washington County in 1867, where he practiced and taught school, later engaging in farming, which he continued to the end. He was known as one of the most enterprising farmers of the County. In 1870, he was married to Miss Martha J. Skillern, a native of East Tennessee, who died in 1886. Surviving him are the son and four daughters; also one brother and a grandson.

GEORGE F. KEENE.

George F. Keene died at his home in Shelbyville, Ky., in March, 1929, at the age of eighty-two years.

In the summer of 1862, at the age of fifteen years, George Keene joined Company H, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, Gen. John H. Morgan's command, and fought with it until his capture in Kentucky in July, 1863, when Morgan was on his way to Brandenburg, where he crossed the Ohio River on his raid through Ohio and Indiana.

After the war, when he was released from prison, he became a farmer and breeder of trotting horses in Shelby County, Ky., and was very successful.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, and four daughters.

His casket was draped with a Confederate flag, and he was laid to rest in beautiful Grove Hill Cemetery.

[Graham Brown, for Camp John H. Waller, No. 237, U. C. V.]

A. J. O'REAR.

At the age of ninety-three years, A. J. O'Rear died at his home in Desdemona, Tex., is the report coming from W. E. Askew, of Desdemona, who hope that some one will furnish a sketch of this fine Christian man, whose record as a Confederate soldier is not given. He was a Georgian.

SOLOMON VAN METER.

Somomon VanMeter, oldest child of Garrett and Elizabeth Cunningham Van Meter, was born in Hardy County, Va. (now West Virginia), on February 19, 1833, and died on April 15, 1929, at Mansfield, Ill. He had reached the advanced age of ninety-six years, and in recognition of his standing as a war veteran, the American Legion acted as pallbearers and gave him a military funeral.

When the War between the States came on, Solomon Van Meter joined the Confederate army—April 20, 1861—and served as a member of Company B, 62nd Virginia Infantry. He was taken prisoner at Wardensville, Va., while in the hospital with typhoid fever, in March, 1862, and was sent to Fort Delaware, where he remained four months. He was exchanged and returned to his command and took part in the battles of Cold Harbor, New Market, Charlestown, Gettysburg, and others, and had also been in the seven days' fighting around Richmond. He was wounded in the leg in the Luray Valley campaigning.

He returned home at the close of the war, but removed to Illinois in 1867, going back to West Virginia in December of that year for his bride, who was Miss Ann J. Parsons. Three children were born to them, a son and daughter surviving him. The family located in Mansfield in 1892, which had since been his home. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church. "Uncle Solomon" was beloved in the community, and the Union veterans there held him in high regard.

JAMES BURR OSBOURN.

James Burr Osbourn, one of the most highly esteemed residents of Jefferson County, W. Va., passed away at his home near Duffields in December, 1928, lacking but a few weeks of rounding out eighty-five years. He was connected with two of the oldest and most substantial families of the county, being the son of James Allen and Jane Burr Osbourn. He was born on the Burr place near Bardane, and all his long life was spent in the county except for the time he was serving his country in the War between the States. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, serving with great credit as a member of Company D, 12th Virginia Cavalry, his father being in the same command. He had three horses shot under him, and was himself shot in the foot at the battle of Brandy Station.

After the war, Comrade Osbourn engaged in farming, and his home near Duffields, where he reared a large family of sons and daughters, was long the center of hospitality. He was married in 1871 to

Miss Alice Link, who died some years ago. He is survived by four sons and two daughters.

Comrade Osbourn was one of the best of men in every relation of life. For fifty-three years he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and seldom failed to be in his place at the services. He was a public spirited citizen, and as a veteran of the Confederacy, devoted to the principles for which he had fought, patriotically attending the meetings of the Confederate organization. He was a Mason, and members of the local Lodge joined with the Confederate organization in the last rites in Elmwood Cemetery at Shepherdstown.

SAMUEL FINLEY HARPER.

Samuel Finley Harper, who died in Charlotte, N. C., on January 17, was a native of the Old North State, and his life was closely connected with the history of the town of Lenoir. He was born at Fairfield, the ancestral home, on July 10, 1843, two years after the laying out of Lenoir on the ground given by his father, James Harper, to the County of Caldwell for the county seat.

Young Harper entered the Confederate service at seventeen years of age and fought during the entire four years of war. He was a member of Company A, 26th North Carolina Regiment, his company being first organized in Caldwell County by Thomas D. Jones. He was in all the battles of his company and was wounded at Seven Pines. After that, he served as secretary to Gen. A. P. Hill, and at the surrender was a courier for General Lee. He prized very highly an autographed copy of the farewell address at Appomattox, given to him there by General Lee.

Just after the war Comrade Harper engaged in the mercantile business, later going into the manufacture of tobacco, and in 1870, he helped to purchase a cotton factory at Patterson, with which he was connected until twelve years ago, when he made his home at Charlotte. For many years he was a leader in the upbuilding of Caldwell County, and did a great work in securing good roads and other improvements. He supervised the building of the Beattie Memorial Presbyterian Church at Patterson and was a member of that Church. He was also a member and officer of the Masonic Lodge at Lenoir.

He was the last of the family of James and Caroline Finley Harper. His father came from Pennsylvania about 1827, and his mother was a daughter of Samuel Finley of Augusta County, Va. In 1869, Comrade Harper was married to Miss Mary Gwyn, of Mount Airy, N. C., and he is survived by two sons and three daughters, also eleven grand children and one great-grandchild.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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

Chatham, Va.

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Charlotte, city of prosperity, queen city of the beckoning land, the Old North State, extended welcoming hands to those assembled for celebrating the one hundred and twenty-first natal anniversary of the President of the Southern Confederacy and for the thirty-ninth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

In behalf of this organization, we extend our deepest appreciation for every courtesy; to the President of the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and her official family; the officers and members of the Stonewall Jackson and James H. Lane Chapters, United Daughters of the Confederacy; to the State and local officials of the Confederate Memorial Association; the Governor of North Carolina and the first lady of the State, the mayor of Charlotte and his wife; the hostesses at the numerous entertainments; personal friends and to each one who contributed to the pleasure of the membership.

In addition to the official appointees of the Veterans, Sons, and C. S. M. A. who are members of this organization, many Daughters were present who thus expressed their reverence for the cause whose principles were never "lost" and to honor the survivors of the once mighty army of the Southland. In their name we wish to say to the hospitable people of Charlotte and of North Carolina—Thank you!

The Houston Convention, U. D. C., referred the generous offer of a building to be used as headquarters to the Executive Committee. This expression of devotion and patriotic loyalty from the mayor of Montgomery, Ala., and the Governor of the State merits our deepest appreciation. A subcommittee, consisting of Mrs. Blankenburg, Second Vice President General, Mrs. Bashinsky, Recording Secretary General, and Mrs. Woodward, Custodian of Crosses, visited Montgomery on June 2. The President General accompanied the Committee. We were delightfully entertained at luncheon by the city

of Montgomery, and an official from that legislative body conducted the Committee through the building, extending them every possible courtesy. In the afternoon many historic and interesting shrines were visited, including the first White House of the Confederacy and the State capitol. Later, Mrs. Crenshaw entertained the Committee at tea in her beautiful and spacious home.

Your attention is directed to page 233, June issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The argument presented was prepared by Miss Ida Powell, Chairman of Committee, "War between the States," a copy has been sent to each Division Director of this Committee, and, at the request of the President General, a copy was sent our magazine; additional copies may be secured, without expense, from Miss Powell or the President General. The press frequently uses the expression "Civil War," and it is suggested that Chapters, wherever possible, request their local papers to publish this argument of Miss Powell's.

The Chairman of the Local Committee, 1928, is the Chairman of pages for the convention to be held in Biloxi, 1929; a recent letter from Mrs. Wilcox is heart warming as expressing the close ties existing between the Chapters in Houston, attributable in some measure to the late convention. We quote in part her letter: "Our convention did so much to unite the three Chapters and we are still revelling in the inspiration you left us. At the final meeting of the convention, after all bills were paid, we had a little fund to start a nucleus for a new committee, "Tri-U. D. C. Committee." That is the combined membership of all Daughters of the three Chapters. We meet quarterly to plan our work for the veterans and to know each other. We enjoyed working together so much that we feel more may be accomplished if we continue to keep in touch with each other."

Baltimore Chapter No. 8, Maryland Division, extended a greatly appreciated invitation to be their guest June 3 at the annual celebration. Mrs. Jackson

Brandt, Custodian of Flags, was appointed to present on this occasion Crosses of Military Service, previously awarded, to Rear Admirals Hilary P. Jones, Andrew T. Long, and Richard Leigh, Mrs. Brandt representing the President General.

The convention of 1928 authorized the placing of a wreath of remembrance annually on the 3rd of June on the Jefferson Davis monument, Richmond, Va., and the President General was instructed to place this wreath, if possible. Owing to the meeting of the Executive Committee in Charlotte on the date mentioned, it was impossible for her to have this honor. Miss Janet Randolph Turpin, grandchild, namesake, and godchild of Mrs. Norman Randolph, was appointed to represent the President General. In the last years of Mrs. Randolph's life, when disease and suffering had rendered it practically impossible for her fingers to grasp a pen, many letters were written by this devoted granddaughter, and it was a pleasure and privilege to extend this small token of appreciation from the organization to one well trained to "honor thy father and mother."

Sincerely yours, MAUDE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Kentucky.—The activities of the Kentucky Division of late centered largely in the district meetings, of which five are held annually. The first of these meetings was that of the Fourth District, which held its spring meeting with the Jo Desha Chapter of Cynthiana, the meeting being held in the Christian Church, the old building where wounded prisoners of war lay for two months after the battles of Cynthiana, while the citizens ministered to their needs. Good attendance and fine interest; Miss Margaret Duffy presided, while the State President, First Vice President, Custodian of Flags, and others made talks. One of the subjects of much discussion was the listing of spots of Confederate interest. Telegrams of condolence were sent to a number of members who were ill, notably Mrs. C. A. Rennaker, who has done such faithful work in building up the Children's Auxiliary in Cynthiana.

The Fifth District was entertained in the hospitable home of Mrs. L. G. Maltby, former State President, at Washington, Mason County, on May 5. Seventy-two delegates and visitors were in attendance. The history of Old Washington was reviewed by Mrs. Eleanor Duncan Wood, the town being a former county seat and laid out on a grand scale. It was the burial place of the father and mother of Chief Justice Marshall and of the family of Albert Sidney Johnston, and his birthplace as well. A number of typical old homes told their own story of history in the making. Mrs. Maltby's own beautiful Southern home

furnished with family quantities, shelters its fourth generation when the grandchildren visit it. The Chapters were well represented and much interest manifested in the Quill Club, and the ante-bellum gardens, and historic spots. Greetings were given by the State President, D. A. R., Mrs. Stanley Reed, as well as by three visitors from the Chapter at Cincinnati and two sons of veterans present. The Maysville Chapter assisted in the hospitalities, and a most enjoyable as well as profitable day was spent.

Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Chairman of Albert Sidney Johnston Home Committee, has returned from a trip to Europe and is working toward having a marker placed at his birthplace, thus to link the "three Commonwealths that proudly claim him," a sort of glorified "Kentucky First." The Western State Teachers' College at Bowling Green, Ky., is preparing to mark the site of the fort fortified by him on Normal Heights when that town was the seat of the Provisional Confederate government of the State. It is a most commanding situation and the trenches and rock fortifications are still to be traced just in the rear of the Administration Building.

The Third District meeting was held on Friday, May 24, at the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, near Louisville. H. J. Stone, President of the Confederate Home Chapter, presided, and addresses were made by the State President, Mrs. William T. Fowler; State Historian, Mrs. Josephine Turner; former Historian general, Mrs. John L. Woodbury; and others. A bountiful lunch was served by the authorities of the Home. Only twenty-nine veterans are now sheltered there, and they are all growing quite feeble. The State Division is coöperating with the Board in beautifying the cemetery with hardy shrubs and flowers, using the "Sawyer Bequest" for this purpose.

* * *

Louisiana.—The Louisiana Division held its annual convention in New Orleans, May 7, 8, 9. Great appreciation was expressed in having two general officers present, Mrs. Madge D. Burney, Third Vice President General, and our own Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Registrar General.

Division officers elected for the year were: President, Mrs. F. P. Jones, Leesville; First Vice President, Mrs. A. P. Miller, Baton Rouge; Second Vice President, Mrs. H. S. Riecke, New Orleans; Third Vice President, Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, New Orleans; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. P. S. Mills, Shreveport; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Harry Eckhardt, New Orleans; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. S. Thompson, Lake Charles; Treasurer, Mrs. W. S. McDairmid, New Orleans; Registrar, Mrs. E. L. Rugg, New Orleans; Historian, Mrs. W. B. Kernan, New Orleans;

Custodian, Mrs. Feeney Rice, New Orleans; Custodian of Crosses of Honor and Service, Mrs. W. P. Smart, Bunkie; Organizer, Mrs. Donnie Arrighi, Baton Rouge; Director Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. J. S. Ament, Mansfield; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. D. E. Strain, New Orleans; Honorary President, Mrs. F. C. Thompkins, New Orleans.

The next meeting place will be Baton Rouge.

[Miss Mamie Graham, Editor.]

* * *

Mississippi.—The newly elected officers of the Mississippi Division are:

President, Mrs. R. C. Herron, Biloxi; First Vice President, Mrs. W. T. Stuart, McComb; Second Vice President, Mrs. Sam Herron, Water Valley; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John L. Heiss, Gulfport; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, Durant; Treasurer, Miss Bert Davis, Nettleton; Historian, Mrs. J. E. Brown, Blue Mountain; Registrar, Mrs. W. C. Reed, Jackson; Editor of *Heritage*, Mrs. H. Turner, Carrollton; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Julian Evans, Aberdeen; Director of C. of C., Mrs. I. E. Roberts, Nettleton.

* * *

Missouri.—In Memorial Park, Higginsville, over two thousand plantings have been made this season of trees, shrubs, and vines. These have principally come from the Missouri Division through the efforts of the chairman, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt.

This topographically perfect ninety-one acres, with its seven lakes, its more than two miles of winding boulevards, and its superb landscaping, had resulted in a very great deal of surprising and favorable comment this spring, for even those who are somewhat dull in the observation of such things quickly remark the tremendous growth of the shrubs and trees, and the landscaping has been of such a type that blossoms are seen all the time from the beginning of the blooming season. As one flower drops its petals, one close at hand comes into bloom, and just now as the great mass beds of spiraea are dropping petals fast, and the gorgeous iris is beginning to fade, thousands of peonies are beginning to open their red, pink, and white blossoms. By June 2, when folk come from all quarters of the State to pay homage to the Confederate veterans, the roses upon the fences along so many of our drives were a sight to recompense anyone for driving hundreds of miles.

When this year's Memorial Day exercises are held upon our lawns, this park, which has been mothered by the Missouri Division, will reflect all the God-given beauty possible for man or woman to gather together, and we are reminded that this memorial is to stand forever dedicated to the valor of the Confederate soldier.

[Mrs. H. E. Genser, Editor.]

South Carolina.—Four district conferences have been held by the South Carolina Division and the very splendid attendance upon each was indicative of the interest and enthusiasm of the membership, all looking to the advancement of the U. D. C.

The thirty-eighth annual reunion, Confederate veterans, held May 8-10, at Newberry, had less than three hundred veterans present, which indicates just how fast these honored men, the source of our inspiration, are facing eastward. Mrs. J. Frost Walker, President of the South Carolina Division, brought greetings and love from the Division. The Chapters at Newberry were exceedingly thoughtful of the veterans and did much that added to their pleasure and comfort. The Arthur Manigault Chapter, of Georgetown, has erected a bowlder at Battery White, on Wingah Bay, in memory of the Confederate soldiers who served there during the War between the States. The old fort is now a part of Belle Isle Gardens, a place rich in historic interest. The bowlder is on a beautiful spot facing the wreck of the Harvest Moon. The unveiling ceremonies took place on May 25, the Chapters anniversary.

At the unveiling of the monument to the noted surgeon, James Marion Sims, which took place May 10 on the State capital grounds, Columbia, the official wreath from the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., was placed at the base of the handsome monument. Dr. Sims was a native of Lancaster, S. C., and was the first surgeon of the ages in ministry to women, and built the first woman's hospital. All women's organizations were present to pay tribute.

[Zena Paye, Editor.]

* * *

Virginia.—Impressive ceremonies brought to mind the history of this section when a marker erected to the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee was unveiled October 24, 1928. This marker, placed on the Lee Highway between Roanoke and Salem, bears the following inscription: "Lee Highway, erected in honor of Robert E. Lee. William Watts Chapter, Roanoke, Va.; Southern Cross Chapter, Salem, Va.; Roanoke Chapter, Roanoke, Va.; United Daughters of the Confederacy, 1928."

The marker, which is of Georgia bluestone, is four feet six inches, high and three feet wide by two feet thick. It has the regulation Confederate battle flag draped over it, and on the face of it the lettering is sun-glazed, making it easily readable from the highway.

The marker was unveiled by Col. D. M. Armstrong, and the principal speaker of the occasion was Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, Past President of the Virginia Division, and present Historian.

[Report from William Watts Chapter.]

REGIONAL CONFERENCE.

The third annual regional conference, U. D. C. attended by representatives from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Connecticut, was held in Greenwich, opening on the evening of April 30, with a subscription dinner at the Edgewood Inn. The banquet room of the Inn was beautifully decorated in Confederate colors. On the tables were red and white flowers.

Mrs. Coulter D. Huyler presided, charming all with her gracious personality.

Dr. Oliver Huckel gave the invocation and later a most interesting address.

Brief and interesting talks were given by the following officers and Chapter Presidents introduced: Mrs. C. H. P. Lane, former First Vice President General; Mrs. C. H. Topping, President of the New York Division, Southern Woman's Educational Alliance; Mrs. George C. Davis, President Philadelphia Chapter; Mrs. J. S. Stevenson, President Robert E. Lee Chapter of Orange, N. J.; Mrs. C. Clayton, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Lewis S. Burrough, President Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, New York; Mrs. W. F. Hackett, President Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter; Miss Adele O'Connor, President James Henry Parker Chapter; also by directors and members of the National Board of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, Chairman.

On the following morning the conference opened with a most impressive entrance of officers, honor guests, pages, and flag bearers holding aloft the Stars and Stripes, Stars and Bars, and the flags of the States participating in the Conference.

Following the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, the session was called to order by the President of the Conference, Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, who introduced officers and distinguished guests present.

Mrs. I. N. Lewis, recording secretary of the conference, read the minutes of the Second Annual Regional Conference held last year in New Jersey.

At the close of the regular business of the conference, the meeting was adjourned for luncheon, after which the future plans for the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation were discussed. Miss Armes, historian of the Foundation and author of "Stratford on the Potomac," reported splendid progress made by the directors and their committees in the various States throughout the country in securing contributions for making Stratford Hall a national shrine.

The conference closed with a rising vote of thanks to the William Alexander, Jr., Chapter for its kind hospitality to the visiting representatives. Guests were then motored to various places of interest in Greenwich.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." FOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. TOPICS FOR STUDY, AUGUST, 1929.

Operations against Vicksburg. Siege and Surrender. Effect on the Mississippi Valley.

C. OF C. TOPICS, AUGUST, 1929.

Sketch: "Judah P. Benjamin, Jewish Statesman of the South."

Story of Father Abram J. Ryan, Poet-Priest.

Reading: "The Sword of Robert Lee" (Father Ryan).

Talk: "How the C. of C. Have Honored Father Ryan."

FROM THE HISTORIAN GENERAL.

To Division and Chapter Historian: In the June VETERAN, our President General calls attention to a small pamphlet which has been issued by the Historical Department, and entitled "Errors and Omissions in Textbooks on American History." To cover cost of distribution, a small charge of ten cents per copy has been fixed, and those ordering this pamphlet are asked to note this.

Please remember that most of the prize-winning essays are written during vacation days, and urge your numbers to try for some of the attractive awards listed in the VETERAN for February.

All readings suggested for C. of C. programs, unless otherwise stated, can be found in the "Library of Southern Literature," which has long headed the list of reference books recommended by the heads of the Historical Department.

Faithfully yours,

MARION SALLEY.

VALUABLE SCHOLARSHIP.

It is with much pleasure that the Education Committee announces the addition of a valuable scholarship since the printing of the Education Circulars. This is at Chatham Hall, Chatham, Va., and is worth to the holder the sum of \$300.00. The fees at this fine school are \$850.00. The holder of the scholarship will have this amount reduced to \$550.00. If any chairman knows of a prospective applicant, she is asked to write to the school for a catalogue, so as to have all necessary information. The Education Committee hopes very much to have the opportunity to award this valuable scholarship.

MRS. R. D. WRIGHT,

Newberry, S. C. *Chairman Education, U. D. C.*

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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:—The reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and our thirtieth annual convention of the C. S. M. A. has passed as a beautiful dream, and we awaken to face the responsibilities of the hour.

A wonderful gathering, every available space filled to the utmost, Charlotte, the Queen City, rose to the situation and sustained her traditions for old-time Southern hospitality and gracious courtesy.

Our Welcome meeting on Tuesday afternoon filled to overflowing the ballroom of Hotel Charlotte, and brought together a distinguished gathering of speakers. The beloved Commander in Chief, Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, brought a message lofty in its ideals and inspiring in its wisdom, exhorting faithful adherence to our heritage and traditions, with a special appeal that we guard the truths of history being taught in our schools.

From Edmond R. Wiles, Commander in Chief S. C. V., and Business Manager of the reunion, who carried much of the responsibility of our convention, came earnest words of greeting and welcome, with assurances of his interest and cooperation. An anticipated pleasure was the message from our admired and loved President General, U. D. C., Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, so hearty and true in its evident devotion to every phase of work that has for its purpose loyalty to all that pertains to our Southland. Always an inspiring presence, her message carries the weight of the well-trained mind which cannot fail to impress.

As State President for North Carolina, Mrs. J. J. Yates brought a genuine old-time Southern welcome, and later presented your President General, whose privilege it was to voice the delighted appreciation

of the C. S. M. A., to the distinguished representatives and to the people of Charlotte.

The address of the afternoon, by the brilliant and gifted son of the "Old North State," her Governor, Hon. O. Max Gardner, filled with patriotic fire, stirred his audience to great enthusiasm, and was a fitting climax to any auspicious occasion.

Mrs. I. W. Faison and the new Ladies' Memorial Association of Charlotte were hostesses at two delightful luncheons, one on Wednesday and another on Thursday, at Hotel Charlotte.

Mrs. Lamar Rutherford Lipscomb, Historian General, enthralled her audience on Thursday evening, delivering a brilliant lecture to a most appreciative audience. Mrs. Lipscomb has a fine stage presence, is forceful, witty, and well fitted for a successful platform speaker.

MEETING WITH THE VETERANS.

On Wednesday the convention adjourned to attend the opening meeting of the United Confederate Veterans, bearing a message of loyalty and devotion to the cause, and to again renew the pledge to carry on our Southern Memorial Day uninterruptedly as had been since 1865, and we joy in service that shall honor the heroes in gray "until the roll is called up yonder." Thursday, at noon, we again marched in a body to the auditorium to hold the sacred Memorial Hour honoring those who had passed on during the year. The beauty and solemnity of that hour will remain a hallowed memory. As the lists from the U. C. V., S. C. V., and C. S. M. A. closed, our Poet Laureate General, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, who has held many audiences, never thrilled one more than by her exquisite poem to the glorious record of imperishable valor of our glorified dead, and when

the last notes of the hallowed hymn, "God Be with You Till We Meet Again" died away, the Boy Scout, to the rhythm of the line, "Blow, Bugle, Blow!" blew the awe inspiring "taps," the last honor for those departed, and from the far corner of the auditorium another Scout sent the echo back. The audience, spell bound by the solemnity and beauty of the hour, silently passed out into God's sunshine, ennobled and exalted with the highest tribute paid to man.

* * *

At the Thursday morning session, reports from Mrs. James R. Armstrong, Chairman of Textbooks, and Mrs. N. B. Forrest, Chairman of Stone Mountain, were made. Following the report of Mrs. Forrest, Mrs. William A. Wright, State President for Georgia, made a stirring appeal for money for carrying on the work, starting the subscriptions with a pledge for \$500.00 from the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association. When the final count was made, it was announced that more than \$1,100.00 had been pledged, thus supporting, as we have ever done, this, grandest monument of all time to the valor of our heroes.

WHEN THE BAND PLAYED "DIXIE."

With the matchless U. S. Marine Band Playing "Dixie," the thin gray line, raising their once vibrant voices, now trembling with the oncoming feebleness of age, the once sprightly elastic step grown slow, yet with eyes aglow with the fire of patriotism that only death can quench, the reunion in Charlotte passed into history, a matchless spectacle of the outpouring of the love of a people for her never-to-be-forgotten heroes that nowhere else on earth could find a parallel. With eyes sparkling and face aglow when the band played "Dixie," age and its incident weakness were forgotten, and as the dance went on amidst the cheers of the multitude, only the happiness of the moment thrilled and buoyed them on. And Charlotte, as one man, stood in wide-eyed admiration, exulting in the joy of being privileged for the first and only time to roll back the flight of time and to be the proud host to the remnant of the battle-sacred heroes—and the band played "Dixie" over and over again, till the strains seemed to thrill the very instruments and the masters. I have stood on the streets of Paris and waved a gay salute, listened with bowed head and limpid eyes to the great leader of the band at Berlin, have risen and shouted with a New York audience when Sousa's wonderful band would strike the thrilling tones of "Dixie," but nowhere have I felt the force and power of the inspiring strain as when, after the thunderous applause of the audience, the Marine Band gave one encore of "Dixie" after another.

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General.*

PRAYER AT THE JEFFERSON DAVIS INAUGURAL.

The following is the immortal prayer of the Rev. Basil Manly at the inauguration of President Jefferson Davis, at Montgomery, Ala., February 18, 1861:

"O thou great Spirit, Maker and Lord of all things, who humblest thyself to behold the things that are done on the earth, and before whom the splendor of human pageantry vanisheth into nothing, by thee rulers bear sway; thou teachest senators wisdom. We own thy kind providence, thy fatherly care in the peaceful origin of these Confederate States of America. We thank thee for the quiet, considerate unanimity which has prevailed in our public councils, and for the hallowed auspices under which the government of our choice begins. Let thy special blessing rest on the engagement and issues of this day. Thou hast provided us a man to go in and out before us and to lead thy people. O, vouchsafe thy blessing on this thy servant! Let his life and health be precious in thy sight. Grant him a sound mind in a sound body. Let all his acts be done by thy fear, under thy guidance, with a single eye to thy glory, and crown them all with thy approbation and blessing.

"With the like favors bless the Congress of the Confederate States, and all who are or may be charged by lawful authority with public cares and labors. Put thy good Spirit into our whole people, that they may faithfully do all thy fatherly pleasure. Let the administration of this government be the reign of truth and peace; let righteousness, which exalteth a nation, be the stability of our times; and keep us from sin, which is a reproach to any people. Establish thou the work of our hands upon us, turn the counsel of our enemies into foolishness, and grant us assured and continual peace in all our borders. We ask this through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Mrs. Pauline Pierce, of Apache, Okla., sends the following: "I am always pleased to read the VETERAN, and some time ago noticed an article on the battle of Brice's Crossroads, June, 1864. I was fourteen years of age at that time, and my father's house was on the battle field. We were forced to leave the house, as the Federal troops shelled it, thinking it was Confederate headquarters. Our house was used as a hospital, and when we returned it was full of wounded soldiers. With two negro women, I helped to care for them, and several died that night. If any of those soldiers who recovered are still living, I should be glad to hear. They will remember me as Pauline Simmons, a girl of fourteen, with curly black hair."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

JOHN ASHLEY JONES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, ATLANTA, GA.

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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. C. MCCARVER, Orange.....Texas
CHARLES T. NORMAN, Richmond.....Virginia
GEORGE W. SIDEBOTTOM, Huntington.....West Virginia

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

THE CONVENTION AT CHARLOTTE.

COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

John Ashley Jones, prominent insurance man of Atlanta, Ga., was elected Commander in chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at the Charlotte Convention.

At the closing session of the convention, Comrade Jones was elected head of the organization to succeed Capt. Edmond R. Wiles, of Little Rock, Ark., and Charlotte.

At the same time, Charles T. Norman, of Richmond, was elected Commander of the Department of Northern Virginia; J. Edward Jones, of Oklahoma City, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department; and A. C. Anderson, of Ripley, Miss., Commander of the Department of Tennessee.

Comrade Jones has long been active in the affairs of the Sons. He was in the race for the commandership at the Little Rock convention last year, but withdrew in favor of Captain Wiles. He is a prominent civic leader of Atlanta, where he is engaged in business as resident agent of the New York Life Insurance Company. Comrade Jones is also a Shriner, an Elk, an honorary consul to Panama, and a member of the Presbyterian Church.

In the election Comrade Jones won over Comrade John M. Kinard, of Newberry, S. C., 212 to 141. Comrade Jones was placed in nomination by Henderson Hall, of Atlanta, while the name of Mr. Kinard was placed before the convention by D. S. Spivey, of Conway. Each man was praised for his devotion to the ideals of the South and his interest in the affairs of the Sons.

The chief business transaction of the closing session was the decision to appoint a council of five members to devise ways and means for the furtherance of the organization's ideals. This council includes Captain Wiles, chairman; S. L. Lowry, Tampa, Fla.; John M. Kinard, South Carolina; R. E. Miller, of Virginia; and W. H. Reid, of Texas.

* * *

Resolutions were adopted requesting the Stone Mountain Memorial Association to withdraw from the sale of memorial coins and to use them as honor medals for students in Southern schools; asking the United States government to place markers, bearing the name of Gen. Robert E. Lee, on the highway named for the distinguished Southern leader; lauding the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy in purchasing Stratford Hall, the birthplace of General Lee; and empowering the Commander in Chief to appoint a publicity director to serve until next year, when the organization's constitution would be amended at the convention.

South Carolina Division was awarded the honor flag for the greatest increase in membership. The Palmetto Sons boosted their membership 451 per cent; North Carolina was second, and Texas third.

FUNDS TO CLEAR MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD.

Sons of Confederate Veterans and their friends at one of the business sessions of the convention raised the debt of \$1,686 on the Manassas Battle Field, proposed as a national shrine as one of the chief scenes of conflict during the War between the States.

Pledges and contributions in cash kept rolling in,

and the amounts were offered in such rapid-fire order that the stenographer had difficulty in keeping track of things.

Friends of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park movement, including Daughters of the Confederacy and members of sponsorial staffs, took a prominent part in the appeal for raising the amount of the debt, and many of them made personal pledges.

After considerable discussion, it was voted down that previous pledges for the various divisions would not be exacted, and then the pledging went on anew.

The spontaneous lifting of the debt constituted the chief business transaction of the morning session.

As soon as the debt is wiped out on the battle field, plans will be inaugurated for the placing of markers and monuments at famous spots on the field. Announcement was made that the Camp at Richmond, Va., has already adopted plans for marking the spot where Gen. T. J. Jackson was standing when General Lee gave him the immortal name of "Stonewall."

Within a few miles of the National Capital, the Manassas Battle Field Park will become a national shrine and will be annually visited by thousands of tourists.

THE LEE MUSEUM AT LEXINGTON, VA.

BY MARGARET M. WITHROW, LEXINGTON

The Lee Museum is located in two rooms on the lower floor of the Lee Memorial Chapel on Washington and Lee campus, at Lexington.

The larger of the two rooms contains many mementoes of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and other Confederate officers, given and loaned to the Museum.

In connection with the Museum is a Peace Memorial, which contains flags of different countries, important photographs and books relevant to international peace.

The tourist can give only a cursory inspection, but the student of history could profitably spend hours studying the historical mementoes preserved in this "Shrine of the South."

The Lee collection has a number of personal belongings of General Lee, among them a housewife given to him by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Custis; a black ebony clock bears a plate on which is engraved "General Lee's Reveille matin through the war, 1861-65."

In a glass case are the gold embroidered straps worn by him in the 2nd Cavalry, U. S. A.; the white gauntlets and chamois sword belt, a folding camp stool and war flask; and epaulets of both Lee and Jackson when in the United States army.

The Lee family collection of Dr. Bolling Lee con-

tains the yellow sash and silver spurs worn by General Lee at the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, at Appomattox, April 9, 1865; the silver mounted pistols given by Washington to G. W. P. Custis and by him given to his son-in-law, R. E. Lee; and a large gold, open-faced watch which had belonged to General Washington.

A lantern has a card attached bearing this inscription, "This lantern was used at Gen. R. E. Lee's headquarters throughout the last war and was presented by Gen. G. W. P. Lee to Lee-Jackson Camp, C. V."

A case of General Lee's drawing instruments, buried with the Lee silver until after the war, was presented by Gen. Custis Lee to the Engineering Department of Washington and Lee on his retirement as President of the university.

In another case is the pall thrown over Gen. R. E. Lee's coffin while his remains lay in state in the chapel which he had planned and built.

The piano from the Lee home in Lexington is also in the Museum.

The memento which interests the children most is hair from Traveller's tail, which was cut by M. Miley the day that Traveller died.

A brick from the house at Appomattox where the surrender took place has been donated by C. C. Remsburg, of Lexington.

A saber of Col. William McLaughlin, won during the war, was presented to Washington and Lee by Mrs. McLaughlin in 1898.

There is also an interesting collection of knapsacks, powder horns, battle axes, cannon balls, and old-fashioned pistols. A piece of Mexican shell, which exploded at the City of Vera Cruz in 1847 makes a very vivid picture of that terrible battle.

The sword of Col. John Jordan (1777-1854), who fought in the War of 1812, was presented to the museum by his granddaughter, Mary McClung Read. Col. John Jordan built the first buildings of Washington College after the removal to Lexington; he also constructed roads and helped to develop the County of Rockbridge in various ways.

There was a number of old newspapers which contain interesting historical matter; a copy of the *Ulster County Gazette*, published by Samuel Freer & Son, January 4, 1800; *Southern Sentinel*, Alexandria, La., July 21, 1863; the *Atlanta Constitution*, Supplement, speech of Hon. Ben H. Hill, January 16, 1873.

There are steel engravings of Davis, Lee, and Jackson, and a number of war letters and historical documents, also numerous portraits of Lee, Jackson, and members of the Lee and Custis families. A portrait of Mrs. Daniel Parke Custis (Martha

Washington), by Woolaston, is dated 1857. In this collection there is a picture of Mrs. Custis's two children, John and Martha.

The Letcher-Stevens Collection of mementoes is especially interesting. Among these are the gold spectacles of Governor Letcher, locks of hair of Generals Lee and Jackson; a sewing case given to Virginia Lee Letcher, 1868, by Gen. R. E. Lee; an Irish crystal cross given to Virginia Lee Letcher by Miss Mary Custis Lee; beads and cross of mother-of-pearl from Bethlehem given to Virginia Letcher Stevens by Miss Mary Custis Lee.

A memento which all should see is the reproduction of the seal of the Confederate States of America, with the motto, "Deo Vindice," and date, 22 February, 1862. This was originally engraved by Joseph S. Wyon, chief engraver of her Majesty's Seals, London, England.

AFTER THE WAR.

(While the Confederate soldier has been acclaimed the world over for his gallantry and devotion to the cause of the South, the service he rendered to his beloved section in after years has not been so exploited, and in that service should be included examples of individual accomplishment or success in business. In the following, Mrs. J. S. Newman, of Clemson College, S. C., tells of the origin of the drink now world known, and which built up a family fortune.)

So much has been said about coca-cola and its origin, and so much of interest has been left out, that I believe I can add something that has not appeared in print and that is known to but few, and some of it known to no one else.

Dr. Pemberton, my brother-in-law, the originator of coca-cola, was born in Bibb County, near Macon, Ga., either in 1832 or 1833. I do not know in what institution he received his medical education, but do know that he received his medical degree and was a licensed physician. After owning and operating a drug store for several years in Oglethorpe, Macon County, Ga., he moved to Columbus, Ga., where he operated a large drug business for several years.

When the War between the States started, he joined Wheeler's Cavalry as soon as it was organized, and remained in Wheeler's command until the close of the war. The last engagement he was in was on the bridge which he was defending at Columbus, Ga. In a personal encounter with a Yankee major, whom he killed, and by whom he was desperately wounded, he was taken prisoner, remaining under guard for weeks.

At the close of the war, he began experimenting with drinks. We moved to Atlanta in the fall of

1875, and soon afterwards Dr. Pemberton moved to Atlanta and established a wholesale and retail drug business. He also installed a laboratory and began the development and manufacture of new drugs, medicine, etc. Among these was a substance he named wine of cola. I remember asking him if there was any alcohol in it, and his reply was, "No" with a "Yes" meaning. At that time I had just read "Westward, Ho!" by Charles Kingsley. In this novel the hero, while lost in the woods in India, was surprised when a girl, crying, ran to him for protection from some young men who were chasing her. She told the hero that her pursuers were drunk on coca-cola.

Dr. Pemberton did not have the money to perfect and make the beverage he sought, and borrowed from my father, Col. Elbert Lewis, five thousand dollars and a like amount from my sister, Clifford, whom Dr. Pemberton had married about 1853. This money and his earnings in his drug business was all used in the development of coca-cola.

My sister sold all her rights in coca-cola to Asa Candler, who recently died. The price paid was \$500. Later, when my sister was penniless and coca-cola had become a great financial success, Mr. Candler told her he would see that she should never want, but he did nothing at all for her. She died at my home in South Carolina and had neither money nor property. We buried her in Columbus in a lot that father bought many years ago. She lies beside her husband, and no headstone marks their resting place.

This incident occurred near the close of the war. The Yankees had captured Mr. Asa Holt, of Macon, Ga., who owned a large plantation and a number of slaves, and he had hidden some money and other valuables. He would not tell the Yankees where they were, and they hanged him, expecting to thus learn of the hiding place. Mr. Holt's negroes cut him down and revived him. The Yankees strung him up again, but just then Wheeler's Cavalry appeared, drove the Yankees away, and saved Mr. Holt's life.

THE NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

(Continued from page 243.)

Hammon Camp, No. 177, of Oklahoma City, of the Oklahoma Brigade, and of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., and now passes from the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., to the highest command of the organization. He was one of the founders of the Confederate Home of Oklahoma, and in 1919 was appointed by the governor as the first pension commissioner of the State. He served four years as Secretary of State of Oklahoma, and is now State treasurer. He is Oklahoma's commissioner on the Stone Mountain Memorial and also a member of the Battle Abbey Commission at Richmond, Va.

A WOMAN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

She's eighty-five years old and has a total of two hundred and thirty-seven descendants; but this woman, Mrs. Nancy Earl, of Boiling Springs, can walk two miles a day and back without tiring and cook a "meal o' vittles" as quickly as a girl in the "knee-high" dress class.

Mrs. Earl is the daughter of "Uncle" Jimmy Green. Her husband died about seven years ago. She has thirteen brothers and four sisters. She has five children, seventy-four grandchildren, one hundred and forty great grandchildren and eighteen great-great-grandchildren, all this according to information secured from one who knows her well.—*from the Shelby (N. C.) Star.*

J. W. Young, Grenada, Miss.: "I am perfectly delighted with the change in dress of the VETERAN. Long may it live as an exponent of true Southern history! As an invalid, confined to my home for two years past, I am always happy when the VETERAN reaches me. My Camp, W. R. Barksdale, had at first one hundred and forty-four members; all have crossed the river but five."

Gen. T. C. Little, commanding Tennessee Division, U. C. V., Fayetteville, Tenn., writes: "It gives me pleasure to note the improvement in the VETERAN. It will be appreciated by all old people."

Mrs. S. C. Bethel, 300 East Live Oak Street, Austin Tex., is trying to establish the war record of John Howell, better known as Jack Howell, who is thought to have served in the cavalry; some comrades recalled were Irvin Fairbanks and Otis Rensen. Any information will be appreciated. This is in behalf of his widow, now old and in need.

Miss Nora Roberts, 215 1/2 South First Street, Guthrie, Okla., is interested in securing a pension for the widow of Henry Chandler, and asks that any surviving comrades will write her as to his war service, of which nothing is known. His wife is now ill and blind and needs help.

THE BOY SCOUTS.—With the passing of time, the Boy Scouts are impressing the public that, as an organization, they are becoming important factors in the conduct of affairs, and that their organization is an excellent training school to instill in the young self-reliance, a feeling of responsibility, and a desire to render service. All honor and success to the Boy Scouts.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

A CORRECTION.—In his article on the Battle of Bentonville, N. C., in the VETERAN for June, 1929, R. A. Lambert, asks correction on page 221, line 34, which should read 50 or 60 feet instead of yards.

THE GRAYING HOST OF GRAY.

Gray! Gray! Gray!
Hosts of Dixie's gallants coming.
Gray! Gray! Gray!
Hear the fifings and the drumming,
See the aged, sere and torn,
Note the colors proudly borne,
Mark how valiant they who've worn
Gray! Gray! Gray!

Gray! Gray! Gray!
These were those who did the fighting.
Gray! Gray! Gray!
Steadfast stood in battle's blighting.
Let us welcome them with cheer;
Reminiscence brings a tear;
Heroes all, we hold them dear
Gray. Gray: Gray!

Gray! Gray! Gray!
'Mid the pits of death they shouted.
Gray! Gray! Gray!
Thoughts of base retreat were flouted.
Let us give them, while they stay,
All our heart, to help repay
For their courage in our fray
Gray! Gray! Gray!

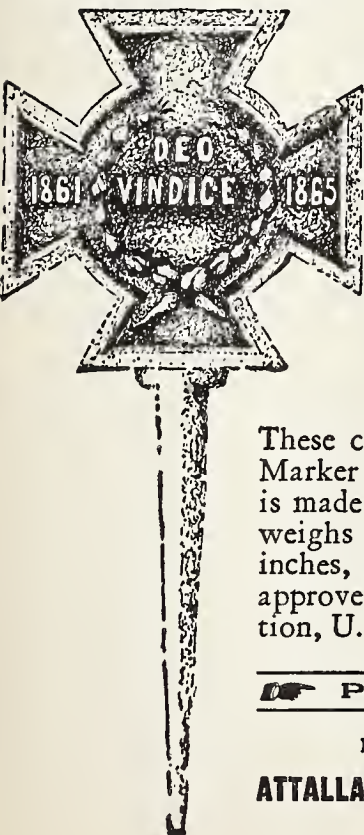
Gray! Gray! Gray!
Color that we love and cherish.
Gray! Gray! Gray!
Souls like these can never preish
E'en the clay doth turn to dust,
One Commander do they trust,
He is God, and God is just
Gray! Gray! Gray!
—*Harold C. Brown, in Charlotte Observer.*

W. E. Thompson, of Decatur, Ga., writes in renewing subscription: "I have been taking the VETERAN over thirty years. I read the numbers, mark them, and file them away. There is much good history in the VETERAN, and I want it preserved for future generations."

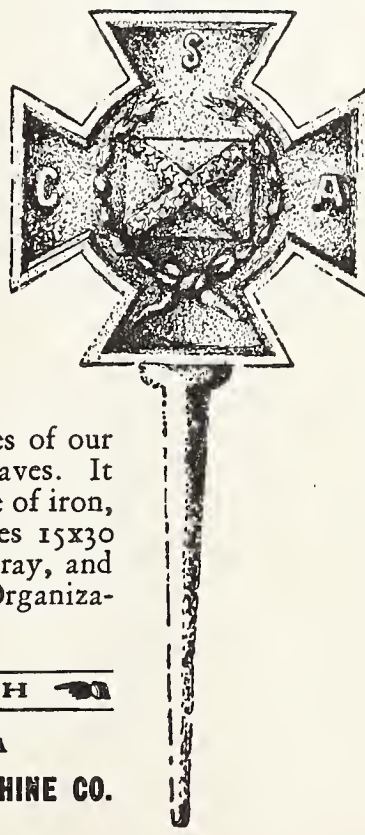
BOOK WANTED.—Who can furnish a copy of "Facts and Falsehoods on the War between the States," by Edmondson? The VETERAN wishes to locate a copy for a friend. State condition and price asked.

SHE: "Love making is the same as it always was." **He:** "How can you tell?" "I've just read of a Greek maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all night."—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

YOUNG WIFE: "O, politics! politics! I'm fed up on the subject!" **Hubby:** "Well, my love, that's one thing you can be fed up on without taking on weight:—*Virginia Pilot.*



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Gettysburg the Pivotal Battle. By Capt. R. K. Beecham, U. S. A.	2 00
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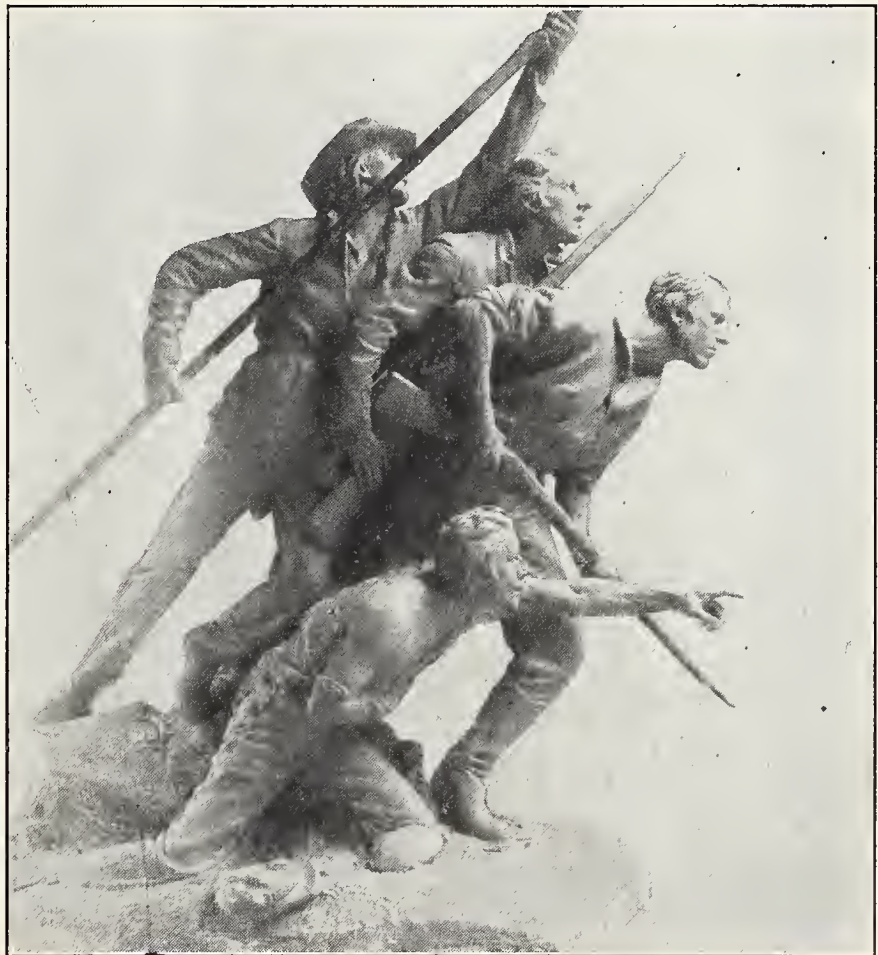
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VOL. XXXVII.

AUGUST, 1929

NO. 8



THE NORTH CAROLINA MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG
Dedicated July 3, 1929. (See page 286.)

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PAYMENTS ON WAR DEBTS.

Payment of \$80,109,385.95 was received by the Treasury recently from eleven foreign nations, constituting regular semiannual installments on the principal of war debts, together with interest for the past six months. Only \$858,876.19 of the receipts was in cash, the balance being made up in Treasury notes.

The bulk of the payment came from Great Britain, and amounted to \$66,795,000. Other payments were those of Italy, \$5,000,000; Belgium, \$4,200,000; Czechoslovakia, \$1,500,000; Esthonia, \$125,000; Finland, \$100,680; Hungary, \$28,973.40; Latvia, \$45,000; Lithuania, \$84,732.55; Poland, \$1,500,000; Rumania, \$500,000; and Jugoslavia, \$200,000.

All of the payments were made in conformity with agreements reached during debt negotiations, and in some cases constituted solely payments of interest and in others solely payments of principal.—*National Tribune*.

The widow of J. R. Stephens is trying to get a pension, but can give no information on his service. She lives at Berry, Ala., Route No. 2, and anyone who recalls him as a Confederate soldier will please write to her there.

Mrs. W. J. Estes, of Sharon, Tenn., will be glad to hear from any comrade or any friend familiar with the war record of her father, W. E. (William) Thomas, who served under General Forrest the last two years of the war. He enlisted at Brice's Crossroads and went from Decatur County.

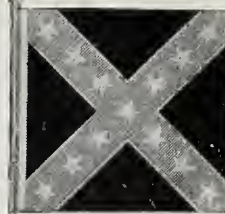
C. B. Dollarhide, American Legion, 418 Capitol Building, Oklahoma City, Okla., writes in the interest of the widow of Henry Harrison Baldwin, who is in need of a pension. Her husband enlisted at Fairfield, Gentry County, Mo., in 1861, under General Price; his captain was Jack Patton. Any information of his service will be appreciated.

Collins Hull, 5700 Danneel Street, New Orleans, La., is greatly interested in establishing his father's record as a Confederate soldier and will appreciate hearing from anyone who remembers him as such. D. J. Hull served with Company D, 4th Louisiana Regiment, the Rosedale Guards, under Col. P. H. Barrow, recruited in Bayou Sara, La. He understands there is a book on this company and would like to get it.

Rev. Waldo W. Moore, pastor of the Methodist Church at Osyka, Miss., would like to recover his father's sword, taken from him when captured on June 6, 1864, in the fighting around Atlanta. His father was Capt. Andrew McNary Moore, Company I, 40th Alabama Regiment, and his name and command were engraved on the sword. He was in prison at Johnson's Island.

Daniel C. Galloway enlisted for service in the Confederate army at West Plains, Mo., Howell County, in 1861, under Captain Armstrong, 2nd Missouri Infantry, McBride's Division. He is now trying to locate some comrade or friend of war days who can testify to his service. Address him at Elk City, Okla.

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R. H. McConnell, of Thornburg, Iowa, wishes to get a list of the men who enlisted in a company of State Guards at Marshall, Saline County, Mo., early in 1861; transferred to the Confederate service in July of same year; thought to have served under a Capt. John D. Brinker (said to have been part Cherokee Indian), 10th Missouri Cavalry. Anyone who can furnish such list or other information of the company will please write to him.

H. C. Field, 8 Arlington Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass., is trying to locate some survivors of Company A (Rock City Guards), 1st Tennessee Regiment, under Col. George Maney (later General). Comrade Field was one of the original members, but he was taken sick at Hot Springs, Va., discharged, and returned to Nashville, which was soon after in the hands of the Federals. He then went to Chattanooga, and there joined Morton's Battery, of Forrest's command, and with it served to the end of the war.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

OUR SOUTHERN MOCKING BIRD.

He sings in the sunshine and the rain,
By star and moon and candle flame;
He sings by day, he sings by night,
Our feathered king of happy song,
Whose mirth runs on from morn to morn.

He sings on the prairies of Texas,
In the sighing pines by the sea,
On the blue grass fields of Kentucky,
'Mid the hills of our own Tennessee,
He tells his tale of mirthful glee.

List, how he mocks the catbird,
Now hear him call the wren;
And then he warbles soft and low
A song of joy, sorrow, and woe,
Some love story of long, long ago.

In the sunbeam's glory at early dawn,
As it glistens on the dew-kissed fields of corn,
I hear his song of mad delight,
And my troubles grow less and my cares light,
And the whole world seems rosy and bright.

In the darkest hour of the summer night
I hear his song through my window light;
And I lie on my couch with peaceful mind—
And the night slips by and the sun does shine.
I crown him king, this friend of mine!

—Robert Vestal.

ECHOES OF THE REUNION.

A letter from Gen. Edwin Selvage, Commander of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, gives his appreciation of reunion courtesies. He writes:

"I read the VETERAN for July with much pleasure. The accounts of the reunion at Charlotte and other things were worth a year's subscription. I have attended many of the reunions, and while I have enjoyed all of them, I think the one at Charlotte could not be beat. The people seemed to take the veterans into their hearts and homes, as it were, and I heard nothing but praise from every veteran I met. And I think that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of July, 1929, will give every one who was not at the reunion a pretty good idea of how the old boys in gray were treated. The citizens of Charlotte, old

and young, vied with each other in making the visitors in gray welcome. The various committees saw to the comfort of the veterans.

"When we were at Little Rock I noticed how fine the arrangements were, and the good work of the Boy Scouts. I found that the reunion committees, under the direction of Mr. Edmund R. Wiles, had been training them in their duties, and I thought their work was fine. At Charlotte they did excellent work, and I congratulate Mr. Wiles and his committees on the splendid manner in which the reunion was carried out at Charlotte. May we have many more like it.

"I have been a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for many years and wish to continue it while I live. Its information of happenings among the veterans and its love for our Southland deserve our praise and the support of every veteran and lover of the South."

MARKERS FOR CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

As the Act of Congress approved on February 26, 1929, by which markers for Confederate graves hitherto unmarked were to be furnished by the United States Government, carried with it no appropriation, that purpose on the part of the government will be delayed until the necessary appropriation shall have been made. This was brought out in a communication from Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham, Quartermaster General, U. S. A., to Mrs. Charles Schadt, State Chairman of this work for the Virginia Division, U. D. C., who has so notified the Chapters throughout the State. She has also advised them that the work in marking graves as outlined at the committee meeting in April would go on, and she urges that as many graves as possible be marked in that section. It will be from one to five years before the government appropriation is available and the markers ready to send out.

SOUTH CAROLINA IN STATUARY HALL.

An interesting program was carried out in the unveiling of the Wade Hampton statue placed by South Carolina in Statuary Hall of the Capitol at Washington, on July 10. Gov. John G. Richards, of South Carolina, presided and made an address. The statue was unveiled by Mrs. John Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, daughter of General Hampton, and Hon. D. C. Heyward, of South Carolina, made an address also. The work is by F. W. Ruckstul, sculptor, of New York City. South Carolina sent a delegation for the occasion, and a son of the General, Alfred Hampton, of Utah, was also present.

MATRON OF HONOR, U. C. V.

[The resolution adopted by the United Confederate Veterans in reunion at Macon, Ga., May 7, 1912, was an expression of their appreciation of what the Daughters had done in their behalf through so many years. It was offered by Gen. T. W. Castleman, of Louisiana, and indorsed by Gen. C. I. Walker, the Commander in Chief, who had appointed the President General, U. D. C., as Matron of Honor for that reunion.]

Whereas it is desirable that our great sister federation, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, should know that we value their noble, patriotic work, and that by formal participation with us in our reunions they should be drawn, if possible, into closer union with the veterans; and,

Whereas to secure this end our Commander in Chief has invited for the 1912 reunion the President General, U. D. C., to be our Matron of Honor, the most dignified position we can confer upon a good woman; and,

Whereas the United Daughters of the Confederacy have most cordially and graciously accepted the honor; therefore, be it

Resolved: 1. That the above action of General Walker as to the 1912 reunion meets with our earnest approval; that we especially commend the inauguration of such a union by General Walker, not only as proving his wisdom and foresight as our Commander, but as it most eminently shows our entire appreciation of the splendid work accomplished by the Daughters, and must result in a closer fraternization of these two great Confederate organizations.

2. That hereafter, at all reunions, the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy shall be Matron of Honor to the United Confederate Veterans.

Resolution offered by Gen. T. W. Castleman, of Camp No. 9, U. C. V., New Orleans, before the reunion convention in Chattanooga, Tenn. May 28, 1913, and adopted:

Whereas at the United Confederate Veterans' convention held in the city of Macon, Ga., in 1912, a resolution was adopted declaring the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, while in office, the Matron of Honor for the United Confederate Veterans at their annual reunions and entitled to a position of honor on the stage with the Commander in Chief; and,

Whereas the splendid and patriotic organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is now ninety thousand strong and are earnest workers in the cause of true history and of the Confederate veterans; and,

Whereas their organization is composed only of the descendants of Confederate veterans; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it shall be the duty of our Adjutant General to arrange with the reunion committees of the future reunion cities so that the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and her immediate staff shall be the guests of the reunion city, and, further, be provided with a carriage and assigned to a position of honor immediately following the staff of the United Confederate Veterans in the parade.

THE CRIMSON BATTLE FLAG.

BY MARY JOHNSON POSEY, AUSTIN, TEX.

O, Crimson Flag, with your starry cross of blue,
What tender memories are twined about you!
Each silver star within your hallowed folds
Some splendid deed of daring valor holds.
Through four long, long years you led the thin gray
line,

Whose gallant exploits defy the flight of time,
For Lee and Jackson, Stuart, Ashby, and the rest
Are heroes the world still loves the best.

Old Flag, when you float upon the gentle breeze,
Our hearts are torn with memories such as these—
Once drenched with the blood of our native sons,
Rent with the shot and shell of Federal guns,
You wrapped the bodies of our gallant dead—
You, whose starry cross now shines o'erhead—
Shrouding them tenderly in your crimson folds
While strains of Dixie came roll on roll.

Now the guns of war are forever still—
Our sons sleep sweetly there upon the hill
Where mocking birds send forth their lilting lay
From early dawn until the close of day.
A new South has risen from out the years—
A new South sweet with memories and tears,
For the glory of the old gave birth to the new
And left us its flag with its starry cross of blue.

To-day we've turned the clock back to days of sixty—
one,
And though those old days are long since past and
done—

Dear crimson flag with your starry cross of blue,
With tenderest reverence we still love you.
And may your silver stars never cease to shine
O'er this wonderful land of yours and mine.

(Awarded the Texas Division medal, 1928, for best poem on any subject submitted in the U. D. C. State Literary Contest.

NORTH CAROLINA AT GETTYSBURG.

Sixty-six years after her sons had helped to make history on the bloody field of Gettysburg, North Carolina dedicated a magnificent memorial to those who there gave their all for the South. Though long delayed, "due to a proud poverty now proudly overcome," this memorial is a fitting tribute to the patriotic devotion of North Carolina soldiers of the Confederacy, and the occasion was a triumphant expression on the part of those who have labored so zealously to thus record the gallant service of men who went far beyond the call of duty. It is a worthy memorial to their valor.

It was under azure skies and amid peaceful scenes that North Carolinians gathered at Gettysburg on this 3rd of July, 1929, to dedicate their memorial, a setting in marked contrast to that eventful day in 1863. Only the sounds of peace came into this colorful scene, and people of the North and of the South met about the monument in a mood of fraternal association. True, the Rebel yell rent the air now and then when some ardent Tar Heel had his blood stirred to the boiling point by the strains of Dixie or some bit of fiery oratory. They are still young in their enthusiasm, but no warlike demonstration followed that vocal expression on this day. The Old North State had sent of her best for the occasion, and governors, past and present, voiced her tributes to the sons of yesterday, and the words of one but recently dead were expressed for him by a friend, one who had worked and planned and hoped to be present on this occasion; and other representative men and women of the State joined with their meed of honor to these sons long dead but not forgotten. Army bands were there to furnish inspiring music, and uniforms of gray and blue and khaki made a distinctive note with the bright colors of summer costumes. During the exercises an airplane from the Gettysburg airport, piloted by a North Carolina boy, soared high overhead, dipping its wings in silent tribute to the dead of North Carolina.

Quartermaster General B. F. Cheatham, U. S. A., son of a Confederate general, was there to represent the United States government and to receive the monument for the Secretary of War. Gov. O. Max Gardner, of North Carolina, presided over the exercises, and in his address said, in part:

"The first corner stone of a monument is laid in the hearts of a people.

"We are met to-day to unveil a memorial to those North Carolina soldiers who fought in the War between the States. Out of respect for, and in loving memory of, the devotion of these men to some simple ideals of honor and duty which we, as a people,

live by, North Carolina has caused this monument to be erected. It is fitting and proper that we should do this.

"For bravery, for patient endurance of hardship, and for unswerving fidelity to the cause for which they fought, the record of the soldiers from North Carolina is unexcelled in the annals of warfare. A monument similar to this might properly be erected on a score of battle fields, for North Carolina, which, characteristically slow to enter the war, gave more in blood and treasure to the Southern cause, once she became committed to it, than any other State. On this spot, 'the high water mark of the Confederacy,' the farthest waves of that bloody tide which finally spent itself and broke on the scarred crest of Cemetery Ridge, were North Carolina boys, members of the immortal 26th North Carolina regiment. Pettigrew's Brigade did not lose a single prisoner in this charge, but it lost in killed and wounded over eleven hundred men, including many of its best officers."

It was during the previous administration that the appropriation for the memorial was made by the State legislature, and it was fitting indeed that former Gov. Angus W. McLean should deliver the dedicatory address, in which he reviewed the part taken by North Carolina on that field of blood and showed that in that fatal charge of July 3, 1863, the soldiers of North Carolina outnumbered all others, went farther than any others, and suffered a greater percent of losses. And he marveled over the quality of the men there engaged in battle—North Carolinians, Virginians, all—whence came the power which bore them across that open plain and carried them to the heights of Gettysburg? "Their ways and lives had been those of peace; they were without martial training or ambition. Yet the horsemen of Stuart, the famous 'foot cavalry; of Jackson, Lee's 'incomparable infantry' had performed miracles in battle greater than Napoleon called forth from the professional soldiers composing his 'Old Guard.' . . . Surely from nothing less than the morale which springs from a deep conviction of the righteousness and justice of their cause, which is concerned not so much with the quarrel as with the principle, and which follows a belief and sanctions a faith to the final sacrifice."

Telling of the efforts made to secure this recognition of the State of her heroes at Gettysburg, in which he brought out the great part of the Daughters of the Confederacy of the State in this effort, he said:

"Our past failure to erect a suitable memorial on this battle field has not been due to any lack of appreciation of the part North Carolina troops took in this battle. The delay was due to a proud poverty now proudly overcome. During the years that devoted band of women, the United Daughters of the

Confederacy, never ceased to call the attention of those in authority to a sense of responsibility to those who died upon this field.

"It was largely due to the urgent insistence of the committee of the Daughters of the Confederacy, of which Mrs. Marshall Williams was chairman that in 1927, while governor of the State, I included in my message an appeal to the General Assembly to provide the necessary funds for this memorial. It afforded me distinct pleasure as the son of a Confederate soldier to throw the weight of my official influence into this movement. Pursuant to the act authorizing the appropriation, I appointed the following, on the part of the State, members of the North Carolina-Gettysburg memorial commission: Mrs. Marshall Williams, Mrs. J. Dolph Long, Mrs. Felix Harvey, Sr., Mrs. L. B. Newell, Mrs. Glen Long, Capt. Dougald Stewart, Capt. Samuel S. Nash, H. C. McQueen, Col. Virgil S. Lusk, Gen. Albert L. Cox, William A. Erwin, Pollock Burgwyn, A. L. Brooks, Maj. W. C. Heath, and Col. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury—who recently passed to his reward, after devoting much of his life to service in the Confederate army itself, and to caring for the widows and orphans of his comrades in arms. He was to have taken official part in these exercises, and his presence is sorely missed by those of us who came under the influence of his genial personality.

"An advisory commission was appointed to serve with the memorial commission in choosing a design composed of W. W. Fuller, of New York; Maj. Bruce Cotton, of Baltimore; Maj. Daniel M. Barringer, of Philadelphia; and George Gordon Battle, of New York—all native sons of North Carolina. To the work of the commission and advisory commission I would pay deserved tribute. They performed well the delicate task laid upon them and are assured of the sincere gratitude of those who cherish the memory of the gallant soldiers whose heroic deeds are represented in this fine effigy.

"Having aided so materially in securing a State appropriation for the State memorial, the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, determined to erect, by their own efforts and with their own funds, handsome markers which add materially to the beauty of the State memorial, and which will also be presented to-day.

"A great poet has said that battles are fought by the mothers of men; and that 'back of every brave soldier is a brave woman.' Peculiarly was this true of the Old South. Our soldiers who fought here had back of them a great gallery of Spartan womanhood. They fought with the consciousness that their conduct was applauded by their loved ones at home. Those who survived came back to a comradeship and

fealty that preserved for them the benevolent illusion that in spite of everything they had been victorious.

"All this is of the past; but it is not buried. It is neither dead nor forgotten. It lives and grows and vitally contributes to the spirit, the hope, and the aspirations of this great nation we call America. We cannot forget, our Daughters of the Confederacy will not let us forget."

The monument was shrouded in flags—the Stars and Stripes, the Stars and Bars, and the State flag of North Carolina—and was unveiled by North Carolina children, descendants of North Carolina soldiers of the Confederacy. These children were Archibald Craige, Hector McLean, Charlotte Warden Williams, and Lucy Morehead, and as they drew the dark blue ribbons which released the covering of flags, the stirring notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" rose high and strong upon the summer air.

Standing twelve feet high, this beautiful bronze memorial is placed not so far from the great equestrian figure of General Lee, which overlooks the field of Gettysburg. It faces the statue of General Meade, and the war spirit of the South seems appropriately expressed in this group facing the enemy. A description of the monument is given in the words of ex-Governor McLean, who said of it in his speech:

"The memorial now presented is the work of the noted sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, who has, in a masterly way and with consummate talent, interpreted in bronze the spirit and purpose of the North Carolinians engaged in this great battle. The heroic group represents five typical North Carolina soldiers. Four of the group have just emerged from a small wooded area. As they come out of it into the open, they suddenly see the awful struggle in front of them—the Federals are just across a small ravine, both sides of which are covered with fighting men, many of whom have been wounded. The field has been torn with shot and shell. The leader of the group pushes forward determined on his grim task; the younger man just behind him is stunned momentarily at the awful sight; the bearded soldier to his left, realizing what is taking place in the youth's mind, draws close to him and whispers confidence. The color bearer in the rear presses forward, holding the flag aloft and well to the front of the group. At their right, one knee on the ground, is an officer encouraging his men, his presence and wounds indicating that the struggle has been in progress some time. The whole group discloses spirited action and typifies North Carolina troops as they charge up the heights of Cemetery Ridge.

"In presenting this memorial on behalf of the North Carolina-Gettysburg Memorial Commission, I am moved with admiration as I behold a beautiful work of art; but a deeper sense of pride wells up in

my heart as I contemplate the spirit it typifies—not a spirit of partisanship, nor of envy of another section, but a spirit of supreme devotion to our common country, its traditions, and its aspirations. We no longer think in terms of physical combat, but in terms of peaceful progress. Toward our great nation, into whose keeping this memorial is this day given, no State feels or manifests a more loyal spirit than North Carolina. We may disagree with other States or sections upon some public questions, we may exercise a wholesome independence in the pursuit of our tasks, but to defend the flag of our country we would give our all.”

* * *

“In a golden mist of American valor lies Gettysburg. Sectional lines no longer mar its peaceful slopes. No longer do we recognize in its clouds of imperishable glory the devices of its flags. The dying sun reflects from this field one flag and one alone, the glorious emblem of our common country.

“And so, with a feeling of pride inspired by the valor of our fathers who here offered upon the altar of their country the last full measure of devotion, with tender sentiments for the cause they represented and with a love for the reunited nation in which we live and strive to-day, I give this memorial into the keeping of the United States of America; . . . and when in years to come it shall catch the morning’s first gleam and reflect the last rays of the setting sun, my prayer is that it shall inspire all who behold it to emulate the valor and patriotic devotion to duty which characterized those brave North Carolinians who here, under the leadership of the immortal Lee, fought and died upon this field.

TRIBUTE BY THE DAUGHTERS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

In addition to this State monument, the United Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina had placed a stone monolith at the end of the flagstone walk which leads from Confederate Avenue to the North Carolina monument, and appropriate exercises marked its dedication following the dedication of the monument. This monolith is of North Carolina Balfour pink stone, on which is inscribed:

NORTH CAROLINA

TO THE ETERNAL GLORY OF THE NORTH CAROLINA SOLDIERS, WHO, ON THIS BATTLE FIELD, DISPLAYED HEROISM UNSURPASSED, SACRIFICING ALL IN SUPPORT OF THEIR CAUSE. THEIR VALOROUS DEEDS WILL BE ENSHRINED IN THE HEARTS OF MEN LONG AFTER THESE TRANSIENT MEMORIALS HAVE CRUMBLLED INTO DUST.

THIRTY-TWO NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENTS WERE IN ACTION AT GETTYSBURG JULY 1, 2, 3, 1863. ONE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER IN EVERY FOUR WHO FELL HERE WAS A NORTH CAROLINIAN.

THIS TABLET ERECTED BY THE NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

A stone ledge at the head of the flagstone walk, of the same pink stone as the monolith—ten feet wide and six feet deep—carries a list of the military units which represented North Carolina in that battle, which were:

6th, 21st, 57th Infantry—Hoke’s Brigade of Early’s Division.

1st, 3rd Infantry—Steuart’s Brigade of Johnson’s Division.

32nd, 43rd, 45th, 53rd Infantry and 2nd Battalion—Daniel’s Brigade of Rodes’s Division.

5th, 12th, 20th, 23rd Infantry—Iverson’s Brigade of Rodes’s Division.

2nd, 4th, 14th, 30th Infantry—Ramseur’s Brigade of Rodes’s Division.

11th, 26th, 47th, 52nd Infantry—Pettigrew’s Brigade of Heth’s Division.

55th Infantry—Davis’s Brigade of Heth’s Division.

7th, 18th, 28th, 33rd, 37th Infantry—Lane’s Brigade of Pender’s Division.

13th, 16th, 22nd, 34th, 38th Infantry—Scales’s Brigade of Pender’s Division.

1st North Carolina Artillery, Battery A—McLaws’ Division.

Branch (North Carolina) Artillery, Rowan (North Carolina) Artillery, Hood’s Division.

Charlotte (North Carolina) Artillery—Pender’s Division.

1st Cavalry—Hampton’s Brigade, 2nd, 4th Cavalry—Robertson’s Brigade, 5th Cavalry—W. H. F. Lee’s Brigade, Stuart’s Division of Cavalry.

These exercises were presided over by Mrs. E. L. McKee, President of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., who was introduced by Governor Gardner, and in turn presented Mrs. Marshall Williams, a member of the Gettysburg Memorial Commission and chairman of the marker committee, who made the address. Hon. Walter Murphy, of Salisbury, read an address of appreciation for the Confederate veterans to the State, which was to have been given by the late Gen. A. H. Boyden. The four children drawing the veils for this occasion were Frank Fuller III; Dorothy Long, of Newton; Archibald Craige, of Winston-Salem; and E. L. McKee, Jr., of Sylva.

GEN. CORTEZ A. KITCHEN, U. C. V.

The saddest incident of the reunion in Charlotte, N. C., was the passing of Gen. Cortez A. Kitchen, Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V. Though his health had been frail for a long time, his heart was set on attending the reunion in North Carolina, and he was lovingly attended on the way.



GEN. CORTEZ A. KITCHEN.

But his strength was not equal to the demands made upon it, and it was necessary for him to go to the infirmary upon arrival. There he saw a few of his old comrades and heard again the old familiar Rebel yell, and he was happy to be there even though he could not take part in the reunion activities. As the shadows fell on the evening of June 6, he closed his eyes to earthly scenes and passed to that heavenly reunion in which there is no parting.

Born in 1852, General Kitchen was one of the very youngest of Confederate veterans. He was just a little boy when war came on in 1861, but he gave soldierly service as orderly for his father, who was major and colonel of Missouri cavalry. The boy was captured, but released, and returned to his father, and so served almost through the war; and when it closed he was still a boy under military age.

Young Kitchen finished his education after the war at the St. Louis University and the State Uni-

versity at Columbia, fitting himself to be a lawyer, which profession he practiced for some time, then took up journalism. Always devoted to the cause for which he had given his best as a boy soldier, he was very active in the effort to secure pensions for the Confederate veterans of Missouri, and in other ways was devoted to their interests. His comrades loved, honored, and respected him for his splendid qualities of mind and heart and for his gentle and engaging personality. He had filled various high offices in the U. C. V. organization in Missouri, from Commander of the Camp in St. Louis to Commander of the Missouri Division, and there was no more loyal and devoted member nor one who cherished more strongly the traditions and ideals of the Old South; and in his acceptance of the results of that war, he became a loyal citizen of these United States. He was a public-spirited citizen of his city and community, and had a wide circle of warm friends. "A just man and firm of purpose" is a fitting eulogy on his high character.

In the sweet intimacies of wedded life, he was an affectionate husband and devoted father, loved and venerated by wife and children. He was married in 1877 to Miss Nattie A. Harwood, of a pioneer family of St. Louis, and she, their two daughters, and a son survive him.

Cortez A. Kitchen was born August 3, 1852, in Stoddard County, Mo., son of Col. Solomon G. Kitchen and Martha Ann Giboney. The war interrupted his education, but he went back to school in his native county and later finished at the Law School of the University of Missouri at Columbia, and first practiced at Dexter in Stoddard County. The family moved to St. Louis in 1875, and there he became interested in journalism, forming connection with newspapers of that city, and so made that his life work. In the early nineties he was editorial writer of the *Omaha World Herald*. In 1901 he was official reporter of the Missouri State Senate, and later became assistant secretary of the city council of St. Louis; he served also as recorder of the town of Kirkwood. At one time he was assistant wharf and harbor master in St. Louis. He retired from active business some years ago.

A long, active, useful, and Christian career has come to a close, a full and purposeful life, typical of the Old South's best civilization. He rests in peace and leaves a memory revered by all who knew him. With the colors of Confederate flags about him, he was laid away in Valhalla Cemetery at St. Louis, and the bright sunshine of his parting day and the flowers which made beautiful his bed of earth fitly symbolized the transition from life to immortality.

*"THE OLD FREE STATE."**

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

The subject of these volumes is virtually the early history of Southside Virginia, and particularly of Lunenburg County, which, in 1861, received its name of "The Old Free State," because of a proposition made in a local convention to secede from Virginia, the State Convention at Richmond long declining to secede from the Union!

The author, a native of Lunenburg, is a member of the Virginia Historical Society and of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, and has worthily received many honorary degrees. He is a scholar of ability, and his work indicates patient research, indefatigable industry, and unsparing labor. The style is ornate and pleasing, and every subject is presented so attractively as to excite interest.

The author gives an account of Raleigh's attempted settlements, ending with Virginia Dare and the "lost colony." Then, passing to Jamestown he tells of the early days there, the colonists numbering in 1619 about six hundred. It was there that the first legislative assembly in America was elected.

The settlements were on plantations along the river courses, the interior, especially on the Southside, being occupied by the Indians, of whom there were nine tribes in peace and amity with the colonists. As the years passed, accessions flowed in, among them French, Germans, Swiss, Welsh, and English, and the population rapidly increased.

In May, 1746, a line was run from the point where the Roanoke River enters Virginia north to the Nottaway; and all west of that line to the Alleghanies was called Lunenburg in honor of the king. Many families had already located there, and now they came in so rapidly that nine counties were carved out of the territory, leaving Lunenburg a small county southwest of Petersburg. As that region was on the frontiers, naturally there comes into the story the French and Indian War, when Washington was laying the foundation of his subsequent career.

Dr. Bell devotes chapters to those early times, tells of the courts, of the early churches, and of the inhabitants, with a particularity that has no equal in any other historical work that I know of.

As many of the people of Southside Virginia later moved to the South and West, this feature of Dr. Bell's work must be of widespread interest. Suffice it to say that his unequalled index contains the names of some 17,000 persons, marriages, etc.

His chapter in regard to slavery is timely: Its

origin, how it was promoted by the British Government, how it existed in New England, how the importation of slaves was a part of New England's commerce, a source of New England's wealth; the Southern colonies being agricultural and having no ships; how the Southern colonies sought to check these importations without avail. The historian Bancroft is quoted as recording that "Virginia had again and again passed laws restraining the importation of negroes from Africa, without avail." In little Boston alone, in 1742, there were one thousand five hundred and fourteen African slaves. The British government saying, "we cannot allow the Colonies to check or discourage in any manner a traffic so beneficial to the nation."

With commendable pride, Dr. Bell records the actions of Virginia when trouble arose with the Mother Country: first, in regard to the Stamp Act, when Patrick Henry awakened the patriotism of the Colonies; then, in May, 1769, proposing a non-importing agreement specifically boycotting slaves, wines and British manufacture; then, in 1773, Richard Henry Lee, with Thomas Jefferson and others, brought forward the plan of Committees of Correspondence; how in May, 1774, "the cause of Boston being the cause of all," Virginia suggested a general congress, of all the Colonies, and herself elected the first delegates to a convention in defiance of the Royal government. While North Carolina first led the way in proposing "independence," Dr. Bell narrates how the Virginia Convention, within a month afterwards, framed the first written constitution of a free State, elected Patrick Henry governor, and urged the Colonies to declare independence. Then came the war, and Dr. Bell narrates the part played by Virginia and the county of Lunenburg in the Revolution. He gives a plain view of New England up to 1808, engaged in the commerce of exchanging rum for negroes in Africa and bringing them into the islands at the south, or to the Southern States; and, even after Congress had forbidden the importation, still persisting in it.

At length fanatics began to interfere with slavery at the South; and when Congress required that the provisions of the Constitution requiring the delivery up "of persons held to service" should be obeyed, the fanatics "proclaimed the Constitution to be a league with hell, and publicly burned the Constitution." And when John Brown was executed and became a Northern saint, "the Churches holding services of humiliation and prayer, the bells tolling," Dr. Bell records it all. And so we are brought to the most interesting portion of the history.

While saying that "the right to secede from the

*"The Old Free State," by Dr. Landon C. Bell. Two volumes, 625 pages each. Published at Richmond, Va. 1927.

Union was so generally held by the statesmen of the South that no collation or summary of them need be made here," he quotes: "No unprejudiced mind can read the history of the Constitution without being convinced that the right of secession did exist." And, indeed, not only is the righteousness of the action of Lee, of the praying Jackson, of Bishop Polk, and the Confederate chaplains made clear, but in the appendix are additional articles, that on "The Lincoln Myth" closing with a quotation from Lord Woosley:—"The right of self-government, which Washington won and for which Lee fought, was no longer to be a watchword to stir men's blood in the United States." Necessarily, that is true, for the conquest of the Southern States, no matter by what other name it may be called, remains a conquest.

At last, the right to secede was hardly denied at the North. Dr. Bell quotes Dan Sickles' speech in Congress, December 10, 1860, declaring that "no troops should ever pass through New York for the purpose of holding a State in the Union." And he quotes the *New York Herald*: "The current of opinion seems to sit strongly in favor of a reconstruction of the Union without the New England States," etc. Likewise other papers voiced the legality of secession. But there was another view, and the *Herald* later said: "The Union of the North with the South is the source of their prosperity, for by that Union the North reaps immense profits on Southern products by doing for the South its foreign trade, and thus accumulating capital which enables the North to establish factories and reap a second harvest from the South." That was the milk in the coconut.

In conclusion, I wish to emphasize that Dr. Bell's contributions to the cause of the South are among the most interesting of this generation. In addition to his large history, his address on General Lee and that "In Memory of the Confederate Soldiers" at Johnson's Island are particularly to be mentioned as illustrative of his scholarship and his clear apprehension of the sectional differences that led to the conquest of the South.

"JIM PEAKE," MISSOURI CAVALRYMAN.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

Capt. James Peake—it was just plain Jim Peake to us who knew him in Kansas City before the War between the States—had been one of the men who cast their lot with a filibustering expedition led by a General Walker in Central America, the purpose being to set up a new government in the State of Nicaragua. After several months' fighting, however, Walker was defeated and his followers made prisoners. Walker was placed in front of a firing

squad and shot to death, and his men were given scant time to get out of the country. Young Peake was one of them and went to Kansas City, where he was living when Captain Prince was ordered to occupy Kansas City as a military post.

Up to the capture of Camp Jackson, May 10, 1861, Missouri, as a State, had committed no overt act against the Federal government, and many leading citizens were hopeful of keeping her out of the war altogether. These favored a policy of "armed neutrality." One of the advocates of this policy was ex-Governor Sterling Price. Early in April, but after the capture of Fort Sumter, a State convention was called to shape Missouri's policy in the war now known to be inevitable. This convention was held at Jefferson City, then, as now, the State capital, and Sterling Price was chosen to be its president. To this convention came Gen. William S. Harney, of the Federal army, and commander of the military department of which Missouri was a part. Harney, acting for the government, with full authority from Washington, and Price, acting for Missouri, soon reached an agreement which was to the effect that no part of the State should be occupied by either Federal or Secession armed troops during the war. This agreement was immediately ratified by the convention, and was satisfactory to all except quite a number of "Hot Spurs" athirst for blood and glory, and extreme Unionists, who thought Missouri should respond to Lincoln's call for men to put down "the rebellion."

On May 8, the State Guard went into annual encampment at Camp Jackson, near Jefferson Barracks, where were stored a quantity of army munitions, and Captain Lyon was ordered to St. Louis to have an eye on the State Militia.

For several months, Frank Blair, Colonel Solomon, and others had been drilling bodies of men in secrecy, and these by now were organized into three regiments. Blair and Lyon became apprehensive of the manners at Camp Jackson, and, bringing in a few regulars, from Springfield, Ill., and using the St. Louis Unionist contingent, moved on the State encampment and captured it. Of course this meant war. Governor Jackson ordered Capt. George Moorman (for many years, Adjutant General of United Confederate Veterans) to gather a band of men, capture Liberty Arsenal, and seize such military stores as were held there. The Federal reaction to this was the order directing Captain Prince, commanding at Fort Leavenworth, to occupy Kansas City.

Lyon's act in seizing Camp Jackson, of course, had scrapped the Price-Harney agreement, Prince's occupancy of Kansas City had confirmed the scrap-

ping, the "bridles were off," and the colts turned loose. One of the first men to shake dust from his feet was Jim Peake. He was soon active in Price's body guard, then captain of a company in General McCulloch's Cavalry.

One day down in Mississippi, debouching from a wood into the open, he was surprised to see a Federal cavalry regiment deployed on a ridge to his left about fifty yards away. As he realized his danger, he ordered a right turn at a run. In turning, his horse stumbled, landed him on the ground, and chased off after his fleeing comrades. Peake saw his horse in rapid desertion, and turned to see what his enemies were at. Every carbine seemed pointing at him. Slapping his hands to his breast, he called out: "Well, damn you, shoot!"

Like a flash, the colonel's sword came to signal, "Hold! don't shoot, men! That man is too brave to be killed," and Peake, saluting, turned away to follow his men

It wasn't Peake who told this story. After the war he returned to Kansas City. One evening an ex-colonel of Union cavalry was regaling an old friend named Holman with war stories, and had just told him of this encounter with a Confederate officer, whom he discribed as "the bravest man he ever saw," when Peake stepped in, and Holman had the pleasure of introducing two real men to each other, who at once became warm friends.

IN THE MISSISSIPPI CAMPAIGNS.

BY R. A. LAMBERT, MOBILE, ALA.

This will be but an outline narrative, touching the high points of one Southern soldier boy's career during the War between the States, who figures that he was on the firing line about one hundred days all told. Going from a clerkship in a general store in Claiborne, Monroe County, Ala., I enlisted in April, 1861, in the first company that left my county, and in the second regiment of the State (Col. Harry Maury) commanding this company (C) was commanded by Capt. George W. Foster, and was designated in our home county as the Claiborne Guards.

The first eight months were spent monotonously (but with plenty to eat) at Forts Morgan and Gaines at the mouth of Mobile Bay, where I went through with a good case of measles, followed later on with mumps, both troubles being prevalent with the soldiers. The measles in our army probably took a heavier toll of life than all other kinds of sickness combined, as the majority of cases suffered relapses, terminating in pneumonia, and especially in regular army camps.

Before leaving Fort Gaines, we had the chance of

voting to remain where we were or to go to the front where something was being done, and it was unanimously decided that we would leave our comfortable quarters to go where we would have a chance for excitement occasionally, so we were ordered direct to Fort Pillow, Tenn., which we reached in the early winter. Soon we had a proposition to enlist for a year longer or for the duration of the war, with a bounty of \$50. That looked big to us, who were mostly boys, not really men, and about half of us gladly accepted the bounty with a thirty-days furlough and transportation home. At the close of our furlough, a reorganization began and most of my old company went on to Mobile from their homes.

In Mobile we organized into a company of about eighty men and elected officers, again electing George W. Foster as our captain. I accepted the humble position of corporal, a noncommissioned office, but it exempted me of guard and work duties—my main duties were to be overseeing details of work squads and the stationing of men on picket lines, general guard duties, and such like. We were then sent to Columbus, Miss., to be formed into a regiment, and thence into a brigade. The letter of our company was A, as it happened to be the first to arrive, and our regiment was the 42nd Alabama, with John W. Portis, of Sugssville, Clark County, Ala., in command.

At the very beginning of our encampment at Columbus, Miss., I took pneumonia and was placed in a hospital, where I remained for six weeks, near death's door a considerable portion of the time. We were there through the summer of 1862, drilling and being trained for active service, and getting plenty of fruit and other good things brought in from the surrounding country. That fall, we were ordered to join Gen. Sterling Price in North Mississippi. He was planning to give the Federal army battle at Corinth, which was well entrenched by forts and otherwise, as General Price found out to his sorrow.

When General Price made his bold movement from Iuka, Miss., to try to storm the Federal entrenchments at Corinth, I was sent down to a hospital at Okolona, Miss., with chills and fever, but after a few days I was considered strong enough to be sent back to my command. Knowing of the discharge from hospital a day in advance, a company comrade, also in the hospital and then able to leave, and I decided to make a foraging trip out in the country to get some good country-cooked grub to eat and to carry to the front with us; so we made the trip and were royally treated by a well-to-do farmer's family, and we were fairly well loaded down with good eatables to carry back. Okolona is in the black belt of Mississippi, where the land is waxy and sticky when

wet. While we were at the farmhouse, a rain came on and, with our already heavy shoes and strength not fully recovered from our sickness, we had a time in the sticky mud getting back to hospital, so much so that I have never forgotten that wearisome return walk. Next day we boarded the train to rejoin our command but got only as far as Tupelo, Miss. as General Price had gone around westward in the vicinity of Corinth, and some of the Federal force at Corinth had wormed around and cut us off from reaching our command; hence, we were sent down to Enterprise, Miss., where I was again placed in a hospital on account of a return attack of malaria. In the meantime, the battle of Corinth took place where my company of about sixty or seventy men, which went into the desperate struggle to capture the Federal stronghold, had seven killed in the attack, with about double the number wounded. Our captain, George W. Foster, was one of about three of our company force who succeeded in getting on to their strongest fortification, called Battery Robinette, and on the top of that battery our Captain Foster was killed.

After we lost out at Corinth, the greater portion of General Price's army was ordered to Vicksburg and placed under General Pemberton, and soon after Grant undertook to try to get in behind Vicksburg, Moore's Brigade, of which the 42nd Alabama was a unit, was ordered up the Yazoo River by boat to its head, opposite the little town of Greenwood; but before we reached our objective, Grant had been driven back to the Mississippi River, from where he had come by use of small boats through Yazoo Pass. We camped there a few days in the swamp, harassed by swarms of buffalo gnats, from which our horses had to have considerable protection, for the gnats collected in their nostrils and smokes from burning decaying wood was our principal way of warding off these pests.

After our return to Vicksburg, General Grant soon made a successful pass with enough boats, then with troops to disembark above Vicksburg, to pass down through the swamp on the west of the river from Vicksburg, and finally cross to the east side of the Mississippi River below the Big Black River, thence up on the east side of the Big Black River, where there was a Confederate force which was greatly outnumbered, and was finally driven in to Vicksburg; and Pemberton's entire army of about thirty thousand men was put behind entrenchments, which were already prepared, both for infantry and light artillery; and then commenced the sure enough memorable siege which lasted, all told, full forty-two days. Our fortifications formed a half moon shape of some five miles in length, extending from a point on the

Mississippi River just above the city to the river again a short distance below, with the center of our fortifications, about two or three miles back from the river, taking in the suburban part of the very hilly city. Grant's army of twice the size of ours and far better equipped, entrenched as close to us as they could all around at various distances as the formation of the ground would permit, but generally in easy rifle shot from our line.

The Federal artillery being so much more numerous and of far better quality than ours, and having an abundance of ammunition, likewise small arms, our batteries were soon put out of commission. Several attempts were made during the siege to storm our works and break in, at various places and they succeeded at one point at one time, but our reserves came to the rescue of our broken line, captured those who got over, and pressed the balance back. I witnessed one such attempt in open ground, about two hundred yards from my position in the line, I could see their full line going pell-mell for our entrenched line, which pelted the Yanks so heavily with bullets that only a small number had the bravery to stand the galling fire. I could easily see the dirt being cut up by bullets from our line and men falling forward as they were struck. This incident was near the middle of June, and the weather was hot, yet General Grant did not ask for a flag of truce to bury his dead until three days later, when the stench from the dead by that time was so great for both lines of the living that he was forced to get permission, which would have been granted at any time he asked for it. Many of the badly wounded lay on the ground, too, during that time, and some died for lack of attention.

Grant could have forced us to surrender without the loss of a man on either side by just surrounding us and starving us out, as he finally did when we had to capitulate on the 4th day of July, 1863.

During the greater portion of the siege we were subjected to more or less continued fire from small arms, besides shot and shell from their batteries, which were placed on high points of vantage at short distances in the rear of their entrenched infantry line, which line finally entrenched right close up to our line in many places, as the hilly formation gave the opposing force a chance to do this. Then, in addition, the city was shelled both day and night by heavy mortar guns on vessels above the city, which easily threw shells of largest size over the high bluff. These came down in almost every portion of the city, so the citizens had to largely live underground, excavating into the sides of the hills.

After the close of the siege many front lawns had a

greater or less number of long field artillery shells and solid shot set up endwise on each side of walk ways. The mortar shells from the river barges and boat were so arranged and timed in the bombardment that there was nearly always from three to four in the air at a time. While one would be about ready to blow up the intended object, another would be about at its highest point, then a third one would be about one-fourth of its distance from the mortar, while the fourth one was leaving the mortar. We had so much of this to contend with that we got so it was not a bit of trouble to see a shell in various stages.

While General Grant's details of men were engaged in burying the dead, not a gun was fired along our entire line, and the blue and the gray met between lines in big crowds. Men from border States on both sides met and geyed each other for being on the wrong side. And the Southern men would quiz for news about his home and State, for probably he had not had anything like a direct hearing for a year or more. After the truce was closed, each soldier resumed his place behind breastworks, then the cracking of rifles and booming of cannon began again.

After our surrender at Vicksburg, we had a bountiful supply of bacon, crackers, coffee and sugar issued to us quickly, and we were all mixed up together for seven days before being paroled. Then we made our way out singly or otherwise to get to our homes where not cut off by the invading Federal army, which then covered somewhere about one fourth of the South. My father's home though, remained open until about the 1st of March, 1865, when I was up in North Carolina with General Joe Johnston, confronting Sherman on a second campaign.

While home on parole from my Vicksburg capture, several of my neighbor comrades and I went to the salt works in Clarke County, Ala., just below Jackson, taking with us our trusty slaves with wagons and teams, and we got a supply of salt sufficient to last the rest of the war. The Yankee cavalry, which went through the country from the Gulf to Montgomery, borrowed nearly or quite all of the meat on hand, in fact, all except what was hidden from them, and borrowed some of our best horses and many other things besides, and they forgot to pay back anything; but I retaliated to the extent of a mule at the close of the war.

It has gone down in history that we were starved out in Vicksburg, so it is appropriate to tell of the quality and quantity of sustenance we had. At the beginning, we had a limited quantity of flour, bacon, beef, and molasses issued to us. Soon our bacon gave out, and then corn meal was resorted to for

bread, with only water and salt to put in it, and for corn meal we had to rob the mules and horses of their corn. When the corn was exhausted, rice meal was prepared, and, finally, cow peas, full of weavils, was ground to make bread, the poorest substitute for bread of all the edible grains we had. Though it was seasoned with weevils, we just could not make pea bread taste like it had been cooked enough. Finally our beef got so near the exhaustion point that mule meat was resorted to, and I guess the poorest and the most worthless ones were killed first. That rule had been applied to the beef cattle. I learned that the army butchers had arranged low fence gaps to drive the herd over just previous to the killing every day, and those not able to get over the gaps were butchered; and you may rest assured that an eye of grease on top of the pot where either the beef or mule meat was boiled would have been good for our sore eyes. About one-fourth of a pound of such beef was a man's meat ration for a day. I remember trying to satisfy my hunger once by eating rock salt, of which we had a fair supply.

After being paroled we were searched closely for small arms (officers side arms, I believe, were excepted) and ammunition; but I managed to conceal percussion caps in the lining of my coat, and by filling my canteen nearly full of powder with coffee on top, I had a limited quantity of both powder and percussion caps to hunt with after I got home. I was to stay until exchanged, which, was I remember, about sixty days, but I remained home much longer, as I contracted malaria while in the swamp below Jackson, Ala., at the salt works.

I have been informed that there are as many Federal graves in the National Cemetery at Vicksburg as we had of men at the beginning of the siege, but many of their number died from sickness during and after the siege. The Federal army being much in the swamp lands of the Mississippi River, malarial fever played havoc in their ranks.

"AFTER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS."

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. ALBERT SIDNEY PORTER,
PRESIDENT OHIO DIVISION, U. D. C.

It is not often the privilege of Divisions and Chapters located in Northern States to add their bit in the discovery of historical data pertaining to the War between the States, and it is with the keen delight of the explorer into unknown territory, and the satisfaction of the pathfinder, when we are able to throw light into the dark recesses of the past.

By act of Joint Resolution No. 10 of the Ohio State Legislature, which was passed on February 12,

the "Mystery Letters of Camp Chase Prison" were authorized to be placed in the custody of the Ohio Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy. Those letters contain nothing of great historical value. Prisoners were not allowed to write anything contraband, and were limited to one page. All letters were left unsealed to be examined by the Federal authorities. Each letter is marked, "Examined and approved," (signed) "Kibber," which is proof that the letters were not smuggled out of prison, but were written with the consent of the Federal officer in charge of mail.

Almost every letter mentions that "a Mrs. Clark, a sister of Mr. Robert Moon, of Memphis, Tenn., will mail this letter in Richmond, as she expects to cross the line soon," or, "I have just learned that a Mrs. Clark, a very kind lady who visits us here, will mail this letter, and am taking this opportunity to write to you."

The letters, with but few exceptions, are written by soldiers who had then but recently been taken prisoners. The dates on the letters are April 19 to April 25, 1862, and most of them are written on the 20th of April, which happened to be on Easter Sunday, as stated in some of the letters. They write that they were "taken prisoner at Island No. 10, Tenn., on the 8th inst.; were surrendered unconditionally, without firing a gun." In describing the surrender, they write: "The staff officers were sent to Fort. Warren, Boston; our officers were sent here, to be later sent to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, and the men sent to Chicago and Springfield, Ill. About three thousand men were surrendered."

The letters are mostly touching little messages, expressing love, and anxiety for their loved ones at home, with a prayer for their safety, and hope of an early exchange.

Each letter gives some description of prison life, and is filled with praise for the treatment they are receiving, expressing surprise at it, saying; "We are treated much better than we expected. We have plenty to eat, and good cabins to stay in." They also tell of sickness among the prisoners, the most dreaded being smallpox.

The following letter gives a good account of the conditions existing there:

April 19, 1862.

"*Dear Brother:* Ere this, you have doubtless heard of the fate of our regiment. We were unconditionally surrendered (not taken) prisoners of war on the 8th inst., at Island No. 10, Tenn.

"You cannot imagine how humiliating it was to the 1st Alabama to surrender their arms without even firing a gun, although we were surrounded by an overwhelming force. Our fate was not known to us,

not even to the colonel of the regiment, until eight hours after the surrender was made by our commanding general, Brigadier General Mackall.

"I should like very much to enter into details of the affair, but as my letters have to go through an ordeal never before known to me, I fear it will be considered contraband, consequently, I will not attempt it. I lost everything in the world I had at camp, except the clothes I had on my back, and am here without a change, and but little cash.

"I hadn't a cent of current money until I sold my watch, and I then felt it my duty to divide that amount (\$70.00) among my friends, who were destitute, so my share was quite small. With that exception, I am getting along very well. I am treated very respectfully, and get plenty of good, substantial food to eat, and have the pleasure of cooking it to suit myself.

"Let my fate be what it may, I am perfectly resigned to it. This imprisonment is only one of the misfortunes of war, and if a soldier has done his duty, and then is made a prisoner of war, he cannot be blamed.

"As I am limited to only a page, I must close, although there is much about which I would be pleased to write you were I allowed. You both must write to me often. Remember me in kindness to your families,

"Your brother, _____."

The true history of why the letters never left Ohio will always remain a mystery. However, some light may be thrown upon the subject from the "Story of Camp Chase," by Col. William H. Knauss, pages 175-178. Colonel Knauss writes: "The foregoing letters were loaned by Mr. Galbraith, State Librarian, that copies might be made, July, 1904. From that time until October, diligent effort was made to locate the Mrs. Clark mentioned in the letters. Many of the letters are published in Colonel Knauss' book.

Through the kind assistance of the late Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va., Miss Virginia Moon, a sister of Mrs. Clark, of Memphis, Tenn., was found, who related as much of the history of her sister in those days as she recalled, and gave the address of Rev. Frank Pinckney Clark, of Front Royal, Va., as a son of Mrs. Charlotte Moon Clark, and the letter given below tells as nearly as ever will be known, perhaps the story of the letters never delivered:

"I was only a child of eight years when the Civil War, began, so my recollections are vague, as are often the remembrances of boyhood. I was afterwards told of many of the events of those days and the effect they had upon our after life.

"At that time, my father, Judge James Clark, lived

at Hamilton, Ohio, where he began the practice of his profession after his graduation from the law school at Cincinnati. He soon became prominent in the legal world, and was appointed judge of the Court of Common Pleas by the governor of Ohio about the year 1852. He was afterwards elected judge by the people of his judicial district at least twice, and then retired from the bench to practice law. In politics, he was a friend of Judge Thurman and Messrs. Vallandigham and Voorhees and others, and took an active part in the campaign of Stephen Douglas.

"My mother's father, Robert S. Moon, went from Virginia to Oxford, Butler County, Ohio, back in the thirties. He was a firm believer in the teachings of Thomas Jefferson, both belonging to the same county—Albermarle—in Virginia. Among other of his political ideas was that of the ultimate emancipation of slaves by their owners. He took his own slaves to Ohio and then to Indiana, and freed them, going security for their future good behavior, and I have been told that he had to pay quite a sum for the misconduct of some of them.

"It was at Oxford, Ohio, that my father met my mother. He was a student at Miami University, and she was attending a young ladies' school taught by Dr. Scott, whose daughter, the late Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, was one of my mother's schoolmates. My parents were married in 1849, and the interval until 1860 was passed quietly in Hamilton. My mother's three brothers were in the Confederate army, two of them being Virginians by birth.

"After the fall of Fort Donelson my mother heard that one of her brothers was at Camp Chase. She at once went to Columbus, and Governor Tod gave her permission to go through the camp to find her brother, although there was no record of his being there. He was not there; but she found many friends and acquaintances who were in the prison camp. At once my mother began a crusade to make these prisoners as comfortable as possible; even succeeding in getting Governor Tod to parole some of them in the city of Columbus, where they were able to secure comfortable quarters. In this connection, I have been told of a reception given the paroled prisoners at Judge Thurman's house, and that when the Judge returned home, he found his house full of men in Confederate uniforms, with only one blue-coated gentleman present, an officer named Hunter, who had been exceedingly kind to the prisoners and was very popular with them.

"My mother undertook to inform the relatives of some of the prisoners of their health, condition, needs, etc., and both wrote herself and carried some of their letters to friends in Kentucky. This brought about a sudden catastrophe, for two clergymen who were in

our house when my mother returned from one of these trips to Kentucky, where she had given letters to one of General Morgan's brothers, and where she came near being caught and arrested by one Colonel Metcalf. These ministers wrote home to their wives how Mrs. Clark had evaded every attempt to stop her, and made her way into the forbidden neighborhood of the Morgans. Unfortunately, these ministers were arrested in Cincinnati and searched.

"That same night a telegram from Mr. John Bond, of Cincinnati, warned my mother, and she left on the midnight northern express for Niagara Falls, taking me with her. We crossed the suspension bridge only a short time before a telegram to arrest my mother arrived on the New York side.

"This will probably account for the package of letters being delayed so many years in Columbus. If they were written while my mother was getting ready for that Kentucky trip, and kept for her return to Columbus, she never heard anything of them, for soon afterwards she returned to Ohio to make some final arrangements to go South. She was threatened with arrest by General Rosecrans; but General Burnside, then in Cincinnati, arrested my mother, aunt, and grandmother, and after detaining them a short time, sent them South. I understood that General Burnside, who was an old friend of the family, took them thus under his protection to save them from prison.

"My mother remained in the South until after the war was over, when my father settled in New York to practice law and my mother began a literary career, which brought increased luster upon her name, both in this country and abroad. In the autumn of 1895, she left this life for the greater, at my home, the rectory of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, West Philadelphia, Pa.

"In 'The Modern Hager,' my mother gave a graphic account of the 1856 convention held in Cincinnati, which Mr. Charles Anderson brother of General Robert Anderson, esteemed one of the best pieces of writing with which he was acquainted. My mother's full name was Mrs. Charlotte Moon Clark, and her *nom de plume* was Charles M. Clay, she being a descendant of the Clays on her mother's side, and of the Moons, and one of the first colonial governors of Virginia, Thomas Digges, on her father's side.

"Besides corresponding for the Southern and Philadelphia journals, when abroad in the seventies, she did much journalistic work at home, after her return to New York, and wrote the following novels: 'Baby Rue,' 'The Modern Hager,' 'How She Came into Her Kingdom.'

"By such critics as George Cary Eggleston. 'The Modern Hager' was esteemed a great book."

Mr. Clark's letter has been used, believing the story of his mother's work for the South more interesting as related by himself than any story which might be written with the letter as foundation.

It is the desire of the Ohio Division to return these letters to the living descendants of the men who wrote them or of those to whom addressed or to the writers if any are living. It will be interesting to follow up the disposal of the letters, and anything of interest will be reported.

All claimants will be asked to furnish authentic proof of their claim upon the letters and state their relationship to the writer. Unclaimed letters will be sent to the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

The letters have been listed by States, the Alabama list being given here, the other lists to follow in the VETERAN for September.

John Custer to Mrs. M. A. Custer, Detroy, Marion County.

Martha L. Chapman, Limestone County, Ala., to her husband, J. L. Chapman, Camp Chase, Ohio.

J. H. Christian to J. T. P. Christian, Youngsville, Tallapoosa County.

R. M. Clark to James S. Clark, Esq., Moulton.

Lieut. Forney Clark, to Mr. Austin Clark, Ann Ridge, Coffee County.

Lieut. J. Q. Durham to Josiah Durham, Mill Town.

Lieut. W. B. Felton, 1st Ala. Reg., to Mr. J. L. Stroud, Richmond, Va.; to Mr. Noah Felton, Loachapoka.

A. H. Ferguson to Mrs. A. Wier, Carrollton.

D. R. Fletcher to Mrs. D. R. Fletcher, no address; to Mrs. Elizabeth Fletcher (mother), Henryville.

T. T. Foster to T. Boyd Foster, Esq., Stevenson.

Lieut. C. E. Futch to Mrs. N. A. C. Mooney, Fayette Court House; to T. P. Officer, Esq., Mobile.

Lieut. R. Gaillard, 1st Ala., to Edmund Gaillard, Camden, Wilcox County; one to Thomas H. Watts, Richmond, Va.

J. H. Gibson to Mrs. Permelia Gibson (mother), Stevenson.

Jonas Griffin and Charles McCall to Edward McCall, DeSotenville.

D. S. Hall to Mrs. D. S. Hall, Pratsville, Autauga County.

Z. M. Hall to Mrs. S. S. Griffin, Butler, Choctaw County.

Lieut. J. Henderson to John Henderson, Esq., Talladega.

Capt. J. P. Jackson, 50th Reg. Tenn. Vol., to Mrs. Caroline Jackson, and William Irvin, Newsite.

James Jackson to Dr. W. B. Garrison, Guntersville.

Lieut. Cader C. Knowles to W. W. Drake,

Auburn; one to Mrs. Sarah C. Knowles, Loachapoka; another to William Nunn, Auburn.

Major S. T. Knox to Dr. J. C. Knox, Talladega.

Lieut. L. J. Laird, 1st Ala., to E. M. Kield, Eufaula.

Capt. M. B. Locke, 1st Ala., to Misses W. H. & A. J. Locke, Eufaula; one to Mr. Jesse Locke, Perote; and to Mrs. John F. Allen, Monticello.

Hardin Long to Mrs. A. H. Long, Bridgeport.

First Lieut. Thos. M. McGehee, 27th Ala., to Thos. H. Foster, Richmond, Va.

Joseph McGehee to Mrs. I. C. McGehee, Talladega.

I. T. Menefee to Rev. W. Menefee, Tuskegee.

Lieut. S. B. Moore, 1st Ala., to Capt. J. W. Kenny, Montgomery.

Capt. D. W. Ramsey to Rev A. B. Ramsey, Allentown.

R. H. Riley to Mrs. Mollie Riley, Perote.

Capt. J. W. Rush to his father, no address; to Mrs. J. W. Rush, Selma.

J. H. Sanford to Asa Sanford, Dadeville.

Lieut. F. T. Scott to Mrs. E. S. Scott, Gainesville.

A. J. Sisbunk to Walter E. Sisbunk, Tuskegee.

W. S. Smith to Mrs. H. E. Smith, Oaktuppa.

W. H. Stanton, Loachapoka, Ala., to his brother, ——— Camp Chase, Ohio.

Capt. John B. Stuart, Co. H, 27th Ala. Reg., Summerville, Ala., to Thomas J. Foster, M. C., Richmond, Va.

S. C. Twitty to Mrs. S. C. Twitty, Athens.

J. F. Whitfield to Lieut. M. E. Pratt, Prattville; to Mrs. J. F. Whitfield, Montgomery

John H. Wood to A. E. Wood (father), Brundidge.

NORTH CAROLINA'S DEVELOPMENTS.

(Report of Department of Conservation.)

In the last twenty years the value of products from North Carolina factories has increased 433 per cent from \$216,656,000 in 1909 to \$1,154,656,612 for the year 1927. During the same period the State built more than 7,500 miles of good roads at a cost of about \$155,000,000, while expenditures for education increased more than 1,000 per cent, or from \$3,178,950, in 1909 to more than \$35,000,000 in 1928. Agriculture has also shared in this rapid growth. The value of the crops in North Carolina for 1909 was \$131,072,000 and for 1927 was \$361,605,000, showing 175 per cent increase. In the same period the output of furniture has increased 3,400 per cent, or from \$1,547,000 in 1909 to \$53,551,000 in 1927; mineral products 340 per cent, or from \$2,874,000 in 1909 to \$12,610,000 in 1927; forest and timber products 361 per cent, or from \$33,525,000 in 1909 to \$153,190,000 in 1927.—*Raleigh News and Observer*.

WITH THE PALMETTO RIFLEMEN.

[Experiences of the late Capt. Peter A. McDavid, of Greenville, S. C., as a member of that famous South Carolina command.]

This was in the spring of 1863, and the war seemed to be no nearer its end than the year before. We had many little battles on the Blackwater and one at Suffolk, but not many killed. This was where we had had shad in great abundance, for this is a great fish country. As spring advanced and the roads improved, the campaign of 1863 opened in earnest. General Lee assumed the aggressive, moved his army to the attack at Chancellorsville, where the saddest event of the war occurred—the great and good Stonewall Jackson was killed by his friends. A gloom overspread the whole army. The loss was a severe blow to the South. General Lee moved his army north and again crossed the Potomac, but at the earnest request of President Davis, Jenkins's Brigade was left to guard Richmond and Petersburg, where we spent the summer, had new uniforms, marched and countermarched through the streets of Richmond, visited the young ladies, and had a good time, while terrible events were being enacted at Gettysburg. We were called "Davis's Pet Lambs," but it was not the will of our noble Brigadier Micah Jenkins. He wanted to go with General Lee and was disappointed when he was detached. Lee knew his value and also regretted that he had to yield to the wishes of the President. See General Lee on Jenkins's absence from the battle of Gettysburg:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
August, 1863.

"*Dear General:* I regret exceedingly the absence of yourself and your brigade from the battle of Gettysburg. There is no telling what a gallant brigade led by an efficient commander might have accomplished when victory trembled in the balance. I verily believe that the result would have been different if you had been present.

R. E. LEE, *General.*"

What a tribute to Micah Jenkins and his brigade, coming from the pen of the noble Christian, Lee.

General Bragg was being hard pressed in Tennessee, and Longstreet was detached and hurried to his rescue. Jenkins's Brigade was picked up and took its old position in this fighting corps, but did not get to Missionary Ridge in time to take part in that hard struggle with the brigades that preceded it.

We camped in the valley of Lookout Mountain and had many stirring events at that place. The most notable was the night battle in Will's Valley beyond the mountain. We crossed the mountain at night

and cautiously felt our way to the camp of the wagon train, which we expected to capture, as we were informed by scouts that there was only one brigade to guard it. We succeeded in capturing the camp, but a whole division swarmed out like bees, and we had a fearful battle at close range, and it was with great difficulty that we got out, for they almost had us surrounded and cut off; but General Jenkins was equal to the occasion and managed to pull us out. That battle was a mistake, but Jenkins was not to blame. The scouts were deceived, for there were too many for one brigade.

Our loss at Will's Valley were many brave men, and I cannot remember all, but I do remember that Col. Whit Kilpatrick, the brave commander of the 1st South Carolina; Lieut. William Poe, Palmetto Rifles, Lieut. Gus Vandiver, Company F, 2nd Rifles, and many brave privates.

Soon after this battle I was sent on picket in command of my company, having been promoted to first lieutenant. I was ordered to find out where the enemy picket line was located, and I called for a volunteer to perform that duty. Private James Snipes performed that duty well. He not only located the line, but captured a rifle and canteen. The latter he presented to me.

It was very dusty around Lookout Mountain until it rained, then the mud was fearful. I made many trips to Point Lookout by climbing the mountain. The Yankees had a battery at Moccasin Bend, called the Moccasin Battery. It had the right name, for it fired on us everytime it could get a glimpse of us.

While camping there, some of my company would go on the slopes of the mountain and kill ground hogs, dress and cook them, so we fared well when we had that kind of meat. 'Twas here that Col. Thomas Thompson was asked to resign by the officers of the regiment. He declined, but having been elected to the State senate, he sent in his resignation from Columbia. This caused a complete change in our officers. The colonel and major resigned, and Col. R. E. Bowson, Lieut. Col. D. L. Conald, and Maj. S. P. Dendy were made our field officers, positions they held until the surrender of Lee.

General Longstreet was ordered to Knoxville, and his noble corps was once more on the move. I was so unwell at that time that the surgeon, Dr. B. F. Brown, sent me to Atlanta to a hospital. In a few days my brother James was sent to the same place, so we missed that part of Longstreet's movement. We were transferred from Atlanta to Macon. The Christmas holidays were drawing nigh, and, there being no chance to reach our command, we got a transfer to the hospital at Columbia and a leave of

absence for a week, so we, for the first time since hostilities began, were home at the same time, where we enjoyed all the good things that a thoughtful mother could bestow on her soldier boys. I remember it all with true loving gratitude.

When we left home, our dear, good mother filled a large bag full of good things to eat on our journey. I remember sausages, spareribs, cakes of butter, sweet cakes, and the best potato biscuits I ever tasted. It was well we had all this, for it took us many days to reach our command. We went by Columbia, thence to Petersburg and Richmond, Va., where we called to see Colonel Orr, who was in the Confederate States Senate. Adjutant J. Clark Wardlaw joined us and we boarded the train for Lynchburg and took the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad for Knoxville. We had not gone far until we found that the trestles had been burned, so we had to walk a long way to reach the army. Here is where our mother's good food came in. We certainly made good use of all we had, and the adjutant, like myself, gave his verdict that those potato biscuits were the best he ever tasted. We enjoyed that long march, for we took our own time and stopped whenever we found pretty girls to entertain us.

We spent one night in the town of Greeneville, Tenn., the home of Andrew Johnson, and his old tailor shop was pointed out to us; also where Gen. John Morgan was assassinated. We made some nice acquaintances there—the Misses Brown, relatives of the Broyles of Anderson, and a very old lady—Miss Rebecca Field. She was a very talented woman and had quite a correspondence with the adjutant afterwards.

We found our command at Morristown and there we held an election for county officers. As soldiers, we were allowed to vote in the army. We all voted for W. T. Shumate for sheriff, who was elected.

The army was living on very light rations when we got there. It was hard to get supplies and there was much robbing of hen roosts and smokehouses going on. We made our bread from a substance that resembled bran more than meal.

A battalion of several companies was detailed with Colonel Donald, commander, and myself as adjutant, to go into the valleys and caves of Chucky River to gather up beeves, and while we were on this detail we lived well, for we got all the apples, cabbages, chickens, butter, honey, and cider that we wanted, and besides we sent back to the army many cattle for beef. When we returned we were soon put on the march again, wending our way to join the Army of Northern Virginia, to meet General Grant

on the bloody field of the Wilderness. We camped near Gordonsville, where I was again too unwell for duty, and was sent to Liberty, now Bedford City. In this way I missed being in that battle where our noble brigadier was killed, just at the head of my company, by a shot from his friends, and Longstreet was severely wounded by the same mistaken volley.

The hospital being crowded, General Lee requested the citizens to invite convalescent soldiers to be their guests in order to have room for the wounded. R. N. Kelso, a fine old gentleman, invited me to his home and told me to select three others. I accepted and called on Capt. C. Benton Burns, Captain Smith of South Carolina, and Captain Coleman, of Alabama, so we four were driven to Fancy Farm under the shadow of the beautiful Peaks of Otter, where we spent a most delightful week and formed many acquaintances among the fair sex. This was the cause of a marriage soon after, for Captain Coleman married a Miss Mosely, who was related to the Kelsoes. But Captain Burns and I got well too fast, and as we were ashamed to stay away from our command, we soon left?

When I reached my command, I found it very much reduced in number, so many had been killed or disabled, and the captain very severely wounded. I assumed command and fought with my company almost daily from Cold Harbor on down to the James River and across to Petersburg in the trenches; close to the Crater, where Grant inhumanly undermined our fortifications and blew them up. In these trenches I suffered more than any place of my whole experience. We could not raise our heads above the works without a Minie ball whizzing by, and the mortar shells could be dropped right into the trenches. It was here that my dear favorite soldier boy fell across my legs, a Minie ball having pierced his brain. I had him buried at night and marked a plank for his headpiece: "W. C. Branyon, Gallant Soldier, Rest in Peace."

Just a few nights before the blow-up at Petersburg, we were moved to the north side of the James. We were skirmishing almost daily. On the 13th of August, 1864, I was placed in command of my own and two other companies, to go on the picket line. We went about a mile in advance of our brigade to a skirt of woods, where I deployed my men. We keep on the alert all that day and night.

Near the time for us to be relieved on Sunday, the 14th of August, 1864, I heard the Georgians away to my left shouting, "Look out on the right!" and at the same time retreating. Almost at the same time a line of battle emerged from the woods and opened a deadly fusilade at my thin line of skirmishers. I

ordered my line to fall back across a corn field to a bluff near a branch, where I ordered a halt to give battle. As my line commenced firing, I fell, shot in the head, and in a few seconds became unconscious. I was left by my men, they thinking and reporting that I was killed. I fell into the hands of the enemy, but was not conscious of it; don't know how they carried me or how I came to have my coat on, as my brother found my vest the next day. I had a small Bible in my pocket that I prized very much, as it was presented to me by my brother-in-law, the Rev. V. A. Sharpe. My name was written on the flyleaf, also my address.

When I came to myself I was on a stretcher near the north banks of the James River, at Deep Bottom, where General Grant crossed a portion of his army to the south side. I was surrounded by a squad of the blue coats, who told me to rouse up, that I must be put on the boat. In a semiconscious manner I remember asking for my sword and canteen, and the reply was: "I guess you will not get your sword, but here is a canteen." It was then I realized that I was a prisoner. I was wounded in the early morning and when I found myself at the boat landing, it was near sunset. Just at this time, General Grant came by and there was great cheering as he rode away. I got a very good look at him just for a moment, then I was tenderly lifted and carried away to the boat, where I was placed on a cot and a surgeon was at my side in a few minutes, washed the blood from my head and face, and had a barber to shave the whole left side of my head. Then he placed cotton and a bandage around my head. He was very gentle and spoke very kindly to me, but said very little about my wound. After he had finished dressing my head, he gave me a large watermelon and told me to eat what I wanted of it. A wounded Yankee was on the next cot, and I told him to cut it and help himself, which he did. I took one swallow, which caused me to vomit, and I became unconscious and remained in that condition till I reached Fortress Monroe, where I was placed in the room of a large building that was used for the wounded commissioned officers. Several Confederate officers were already there, and they began to ask questions, I was talking in a disconnected way when one kindly said: "You are a little off; don't talk any more now." I don't remember all of my roommates while I was a prisoner, but I call to mind there was General Walker, who had lost a leg; Captain Mason, who was on General Fields' staff; Capt. E. W. Ware, of Virginia, and Lieutenant McEachern, of North Carolina. The surgeon in charge of the hospital was Dr. McClellan, a cousin of the General, and a brother of H. B. McClellan, who

was on General Lee's staff. He was very attentive to me, gave me a great deal of attention, talked freely about my wound, that it was very dangerous, and how cautious I must be, that a very light lick or jar would kill me, etc. He also talked in great confidence about the war and that his sympathies were with the South, but it would not do for him to talk it except to those whom he could trust. He told me that his brother was on General Lee's staff.

(Concluded in September.)

WHY FORT DONELSON WAS SURRENDERED.

CONTRIBUTED BY ROBERT M. HUGHES, NORFOLK, VA.

GEN. JOHN B. FLOYD AND THE FIGHT AT FORT DONELSON.

Recently, in looking through some papers of my father, Judge Robert W. Hughes, I found a discussion of General Floyd's part in the Fort Donelson fight and surrender, written by Maj. Peter J. Otey, who was a member of his staff. It was prompted by an article by Gen. W. F. ("Baldy") Smith, published in Volume 15, page 29, of the *Magazine of American History*, and by the biography of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, written by his son, William Preston Johnston. My father long intended to write a suitable biography of Governor Floyd, but his judicial duties never afforded him an opportunity.

The best account of the Donelson affair is that of Gen. Lew Wallace, published in Volume 1, page 398, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." It has a few errors (for instance, the statement that Floyd was then under indictment, the indictment having been quashed nearly a year previous), some of which was explained by the Otey article.

Floyd, with his command, arrived at Donelson the morning of February 13, 1862, having been ordered there by Johnston. Fighting had commenced before his arrival. The opposing forces were then about equal numerically, but Grant had the support of a gunboat flotilla flushed with its victory at Fort Henry, and affording rapid means of concentration and transportation. The 13th was employed by Floyd in studying the ground, landing the necessary supplies, stationing his troops, and conferring with the other commanders. The chief command devolved on him by virtue of his rank. General Wallace criticizes him for inaction on the 14th. That morning the gunboats made their attack. In view of their success at Fort Henry, it was not known whether the forts could withstand their attack or not, a question which largely affected land operations. But Major Otey's paper shows that he had planned an attack on McClernand for the purpose of breaking the investing line early that afternoon, that the orders for

that purpose had been given, and the assaulting column actually withdrawn from the trenches, when Pillow, without Floyd's knowledge, called it off, a fact unknown to Floyd till too late to renew it with any hope of success. When the attack was ordered, Lew Wallace's Division had not come up, which would have greatly increased the chance of success.

Wallace also criticises Floyd for not withdrawing after the successful attack of the next day, and the implication, both in his article and Johnston's book, is that Floyd vacillated between Pillow and Buckner until it was too late. Here, too, Otey shows that Pillow ordered the troops back to the trenches without consulting or advising Floyd of the fact, and that the latter did not find it out till too late.

Otey was not at the council which decided on a surrender. As the only purpose of this preface is to explain his article, I do not discuss the propriety of Floyd's withdrawing with his command. To do so intelligently would require more space than is now available. At some future date I hope to make this the subject of a special discussion; and I believe that I can convince the impartial reader that his action was proper.

To the reader who has not time to wade through the tedious reports and correspondence contained in the Official War Records, the Lew Wallace article, in conjunction with that of Major Otey, is specially recommended. Close study should be made of the map on page 402 of the Wallace article, in connection with that on page 434 of the Johnston book. They supplement each other, as the Wallace map gives the relative positions of the Union forces, but not of the Confederate, while the Johnston book gives the Confederate positions as well.

MAJOR OTEY'S LETTER.

LYNCHBURG, JANUARY 7, 1886.

Judge R. W. Hughes, Norfolk, Va.

Dear Judge: I sent on for the magazine and have read the article. I have read several other articles. I have also (at his request) read Col. Preston Johnston's book and made special notes about Donelson and sent them to him about a year ago. I cannot trust myself to write on the subject for fear of paralyzing those to whom I write with my prolixity. For it is strange that those who profess to give true coloring to historical events should so far blot and blur the account of the great fight at Donelson. General Floyd discussed the great danger of concentrating at Donelson while he was at Clarksville, and wrote (for I penned the letter at his dictation) to the commanding general that he was appalled at the scattered condition of his forces and moreover, advised concentration and resistance at Cumberland

City rather than at Donelson; for, said he, "in case of disaster, a road for withdrawal would be open, whereas at Donelson it would be closed." Still he deferred to the commanding general, who was strengthened in his views by dispatches from Pillow that the place was impregnable. He landed at Donelson near daybreak and at once went on the lines. I was, as you know, close to him officially. I was Assistant Adjutant General and received the daily reports. Memory is no bookkeeper, yet I am certain that the total "fit for duty" on that morning were 14,000 in round numbers—not up to 15,000. This embraced one thousand at Fort Defiance (Fort Defiance was up the Cumberland River, but below Clarksville, on the same side of the river as Clarksville) and a battalion at Cumberland City (infantry), and some other scattered cavalry there and on the other side of the Cumberland River. I will state further that I do not think that 14,000 embraced some five hundred of Forrest's cavalry. But I am sure that there were no 13,000 engaged when the fight began at Donelson. The Cumberland City Battalion was brought down late on the day of the 15th.

Well, the 13th was a day of desultory firing all along the line, with a sharp encounter on our left, what Smith speaks of as redan No. 2, I suppose, though I knew of no redan on our left, only rifle pits. Sharp artillery dueling was kept up after ten o'clock in the day on our right center and center. A sharp attack was repulsed, and they left their dead in view of us, some of the wounded barely escaping being burned from the fire occasioned by burning undergrowth. Indeed, it was said that some of them were burned to death. On the 14th there was great stir and excitement when it was announced that the gunboats were approaching. And just here is a part of the history of the fight which I have never seen anywhere save in Johnston's book, and there it is very incorrect. It was a part in which I was a factor by reason of being the bearer of orders, and hence I know whereof I speak. You remember that a council of war was called on the 14th at night, and it was determined to attack next morning (bear in mind that stress is laid on this fact)—to do what? to make a sortie in force and *relieve the garrison*. But what would this historian say if he knew that during the gunboat attack that there was at the same time for just an hour or so furious attacks by infantry along our *whole front* with artillery and infantry and in some places partial assaults? The commanding general had conceived and ordered an attack on the enemy's *extreme left* without any council of war (certainly none that I knew of, and I was constantly by the commanding general's side). What would

they say if they knew that General Floyd ordered the attack? The column was formed, and they were about to emerge from the works, that the *reserve* was at the "*point d'appui*," and that a singular fatality over which he had nothing to do prevented it, the same fatality that lost us Wynne's Ferry road? The following are the facts:

The gunboat attack commenced about two o'clock, not three. General Floyd was very anxious about the gunboats; he dreaded them. Yet he maintained his equipoise and while looking at the gunboat fight kept an eye on what he always from the beginning regarded as the only thing to be done; that was, to withdraw from what he deemed a trap. So, as I stated, he sent for Pillow and told him (of course, he had learned it before and had talked to Pillow and the brigade commanders that morning about it) to get the column ready, that he would move out and attack the enemy on our left at once.

McClermand had gotten to the river or backwater on our left, and we were invested. Before the gunboat battle was over (I think of this I am not certain), or certainly by three o'clock, troops were withdrawn from the trenches, which had to be done by the flank because our trenches were on the slopes next to the enemy and hence it was great exposure to withdraw except by flank.

It was now, I suppose, about half past three o'clock or four, perhaps four fully, when our column was about to emerge from the trenches. Now General Floyd designated me as the member of his staff who was to accompany Pillow, told me where he would be, what the plan was, and while subject to General Pillow, any order I gave might be given by the order of the commanding general. Of course, that did not mean that I could in his name give Pillow any order. Now it so happened that when the head of the column reached the point from which to emerge, I was right at the head of the column by Pillow's side (the column now having halted). He said to me go to the trenches and give certain instructions. I did so and drew the fire of sharpshooters, returning as quickly as possible. I was again fired at and reached the side of General Pillow. Just as I did so, one of the front men in the column dropped; the bullet intended no doubt for me killing this man, who was not even seen by the foe who fired the fatal shot. Pillow, seeing it and hearing the man exclaim, "O God! I'm shot!" turned to me and said (now I am not romancing, I shall never forget it): "Captain, our movement is discovered. It will not do to move out of our trenches under the circumstances." I replied that I thought not, that I thought it was a stray shot from sharpshooters in trees firing at mounted officers and a long ways off at

that. "No," says he, "I am satisfied that our movement is discovered. Ride in haste and tell General Floyd that I think so and that the attack had better be deferred till morning."

I had to spur up and ride with speed and over many bogs to get to where I left General Floyd. He was not there. With alacrity I followed his trail. I found him. I gave him the message. "In the name of God, Captain, what does this mean? My orders were to move out and attack." Of course, I was as dumb as an oyster. I knew the opportunity had passed, for darkness settles down soon after five o'clock in February, particularly on the Cumberland flats, with a heavy and close clouded sky. General Floyd asked me some questions and told me to hasten back and order the attack, but, before finishing the order, said: "Tell General Pillow he has lost the opportunity not by being discovered, but by the delay in sending the message and the consequent delay in getting a message back to him at this late hour. It will be too late to successfully make the sortie; tell him to return the troops to the trenches." I give the above in quotation marks, not that it was his language, only the sense. A concentrated thunderstorm in a room twelve feet square with "blue damnation" for a non-conductor would hardly have expressed my idea of his views as expressed to me. No one was present save one or two of his staff.

Here was in my humble opinion the fatal mistake at Donelson. Had we made the sortie that afternoon at as late an hour as even four thirty o'clock, I believe we would have gained a signal victory, and one from which they could not have so easily recovered, because their right was not strengthened by Lew Wallace till the night of the 14th. It was the conception of Floyd to attack. It was his plan when and where to attack. He placed the next officer to him at the post of honor to lead the attack. It was deferred by that officer under cover of a dispatch asking for instructions under the impression that his movement was discovered. Even if discovered, it made no difference except in the first *onset*. For the next morning we surprised them in their beds, and yet we could not make headway of any moment before the whole enemy was up and ready to meet us. That fatal message of which I was the bearer lost us Fort Donelson.

(See page 455 of Preston Johnston's book, last sentence of first paragraph: "Hence he (Floyd) countermanded the order, or at least deferred it.")

Great injustice to Floyd. It would have been suicidal to have gone out in the dark. At four o'clock victory would have perched on our banner. Preston Johnston was *misinformed*.

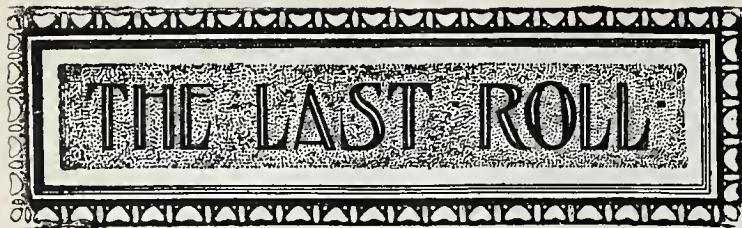
Now, the next day. I was not at the council of

war spoken of which was held on the night of the 14th. I was exhausted and slept. But the attack was made with Pillow leading the attack the next morning as he had been ordered and expected the afternoon before. We have seen that success crowned this attack after the *right has been strengthened* by one brigade from the 2nd division. (See page 26, near the bottom of the account in the *Magazine of American History*). How much more complete it would have been before just when consternation had been spread over our foes by the repulse of Foote's gunboats, when our men were fresh and not half frozen, as they were the next morning; and when they (the enemy) were numerically weaker! But I'll not dwell on this.

Now, for the other fatality. Everything was swept before us for two miles. Buckner did spring upon the enemy in flank just about the Wynne Ferry Road. I saw it. General Floyd got up on the breastworks—Gray's Battery was belching grape at the flying columns—and took off his hat and shouted to the Kentuckians (who were dressed in striped blanket coats), "Now, charge 'em, boys"! and they jumped the breastworks and did the work well under a fire galling and hot, and some one pulled the General off the breastworks because he was so exposed. Just at the same time Forrest charged. I gave the order by order of General Floyd, who saw the charge and yelled a Rebel yell when they took the two *iron 24-pounders*. The Wynne's Ferry Road was crossed with a rush and General Floyd smiled with a joke on his lips. The fight continued, and he said to me: "Come on with your pot leg" (my horse). I followed him to an eminence. From this eminence he saw the last attack made by our troops. General Floyd, seeing his troops about to attack again (the position being a wooded hill, the crest of which he knew was well parked with artillery, and even if the charge was a success as far as driving back the infantry he could not hope to carry the position crowned with artillery and further supported by Wallace's fresh troops), he said to me: "Captain, ride over and tell General Pillow not to assault that point, but to hold Wynne's Ferry Road." I had to jump the breastworks at that point, as there was no egress otherwise without a circuit which would have lost time. The horse jumped the rifle pits, at the same time breaking my saddle girth. Before I got out of his sight, the charge or attack was made and our men were repulsed; the first repulse we had. I followed, however, to tell them not to repeat it, and to hold the Wynne's Ferry Road. I rode to where the attack was made and found our troops falling back. I could not find Pillow. I found Buckner on the Wynne's Ferry Road. I gave him the order to hold that road. He told me it was

too late. He had by General Pillow's order given up the road, that the commanding positions were then not his, and that the men were then marching back to the trenches. I heard of General Pillow and followed on his trail, and finally followed him to the eminence I had left, where General Floyd was, and there I found him sitting on his horse by the side of General Floyd. *Strange to say, he had not even then mentioned to General Floyd that he had ordered the troops back to the trenches.* So I rode up and said to General Floyd: "I could not find General Pillow (he was on his way to the rear by one way and I was on my way to the front by another). I gave the order to General Buckner and he replied that General Pillow had ordered him to withdraw from the Wynne's Ferry Road, and return the troops back to the trenches. This I said rather addressing both generals, but speaking of General Pillow in the third person, although he was present, almost touching General Floyd. General Floyd was at *this moment* for the first time apprised of the fact that such an order had been given. General Floyd, General Pillow, and myself were the three, the only three, at this point at this time, and I am not romancing nor am I dreaming in my imagination when I recall and recite here what General Floyd said, for it was indelibly impressed on me. Said he: "In the name of God, General Pillow, what have we been fighting all day for? Certainly not to show our powers, but solely to secure the Wynne's Ferry Road, and now after securing it, you order it to be given up." Pillow replied he thought it best, and there was silence between the big two and the little one. I do not think I would have dared to make a suggestion to General Floyd if it would have saved the army. For I never saw rage caged as it was then. The General's staff came up one by one and we witnessed the charge which took Porter's Battery, and then the charge which took our outworks. Pillow very coolly told me to go across and take two Tennessee regiments and retake the battery. When I got there, Smith had just taken our outworks in front of these two regiments and they could not be taken away. Two others, however, did it handsomely, and this was the last of the battle. I went to bed, having ridden all over the field with General Pillow after the attack closed. He told me we could never have gone out and our works would have been carried all along the line had he not returned. He was convinced that we could not withdraw. In other words, the enemy were still too near Wynne's Ferry Road. He fought splendidly that day. Twice he made what I humbly think were fatal mistakes, mistakes of judgment. The first one, had it not been made, would have rendered the second one, though possible, not

(Continued on page 318.)



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.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

BY DR. C. M. CAPPS.

The marching armies of the past,
Along our Southern plains,
Are sleeping now in quiet rest
Beneath the Southern rains.

The bugle call is now in vain
To rouse them from their bed;
To arms they'll never march again—
They are sleeping with the dead.

No more will Shiloh's plains be stained
With blood our heroes shed,
Nor Chancellorsville resound again
To our noble warriors' tread.

For them no more shall reveille
Sound at the break of dawn,
But may their sleep peaceful be
Till God's great judgment morn.

We bow our heads in solemn prayer
For those who wore the gray,
And clasp again their unseen hands
On our Memorial Day.

JUDGE SAFFOLD BERNEY.

On April 30, 1929, Judge Saffold Berney died at his home in Mobile, Ala., in his eighty-fifth year. He was the son of Dr. James Berney and Jane Elizabeth Saffold, and was born at Montgomery, June 25, 1844. His grandfather was Reuben Saffold, member of the convention which framed the constitution of Alabama in 1819, judge of the Circuit Court in the State's early days, and later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama.

Saffold Berney was a student of private schools in Montgomery, Ala., his education being interrupted by the coming on of war. In March, 1862, he enlisted as a private in the Confederate army, joining a company of Light Artillery which was organized in Montgomery under Capt. Henry Semple, and was known as Semple's Battery. This battery became famous and was with the Army of Tennessee in many memo-

rable engagements. However, young Berney was detailed by Lieut. J. H. Hallonquist, then Chief of Artillery, Army of Tennessee, for duty with him, but he would rejoin the battery and with it take part in the battles. In the summer of 1863, a regiment of reserve field artillery was organized with Colonel Hallonquist in command, and Saffold Berney was made adjutant of the regiment, and so served to the end of the war, being paroled on May 5, 1865.

After the war, he read law in the office of his uncle, Milton J. Saffold, in Montgomery, and was admitted to the bar in 1866. In that year he removed to Eutaw, Ala., and there resided until December, 1873, when he went to Mobile and made that city his permanent home. In May, 1868, he was married to Miss Mary Clifton Adams, of Eutaw, who died in 1921. He is survived by several children.

Judge Berney practiced law in Mobile for many years and held a prominent place in the life of that city. In addition to his legal work, he was known also as author, having published a Handbook of Alabama and the City Code of Mobile, which is still in use. He had served as alderman of the city, and, through appointment by the governor and by repeated elections, as judge of the Law and Equity Court of Mobile from 1907 to his death. He was ever interested and devoted to the cause for which he had fought in the sixties, was a member of Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., of Mobile, and had been Commander of the 2nd Brigade of the Alabama Division of Confederate Veterans. His interest in Confederate history was evidenced by many notable contributions to the VETERAN on the men and events of that stirring period.

WILLIS A EVERMAN.

Willis Anderson Everman, of Greenville, Miss., died suddenly at his home there on March 5, 1929.

He was born September 24, 1841, in Knox County, Mo., whither the family had moved from Kentucky. Just after the death of his mother in 1851, his father resigned as sheriff of Knox County and, with a brother-in-law, Willis Anderson, organized and led a party in the "gold rush" to California. Willis Everman and his two small sisters remained behind and were reared on a farm entered by a land warrant awarded their grandfather for services in the War of 1812.

In Willis Everman's family every man between the ages of eighteen and fifty fought in the Confederate army. Four were killed in action, and three were seriously wounded. Willis himself enlisted in 1861; served four years as private in Company H, 3rd Missouri Infantry; saw service in Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, and was wounded in the

battle of Shiloh. After he received his parole at Jackson, Miss., he went back to the old home in Missouri, which he found wrecked, the family broken and scattered. He decided to return to the State where he had met with such kindness when he was wounded, and in July, 1866, he landed in Greenville, Miss. In 1871 he married Miss Mary Thomas, a native of France, who for fifty years presided over the beautiful home life that was theirs. Of the three children born to them, only one survives, Miss Grace Everman.

For sixty-four years Comrade Everman was an active force in the life of the community, always ready to help a good cause and to fight a bad one. Tall, erect despite the weight of years, he was a familiar and picturesque figure, and was affectionately known as Greenville's "Grand Old Man."

C. R. KIRKLAND.

At the age of eighty-six the earthly life of C. R. Kirkland closed at his home in Senatobia, Miss., during the month of June. He was born in Alabama, but located in Mississippi after the War between the States. There he was married to Miss Emily Thornton, and to them a son and daughter were born, both surviving him.

Comrade Kirkland enlisted in Company F, 11th Alabama Regiment, in May, 1861. His command was sent to Virginia, and in the organization of the army this regiment became a part of Wilcox's Brigade, R. H. Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V., and so served throughout the war. Young Kirkland was wounded and captured two or three times, but managed to get away from his captors and make his way back to his command, and was surrendered at Appomattox on April 9, 1865.

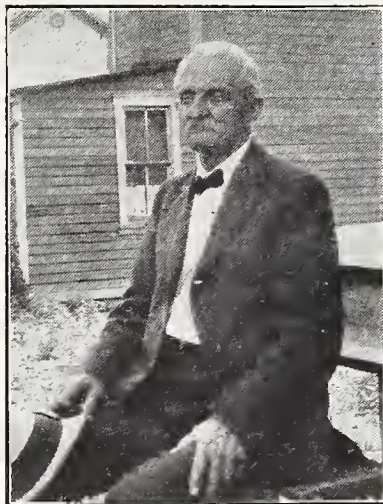
Comrade Kirkland had lived through the most stirring times of our beloved South, and no better citizen was known in his county and State. He contributed much to the upholding of law, and especially in those trying times of reconstruction his section did not have a braver defender. He was a true son of the South, and lived a life enriched by splendid emotions, one rich in the love of family and friends; and though he had outlived most of those with whom he took part in those fighting days of old, he lived again in memory those stirring scenes, and his comrades were a vivid part of those memories. To the last he was faithful to the principles for which the South had fought.

After funeral services at the home, he was laid to rest in Bethesda Cemetery, and friends came from every section to pay him the last tribute of respect and love.

[M. P. Moore, Senatobia, Miss.]

JACOB H. WYNANT.

Jacob Henry Wynant, born near Bridgewater, Rockingham County, Va., July 24, 1845, died in Keyser, W. Va., on March 14, 1929.



JACOB H. WYNANT.

At the outbreak of war between the States, he enlisted in the Southern army and for eighteen months was post courier with headquarters in Harrisonburg, Va. Thereafter he was in the regular cavalry, in active service with Company I, 1st Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade.

He was not wounded at any time, but had two horses shot under him. He was in the battle fought at "Mim's Bottom," Shenandoah County, and there one of his horses was shot.

His brother, John Brown Wynant, was the first man from his county to be killed, and the second man in the Southern army to meet his death. He was killed in a skirmish near Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

Most of Mr. Wynant's service was in the Valley of Virginia, and he was with the main Southern army when Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered to Gen. U. S. Grant.

After the war, Mr. Wynant engaged in farming for many years. He was an extensive landowner. For years he was the owner of the farm bordering on Bridgewater, Va., a portion of which was later sold as town lots.

In the fall of 1924 he came to Keyser, W. Va., and made his home with Mrs. Ernest A. See, his favorite niece. "Uncle Jake," as he was known, and loved by all, was a high type of the old Southern gentleman, and a Christian, holding malice against none, nor boasting of his military powers or achievements, but proud that he had served as a soldier of the South. Though living in this community less than five years, he made a host of friends who miss him and mourn his passing.

[V. F. Alkire, Keyser, W. Va.]

LOUISIANA COMRADES.

In the past year the Camp at Clinton, La., has lost the following members: Emmett R. Corcoran, Company B, 4th Louisiana Infantry; J. L. Cranes, Company B, 16th Arkansas Infantry; James R. Freeman, Company E, 1st Louisiana Cavalry; R. W. Hays,

Company A, 4th Louisiana Infantry; William A. Gallent, Company F, 14th Mississippi Cavalry; John W. Lipscomb, Company K, 4th Louisiana Cavalry; Victor Levy, Company I, 3rd Louisiana Cavalry; Dr. A. J. Roberts, Company A, 16th Louisiana Infantry; Leander Stewart, Company A, 4th Louisiana Infantry; W. A. B. Wall, Company A, 4th Louisiana Infantry; Dr. William E. Wall, Company K, 16th Mississippi Volunteers; J. H. Hodges, Company G, 18th Louisiana Cavalry.

JUDGE A. W. WISE.

Judge Alexander Walker Wise, distinguished Confederate veteran and former judge of probate of Chester County for twelve years, died at his home in Chester on June 11.

Funeral services will be conducted from the Calvary Baptist Church, near Chester, with interment in the graveyard of the church.

Judge Wise was one of the few people who saw the first gun fired at Fort Sumter. He was also one of the two surviving members of the historic five military companies that left Chester for Confederate service on April 11, 1861. He saw service both in the infantry and cavalry, and in both branches of the service won renown for his achievements and bravery. He went through many of the war's greatest battles, and served throughout the entire four years without receiving a wound of any consequence. For many years he was one of Chester County's leading planters. Prior to moving to Chester, he had served eighteen years as magistrate of the Halsellville township.

He married Miss Martha Alice Wilkes soon after he returned from the war, and he is survived by five daughters and a son, also nineteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Judge Wise was a native of the Baton Rouge section of Chester County. His father, Daniel Wise, moved to Chester County from Lincolnton when he was eighteen.

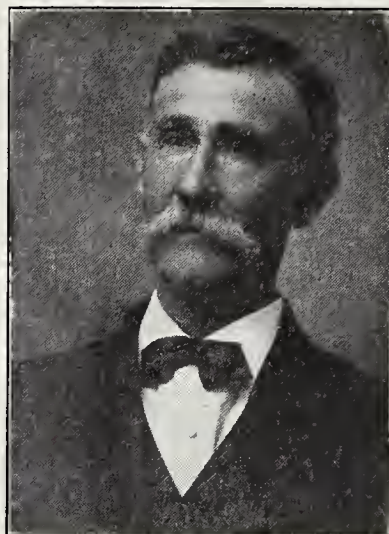
LIEUT. W. H. H. MANSUR.

On June 19, 1929, Lieut. William Henry Harrison Mansur, of Chillicothe, Mo., passed away after six weeks' illness. He was born November 5, 1840, in St. Louis, the son of Charles and Rebecca Wills Mansur. He served in the Confederate army the entire four years of the War between the States, first in the Missouri State Guards, under Captain McDowell and Col. Ben A. Rives, then in Company C, 3rd Missouri Infantry. The rest of the service was under Gen. Francis Cockrell. For thirty-five years he was president of Chillicothe Savings Association. Burial was in Boxwood Cemetery, at Chillicothe.

[Mrs. H. E. Genser, Higginsville, Mo.]

DAVIS BIGGS.

At the age of eighty-two years, Davis Biggs died at his home in Jefferson, Tex., on July 5. He was born in Tarboro, N. C., and went to Texas at the age of twenty-three. He attended the reunion in Charlotte, N. C., his last visit to the old home State.



DAVIS BIGGS.

Comrade Biggs served during the War between the States as a member of the 28th Tennessee Regiment. He was the Adjutant and last surviving member of Camp Dick Taylor, U. C. V., of Jefferson; was also a member of Masonic Lodge No. 38 and

Eastern Star. He had been treasurer of Marion County, Tex., for fourteen years.

Fifty-four years ago, Davis Biggs was married to Miss Clemmie Summers, who survives him with a daughter and three sons, also twelve grandchildren. Funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the First Methodist Church, of Jefferson, of which he was a member and steward.

DR. JAMES L. LEAVEL.

Dr. James Logan Leavel, born November 23, 1844, in Stanford, Ky., died at his home in Los Angeles, Calif., on July 5, in his eighty-fifth year. His parents moved to Platte County, Mo., when he was eighteen years old, and as a lad of fourteen years he ran away from home and tried to enlist with the Confederate army. He was refused because of his tender years, but the soldiers put him at manual labor. His father had him taken home, but later he enlisted as a soldier under General Price and remained to the end.

After the war he completed his common school education and then studied dentistry at Kansas City, Mo., where he graduated and began the practice of his profession.

He married Miss Betty Cook, of Harrisonburg, who, after three brief years, passed away, leaving him a son.

Dr. Leavel went to St. Joseph, Mo., in 1890, where he met and married Mrs. Marion Hubbell. In 1912 they moved to Seattle to make their home, but later went to Highland Park, a suburb of Chicago. His chief joys in life were his Church and his music, and his splendid voice was used generously in

his religious work. For more than seventy-two years he loved humanity. Wherever he was located, he became prominent in the work of the Christian Church, of which he had been a member from his twelfth year. He was a loved member of the Highland Park Christian Church, and his religion was a part of his everyday life. His dying faith was very real, clear, and strong, and he walked with Christ "the last mile of the way."

[From tribute, by Rev. Alden Lee Hill, minister Highland Park Christian Church.]

FRANCIS MARION CALHOUN.

Francis Marion Calhoun departed this life at his home on Dry Run, Pendleton County, W. Va., July 11, 1929, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, having been born November 27, 1842. He was the oldest man and only surviving Confederate soldier in Circleville District, and the last of a family of eleven children.

On June 9, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of the Pendleton Rifles, the third company to go out from the county. On July 12, 1861, after little more than a month's service, the company was surrendered at Rich Mountain. He escaped and made his way through the Alleghany Mountains to his home. The summer following, he reënlisted in Capt. A. H. Nelson's company, 1st. Virginia Regiment, Partisan Rangers, with John D. Imboden, of Staunton, Va., as colonel thereof. Later, when other commands were added, including the 18th Regiment Virginia Cavalry, sufficient to form a brigade, Colonel Imboden became brigadier general and George H. Smith, a budding young lawyer, became colonel in his stead.

When the brigade became a part of the regular Confederate army, Nelson's company became Company C, and the regiment became the 62nd Virginia Regiment, Mounted Infantry. Each member was equipped with a saber and carbine, and fought either as infantry or cavalry, as occasion demanded. The regiment operated chiefly in West Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley. However, it took part in the Gettysburg campaign and the battle of Cold Harbor, and was with General Early on his memorable raid upon Washington. The flag of this regiment reached a point closer to the White House than any other Confederate flag during the war. For a time the regiment had President Lincoln under fire, as he stood beside General Wright on the parapet of Fort Stevens, until an officer close to them was wounded, when the President was asked to retire.

At the close of the war, Comrade Calhoun went to the nearest station to take the oath of allegiance and while on this journey, met Miss Phoebe C. Harper,

who later became his wife. Thereafter, to the end of his life, he occupied the ancestral farm, which had descended for three generations before him from the first ancestor in Pendleton County, John Calhoun cousin of John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina. Their fathers having both lived for a time in Augusta County, Va. During the greater part of his long life, he was a member of the M. E. Church, South.

He is survived by his four children—a daughter and three sons.

CAPT. BARTON R. BROWN.

The passing of Capt. Barton Roby Brown, at his home near Shouns, Tenn., on June 8, brought great sorrow to many friends and relatives in Tennessee and North Carolina. He was one of the most prominent citizens of Johnson County, and was closely associated with the growth and progress of his county.

Captain Brown was born August 4, 1841, and as a boy of nineteen joined the Confederate army, serving as captain of Company A, 6th North Carolina Regiment, under Colonel Folk. Two years later he was wounded at Hagerstown, Md., and went home on furlough. On regaining his health, he organized a company in Johnson County, with which he marched to North Carolina and joined General Johnston, and so served to the close of war.

In September, 1864, Captain Brown was married to Miss Callie Wagner, and three sons and a daughter were born to them. He became a member of the Baptist Church at Beaver Dam, N. C., in 1857, and will be long remembered for Christian character and all the admirable traits that go to make up a true Southern gentleman.

He fought valiantly for Southern rights, and no less valiantly fought the battles of good citizenship, using himself and his means in the interest of his fellow man. The U. D. C. of Mountain City, Tenn., cherish a beautiful Confederate flag as the last gift of this fine old Confederate for whom the Chapter is named.

[Carolyn Rhea, Shouns, Tenn.]

BENJAMIN JOSEPH WHITESIDES.

Benjamin J. Whitesides was born in Mount Pleasant, S. C., July 12, 1844, and died at that place on February 24, 1929. He entered the Confederate army in 1862, joining Company E, of the 5th South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Brigade. He served first at Andersonville Prison, and then did picket duty along the coast of Georgia; also fought in several of the battles in Virginia. He was ill with typhoid fever in Jackson Hospital, Virginia, and was given a furlough of thirty days from July 21, 1864. Upon his recovery, he returned to his company and remained with it until paroled May 8, 1865.

GEN. A. H. BOYDEN, U. C. V.

"Best beloved citizen of Salisbury," N. C., friend of all was Gen. A. H. Boyden, and the old home town was made sad indeed by his death on June 19, after a brief illness. In the ancestral home there, built more than a century ago, his life was spent; he died in the room where he had been born and which he had occupied through youth and old age.

Archibald Henderson Boyden was born in Salisbury, January 27, 1842, the son of Judge Nathaniel Boyden, lawyer, legislator, congressman, and judge of the State Supreme Court; his mother was the daughter of Col. Archibald Henderson. He grew up in Salisbury and was largely educated there, but he was at a school in Alamance County when war came on in 1861. Though his father was opposed to secession, he gave the boy permission to enter the Confederate army, and he left school to become a personal courier for Gen. Robert F. Hoke, serving thus to the end of the war. A memento of that service was the dollar given to him by General Hoke in bidding him farewell, and that dollar he cherished through life. Since the war he had been an earnest advocate of anything which would benefit the veterans of the Confederacy, and his efforts were back of many movements in their behalf. He was largely instrumental in securing the appropriation for the North Carolina monument at Gettysburg, so recently dedicated.

"Colonel" Boyden, as he was widely known, served four terms as postmaster at Salisbury under the Cleveland and Wilson administrations; he was chairman of the school committee, and in behalf of schools was his best work done. A monument to his memory stands in the magnificent high school called by his name. He was prominent in the U. C. V. organizations of city and State, and as a Brigadier General, U. C. V. he took part in the late reunion in Charlotte, attended by two grandsons, also in Confederate uniforms.

General Boyden was married in 1880 to Miss May Wheat Shober, of a prominent family of the State, who survives him with a daughter and five grandchildren. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, and after the funeral services in St. Luke's Church at Salisbury, he was tenderly laid to rest in Chestnut Hill Cemetery there.

No life was more abundantly crowned with good works than that which ended in his passing. He had lived more for others than for himself, a man whose heart grew greater as he grew older. Truly, his memory is blessed in the community where he lived out his long and useful life.

COL. J. J. GORMLEY, U. C. V.

Col. J. J. Gormley, Adjutant General of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., died at his home in Charlotte, N. C., on March 22, at the age of eighty-four years. He was born at Norfolk, Va., July 17, 1845, but since 1863 had been an honored citizen of North Carolina.

When the South was mobilizing her forces for defense in 1861, John L. Gormley enlisted with Company D, 4th Battalion, Virginia Light Infantry, at Richmond, Va., and he took a gallant part in the fighting of the Army of Northern Virginia—those seven days' battles about Richmond, Warrenton, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry—until he was wounded in the bloody battle of Sharpsburg. He spent many months in the hospital at Richmond recovering from his wounds, and though never able to return to active duty, he gave his full meed of service in the Quartermaster's Department, in which he was transferred to Charlotte in 1863. After the war he engaged in the railroad business, and left that field with the consciousness of work well done.

Colonel Gormley was a great lover of the South and the Confederate cause to the last and was prominent in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans. He had served as Commander of the Camp at Charlotte, and as Adjutant General of the North Carolina Division under different administrations. He was largely instrumental in inviting the reunion to Charlotte, and through many discouragements worked on until the whole State was enthused in the work of entertaining the remnant of the once glorious gray army, although he was not to participate in that entertainment.

Long a communicant of the Episcopal Church, Colonel Gormley died in the glorious hope of a faithful servant of Christ, and without fear he passed to the reunion of the immortals.

GEORGE W. LOUK.

George W. Louk, who served in the 31st Virginia Infantry, died at the Lee Camp Confederate Home, of Richmond, Va., at the age of ninety-one years. He had been a resident of Randolph, County, now West Virginia, for most of his life, and entered the Confederate Home last year, where he had been very happy. The Randolph Chapter, U. D. C., had presented him the Cross of Honor for his gallant service as a Confederate soldier. He was captured and held at Camp Chase, receiving his parole there at the close of the war. He was married twice, both wives preceding him in death. He was a grand old Christian gentleman

[Cam Hart, Elkins, W. Va.]

CAPT. JOSEPH E. DEUPREE.

Capt. Joseph E. Deupree, who died at his home in Ravenna, Tex., on June 28 was born in Pickens County, Ala., November 22, 1840, and thus had nearly completed eighty-nine years. Orphaned in his early childhood, he was reared by an uncle, Dr. John C. Smith, who removed to Texas in 1847, and Joseph Deupree was reared and educated in that State. He graduated from Baylor University in the class of 1859, and he was studying law at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., when war came on in 1861. He was returning home by way of Mississippi to visit some relatives in that State, and there he joined the Noxubee Cavalrymen, which became a part of the 1st Mississippi Cavalry. He took part in many engagements of this regiment—Belmont, Corinth, Shiloh, and others—and later secured a transfer to Company E, of Willis's Battalion, Waul's Texas Legion, Trans-Mississippi Department, which was then operating east of the Mississippi. This command was composed largely of his old Baylor schoolmates, and with it he took part in the operations in and around Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, Port Hudson, being mostly engaged in scout duty. The cavalry part of Waul's Legion was ordered back to North Mississippi, and on the night of June 17, 1863, young Deupree and others were captured and spent a long period in prison at Alton, Ill., and Fort Delaware. On the night of July 1, 1864, he made his escape by swimming Delaware Bay, only to be recaptured and taken back to prison. He finally did escape by taking the name of a dead fellow prisoner, was exchanged, and reached home before his comrades were released from Fort Delaware. Following the war, he was made captain in the State militia in which he was prominent.



CAPT. JOSEPH E. DEUPREE.

Captain Deupree was a devout member of the Christian Church and his daily life won for him the love and respect of all who knew him. He was one of the outstanding citizens of Fannin County. He was twice married, and is survived by his wife, five sons, and three daughters, twenty-four grandchildren, nineteen great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held from the Christian Church at Ravenna, with interment in Willow Wild Cemetery at Bonham.

FRANCIS BAKER WEATHERFORD.

Francis B. Weatherford, eighty-six years of age, died in Bowling Green, Mo., during the month of May, after a long illness. He was born November 8, 1842, the son of Thomas A. and Matilda Baker Weatherford, and seventy-eight years of his life had been spent on the farm where he was born, near Bowling Green. His last years were with the family of his son in the town, where he received the tender ministrations of love and respect.

At the beginning of the War between the States, young Weatherford enlisted in the Confederate army, serving with Company B, of the—Missouri Regiment, under General Price, and at the close he was honorably mustered out. Returning home, he settled down on his farm, making an enviable reputation as a citizen. In February, 1866, he was married to Miss Mary E. Show, and to them four children were born, a son and daughter surviving him. There are also five grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren left, and one sister, with numerous other relatives.

His sturdy ancestry, his strong will power, and abiding faith in God had carried this comrade through many trials in his day and time, and he passed unfaltering on his way to the goal of a successful life. He was always interested in the welfare of his community, and took an active part in all civic improvements. Devoted to his Church (Baptist), of which he had been a member since 1891, he gave much of his time and support to the building up of God's kingdom on earth. "A life seemingly without regrets has passed out, leaving a pleasant memory to those who knew him."

EUGENE ISNER.

Eugene Isner, one of the most highly respected citizens of Randolph County, W. Va., died while visiting his son in Elkins, W. Va., on June 18, aged nine-two years. His home was in Beverly, where he had spent a long and useful life. He served in the Confederate army during the entire four years of the war, and was honorably discharged from Company C, 20th Virginia Cavalry. He was awarded the Cross of Honor by Randolph County Daughters of the Confederacy.

Comrade Isner was a son of the late William and Etna Marsteller Isner. After the war, he married Miss Emily Wees, of near Beverly. To this union seven children were born, four sons and three daughters. He is also survived by thirty-four grandchildren and twenty-two great-grandchildren. He was a member of the Methodist Church.

[Cam Hart, Elkins, W. Va.]

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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4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. JAMES E. WOODARD, Woodard Circle, 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.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Possibly the greatest advancement in the field of education within the last decade is the introduction of motion pictures as a medium through which the student may be most effectively reached. The Yale University Press, by pointing the way in visual education, has caused a high standard that has permeated the entire field of production. Six years ago the first of their films were produced by a small staff of photographic experts. In 1928, approximately 2,500,000 persons viewed the films, and there were over 25,000 showing from this Press

These are now produced under the direction of distinguished historians from a number of institutions, and under the supervision of a committee of the Council of the University.

Fifteen of the thirty-three films are now ready for distribution. These cover the period 1492-1865, and are recognized by the educational world as the most effective aid created for the teaching of American history and for the stimulation of good patriotic American citizenship. The films may be obtained from the Yale University Press, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City

No greater service may be rendered by a U. D. C. Chapter in a small town than by securing, or assisting in securing, a portable projector for use in the classrooms of their local schools, seeing that the school is provided with accurate historical films, and your Educational Chairman, as well as your Chapter Historian, may find here a field waiting for effort that will yield the richest of harvests.

One high in authority recently said that America was the most lawless of countries. The South gave the Constitution to the nation, and years later, in 1861, other men of the South died to defend its provisions: it is, therefore, but logical to think that in all the Union the men and women of the South should be the most law abiding, and that members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy should

make it a matter of personal pride to obey each Article and section of the constitution of our beloved organization, in spirit, in word, and in deed. Yet, from failure to familiarize themselves with the by-laws, or from indifference (we will not believe it to be a deliberate desire to disobey the provisions enacted by Chapter delegates in convention assembled when adopting the constitution), there are frequent violations of the most simple regulations.

We regret that it appears necessary to again direct your attention to the following Articles:

Article VII, Section 4: "All circulars or letters sent to Chapters or to members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy soliciting funds shall be submitted to the President General. Unless indorsed by her, the appeal shall not be regarded as proper United Daughters of the Confederacy work." Since the election of your President General, 1927, she has indorsed but one appeal for "funds," that of the Chapter at Selma, Ala., for the marking of the site of the Confederate arsenal. Therefore, under the provisions of the by-law as quoted, this is the only undertaking, except those under the supervision of committees contained in the Minutes of Houston Convention, 1928, which may be regarded as "proper United Daughters of the Confederacy work."

Article IX, Section 3: “The insignia, badge, or seal of the United Daughters of the Confederacy shall be printed only upon such books and pamphlets as are for the use, or intended to be sold for the benefit of, this organization. The use of the name, seal, or insignia of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for business purposes other than the business of this organization is especially prohibited.”

The wording of this Article is so clear and definite that it would be a reflection upon the intelligence of this most intelligent membership to suggest the possibility of misinterpreting.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy is an absolutely nonsectarian, nonpolitical organization; this is so obvious as never to have been questioned

and would not be here emphasized had not an occasion arisen which made it necessary. Every member may exercise her privilege as an American citizen without question or criticism, but the organization exists for historical, educational, benevolent, and social purposes, not for political, nor for the disseminating of political propaganda.

We acknowledge with appreciation the following invitations: Memorial exercises, May 30, Camp Eight, U. C. V., Camp Robert E. Lee, S. C. V., and the Daughters of the Confederacy of Chicago, Ill. Elliott Gray Chapter, Virginia Division, U. D. C., to attend the unveiling of a monument at McConnellsburg, Pa., honoring two Confederate soldiers who were mortally wounded there, June 30, 1863. Old Dominion Chapter, Virginia Division, U. D. C.; the unveiling of a tablet in memory of Miss Ruth Early, Spring Hill Cemetery, Lynchburg, Va., June 26. The Governor and the Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina, to attend exercises attendant upon the unveiling and dedication of a monument and marker, Gettysburgh, Pa., July 3.

A message of loyal, living greeting has recently been received from our Chapter beyond the sea. The Marquise de Courtivron extends her good wishes to the members of the organization.

IN MEMORIAM.

The gracious and most efficient local chairman of the convention, 1926, Mrs. Bolling, of Richmond, Va., is passing through the deepest waters of affliction, and to her is extended our tenderest sympathy. Much might be said of the life of Charles E. Bolling as a citizen and a friend, of his services to his city and to his State, but perhaps his character is best expressed when we say that friends were alike of mature age and of youth, for when a man is so broadminded, of so many sided a character as to appeal to all ages, we may indeed say that the elements were so well mixed in him that we may stand up before all the world and say, there lived a Man. Age had no terrors for him, for the Master held him as in the hollow of his hand.

“Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made,
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, “A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half, trust God, nor be afraid.”
Sincerely, MAUDE BLAKE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. NOTES.

California.—The annual convention of the California Division was held at Fresno, May 8–11, with the Fresno Chapter as hostess. The meetings were held in the California Hotel, and it was one of the most enjoyable conventions ever held in the State. Three new officers were elected—Treasurer, Mrs. Herbert Weir; Historian, Miss Mary Vivian Conway; Registrar, Mrs. H. C. Booth. Those reelected were: 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; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Sally Daingerfield, Corte Madera; Parliamentarian, Mrs. J. O. Hodgen, Berkeley.

The convention voted to take over as a Division affair the support of “Dixie Manor, the Home for Confederate veterans established on San Gabriel Boulevard, Los Angeles, and which has nine inmates. The State of California does not admit Confederate veterans to the Soldiers’ Home of that State, so the needy cases have heretofore been sent to the county farm (Hondo), and that was not a pleasing thought to those of Southern sentiment, hence the establishment of this comfortable home for the old age of Confederate veterans in California.

The date for the annual meeting of the Division was changed from May to October.

The social courtesies were many and most enjoyable, these being given in the homes of members and at the hotel. The Division President, Mrs. Stannard, entertained at dinner for the Past State Presidents, Executive Board, and Chapter Presidents, at which Mrs. C. C. Clay, Honorary President General, and Mrs. R. F. Blankenburg, Second Vice President General, were guests of honor.

The convention was honored by the presence of a veteran, Dr. T. R. Meux, of Fresno, who appeared in his uniform of gray English broadcloth, with trimmings of black cloth and gold braid, and wearing the green silk sash indicative of a surgeon of the Confederate army. This sash was presented to him after the battle of Perryville, Ky., by a young lady of Danville, to replace the sash which was blood-stained from his wound.

[Miss Gertrude Montgomery, Corresponding Secretary, California Division.]

* * *

Kentucky.—The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Louisville had its annual breakfast on the birthday of President Davis, June 3., at which time Crosses of Military Service were conferred, one to Frederick

Gans Sommers, grandson of Frederick Gans, Confederate soldier who served in the recruiting service of the U. S. navy at Louisville; the other was awarded to Cassius Allen, grandson of James McKinnie Payne who served the Confederacy, overseas in the field artillery.

The Lexington Chapter, Mrs. George R. Mastin, President, held a beautiful Memorial Day service at the historic Lexington cemetery where so many Confederate heroes are buried among them, Gen. John Hunt Morgan, Breckenridge, Roger Hanson, and a host of gallant Southern dead. Rev. Hampton Adams gave an inspiring address, with a beautiful tribute to Jefferson Davis. Rev. James A. Clopton, an authority upon the life and works of Stonewall Jackson, also addressed the assemblage, which was a large and appreciative one. Children of the Confederacy placed flowers on the Confederate lot, while the Daughters decorated the many graves.

Dr. Adams paid tribute to the survivors and made an appeal for a moral attitude that will make for world peace. Mrs. William T. Fowler, President of the Kentucky Division, briefly reviewed the gallantry of Kentucky soldiers through the various wars of this country.

Mrs. Josephine Turner, State Historian, gave a talk over radio station WHAS in Louisville on June 14, Flag Day, in which she brought out many points of Confederate interest.

[Mrs. Josephine Turner, Louisville.]

* * *

Maryland.—Baltimore Chapter No. 8 held its annual election of officers at Arundell Club. Those elected were as follows: President, Mrs. Edward Guest Gibson; Vice Presidents, Mrs. J. Appleton Wilson, Mrs. George Slocum, and Mrs. J. M. Gillet—latter being the Director for the Children of the Maryland U. D. C.; Recording Secretary, Miss Grace Eddins; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Henry J. Baker; Treasurer, Mrs. William M. Buchanan; Registrar, Mrs. Francis Purnell; Historian, Mrs. Edward J. Croker; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Charles O. D. Mackall.

Many were made happy by the return of Mrs. William M. Buchanan as Treasurer, she having filled that office before with great satisfaction.

Mrs. Adelbert Mears, President of the James R. Wheeler Chapter, held her last meeting of the season May 1, just prior to sailing for the other side. This Chapter has done excellent work this year.

The Bradley T. Johnson Chapter, Mrs. James Walling Westcott, President, is progressing finely. This lively little Chapter recently gave a most delightful card party, its features so typical of the Old South.

The Henry Kyd Douglas, another live wire in Chapters, has in the past two months given a successful benefit card party and a most delightful Southern supper, which enabled them to make their annual contributions. A silver tea was given in May at the home of the President, Mrs. Leo Cohill, which was well attended.

[Marion Lee Holmes, Division Editor.]

* * *

Missouri.—April 25, on Sunday morning, the U. D. C. of Kansas City held a memorial service for the veterans and Daughters who had died in the past year, at the Westport, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Mrs. H. F. Anderson, President of the George Edward Pickett Chapter, had charge of the services. Dr. W. A. Tetley gave the invocation and the choir gave special music. There were thirty-seven veterans and daughters remembered, a carnation being placed in a beautiful asparagus fern wreath as his or her name was called. Short talks were made in memory of Gen. A. A. Pearson, Mrs. James Leroy Smith, and Mrs. Jo Shelby, wife of Gen. Jo Shelby. Six of the old veterans from the Confederate Home at Higginsville came up for the service in the care of Assistant Superintendent Byron Edwards.

On May 30, a memorial service, arranged by Miss Mary R. Ellis, President of Dixie Chapter, No. 1647, was held at ten o'clock, at Union Cemetery, at the government monument to the Confederate soldiers killed in the battle of Westport. Dr. O. R. Mangum, pastor of Wornall Road Baptist Church, made the address. Mrs. Lee I. McElroy gave a short talk on "Memories" and placed the memorial wreath on the monument.

At two o'clock in the afternoon a service was held at the Confederate monument in Forest Hill Cemetery, presided over by Mrs. H. F. Anderson. Mr. Tom Alton, assistant prosecuting attorney of Kansas City, made an address. E. H. Finley had charge of the music, Mrs. Hugh Miller, Past State President, placed the wreath on the monument.

The annual home coming at the Confederate Home in Higginsville was held on June 3. Many people came from all parts of the western half of Missouri to pay tribute to the living and the dead with memorial services.

Services were held at the cemetery during the morning and at the Confederate Home during the afternoon. The principal speaker was the Hon. Sam C. Major. Music was provided by a chorus of veterans and their wives.

The program of the day was in charge of Mrs. M. C. Duggins, Chairman of the Confederate Home Board.

[Myrtle Lee Gesner, Higginsville, Mo.]

Illinois.—On the morning of the 30th of May, Memorial Day, Illinois Division joined with Camp 8, U. C. V., and Sons of Confederate Veterans in Chicago in paying tribute to our six thousand Confederate soldiers and sailors who died in Camp Douglas.

Hyde Park Post, American Legion, always assists nobly in the military service. The principal speaker of the day was ex-Senator James Hamilton Lewis, and Dr. Nicholas Bayard Clinch represented the Sons of Confederate veterans in "A Tribute to the Memory of Our Fathers."

Mr. Robert Lee Porter represented the Illinois Division, U. D. C., in a splendid address. The choir of St. Paul's Episcopal Church assisted us. Beautiful wreaths were placed on the monument by the Illinois Division, U. D. C., the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Dixie Chapter C. of C. A wreath by the Woman's Auxiliary of the Hyde Park Post, and many other flowers were contributed.

On June 1, Chicago Chapter entertained the Stonewall Chapter, members of Sons of Confederate Veterans, and members of Dixie Chapter C. of C., in commemoration of the birthday of President Jefferson Davis at the Auditorium Hotel, the President of Chicago Chapter, Mrs. Arthur O. Simpson, presiding.

Mr. Elijah Funkhouser, Commander of Camp Robert E. Lee, S. C. V., gave an eloquent address on the life of President Jefferson Davis. The President of Illinois Division, Mrs. Howard A. Hoeing, being a Kentuckian, was most happy to read an article on the monument of Jefferson Davis at Fairview, Ky., and to relate that Kentucky, under Governor Sampson, a Republican, has just had an elevator placed in the shaft. Mrs. Frank O. Potter most graciously represented the Stonewall Chapter and brought greetings.

Mrs. Mary Moncure Parker, reader and author, entertained us in her most unique way. A most delightful program of songs was given by Mrs. Allison, dressed in costume. A beautiful birthday cake was brought in by the pages, and was served with other delicious refreshments.

[Mrs. Walter M. Smith, Chicago, Ill.]

* * *

South Carolina.—On July 10 was unveiled the statue in the Hall of Fame, Washington, D. C., of Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, the State's greatest and noblest patriot, her salvation in reconstruction days, a governor and United States senator. The South Carolina legislature appropriated \$5,000 for this statue, to be matched by a similar amount by the South Carolina Division, U. D. C. Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, of Pickens, under whose administration the fund was raised, attended the unveiling, as well as other Division officials.

Miss Bertie Smith, of Greer, President of the Davis-Lee Chapter, has composed two pageants setting forth Confederate history. The first pageant has been presented by her Chapter to a large and appreciative audience, and the second one, "Enter the Hero," was presented by the C. of C. The wedding of Robert E. Lee and Mary Randolph Custis was featured in this.

The Ellison Capers Chapter, of Florence, has bestowed the Cross of Honor on one of its members, Mrs. Ida Singletary Brunson, lineal descendant of Samuel McPherson Singletary, courier to Gen. Wade Hampton.

The Chester Chapter, of Chester, placed thirty-six markers recently in old Purity Cemetery, at the graves of Confederate soldiers.

The Samuel J. Benton Chapter, of Kershaw, is marking all the graves of Confederate veterans in the community.

[Miss Zura Payne, State Editor.]

* * *

Tennessee.—The Middle District of the Tennessee Division held its annual meeting at Shelbyville in June, with good attendance, the Agnes L. Whiteside Chapter being hostess. The next convention of this District will be held in Nashville.

The Nashville Chapters are especially interested in securing appropriate furnishings for the Confederate Room in the War Memorial Building, and some handsome pieces have been donated. The latest gift is a handsome old bookcase presented by the Misses Claybrooke, of Nashville Chapter, in memory of their brothers, Maj. Frederick Claybrooke, of the 20th Tennessee Infantry, who fell at the battle of Hoover's Gap, in June, 1863, while gallantly leading his men; and Samuel P. Claybrooke, of Company D, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, who gave four years of valiant service. The donors, in making this gift, hope it will be the means of collecting a library of valuable Southern literature and stimulate the study of Southern history

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEYWORD "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. TOPICS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1929.

Banks' Expedition from New Orleans to Texas. Battle of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill.

C. OF C. TOPICS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1929.

Story of the Exploits of Admiral Raphael Semmes.

Reading: "The Sword in the Sea" (Ticknor).

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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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.
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7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. ROGERS WINTER, *Editor*, 61 Highland Drive, Atlanta, Ga.

THE PRESIDENT GENERAL'S MESSAGE

My Dear Coworkers: Another year of service has passed into history. We have passed the thirtieth milestone of our annual gatherings, and the recent convention of our C. S. M. A. at Charlotte more deeply impressed than ever before the fact that a few of us began to feel, but never so fully realized, how few who faced the real responsibilities of war conditions as members of the Ladies' Aid Societies and the early Memorial Associations developed from them are still with us. Few of the dear life partners of the veterans remain to cheer and comfort the remainder of their journey. Let me beg that you seek out these precious ones who so bravely carried the burdens at home while husbands and fathers were at the battle front, and help to make brighter and happier the days that are gliding so swiftly by. Flowers, fruits, or some dainty dish prepared by your own hands, will cheer and bring happiness to them and give to you the joyous return of duty well done.

The 1930 reunion is to meet at Biloxi, Miss., when many opportunities will be given inland people to enjoy the many delightful pleasures of the sea coast—surf bathing, fishing, yachting, and besides, the greatest of all privileges in visiting Beauvoir, the home of the South's only President; then a trip to New Orleans, the quaint and most charming of Southern cities, with much of the Old World atmosphere, will be among the possibilities.

OUR NEW EDITOR.

We regret that on account of illness, Mrs. Leigh has had to give up the work on the VETERAN, and we are to be congratulated upon having Mrs. Rogers Winter, of Atlanta, assume the responsibility for the C. S. M. A. department of the VETERAN.

Mrs. Winter's long connection with newspaper and magazine work makes her a most splendid and desirable addition to the force of writers for the VETERAN. She is brilliant, versatile, and capable in every way, and, above all, devoted to the Memorial work and to every phase of activity representing the South and her traditions. Send to Mrs. Winter, at 61 Highland Drive, Atlanta, Ga., any matter of interest affecting the work of the C. S. M. A.

It will be a source of gratification to the many friends of our dear Chaplain General, Giles B. Cook, to learn that he returned to his home from the reunion in good health and spirits, and is looking forward in the hope of joining his old comrades at Biloxi in 1930. May a kind Providence grant this wish.

Yours with affectionate remembrance of all your kindly consideration. MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General C. S. M. A.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

The June meeting of the Atlanta (Ga.) Ladies' Memorial Association was given over to reports of the convention at Charlotte, interesting talks being made by Mrs. William A. Wright, Georgia President; Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest, C. S. M. A. Chairman for the Stone Mountain Memorial; Mrs. Rogers Winter and Mrs. Spencer Atkinson. Plans were discussed also for raising the \$500 pledged by the Ladies' Memorial Association to the Stone Mountain Memorial. This money will go toward completing the amount pledged by the C. S. M. A. at Charlotte.

* * *

The Junior Confederate Memorial Association of Atlanta was unavoidably prevented from having the usual number of meetings during the past year, but the children, under the direction of Miss Willie

Fort Williams, participated in the exercises on Memorial Day at Oakland Cemetery. The boys and girls carried Confederate flags and were in the parade. At the cemetery they were grouped at the front of the tall obelisk erected by their mothers and grandmothers in honor of the Confederate dead.

* * *

One of the livest organizations among the children is the Junior Association at Huntingdon, W. Va., Mrs. Myra Wright, President, which has a large and growing association. Eighteen new members have been enrolled since the convention in Charlotte. This Association met on July 2, and had a very interesting program. It now numbers nearly ninety members.

* * *

Several new Associations have been formed during the past year, notably the one in Charlotte, N.C., of which Mrs. I. W. Faison is President. To Mrs. Faison and the association in Charlotte belongs the appreciation and thanks of the C. S. M. A. for the splendid way in which the convention was entertained. Everything possible was done for the pleasure and comfort of the delegates, and two beautiful luncheons were among the most delightful events of the convention.

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR.

My first communication as editor for the Confederate Southern Memorial Association is a plea to every Association to please send in interesting reports of the work done by the associations each month, in order that I may take from these reports a summary to be used in a column devoted regularly to the activities of the various Chapters. I am dependent on the coöperation of the Chapters for the material to be used in the two pages assigned to the C. S. M. A. in the VETERAN. I wish to make the department interesting, and I ask you to assist. The Associations will find that each one derives inspiration and help from such an interchange of news.

Will each one do her part in order that I may do mine well?

Also, please, as individuals, send me letters suggesting things you would like to read about. I will be glad to try to follow such suggestions when I can.

MARY CARTER WINTER, *C. S. M. A. Editor.*

C. S. M. A. COMMITTEE ON STONE MOUNTAIN.

The report of the Stone Mountain work of the C. S. M. A. was read on the second morning of the convention assembled in Charlotte, N. C., by the Chairman, Mrs. N. B. Forrest, and an appeal for funds to carry on this wonderful work was made after the report. A beautiful talk was given by Mrs. Rogers Winter, describing this gigantic undertaking, and telling of the need of moral as well as financial support from this organization.

Mrs. Winter's address was followed by a talk by Mrs. William A. Wright, State President of Georgia and President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, who stated that she had striven for five years to have this organization go on record as contributing financially to this work, as only money, not words, could build this monument; and she promised to raise through her association \$500, provided the association in the C. S. M. A. would meet her pledge with another \$500.

Subscriptions were quickly received from the following associations and members:

Atlanta Ladies Memorial Association	\$ 500
New Orleans Ladies Memorial Association . . .	101
Augusta, Ga., Ladies Memorial Association . .	102
Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association, Washington, D. C.	50
Athens, Ga., Ladies Memorial Association . . .	50
Charlotte, N. C., Confederate Memorial Association	50
Montgomery, Ala., Ladies Memorial Association	50
Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, Oklahoma City, Okla.	100
Dallas, Tex., Ladies Memorial Association . . .	5
Memphis, Tenn., Ladies Memorial Association	50
Asheville, N. C., Confederate Memorial Association	5
Atlanta Junior Memorial Association	10
Jefferson Davis Junior Memorial Association, Montgomery, Ala.	10
Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Atlanta, Ga.	10
Mrs. Beach, Huntington, W. Va.	5
Miss Kate White, Knoxville, Tenn.	5
Mrs. R. P. Dexter, Montgomery, Ala.	5
Mrs. William C. Walde, New York City	5
Mrs. O. T. Millard, Oklahoma City, Okla. . .	5
Miss Phoebe Frazer, Memphis, Tenn.	5
Mrs. McCallister	2

Total \$1,125

MRS. N. B. FORREST, *Chairman.*

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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.

UNDER THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. By virtue of my election as Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at the thirty-fourth annual convention, held in Charlotte, N. C., June 4-7, I have assumed command of the Departments, Divisions, Brigades, and Camps comprising the confederation. This is done with a profound sense of the weighty responsibility and with a deep feeling of gratitude for the sentiment which has generously called me to the high position of Commander in Chief.

2. I hereby officially announce the reelection by the Executive Council of Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va., as Adjutant in Chief. At the request of the Adjutant in Chief, he has been bonded in the Fidelity and Casualty Company in the sum of five thousand (\$5,000) dollars. Camps will make all checks payable to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is with pleasure I announce the election by the convention of Col. Charles T. Norman, Richmond, Va., Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department; Albert C. Anderson, Ripley, Miss., Commander Army of Tennessee Department; Edward Jones, Oklahoma City, Okla., Commander Army of Trans-Mississippi Department; Dr. H. J. Eckenrode, Richmond, Va., Historian in Chief; and John D. Paul Washington, N. C., member of the Executive Council.

3. Camps are urgently requested to send to Adjutant in Chief Hopkins all dues collected as soon as the members pay in order that the members may be issued

membership cards signed by the Adjutant in Chief and countersigned by the Adjutant of their Camp. The Adjutant in Chief's office will be open at all times, and you can be assured that all business pertaining to the Sons' organization will receive prompt attention.

4. I desire to call the attention of the members of the Confederation to the wonderful progress made under the administration of the retiring Commander in Chief, Edmond R. Wiles. Under his leadership a great deal of constructive work was accomplished. It is the hope of your Commander in Chief that each member of the confederation will give the present officers the same loyal support and coöperation which was rendered by him to the officers for the past year.

5. I wish to announce the reappointment of J. Roy Price, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La., as Editor of the Sons of Confederate Veterans' Department in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is the earnest desire of your Commander in Chief that every member of the confederation subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and that all Camp and Division Officers send, monthly, news items concerning their Camps or Divisions to Comrade Price for publication therein. By doing this, Camp and Division officers can keep in touch with each other.

6. The Commander in Chief avails himself of this opportunity to thank his comrades throughout the entire organization for the confidence in him as expressed by electing him to the highest office within their gift. He earnestly hopes that the members and officers of the confederation will carry the message of

the high principles and ideals for which our organization stands to the people throughout the country, that all may hear it and understand the position the Sons of Confederate Veterans have taken in the affairs of the nation and the work it is accomplishing for the good of the South and our reunited country.

JOHN ASHLEY JONES, *Commander in Chief.*

RESOLUTION TO AMEND CONSTITUTION

Be it resolved by the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled at Charlotte, N. C., that the Constitution of the Confederation be amended by the addition of a Section to Article VI, as follows:

"The office of Publicity Director is hereby established, the incumbent to be one of the general officers of the organization, to be elected or appointed at the same time and in the same manner as other general officers.

"It shall be the duty of such officer to appoint publicity directors for each department, division, and camp. He shall be *ex-officio* editor of the Sons of Confederate Veterans' Department of the VETERAN, and shall require monthly reports of all news events from each director. He shall use such means as may seem to him advisable to bring the benefits of the organization before eligibles and keep the public posted as to the activities of the membership."

Until the said amendment is acted upon officially, the Commander in Chief is requested to appoint some one as Publicity Director.

RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

Resolved, That the Sons of Confederate Veterans in convention assembled at Charlotte, N. C., June 6, 1929, do hereby thank the Congress of the United States for the generous act and friendly gesture in passing an act and defraying the expenses of the United States Marine Band that they might come to this reunion and add so greatly to the pleasure of those attending. We feel that this demonstrates to the world that this is a great united nation and no thought of schism exists in the mind of anyone.

We express our appreciation to the leader and members of the Marine Band for their generous and unflinching desire to give pleasure at all times.

Be it further resolved, That the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, extend the unanimous thanks of our organization and of every official, delegate, alternate, and visitor to:

The government and officials of the city of Charlotte, and to the government and officials of Mecklenburg County, and to the State of North Carolina and the governor thereof.

To the Reunion Committee, in making the reunion and convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans

one of the best in the history of the organization, and especially to our Comrade, Edmond R. Wiles, Commander in Chief and Business Manager of the Reunion, for his untiring efforts in our behalf.

To Comrade Nathan Sharp, Manager, and the officers and members of the Southern Manufacturers' Club, for allowing us the use of its ball room in which to hold our meetings and for the many other courtesies extended to us during our stay in Charlotte.

To the civic and patriotic organizations of Charlotte in making the stay of the Sons of Confederate Veterans in Charlotte a pleasant one.

To our Comrade, Dr. Addison Brenizer, and the other officers and members of Stonewall Jackson Camp No. 23, Sons of Confederate Veterans, for their whole-hearted coöperation and untiring efforts to make this convention the most successful that has ever been held.

To all of the newspapers, especially of Charlotte, for their coöperation and the giving so generously of their valuable space to the reunion activities; and to the railroads of the country for their efficient service in handling the reunion and convention delegates and visitors.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy for their many entertainments in our behalf.

To the police department for its efficient and courteous service; to the Boy and Girl Scouts for their hearty coöperation; to the management of the Selwyn Hotel for its efficient, gracious, and courteous treatment; and

To the citizens and organizations of Charlotte and all others who have contributed so much to make this reunion and convention one which will be long remembered by all of those who attended.

WHY FORT DONELSON WAS SURRENDERED.

(Continued from page 303.)

probable, as night would have prevented the enemy from recovering the road. The second mistake is to me inexplicable. Certain it is that some of our troops would have come out. I think three-fourths of them. But suppose only one-half, it would have been better.

I was never so surprised as I was when General Floyd had me waked up at about 2 A.M., on the 16th, and informed me that surrender was in contemplation. I believe we could have beaten them back next day (16th), and had it been the last instead of the first year of the war, we would have done so. But still, when Buckner said his men were fagged out and couldn't fight any more, and so with others, save the Virginians and Mississippians, there was great hazard in risking it. PETER J. OTEY.

ANOTHER VIEW ON SLAVERY

BY D. J. CATER, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

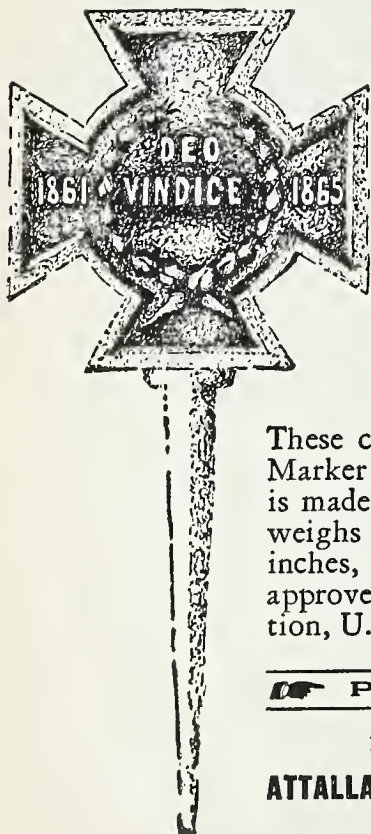
The article in the March VETERAN on "The South and Uncle Tom's Cabin" has prompted me to add a short article copied from my unpublished manuscript which relates some of my boyhood experiences and my part in the "Lincoln" war, as taken from memoranda which I kept as a soldier. The story runs thus:

"Our move from the old home near Mansfield, La., in the year 1855, to our new home, caused my mother's seamstress, Sarah, much anxiety and sorrow, because her husband, Joe, belonged to another man and she was twenty-five miles from her husband. Seeing her distress, father said he would make an effort to buy Joe, and that he would send me with enough money to induce Joe's master to let us have him. Somehow father believed that I could make a stronger plea for Joe than he could and would bring Joe home with me. I was only fifteen years old, but I did my best. Joe was a good man and very valuable to his owner, who did not wish to part with him for any consideration. But he, too, was a good man and kind-hearted, and finally yielded to my pleadings and consented to let me have Joe for eleven hundred dollars in gold, and Joe went home with me. I noticed that there were no dry eyes at the conclusion of this transaction. On arriving at home, Sarah gave me a

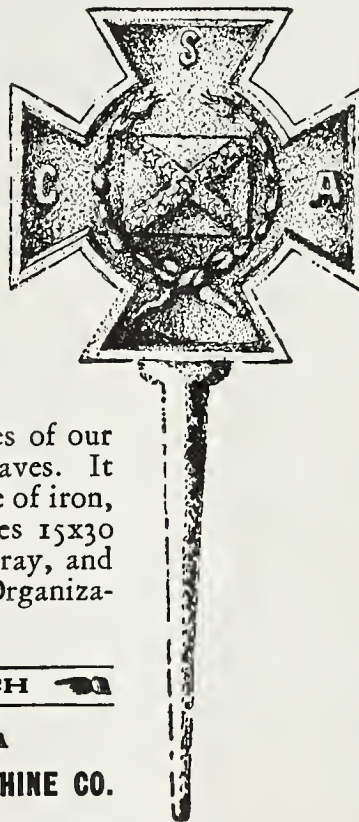
long hug when she saw that Joe was with me, and Sarah and Joe were not the only persons there who were glad and happy. This is quite a different picture from that of Harriet Beecher Stowe in her 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I am believing that Professor Stowe, her husband, must have told her that if she expected to make money with her novel, she must 'put it strong,' and Harriet did put it strong."

In March, 1864, Wesley Powell drew a seven days' furlough at Dalton, Ga., when General Johnston was granting furloughs to worthy soldiers then in winter quarters there. Wesley and I were private soldiers in Company I, 19th Louisiana Infantry. He could not go home across the Mississippi River, in that short time, but I had relatives in Alabama, and Wesley had the furlough transferred to me. It was on this seven days' furlough that I visited the home of Judge Green, near Burnt Corn, in Conecuh County, Ala. With some of his family, I listened to a sermon on Sunday by one of his negro preachers. At its conclusion, a fellow servant was asked to pray. Among other requests in his earnest and heartfelt petition, he asked for the safe return of his young master, who was then a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

Another black mark for Harriet's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."



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Mrs. Annie Peebles, 419 California Street, Oklahoma City, Okla., is seeking information on her husband's war record and asks that any surviving comrades or friends who knew of his service as a Confederate soldier will please write to her. David Henry Peebles was born and reared in Macon, Ga., and joined the army there, and his service was evidently with Georgia troops.

Inquiry comes from California for the war record of one Capt. J. M. Reeves, now in the Confederate Home at San Gabriel, Calif., said to have served with the 54th Alabama Regiment, though a native of Kentucky. Anyone recalling him as a Confederate soldier will please communicate with the VETERAN.

The Chattanooga Public Library, Chattanooga, Tenn., needs a copy of the VETERAN for January, 1893, to complete its file of the VETERAN. Anyone having this copy for sale will please write to Miss Augusta Bradford, care of the Public Library, Chattanooga.

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Brand Y	3103	17%
Brand Z	2178	12%
TOTAL	17,972	100%
(Signed) WIEGNER, ROCKEY & CO. Accountants and Auditors		

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The LAST MEETING of LEE *and* JACKSON

This beautiful picture is being offered by the VETERAN from a very small stock, only a very few of these pictures being available. It is a copy of the famous painting which portrays the last meeting of Generals Lee and Jackson, just before the battle of Chancellorsville, and is in good size. Offered in colors or the plain prints at \$3.50, postpaid. Orders will be filled as received.

BOOK MISCELLANIES

Books offered this month are from miscellaneous accumulations, with a few of the standard works on Confederate history, which are becoming scarcer all the while. Look over the list and order promptly:

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Narrative of Military Operations. By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Rebound.....	3.00
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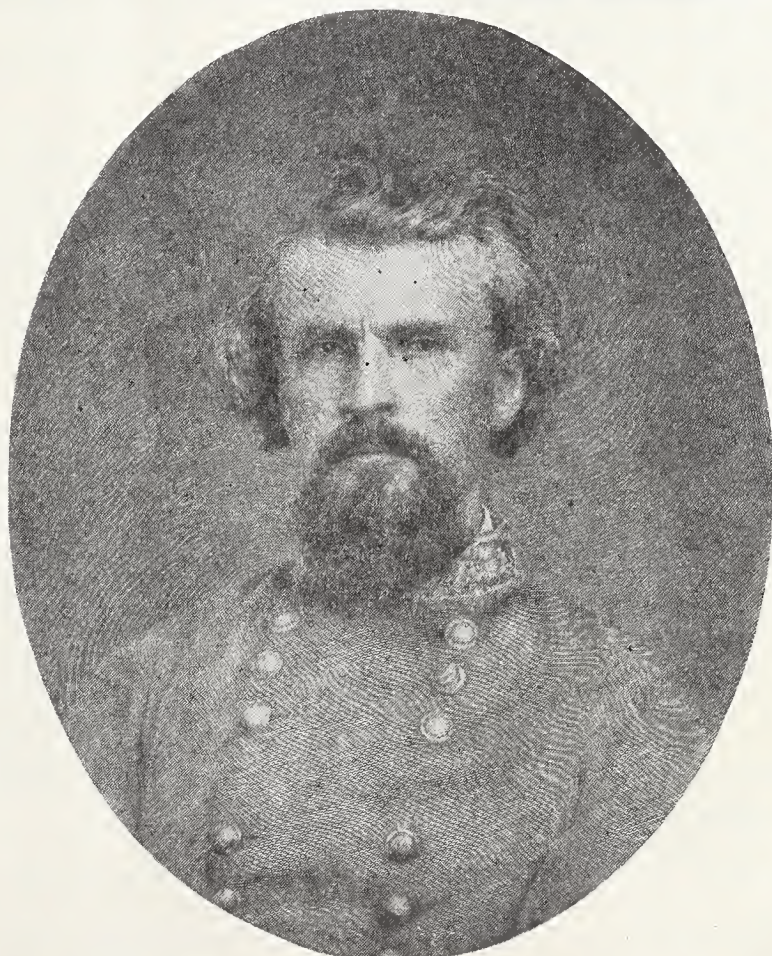
Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1929

NO. 9



GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST
(See page 339)

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SPECIAL BOOK OFFERS.

By a fortunate arrangement, the VETERAN is enabled to offer a number of copies of the book on "Women of the South in War Times" as premiums for clubs of subscriptions to the VETERAN as well as in connection with the VETERAN itself. The same offer of the book with the VETERAN one year for \$3.50 is made, and in addition the book will be given as premium for a club of six subscriptions (renewals or new orders). This book cannot be disseminated too widely, and it is hoped that this offer will carry it into many more homes.

Another special offer now is to give a year's subscription to the VETERAN in connection with Matthew Page Andrews' "History of Maryland," reviewed in the VETERAN for May, and which sells at \$7.25, postpaid.

These offers are for a limited time only, so send orders to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

H. Norman Micum, 421 East Eighth Street, Topeka, Kans., wishes to get in communication with any Confederate veteran who took part in the skirmish near Lee's Mill, on the Jerusalem Plank Road, near Petersburg, Va., July 12, 1864. This skirmish was with the 2nd Pennsylvania Cavalry, which suffered some loss in killed and captured. His uncle, John P. Shireman, of Company C, this cavalry, was wounded and taken prisoner. Any details of the fight are desired. Any veterans of the 11th and 17th Consolidated Arkansas Cavalry who knew another relative, Swode B. Micum, who served in Companies D and K, of this cavalry, will also please respond as to his service.

UNIQUE PICTURE.


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STELING BOISSEAU,
1307 Park Avenue,
Richmond, Virginia.

Mrs. C. R. Cox, Coalgate, Okla., Box 112, wishes to find some of the comrades of her husband who served with him in the war. Cyle E. Cox enlisted at Camden, Ark., in 1863, and served in the cavalry. Any information of his service will be appreciated.

Mrs. J. G. Hill, Terral, Okla., seeks information on the service of her father, Jonathan Ramsey, who volunteered at the age of sixteen, joining the 11th Alabama Infantry, at Tuscaloosa, in 1861 or 1862. He served the greater part of the time in Virginia under A. P. Hill; was captured in August, 1864, and the records show that he surrendered at Nashville, Tenn., June 9, 1865. Any information on his service, the company with which he served, etc., will be appreciated.

Mrs. Lizzie R. Galaway, 930 Johnston Street, Alexandria, La., asks for information on the old ferry at Rocky Ford, on the Tallahassee River, during the war between the States. Give exact location and name of keeper of the ford, if possible.



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HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

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COST OF BEING SICK.

Some interesting data on the cost of being sick in the United States were given by Bleeker Marquette, of Cleveland, in an address before the National Conference of Social Work. He estimates the American people pay not less than \$2,500,000,000 for medical care a year, or \$20.23 per capita.

The average American, he says, spends one-fortieth of his time in a sick bed from birth to death, and the average worker loses a fraction more than seven days a year because of illness. Preliminary surveys indicate that about 20 per cent of the families pay over 50 per cent of the medical bills. In 1921, we spent 23 times as much on treatment as on prevention of disease.—*National Tribune.*

A friend writes from California: "The VETERAN gets more and more interesting, and I wish it might be sent to some of the educators in this Pacific Coast State. The ignorance of the South and Southern character and culture is pathetic."

On account of the deaths of Generals Freeman and Kitchen, the Georgia and Missouri Divisions will be commanded, temporarily, until the respective Division reunions, by their Adjutants General.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

WILLIAM LOWNDES YANCEY.

CALLED TO PUBLIC LIFE
 AT THE MOST CRITICAL HOUR
 OF HIS COUNTRY'S FORTUNES,
 HE WAS A MAN WHOSE LOVE OF TRUTH,
 DEVOTION TO RIGHT, SIMPLE INTEGRITY,
 AND REVERENCE FOR MANLY HONOR
 MADE HIM A LEADER AMONG MEN.
 VIRTUE GAVE HIM STRENGTH,
 COURAGE UPHELD HIS CONVICTIONS,
 HEROISM INSPIRED HIM WITH FEARLESSNESS.
 HIS SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY
 NEVER CONSULTED POPULARITY,
 NOR DID HIS HIGH POSITION CLAIM HOMAGE
 SAVE ON THE GROUND OF WORTH.
 JUSTIFIED IN ALL HIS DEEDS,
 FOR HIS COUNTRY'S SAKE,
 HE LOVED THE SOUTH;
 FOR THE SAKE OF THE SOUTH,
 HE LOVED HIS COUNTRY.

[Epitaph on Yancey monument at Montgomery, Ala.]

PRESERVING THE VETERAN.

Some patrons of the VETERAN have had their volumes bound from year to year with the intention of passing on to some descendant or to some library for preservation, yet there are others who have not realized the value of the publication as historical reference in future years, when there are no participants in the struggle of the sixties to give their testimony. Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Bradenton, Fla., is one of the good friends and patrons ever interested in this journal of history, and, writing of what W. E. Thompson, of Decatur, Ga., had said of filing the numbers for preservation, he says: "It is to be hoped that many other subscribers to the VETERAN will have been equally thoughtful. I have improved on his methods in a way I hope others may have done. After receiving the VETERAN during the first two years, I decided to have the numbers bound in book form for better preservation, and, following up this plan, I have now in my library the bound volumes up to Volume 36, for 1928. I subscribe to two numbers and while one is being read by me and others, the other number is carefully preserved in good condition for binding at the end of the year. Believing that a publication containing so much of Southern

history deserves preservation in the future, I have provided in my will that these bound volumes shall be, after my death, turned over to the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn.; and Rev. J. G. Glass, who is Secretary of the Episcopal Diocese of South Florida, and whose summer home is at Sewanee, has undertaken to see them so delivered."

May there be many others to make such admirable disposition of their volumes of the VETERAN. It will be a valuable reference work for the future.

IN TRIBUTE TO DR. J. W. BACHMAN.

On Sunday, June 2, an interesting program was carried out at Chattanooga, Tenn., in the dedication of the tubes through Missionary Ridge, which represented one of the finest of public improvements made by the county for many years. These tubes take care of the outward and inward bound traffic, and obviate the necessity of crossing Missionary Ridge in reaching a certain section beyond the city. A splendid tribute was paid to the late Dr. J. W. Bachman in naming this improvement the "Bachman Tunnel," and it commemorates the life and work of one who gave more than a half century of his life to the people of that community as citizen pastor, friend, and helper. The ceremonies were largely under the direction of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Chattanooga, and in these ceremonies the Jonathan Bachman Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, had a part. The addresses of the occasion were rare tributes to his splendid life and character.

An account of the dedication is given in the Tennessee notes of the U. D. C. Department.

HISTORICAL PORTRAIT OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

In writing of the plan to have portraits of Generals Lee and Beauregard placed in the new mess hall at West Point Military Academy, Col. Robert C. Richardson, Jr., Commandant of Cadets, tells of a portrait of General Beauregard which has a very interesting history and which they hope to secure for the Academy. It seems that this portrait, at the time war came on in 1861, was in the Huger home in Charleston, S. C., and when the Federal forces came into the city, Miss Meta Huger cut the portrait out of its frame and concealed it under her dress. In some way she managed to get it on board a packet sailing for England, sending it to her relatives in Liverpool, and in their possession it has been ever since. This is the family of Mr. Randolph Trenholm Prioleau, who are now willing to dispose of it for the purpose stated.

FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

My Comrades, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy, and Friends: At the time of my election as your Commander in Chief at Charlotte, N. C., I was ill and able only at the last moment to reach the auditorium to express my appreciation to my comrades for having elected me to the highest office with-in their gift. I was sorry not to be able to be with you during the election, but was glad that I could get on my feet long enough to appear before you ere you adjourned. As I said at that meeting, I would rather be elected as Commander in Chief of that loyal band of Confederate veterans than to wear the crown of the Cæsars. It is an honor that can be conferred but once in a lifetime, and I appreciate beyond measure the confidence you expressed by the vote you took at Charlotte.

I have not been at all well since the reunion, and for that reason my message did not appear in the August number of the VETERAN, but at this time I am spending the rest of the summer in Colorado, thus escaping the heat of my own State, and am glad to say that I am feeling much better than at any time since my return from Charlotte. I hope to entirely regain my strength, so that I may be with you at Biloxi next year.

I want to repeat to you, through the pages of the VETERAN, my sincere hope that something may be done to remedy the very serious condition now existing in the Confederate Veteran Camps of the various States. These Camps, named as memorials for the finest men of our Confederacy, are dying out, and I am very anxious indeed that some arrangement may be made by each State, acting separately as a Division, to furnish enough money during the next five years to keep these various Camps alive and their dues paid in full. My suggestion is to have each State create a trust fund, to be handled by three to five trustees, who will pay these dues for all the Camps in each State annually, so that the Confederate organization may be perpetuated for the next five years, at least. This, in my opinion, will be about as long as most of us will be able to assemble in national convention. At this time so many comrades have passed on that few remain who are able to pay the dues of their Camps, so it is only in some such manner that we can keep our organization alive. I would like to see each State have its own trustees and finance its own Division. I believe there are enough Veterans, Sons, and Daughters who have the means and the will to contribute to such a fund, and I do hope we shall be able to go into our next reunion at Biloxi with this plan perfected. Comrades, we must not give up the fight. As long as we have two

Confederate veterans left, we want to see the reunions go on, and if we do not do something to finance our organization, we will soon not be able to muster a "corporal's guard" at our national meetings. I should be glad to hear from any of you who are willing to help start this plan toward its final perfection.

As to our last reunion, I want to say that I have been to most of the thirty-nine, and I believe the one at Charlotte surpassed them all. Situated in the heart of the Old South, Charlotte certainly lived up to the tradition of Southern hospitality, and the management of the reunion was unsurpassed.

It was a proud moment for me to be elected in this typical Southern city, in a State which was the home of my ancestors; and I am looking forward to going back, next year, to my own native State, from which I enlisted in March, 1862, as a boy of sixteen, in the Confederate army.

With grateful appreciation for the love and affection you have expressed in honoring me as you have done, I am

Faithfully yours,

R. A. SNEED,
Commander in Chief, U. C. V.

OLE MISS.

BY MARY GILCHRIST POWELL.

Ole Miss, she had er cur'ous way!
Young Marster he jined de ahmy, one day;
Ole Miss growed pale, but her lips, dey smile,
An' her eyes wuz brave 'n laffin' all de while.
She tole Young Marse: "Good-by, mah boy!"
She didn' cry—she smile lak joy—
(But Ah knowed dem smiles dey hurt!)

De news come back from de battle line,
Young Marse got kilt in de ahmy he jine,
Got kilt in er squirmish, but de Yanks dey run!
Ole Miss she smile; sez: "Three cheers fer my son!
He died er fightin' fer whut wuz right,
He marchin' in de ahmy er Gawd dis night."
An' she smiles 'n' smiles an' her eyes git bright,
(But Ah knowed dem smiles dey hurt!)

Den one day ('bout er month done pass),
Young Marse he come up de walk right fas',
Jes' es straight an' tall es 'e use ter be—
An Ah yell: "Young Marse, air datchoo Ah see?"
An' he sez: "Sho! twuz er mistake all right
'Bout me gittin' kilt in dat squirmish fight!
Whar's Ole Miss?" t'want need ter tell—
F'um de do' Ole Miss in his ahms done fell;
She hug 'im 'n' kiss 'im 'n' sez: "Mah boy!"
An', bless me, she up an' cried fer joy!
(An' Ah knowed dem tears felt good!)

LOWNDESBORO, ALA.

OUR ENGLISH CONFEDERATE.

It was sad news which came from Dr. Philip A. Bruce, of the University of Virginia, that Mr. Gerald Smythe, of Hastings, England, known and appreciated for his devotion to the Confederacy, had passed into the life beyond. Mr. Smythe had made several contributions to the *VETERAN*, and in the number for September, 1925, there was a short article and picture of him, also a poem which he had written on the death of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. In the following tribute, Dr. Bruce brings out the salient points in the life of Mr. Smythe and incidents of their acquaintance:

"Mr. H. Gerald Smythe, a typical English gentleman, who, during many years, was a subscriber to the *VETERAN*, died on July 7, 1929, at his home in Hastings, England.

"During the early part of his life, he was counsel for one of the largest railroads in the kingdom. While still a boy, he acquired a devotion to the Confederacy and an admiration for General Lee which, perhaps, remained his most acute interest until the day of his death.

"I think it was as far back as 1899, while boating on the Thames near Mortlake, that my wife and I were astonished to observe a Confederate flag flying from its staff in the center of the lawn of a pretty suburban villa.

"In 1909, as we stood by the recumbent statue of General Lee in the Chapel at Lexington, with his son, Captain Lee, and his wife, we noticed a fine bronze wreath resting against the base of the monument. 'This is from my English friend, Gerald Smythe,' said Captain Lee. 'He is a great Confederate.' Then we mentioned seeing the flag on the English lawn. 'T'was Smythe, of course,' said Captain Lee. He keeps every Confederate anniversary.'

"In 1915, Col. Gordon McCabe wrote Mr. Smythe that we were in England, and we were promptly invited to luncheon with him at his home in Tunbridge Wells. His house was not far from the Pantiles, and as we descended the hill, then covered with recruits being knocked into shape by old drill sergeants from Kitchener's army, with the Union Jack flying at intervals, what should we see at the foot of the hill but the Confederate flag on Mr. Smythe's lawn.

"As we entered the house, we were met by the strains of 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' which he was playing on his piano to greet us, and we found his lunch table decorated in the Confederate colors, red, white, and red.

"Although England was then an armed camp with news of dreadful import coming hourly from the continent, Mr. Smythe sat in his library, the shelves lined with almost every book that had been printed

about the war for Southern independence, and fought all its battles over again. It had occurred in his youth, when, with all his young ardor, he had espoused the cause of the South.

"His letters to me for many years have dwelt on this same theme of the Southern cause, and when he was buried this month, in English soil, his Confederate flag, by his last request, became the pall for his coffin."

A REUNION AT A REUNION.

In the following, Gen. Edwin Selvage, Commander of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, tells of a meeting after more than sixty years with a girl of North Carolina whom he had met just before the surrender in 1865, and this reunion came about just following the reunion at Charlotte. He says:

A few weeks before the surrender of General Lee, I was in Lynchburg, Va., and was acting as Adjutant to Colonel Martin, Acting Brigadier General, in the breastworks at that place. I rode into town one morning to order some forage for our horses, and as I neared the main street, I saw a young officer riding furiously up the street. When near me, his horse fell dead. Jumping up, the young man inquired of a citizen: "Where is the commander's office?" The citizen pointed up the street, and the young officer started on a run for the place.

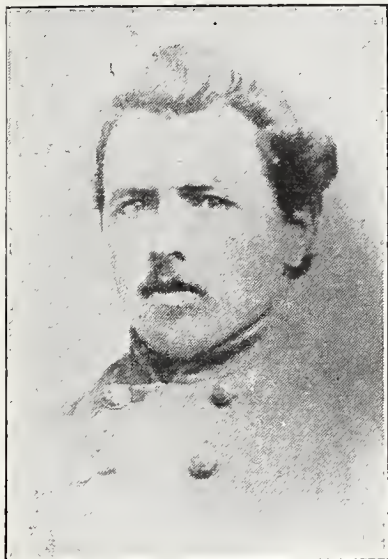
I kept on down to the stable to order the forage. The man in charge was talking to a visitor, and, while waiting for him to get through, I walked back a little way and stood in a corner near the door. The visitor had just left when a man rushed in, and, calling to the stableman, said: "Get a strong wagon and four horses as quick as h— will let you." "I have the horses, but no wagon," was the reply. "You must get one. General Lee has surrendered, and we must get the safe out of the way before Sheridan gets here." Thinking the young officer might have been the courier with the news, I did not stop to order forage, but put back to the breastworks with the news. They would not believe me, so we started for the town again, where we heard it confirmed.

The Commandant wished a dispatch carried to President Davis at Danville, Va., and Colonel Martin and I said we would take it, and with four others we started for Danville. I wish I could tell of the excitement of the troops at Lynchburg. Some seemed crazy—some laughing, some crying, others digging their bayonets in the ground trying to bend them; others breaking their rifles over the wheels of the cannon. One fellow, so excited, had put a pile of straw under a caisson and lit it—we left!

On arriving at Danville, we found that President Davis had left. We gave the dispatch to General Breckinridge, Secretary, and he asked us to take it to Mr. Davis at Salisbury, N. C. When we got there, Mr. Davis had left. Colonel Martin got cold feet and gave me the dispatch. General Bradley T. Johnson who had been my colonel, then asked me to carry it to Charlotte, N. C., and I started for Charlotte with the four others. We arrived at Charlotte as President Davis was speaking, and we heard him tell of the assassination, of Lincoln, which he deplored.

President Davis asked me what I intended to do, and I told him we wished to join Gen. Kirby Smith in Texas (we did not learn till later that General Johnston had surrendered). He said he would like for us to remain as his bodyguard, and we consented to do so; but, the next morning, he informed me that Duke's Brigade had come in, and if we wanted to go to Kirby Smith, he would like to send him a dispatch, asking me to destroy it without reading if I could not deliver it.

When we left Charlotte, we were all well mounted. We heard that some one had reported that we had President Davis with us. We learned that the Pennsylvania Light Cavalry was after us. Not knowing the terms of Johnston's surrender, we thought we would lose our horses and be sent to a military prison, so we would dodge them at every turn. We reached the home of Judge Gaffney who received us kindly and kept us overnight. We were foolish not to know that as Lee and Johnston had surrendered, Kirby Smith would also have to surrender. The next morning, as we were about to leave Judge Gaffney's little daughter, some thirteen years old, gave me a bouquet of flowers, and said: "You will come back someday." I promised, and rode off. We went to Spartanburg, S. C., thinking we had gotten rid of the calvary and put up at the barn of the hotel there. The next morning, as I looked down the street, I saw a body of blue coat cavalry coming our way. We at once mounted, and as we rode off, the Yanks started after us, firing as they came on. Being well mounted, we left them in the rear. Learning that we were not Mr. Davis's party, they gave up pursuit.



EDWIN SELVAGE, C. S. A.

In Sunflower County, Miss., we found the place flooded, but after some delay we got across the river, but ran into a Yankee camp near the mouth of White River, in Arkansas. To my surprise, we were allowed to keep our horses, and I kept my sidearms.

We had heard by this time that General Kirby Smith had surrendered, so I burned Mr. Davis's dispatch without reading it. I managed to get a steamboat to New Orleans, and a steamer to New York, the others taking different routes.

I wrote to Judge Gaffney, and we corresponded for a while. When the great reunion of the Blue and Gray took place at Gettysburg in 1913, I had the pleasure of meeting the squad that was with me when I carried the dispatch to General Jeb Stuart which brought him to the battle field on the second day's fight there. An account of this meeting was published in the VETERAN at that time. The little girl in North Carolina had grown up, and she read the story in the VETERAN. As it had my address, her son wrote asking if I was the Mr. Selvage who stopped at her father's house in 1865, and I was urged to visit them when I could. Many pleasant letters passed between us, but I was prevented from visiting them until I went to the reunion at Charlotte. The family was living in Gaffney, S. C., and while in Charlotte, I took a train for Gaffney (named for Judge Gaffney), and was met by the son of the lady whom I wished to see. It was a happy meeting! I was made at home by her lovely family, and enjoyed every moment of my visit. Her son, Mr. Harry R. Wilkins, is a well-known citizen of the town, and the family and friends made my stay there a memory which will last through life.

DIXIE.

To live for Dixie, O, how blessed
Are those who early went to rest,
Nor know the future's awful store,
But deemed the cause they fought for sure
As heaven itself; and so laid down
The cross of earth for glory's crown,
And nobly died for Dixie!

To live for Dixie! Harder part!
To stay the hand, to still the heart,
To seal the lips, enshroud the past,
To have no future—all o'ercast;
To knit life's broken threads again,
To keep her mem'ry pure from stain,
This is to live for Dixie!

—Fanny Downing.

DISPOSITION OF CONFEDERATE FUNDS.

BY JUDGE DANIEL GRINNAN, RICHMOND, VA.

My article on "Confederate Funds in Litigation" in the June number of the VETERAN raised the question very naturally as to what funds Colin J. McRae, the Confederate agent in London, did actually have on hand at the fall of the Confederacy in 1865, and what disposition he made of them. By the kindness of Mrs. Marie B. Owen, Director of the Alabama Department of Archives and History, I have been supplied with the desired explanation made by the great Judah P. Benjamin, in a letter dated January 20, 1882, written from London to S. L. Barlow, of New York. The letter appears to have been printed first in a New York City newspaper and then, in January, 1882, in a newspaper at Selma, Ala.

There were other fiscal agents of the Confederacy who had funds left in their hands in 1865, upon the fall of the Confederacy, and I now state what I learned from Bishop Beverley D. Tucker, of the Southern Diocese of Virginia, as to the disposition made by Maj. Charles Helms, of Kentucky, the Confederate fiscal agent at Havana, of the funds left in his hands. Major Helms took the funds with him to Canada at the close of the war. Bishop Tucker is now eighty-three years old, but very active. His father, Nathaniel Beverley Tucker (1820-1890), was United States Consul at Liverpool from 1857 to 1861, when he left England and went to Canada, where he was appointed agent of the Confederacy to procure commissary supplies. Two of his sons, the present bishop and James Ellis Tucker, were at school at Vervy, in Switzerland, but soon came to Canada and, after many adventures, reached Virginia and joined the Confederate army. After the end of the war, Bishop Tucker and his brother joined their father, who was one of those splendid Southern men upon whose head was set a huge reward as having aided and abetted the murder of President Lincoln. Bishop Tucker's statement is as follows, written from Norfolk, Va., June 5, 1929:

"It was Major Charles Helms, of Kentucky, Confederate Commissioner at Havana, who used the \$30,000 in gold he had left to send Confederate soldiers to college (Toronto and Moosehead), for one year. They were mostly escaped prisoners from Johnson's Island. He said the money did not belong to him, and he was not going to give it to the Yankees, and that the Confederacy owed its soldiers their pay. Jim and I were sent to the University of Toronto. My father turned over the funds in his hands to Jacob Thompson, who was the chief Commissioner in Canada."

The letter from Judah P. Benjamin tells all the facts as to Confederate funds in the hands of foreign

agents. It was written to S. L. Barlow, Esq., New York, and is as follows:

"TEMPLE, LONDON, Nov. 28th, 1881.

"*My Dear Barlow:* I have yours of the fifteenth inst., and have no objection whatever to give you all the information I possess on the subject of Confederate bonds, which some speculators on the Stock Exchange have made the subject of inquiry on rumor sedulously spread abroad that there are vast sums deposited in the Bank of England and elsewhere in Europe. The Confederate government never had but two means of raising money in Europe. One was by export of cotton, all of which was consigned to the house of Frazer, Trenholm & Co., of Liverpool; the other was by loan effected through Messrs. Erlanger & Co. and Shrouder & Co., the proceeds of which were all received by Colin J. McRae, financial agent of the government. At the close of the war, the United States government, claiming the right to receive the entire assets of the Confederate government, instituted suits against Frazer, Trenholm & Co., and against McRae. After a determined and protracted litigation, Frazer, Trenholm & Co. were driven into bankruptcy, as their whole business was destroyed and their credit broken by apprehensions created in the mercantile world as the result of enormous claims hanging over them, when they really owed little or nothing; and I think the United States ultimately recovered a few thousand dollars as a compromise. McRae proved in his case that he had rendered full and faithful account to the Confederate government of the entire proceeds of the loan in payment of supplies and munitions of war to various commissary and quartermaster officers in this country, and of coupons on bonds; but he was ready to render his accounts over again if the United States would agree to reimburse him any balance found due in his favor. This was declined. The case is reported in law reports 8 Eq. 69.

"Poor McRae, in shattered health and with a few hundred pounds, the wreck of his fortunes, emigrated to Spanish Honduras, where he sought to earn a support on a small stock farm, but he died in extremely reduced circumstances.

"The last payment of coupons on a Confederate loan was only effected after great effort by means of cotton sold through Frazer, Trenholm & Co., as all the proceeds of the loan had long previously been exhausted. The United States government also recovered some supplies, machinery, and several vessels, in fact, everything that remained from the wreck, and I do not believe that one penny is to be found anywhere in Europe of the assets of the defunct Confederacy. If anything can ever be recovered by

the bondholders, it can only be done through government action in the United States, and you can judge better than I if there is the remotest hope of any such action.

"Yours faithfully, J. P. BENJAMIN."

(This letter is from an unidentified newspaper clipping, but bearing Selma, Ala., advertisements of date of January, 1882, on the back.)

HISTORY FALSE AND INACCURATE.

Despite the long effort which has been made by the Confederate organizations to secure the truth in history, our people are still being imposed upon by historians who write from a prejudiced view, to say the least of it. The following exposure of a late work of the kind comes from Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, the beloved Poet Laureate of our Confederate organizations, who says:

"From the Library of American History," by Ellis, said to be the fairest history of the South ever published—and Ellis claims to be a Southerner, of Maryland—I have gleaned the following:

"Volume 5, chapter 8, page 170: 'Many soldiers sought exemption from service on every possible pretext. Thousands deserted to the Union lines.'

"Volume 5, chapter 8, page 177: 'General Preston reported that there were 100,000 deserters within the limits of the Confederacy!'

"Volume 5, chapter 10, page 221: 'While General Lee took this creditable action, there were a few others, like General Early, whom Lee relieved of incompetency, and Robert Toombs, of Georgia, who had no military ability, that prided themselves upon refusing to take the "oath of allegiance" and remained unreconstructed to the end.'

"Volume 5, chapter 9, page 247: 'Among the organizations of enmity to the control of the negroes was the secret society known as the Ku-Klux Klan, which was formed in Tennessee in 1866, and became virulently active in that State, Arkansas, and Mississippi. The colored population were terrified by the hideous "incantations" and gruesome ceremonies of the order. If the negroes dared to resist, they were whipped or killed. Its very violence disgusted its originators, and there was general relief when the United States marshals hunted down and virtually rooted out the Ku-Klux Klan.'

"Volume 5, chapter 7, page 159: 'John Y. Beall. Although Jefferson Davis assumed officially the responsibility for his actions (capture of the Philo Parsons, Island Queen, wrecking railroad train), he was convicted of committing acts of war while wearing no badge (visible) of military service. In other words, he was a spy, and was, therefore, hanged, February 2, 1865.'

"Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, under President Buchanan, employed Robert C. Kennedy to burn New York hotels. He was a captain in the Confederate army. He set fire in one evening to Barnum's Museum, Lovejoy's, the Tammany and New England Hotels. He was hanged in March, 1865.

"Andersonville.—'The one hideous exception was at Andersonville, Ga., where, in an immense pen, as many as 40,000 prisoners were confined at one time. They were starved and maltreated until, in multitudes of cases, death was a welcome relief. The keeper was a Swiss named Henry Wirz, one of the most brutal wretches that ever lived. At the close of the war, he was brought to trial for his atrocities, found guilty, and hanged.'

"Volume 4, chapter 3, page 48: 'The South, although her population and resources were much inferior to those of the North, was better prepared for the war. Many of her leading men knew that the struggle was to come sooner or later, and, through a period of years, they made their preparations. The Secession members of President Buchanan's cabinet strove to help the cause, and they did a great deal. When the hostilities began, there were only ninety vessels in the United States Navy, etc. three hundred and twenty-two officers resigned and entered the service of the Confederacy, of whom two hundred and forty-three were officers of the line.'

"Chapter 3, page 52: 'The Confederacy did its utmost to cultivate the good will of England and France, which, as has been stated, were anxious to see the American Union destroyed but were afraid to act openly against it. They chose, instead, to use dishonorable methods.' (Incorrect and ungrammatical.)

"Chapter 4, page 66: 'Surrender of Fort Donelson.—It was agreed that surrender was all that was left, but General Floyd declared that he would die before submitting to the Federals. Pillow felt the same way, though both officers overestimated their importance. The two decided that, no matter what happened, they must manage to escape. General Buckner was disgusted, but he agreed to remain and conduct the surrender.'

"Chapter 4, page 70: 'Calls Confederate troops at Pittsburg Landing "the enemy." Always speak of the Union army as "our troops," or "our soldiers." "The malarious climate."'

"Mention of Ericsson and the Monitor, but no mention of John Brooke who equipped and manned the Virginia (Merrimac) with rifled guns of his own invention and made her the first ironclad weeks before Ericsson got the Monitor ready.'

"Chapter 7, page 111, Author's Note: 'Butler was placed in charge of the city (New Orleans), but his vigorous measures awakened unexampled bitterness. James Parton says of him, however: "At New Orleans he was magnificently right, both in theory and in practice. Never was a man so villified who perhaps deserved it less. He was replaced by General Banks, whose method of government by conciliation failed, thus demonstrating the wisdom and necessity of General Butler's vigorous measures.'"

"Volume 5, chapter 5, page, 126: 'This extract from Semmes' official report throws light upon his value as an authority upon this battle, and also on the wisdom of those who have followed his account at the present day, instead of the modest and truthful story told by his conqueror Captain Winslow.'"

THE SOUTH IN THE BUILDING OF A NATION.

(Prize winning essay in a contest conducted by the Anne Carter Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Bristol, Va. The writer, Carl Trantum, was a member of this year's graduating class of the Bristol High School.)

In attempting to state the South's part in the building of the nation, I think it advisable to try first to give you a view of the nation. America is a land washed by two oceans, inhabited by men who have ever hated aristocracy, yet men who lead the world, not by force of arms, though they have proved themselves leaders in their use, but leaders by example. Truly, the richest nation in the world, her mines bore to the depths of the earth, her planes soar to the heights of the air, her ships circle the globe. There is no doubt as to the status of the United States of America as the leading power of the world. Let us now go back and see just how the South, a name given to those States lying south of the Mason and Dixon line, has helped to build this nation.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, just after the reign of Elizabeth in England, the reaction set in. Pleasure was practically banned, religion was so narrowed as to make a certain type of worship almost compulsory, democracy was a thing only to be discussed by the most reckless. Far to the westward a new land had been discovered. Strange stories had been told of boundless fields where crops were to be had for the taking, of endless streams where fish were to be had by a fling of the hook, and where adventure and freedom awaited the brave. Into their boats the Englishmen piled their few belongings and turned their eyes to the setting sun.

In May, 1607, they founded the first American colony in Virginia. Behind the English came the sails of the Norsemen, the Frenchmen, and the

German. They came, they saw, and they stayed. America had begun.

Here before the Southern settlers lay a paradise in the rough. The pioneers fell to work with a heart. They cleared land, fought Indians, worshiped God, and built homes, all with equal zeal. In the making of history Southern women played a large part, a part which was to be often repeated under different settings.

The land of the South was fertile, the sun shone bright, and the rains were moderate and timely. What else could have suggested itself for a means of livelihood other than agriculture? And agriculture on a scale that the Southland offered meant slaves. The South has been severely criticized for fostering the institution of slavery, but it must be remembered that at that period of history slavery was not looked upon in the light that it later came to be considered.

The South prospered. In the place of what had once been forests and wastes of grass and weeds appeared fields of cotton, corn, and rice. The South was happy. The lilting song of the negro flowed up to meet the soft Southern moon; money was in the bank, corn in the crib, and cotton on its way to England.

Then England forgot that in the veins of these provincials flowed the blood of the makers of the Bill of Rights, the Magna Charta, and the Habeas Corpus. She saw only that they were becoming rich and independent minded. A little taxation and oppression would bring them to their position. The South paid until paying became unbearable, then its people threw down their spades, picked up their swords and, with the other colonists, flew into the face of the gods of war. The world laughed uproariously. It was absurd. A group of gawky provincials matching their corn-hoeing soldiers with England's red coats. The Colonies were not fighting for a few cents tax on tea. They were fighting for right—and that made the difference.

Washington was appointed commander in chief of the Colonial armies. With very few men, hardly any arms, and practically no navy, he struck. It was a story of squirrel-shooting Colonials with their backs to the wall against trained mercenaries and arrogant soldiers of the king.

The South under Washington, Greene, Marion, and other dauntless leaders fought with the desperation of a goaded bull and the cunning of a hungry fox. At several critical times during the war Washington was all that held the soldiers together. The world that had once laughed now stopped to wonder, then admire. England tired of fighting these men who wouldn't give up and who insisted on cooping up her armies and shooting them down like so many

clay pigeons. Tarleton had gone flying home, Cornwallis had slept too long at Yorktown, British and loyalist soldiers had run at Trenton and King's Mountain, so with a "sour-grape look" on her statesmen's faces she gave these insolent colonies their independence. The South had more than done her part in the war and now, broken in fortune and bent with the grief for her lost sons, she stood confronted with the problem of helping to steer a country that was not a country, but thirteen bickering colonies. A constitution must be drawn up, a government founded, and union brought about. Jefferson had stepped forward to state the principles upon which the country has ever since prided itself when he wrote the Declaration of Independence. In the constitutional convention, he and his associate Southern statesmen wrote the Constitution. The South sent a group of statesmen that America has never since equaled. Washington was elected first President of the United States of America. He served twice with distinction and refused a third term. Out of the first five Presidents, the South furnished four.

The country again started to build up and continued to grow until 1861, when the nation was split by a great controversy. The South, which had played such a part in the building up of the nation, in the face of threatened wrongs from the Northern States, seceded from the Union. The North declared the Union indissoluble. Here was a delicate question, and it brought out in every man the spirit that is truly American. The war gods were riding again.

The South faced the same set of conditions that had faced the nation in the Revolution; No army, no navy, no arms, but honor and right in the balance.

Lee refused command of the Northern army to fight for what he saw was right. It is needless to chronicle the battles that the South won, but I must say a few words of the Confederate army. Lee was the best general that America has produced and to any Southerner the only thing he lacked of being a god was immortality. Jackson, Beauregard, Longstreet, the Johnstons, Stuart, and innumerable others showed just what stuff Southerners were made of. Never has a harder-fighting, nobler army moved on a field of battle. The South lost the war, but gave up not one principle or ideal. The War between the States was unfortunate, but not one American would have respect for another if right did not come before might. This was necessary to clear America for a new era.

The Southerner came home to find his slaves gone, his government swept away, his homes burned, his crops destroyed, and he himself under martial law. Was he whipped? *No!* He who had charged into

the mouths of cannons over the bodies of his brother and into the bayonets of his fathers with the rebel yell on his lips and an ideal before his eyes; he who had starved for his beliefs, never! Here indeed was a more terrible task than dying, but he swung into the new order of things and out of it builded the New South. It may be strange to state the South in fighting that war played a big part in building the nation, but America has been called a nation of idealists, and we are proud of it. What greater group of idealists has ever existed, and what greater price has ever been paid for an ideal than the South paid in the War between the States?

The South was meant to be and will be the richest section of the country. Where Sherman had burned a barn, he had left an oil well; where he had wrecked a flour mill, he had made space for a cotton mill.

Land is the basis of all wealth, indeed the basis of all things, for without land there could be no life, and without life no growth. Land in the Old South meant great plantations; land in the New South still means great plantations, but added to that are great mines, great power plants, great forests. In one sweeping sentence we can describe the South: a great past, a great present, and a great future.

A nation's power is to a great extent measured by her wealth. The following statistics will throw some light on just what part of the nation's wealth the South holds. During the past year over 32 per cent of the nation's mineral value came from Southern mines. More than \$2,000,000—11 per cent of the productive power of the entire South—a \$2,000,000,000 industry in less than half a century, a business the value of whose products has multiplied 15.5 times in fifty years as compared with a multiplication of the entire country's mineral values of 5.6 during the same period. The South produces all the nation's bauxite, 99.9 per cent of the nation's sulphur, 89 per cent of the nation's phosphate, 99 per cent of the nation's graphite, 99 per cent of the nation's carbon black, 94 per cent of the nation's barite, 93 per cent of the nation's asphalt, 95 per cent of the nation's Fuller's earth, 65 per cent of the nation's natural gas, 65 per cent of the nation's petroleum, 57 per cent of the nation's lead, 40 per cent of the nation's marble, 44 per cent of the nation's feldspar, 39 per cent of the nation's coal, 35 per cent of the nation's domestic clays, and has enormous reserves in all these resources.

In the forests where once the tread of a copper-colored Indian or the cry of a wild bird or animal was all that broke the silence now drones the saw mill, and out of the depths of the forest steam trains loaded high with lumber and naval supplies.

In the past twenty-five years the value of lumber

produced in the South has increased 185 per cent as against 3 per cent for the rest of the United States. The South produces 46.9 per cent of the nation's lumber values. In 1925 five Southern States furnished 40 per cent of the nation's total hard wood production. The South produces the country's total supply, and 70 per cent of the world's supply, of naval stores. The South supplies the nation's entire supply of cypress. Formerly the South shipped most of her lumber for manufacture, but now she ships the finished product. North Carolina is the nation's second largest furniture market. The South that has been called the land of milk and honey is also a land of industry and money.

God, in his building of the South, left out not one single detail. With much raw material, the South must have power, not just a little power to turn a few old water wheels, but power in great quantities and at convenient places so as not to spoil the luster of this living, working, thriving gem. Power in unlimited quantities was provided. The South has more natural gas than she can use. Comparatively speaking, all the king's horses and all the king's men haven't a show against the power taken from her streams. In the past twenty years the South showed an increase in developed horse power of 178 per cent against 105 per cent for the rest of the nation's whole. Four hydro-electric developments in progress and planned in the South represent an investment of over \$90,000,000; one Southern company alone spent \$40,000,000 in two years for new constructions: government engineers have recommended a \$37,000,000 dam on Cove Creek in Tennessee; the Barstow Dam in South Carolina, when completed, will be exceeded in electrical output only by the Niagara Falls station. You can readily see that white coal, as water power is called, is present in unlimited quantities; besides this, there are millions of tons of black coal and lignite.

It is a boast of the Southerners that, if they just had time, they could make enough leather belting from the cows they raise to belt the universe, and with their mills and power they could, with their Southern brains, reverse the whirl of the planets.

All work and no play may make plenty of "Jack," but it also makes Jack a dull boy. The Southerner from the beginning of his existence has been a play boy, and, being a play boy, he wants the whole world to come and play in his front yard. With the type of front yard the Southerner has, the whole world does come to play—and stays to pay.

The South is endowed with every type of playground in the world. Her coast line is 856 miles longer than the total remaining coast line in the United States. Peaks in the Davis Mountains of

Texas reach an altitude of 9,000 feet. Miami is an approximate parallel with Cairo, Egypt. Tourists spend from twenty-five to seventy-five million dollars annually in the better-known winter resorts. Here the South increases the nation's wealth and provides recreation for her sons.

In late years the trend of immigration has shifted from Northern Europe to Southern Europe, and the North has been flooded with a low type of immigrants. Inter-marriage has lowered the quality of the population of the North. Transportation and labor conditions have protected the South from the influx of low-type immigrants, and the South retains her Anglo-Saxon population. The moral, mental, and social heritage of these Anglo-Saxons who would pay with their lives for the preservation of an ideal, is enough to insure the nation against the new trend of thought that is sweeping the country. Socialism, bolshevism, and atheism are subjects to which they give little consideration. Honor and labor are their by-words.

Thus we see that from her brave and hardy pioneers; her hard-fighting, never-surrendering revolutionists who wore the buff and blue in the seventeen seventies; her unparalleled statesmen who led in the founding of the nations; her so-called rebels, who in reality were not rebels, but an exemplification of the American spirit of right or death; down to the modern Southern captain of industry, we have a story—in all of these types—of the South's part in the building of the nation.

There has never been a statement of falser fabric than the assertion that the South is living on her reputation, but granting for a moment its truth—what a glorious reputation to live on!

A BOY OF THE OLD DOMINION DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

BY MILTON BENNETT LAMBDIN.

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A rare experience to have been a boy in Alexandria, Va., when the picturesque old town played the strenuous rôle of a strategic outpost between the North and the South during the stirring days of the War between the States.

Alexandria, be it noted, has an honorable ancestry and a worthy place among the cluster of Colonial cities that lent luster to early American history. A replica, or reproduction, of an English small town that had been picked up by invisible agency, carried across the ocean, and set down on the west bank of the Potomac River, some seven miles or so below where the Capital of the nation now stands.

There is a pervasive charm about the venerable place that appeals alike to the inhabitants and the visitor. On every hand are the accessories that sway the mind and fresco the imagination with associations that belong to royalty, Colonial and Indian legends and names, as we listen to the felicitous roll call of King Street, Queen Street, Prince, Duke, Asaph, Cameron, Henry, Orano Streets.

A large number of the more stately houses are of English type and pleasing diversity of style, bearing family names that affect the historic sense, as the Lee House, the Mason House, the Carlyle House, the Fairfax House, and others of like character.

It was in this quaint old city that General Braddock had his headquarters, now known as the Braddock House, on the eve of setting out on his ill-fated campaign against the Indians, and with the well-nigh extermination of his military forces of regulars and colonials at Fort Duquesne. The old road, the Braddock Road, as it is yet called, can be pointed out over which his little army passed.

Alexandria, as you need not be reminded, is glorified with the name of George Washington. This of itself is enough to immortalize the city through all coming time and to give it a renown distinctively its own. In the boyhood days of The Boy, there used to run a parody: "George Washington, the father of his country: First in war, first in peace, and the last to get a monument," as the shapely obelisk to perpetuate his name and fame was left incomplete on its site, south of the White House grounds, through many shabby years of neglect, until it was finally finished and dedicated in 1884-85.

It may not be generally known that while Washington had his country home and estate at Mount Vernon, he also maintained a city residence in Alexandria. At a very youthful age, The Boy remembers distinctly a modest-looking house on the south side of Cameron Street, between St. Asaph and Pitt Streets that carried the name, "The George Washington House." As a thoughtless piece of vandalism, and with an utter disregard of its value as a priceless relic, a memorial of the great Washington, it was torn down just a few years before the war, and The Boy recalls bringing home several souvenir shingles of its débris. Its vacant site is now marked by a bronze tablet.

A block or two up Cameron Street from this spot, in the very heart of this old town, there stands Christ Episcopal Church, where Washington worshiped, and where he had his membership. It was built, in early Colonial days, of brick brought from England. The square pew where he and his family sat yet remains.

Another noted old building linked on to Colonial

times is the First Presbyterian Church. Its erection began two years before the Declaration of Independence. It stands on South Fairfax Street "as a monument to the sturdy Calvinists who stood against George III as their predecessors had stood against Charles I." It remains unoccupied for worship, silent and serene, with its old-time attractive interior of pulpit, pews, organ, and galleries. In the rear is a graveyard, where lie the mortal remains of persons famous in the history of the town and the times.

A familiar tradition yet abides in the place that Washington seriously thought of locating the seat of government at Alexandria, and with the erection of the Capitol on "Shooter's Hill," a commanding elevation crowning the west end of the city. The name, "Shooter's Hill," is a reproduction by the English settlers of Alexandria of a hill of the same name in London, and is mentioned in English literature. Its crest is now occupied by the "George Washington Masonic Memorial Temple, or Shrine," a \$4,000,000 building under course of construction by the nation-wide coöperative efforts of the Square and Compass fraternity. The attractive and unique architectural design is that of an ancient Babylonian ziggurat, as it lifts itself to a towering elevation in a succession of narrowing stages.

The view from this eminence is well-nigh unsurpassed in its enthralling landscape perspective, whether it be in this land or other lands. The eye is enchanted as it drinks in the magnificent vista of the majestic Potomac in its onward sweep to the Chesapeake and the long stretch of the green hills of Maryland in the near foreground.

The illustrious name of Robert E. Lee also contributes to the fame of the old town. The house still stands, now known as the "Lee House," where his widowed mother made a home for him during the several years that, as a youth, he attended a high grade school in preparation for West Point. His later permanent home up to the breaking out of the war was at Arlington, some six or seven miles distant, thus facilitating a close social and Church connection with Alexandria. A pew in Christ Church carries his name.

Long before New York became the emporium of the New World, Alexandria was a great shipping port that did an extensive export and import business with the far-off ends of the earth. Even up to less than three quarters of a century ago its harbors were filled with scores of steamships and sailing vessels from every clime and zone.

In addition to the prestige of its world-wide trade contacts, its ancient Colonial homes, attractive street names, annals of pre-Revolutionary days, legends and traditions of Washington, Lafayette, and

other celebrities associated with the formation of the young republic, its physical surroundings in the way of its broad, mile-wide river, numerous creeks and runs, made a vibrant appeal to the juvenile aquatic and piscatorial instincts of the average boy who helped to make up its fourteen or fifteen thousand population. Think of it! Picture it all for yourself. "Swimmin' holes" galore! And fishing! Great sport! a sport for kings and small boys. Herring, cat, eels, perch, even an accommodatng shad, at times, seemed to think it a high destiny to lend himself to the right royal diversion.

Think, too, of the wide expansive territory stretching itself out for many miles around in every direction, with its innumerable free-for-all walnut trees, hickory nut trees, chestnut trees, persimmon trees, chinquapins, fox grapes, chicken grapes, and acres upon acres of blackberry and huckleberry fields and patches.

If, too, you cared to play the rôle of a Nimrod, there was your chance every day of your life at hand. Grab your gun and bag and start out for turkey, duck, partridges, black birds, reed birds, meadow larks, with more besides of the winged creatures of the air, the trees, the fields, and you would return richly rewarded with the trophies of your huntsman's fervor and skill.

What show would the fabled Garden of the Hesperides have with its paltry golden apples in comparison to what old Alexandria could provide to make life at that time more than worth the living? But as if all these variegated concomitants to the mere joy of existence to the youngsters of the place were not enough, here comes along a-hiking down the pike, a great, big, sure-enough, up-to-date *War*, with all its pageantry and pomp, circumstances, and éclat, to capture the youthful imagination. A War that couldn't have been more to a boy's liking than if it had been hand-picked or made to his special order. And, not to be overlooked, The Boy was just at an age, not yet in his teens, to revel in the panorama of marching armies, booming cannon, rattle of musketry, military reviews; and, fortunate for him, at a safe distance from the stage of actual hostilities and dangers.

Though Alexandria was only a few miles distant from Washington, it was as intense and thoroughly ingrained a Southern city as though it had been bed-rocked in the very heart and center of the Confederacy.

During the short period of time before the actual try out at arms between the respective forces of the North and the South, the interest in the city in the pending conflict was at high fever heat and pulsating heartbeat. Nothing at all of a hysterical and emotional nature, but calm, deliberate, determined, in

the belief of the intrinsic righteousness and constitutional justice of the Southern cause. It was based upon the interpretation of a clause amendment of the Constitution under which the nation was supposed to function and which expressly declared that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by the States, are reserved to the people."

As is well known to historical scholars, Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island, in adopting the Constitution, expressly reserved the right of the people of the sovereign States to resume the powers delegated to the Union if they should so determine afterwards. Unless thus safeguarded in their future interests, they declined to enter into the compact. Acting upon this express guarantee, New England, during the War of 1812, threatened to secede from the Union. The Massachusetts legislature in 1844 made a similar threat.

The South felt that the real motive at the North in driving the nation into war against her was not a constitutional one, but a belated antagonism to Southern African slavery. In the South, however, the issue was a clean-cut constitutional one, the right of the sovereign State to withdraw from the Union if it should so deem fit, and a right that she had never surrendered. And it might not be amiss to emphasize the fact that the South never introduced slavery into the American colonies. That was a profitable business and extensive enterprise initiated and carried on most successfully by the Dutch, the English, and New England. The slave trade had its birth in the North, not in the South. The first American slave ship was built at Marblehead, Mass., in 1636. This was the genesis of the lucrative trade by which slaves were carried in New England ships to the various English colonies. It is a simple matter of historical record that slave vessels were fitted out at New Bedford, Mass., loaded with casks of New England rum, which was exchanged for slaves on the west coast of Africa.

When it was found that the climatic conditions in the Northern States made the possession and use of these slaves a debit proposition, then they were sold, not emacipated, you will observe, but sold into the warmer climate of the South to work in its cotton, corn, rice, and tobacco fields. In fact, a far more easy, comfortable and humane mode of life than what they had been accustomed to in Africa as virtual slaves of their tribal chiefs.

With a beautiful cast of countenance, a "holier than thou" air, and a heavenward elevation of eyebrows, while at the same time holding on with a covetous grasp to the "filthy lucre" received from the barter and sale of these human chattels dumped over

on the South, there was heard the iterated and reiterated sanctioning cry of "the heinous sin and barbarous cruelty of the traffic in human flesh."

However, be that as it may, let us hark back to the old Virginia city of The Boy's write-up. The streets of Alexandria presented a gala scene day and night. "The Stars and Bars" in conspicuous evidence and flying from various vantage points. Militarism was uppermost, and, in keeping with this martial spirit, Alexandria could proudly boast of three splendidly equipped infantry companies, made up of the very flower of its young manhood. "The Alexandria Riflemen," the "Old Dominion Riflemen," and "The Mount Vernon Guards." These three crack companies formed the backbone of the 17th Virginia Regiment in the Confederate service and made a conspicuous record throughout the war. Their uniforms were spectacular and gorgeous, and when they turned out on George Washington's birthday anniversaries and other commemorative occasions, the whole town would be out of doors to jam the streets in taking in the parade.

The famous Horse Guards and "Princess Pat's Own" had nothing in the way of glittering show and valor on these young soldier boys of that rapidly vanishing host. And when they marched out the whole length of King Street, the main street of the town, to the open and near-by fields, where they held their inspection and review and went through their various evolutions and manual of arms, it was not only a glorious day for the youngsters, but no less a one for their families and friends, who looked on with admiration and delight.

In addition to these infantry companies, there was also an artillery company that made a notable record in the days of active service.

At the intersection of Washington and Prince Streets, standing erect on its granite base, with folded arms, sad of face, looking in the direction of the battle fields of the South," as though in deep contemplation is the imposing figure of a Confederate soldier. Cut deep into a panel of one of its sides is the inscription:

"ERECTED
TO THE MEMORY OF THE
CONFEDERATE DEAD
OF ALEXANDRIA, VA.,
BY THEIR
SURVIVING COMRADES.
MAY 24, 1889."

On an opposite panel is the sentiment:

"THEY DIED IN THE
CONSCIOUSNESS OF DUTY
FAITHFULLY PERFORMED."

The local soldier boys were kept busy day and night on picket duty at certain outlying points of the town facing the north. This precaution was absolutely necessary, as Washington was only a few miles distant, with trains all the while coming into the Capital from the north, east and west, loaded with contingents of Union troops being massed for an invasion of Virginia. At any moment now they were looked for to appear upon the horizon; as, in the language of scripture, "Out of the north an evil shall break forth." An element of romance was interwoven with this picket duty, for the feminine fancy ever loves brass buttons and military trappings.

To this very day, through the long stretch of intervening years, The Boy, now an old boy, can visualize one of those young soldiers in his gaudy uniform, with gun in hand, standing on guard at the corner of Henry and Orinoca Streets, just on the edge of the town, looking toward the danger zone, alert to his duty; but at the same time not averse to carrying on an enjoyable flirtation with one of the pink-cheeked and soft-voiced flappers of a neighboring house, who just happened to be near his picket post. Singular how such accidental conjunctions "just happen" so. However, for aught we know, it might have been the young soldier's sweetheart. And who could blame them for this delightful get together once again before the call of duty in the defense of Virginia would part them for, O! how long a time?

Was it with her as with many another couple in short after days, a broken heart, a shattered hope, when tidings came of death in battle? Innumerable chapters like that written in tears.

Now, let us leave the young "Johnnie Reb" at his sentry post, vis-à-vis with his lady love, as they dream love's young dream of an eventual reunion of happy hearts and lives when the war was over, and let us bend our steps to the river's front on the east, and we will see something of an ominous aspect.

Look! There it is! A low, black, "rakish-looking" wooden gunboat, the Pawnee, lying out amid stream in the Potomac, with its portholes wide open, and the mouths of murderous looking cannon pointing point-blank at the city, and ready for business. What the possible "business" might be was hardly a need for a guess or a debate. Every one knew. That frowning gunboat was an irresistible object of attraction, and the river embankment became a grand promenade as the immense crowds jostled each other to focus their eyes on the sailors moving about here and there, climbing its rigging, or "hanging out the wash," fluttering in the wind like signal flags. No rowboats filled with officers and men came ashore. Everything was aloof, silent, uncanny.

(Continued in October.)

"AFTER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS."

List of letters written by and to prisoners at Camp Chase, Ohio, which were found in the Ohio State Library and later turned over to the Ohio Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of which Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter is President. It is the desire of the Division to return these letters to descendants of the men who wrote them or of those to whom addressed, or to the writers, if any are living. Claimants should write to Mrs. A. S. Porter, 1724 Clifton Boulevard, Lakeland, Ohio, giving proof of claim and relationship to the writer, and send postage. Any interesting incidents connected with this work will be reported from time to time.

The Alabama list was given in the August number of the VETERAN.

ARKANSAS.

A. D. Black to Mrs. C. M. Black, Dorchiat.

J. W. Edmonston to Mrs. Mary Ann Edmonston, Campabellon, Green County.

H. A. Gregory to Mrs. Martha Gregory, Turin, Saline County.

J. C. Hubbard, 40th Regiment Provisional Army, to Mr. W. R. Marshall, Dewitt.

J. D. Hudson to Noah Hudson, Westville, Dale County.

Lieut. S. P. Inks to Mrs. Susan Hagood, Van Buren.

L. F. Manney to W. A. McClung, Cherry Grove.

L. E. Manney to Mrs. N. A. Manney.

Lieut. W. C. Osborne to Mr. M. Osborne, Little Rock.

Second Bvt. Lieut. E. A. Poe to Mrs. Martha Poe, Belfast,

Lieut. I. B. Rogers to Mrs. E. A. J. Rogers, Troy.

J. M. Sanders to Mrs. J. M. Sanders, Rockport.

Lieut. W. R. Selvidge, to Mrs. R. A. Selvidge, Falcon, Columbia County; to T. T. Carlock, Esq., Falcon.

N. M. Shepherd to Mrs. Dolly Shepherd (wife), Mary Green, Saline County.

R. M. Walker to Mrs. S. S. Walker, Palestine, Columbia County.

Claibourn Watkins to George C. Watkins, Little Rock.

J. K. Whitefield to Mrs. J. K. Whitefield, Camden, Ouchita County.

F. M. Whitaker to Mr. Jesse Whitaker, Monticello.

GEORGIA.

——— Armstrong (to his brother). No surname is given. This letter mentions Charlie Smith, and Augusta, which must be Augusta, Ga.

Lieut. J. Q. Durham, 50th Tennessee Regiment, to

Mrs. Anna J. Durham, West Point; to Mr. J. C. Durham, West Point.

W. L. Gordon to Mr. T. M. Gordon, Ringgold.

Capt. J. P. Jackson, 50th Tennessee Regiment, to G. W. Jackson, Erin; to William Jackson, Esq., Erin.

William Lanier, Company K, 12th Georgia, Regiment, to Mrs. Mary Lanier, Buena Vista, Marion County.

G. W. Owings to J. R. Owings, Pond Spring, Walker County.

KENTUCKY.

Fred Argyle, Bon Harbor, Ky., to Thomas G. Holman, Camp Chase, Ohio.

Owen Breckenridge, Paynes Depot, Scott County, Ky. to "Billy" (envelope gone).

W. T. C., Harrodsburg, Ky., to Nimrod Harris, Camp Chase, Ohio.

T. S. Cagarm to "Doctor" (envelope gone).

J. W. Caldwell, Harrodsburg Ky., to Nimrod Harris, Camp Chase.

Elizabeth Harris, Harrodsburg, Ky., to her husband, Nimrod Harris, Camp Chase.

I. T. Harris, Harrodsburg, Ky., to Nimrod Harris, Camp Chase.

——— Jane, Owenton, Gallatin County, Ky. (to her father). Envelope gone.

L. H. Kemp to A. H. Kincheloe and others, 5th Kentucky Regiment, C. S. A.

Thomas Lilly to Private Jasper Anderson, Breckenridge's Brigade, Company B, 5th Kentucky Volunteers, C. S. A.

D. B. Pusey, West Point Ky., to ——— Pusey (his brother), Camp Chase.

Thomas S. Shawan to George Williams, Harris County, Ky.

Mrs. Mollie Sidebottom, Owenton, Ky., to B. F. Sidebottom, Camp Chase.

John Sheckler, Louisville Ky., to D. C. Sims, Camp Chase.

John H. and Betty S. Wilkins, Bowling Green, Ky., to David Rhea, Camp Chase.

LOUISIANA.

Lieut. Jeff Thompson to Mrs. Jeff J. Thompson, Greenburg.

J. Q. Wall to Mrs. Eveline Jones, Tickfaw Station, Livingston Parish; to Mrs. Pauline R. Settoon, Ponchitola.

J. P. Yates to D. A. Yates, Esq., New Orleans; to his sister, Sarah, New Orleans.

MARYLAND.

Henry, Whisler, Williamsport, Md., to his son. This letter was writtin in Maryland, but the writer

was from Virginia, according to the letter, and, although the son was in a Federal prison, Camp Chase, Ohio, the father is a Union man with no sympathy for the South. In the letter he speaks of returning home, and mentions Harrisonburg, also the Valley of Virginia.

MISSISSIPPI.

Lieut. H. L. Bedford to Col. Benj. W. Bedford, Como Depot.

N. Jasper Benson to Mr. J. A. Beckett, Pope's Station, Panola County; to Mrs. Mary H. Benson, Byhalia, Marshall County.

James Cook to Captain Ridley, Corinth.

James A. Cox, 14th Regiment to Mr. Allen Cox, Siloam; to Mrs. Addie Cox, Siloam, Oktibbeha County.

P. L. Dotson to Mary W. Dotson (wife), Brookesville.

A. J. Evans to Mrs. Augusta Evans, Okolona, Chickasaw County.

James H. Farned, to Mr. A. Farned, Okolona.

Phillip H. Freeman to Mrs. S. C. Freeman, (mother) Middleton.

S. M. Gassaway, Adam's Cavalry, to Lieut. W. S. Yerger, Adam's Cavalry, Corinth; to Mrs. Anna E. Horne, Jackson.

D. S. Hall to Capt. Jesse Cox, Corinth.

H. M. Hallam to Mr. Jeremiah Hallam, Bankston, Choctaw County.

Lieut. F. W. Keyes, 20th Mississippi Regiment, to Mrs. Bettie Keys, Carrollton; to Hon. O. R. Singleton, H. of R. Richmond, Va.

I. L. Logan to Mrs. James Logan, Abbeville, Lafayette County.

D. A. McKenzie to Mr. William Johnson, Morton, Scott County.

N. S. Magee, 15th Mississippi Volunteers, to Mr. E. J. Moore, Water Valley.

Lieut. C. C. Moore to Lewis Moore, Houston.

R. I. Moore to S. R. Moore, Bay Springs.

Capt. R. D. Palmer, to Mrs. Fannie Palmer (wife), Winona.

W. J. Parmele to Mrs. Lydia P. Parmele, Winona.

Jas. F., Peeler to Mrs. Sarah A. B. Peeler (wife), Kosciusko.

Charles A. Ray to Green Ray (brother), Tishomingo County; to his parents, (no name) Tishomingo County.

T. H. Shackelford to Mrs. Virginia Shackelford, Okolona.

H. T. Shine to Mr. J. T. Shine, Goodman.

G. W. Smith to Mr. R. W. Price, Eastport.

Alexander Trotter to Gen. W. B. Trotter, Quitman.

Second Lieut. Reese T. Wood to Mrs. Perlina Wood, Pope's Station.

TENNESSEE.

Thomas M. Atkins, Company A, 49th Tennessee Volunteers, to Mrs. C. M. Clark, Columbus, O; to G. A. Henry, Confederate Senator, Richmond, Va.

Napoleon P. Blair, 29th Tennessee Regiment, to Mrs. Nancy A. Blair, Limestone Springs, Green County.

I. Slaught Carruthers, Adj. 51st Tennessee, to Mrs. S. Fannie Carruthers, Mason's Depot; to T. N. Carruthers, Mason's Depot.

Lieut. Thomas J. Carruthers to William Carruthers, Jackson; to Rev. John R. Harrison, Jackson.

W. J. Clift, McMinnville, Tenn., to Thomas ———, Camp Chase, Ohio.

Nathan Cross, Nashville, Tenn., to Connally F. Figg, Esq., no address.

G. D. Cross, Mt. Gilead, Ohio, to Alfred H. Cross, (Nashville, Tenn.), Camp Chase, Ohio.

John R. Farabee to Mrs. Carrie Farabee, Gayoso House, Memphis; to Mr. Joseph Maples, Memphis.

Uriah Gardener to Mrs. Mary Gardener (mother), Jackson.

James Griffin to Amos and Daphne Leatherman, Memphis.

John J. Guthrie, Jr., to Mrs. John J. Guthrie, Jr., Memphis.

John G. Hall to Gen. J. A. Curnes, Memphis.

J. T. Hamm to Mr. John M. Hamm, Gravel Hill.

W. M. Hughes to Miss E. K. Fussell, Columbia; to Mr. W. G. and Mrs. Mary M. Hughes, no address.

G. B. Kealhofer, Xenia, O., to Messrs. Cossitt, Hill & Co., Memphis.

Theodore Kelsey to Ben May, Esq., Bank of West Tennessee, Memphis.

Thomas Kirtland to Ben May, Esq., Bank of West Tennessee, Memphis.

A. S. Levy to Miss Ella Levy, Memphis.

Andrew Lowe to Mrs. Martha A. Lowe, Midway Depot, Green County.

A. Moffitt to Miss M. J. Moffitt, Covington, Tipton County.

M. S. Neely to Mrs. Julia Neely, Denmark, Madison County.

Mrs. Blanka W. Overby, Hickman, Tenn., to Wilson Overby, Camp Chase.

F. A. Ragsdale to W. J. Brooks, or J. W. Markham, 10 Shelby St., Memphis.

John and Nancy Scivally, Lynchburg, Lincoln County Tenn., to J. N. Scivally, Camp Chase.

W. M. Smith to I. S. Reynolds, Esq., Huntsville.

Mary Sykes, Columbia, Tenn., to Eugene O. Sykes (brother), Camp Chase.

M. R. Sykes, Columbia, Tenn., to Mr. George Martin, Camp Chase.

John Walker to Mrs. Phillis Walker, Memphis.

Lieut. John S. Ward, 50th Tennessee Regiment, to Hon. L. C. Haynes, C. S. Senator, Richmond, Va.; to Gen. L. T. Wigfall, C. S. Senator, Richmond, Va.

J. W. Warlick to Mrs. Nanie Warlick, Jackson.

Lieut. I. I. Williams, Tennessee Volunteers, to W. C. Williams, Memphis.

G. Y. Willis to Miss G. A. Willis (sister), Chattanooga.

Private Josiah Woodall, Company I, 19th Volunteer Tennessee Regiment, to Isaiah Woodall, Chattanooga.

R. H. Wooten to Rev. C. H. Adkins, Porterville.

Thomas York, Williamson County, Tenn., to "his brother," Camp Chase, Ohio.

VIRGINIA.

Lieut. S. W. Averett, C. S. N., to Mrs. Martha C. Averett (mother), Halifax C. H.

Charles B. Carter to Mrs. Eliza Carter (wife), Waynesboro; to Mr. James H. Carter, Mohemo River, Augusta County.

William A. Colman to Mrs. J. C. Colman, Amherst C. H.

Lieut. W. B. Felton, 1st Alabama Regiment, to Mr. J. L. Stroud, Richmond.

R. Gaillard to Mr. Thomas H. Watts, Richmond.

John Guerant, 2nd Lieut. of Artillery, Floyd's Brigade, to William W. Anderson, Esq., Goochland C. H.

J. M. Irvine, to Maj. E. Irvine, Deerfield, Augusta County.

J. P. Jackson, 50th Regiment Tennessee Volunteers, to Hon. David Clopton, H. of R., Richmond.

J. M. Jackson, 42nd Tennessee Regiment, to Dr. John Ralls, Richmond.

Frank W. Keyes, 20th Mississippi Regiment, to Hon. O. R. Singleton, H. of R., Richmond.

John Lilly to Mrs. Ida Lilly (inclosed), directed to Mr. John Woodman, Red Sulphur Springs, Monroe County, Va.

First Lieut. Thomas M. McGehee, 27th Alabama Regiment, to Hon. Thomas H. Foster, M. C., Richmond.

William J. Miller to Miss Elizabeth C. Miller, Luray, Page County.

J. M. Moine to Maj. E. Moine, Deerfield.

Samuel M. Moses to Charles Moses, Shernando, Back Creek, Augusta County.

Mrs. M. D. Riblett, Mills Falls, Marion County, Va., to Michael Riblett, Camp Chase.

W. D. Seay to Wm. P. Seay, Esq., Richmond.

George Shores, Martinsburg, Va., to "friend," no address.

Lieut. Theodore Smith to Mrs. Theodore Smith, Frenchville, Mercer County.

Capt. John B. Stuart, Company H, 27th Alabama Regiment, Summerville, Ala., to Hon. Thomas J. Foster, M. C. Richmond.

Jonathan Talley to Mrs. Dolly A. Talley, Goochland County, Va.

Jason W. Thompson to David Bradley, Goshen Bridge.

Thomas Thorn, Marion County, Va., to Mr. R. Merrie, Camp Chase.

Lieut. D. S. Van Matre to John Patrick, Lewisburg.

Lieut. John S. Ward, 50th Tennessee Regiment, to Hon. L. C. Haynes, C. S. Senator, Richmond; to Gen. L. T. Wigfall, C. S. Senator Richmond.

LETTERS WITH NO ADDRESSES.

Walter Ashby to his mother.

Robert Beers, from M. Meikle, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.; from Rev. J. W. Burgett, St. Catherine's, Canada.

E. Bible to his grandfather.

Peter Barker to his brother.

B. H. Bridgeforth to Clay Bridgeforth.

E. A. Buck to his brother, Camp Chase.

A. E. Early to his parents.

Thomas L. D. Farmer to Mrs. Sarry E. Farmer.

M. G. Galloway to brother.

J. G. Hall to Allison.

Capt. A. G. Hammach to his brother.

L. F. Manney to Mrs. N. A. E. Manney.

Milton P. Mecker to Mary.

M. S. Miller to Mrs. Maria Miller.

T. A. Morgan, Johnson's Island, to G. P. Chilcutt, Camp Chase.

James J. Oliver to Michael Oliver.

L. J. Pardue to W. P. Pardue.

W. P. Pardue to his brother.

Sebern Phillips to P. S. Phillips.

Sue Phillips to Thomas Phillips, Camp Chase.

Captain Charles W. Raisler to W. H. Storey, Camp Chase.

Joseph H. Reese to his mother.

W. J. Rogers to his mother, Mrs. L. W. Malone.

Captain J. W. Rush to his father.

W. A. H. Shackelford to Mrs. F. Shackelford.

F. M. Smith, Cincinnati, to his brother, Camp Chase.

W. H. Smith to "Cate."

Charles F. Taylor to Mrs. Deborah Taylor.

J. S. Thomas to his father.

W. P. Wren to his father.

"Hattie," Jacksonville, to "Cleves," no address. The letter mentions the fact that Robert Hill, lieutenant in the 2nd Tennessee Regiment, had been taken prisoner and sent to Camp Chase, and that he was a distant cousin of hers.

C. C. H. to "My dear nephew," envelope gone. This letter mentions that she saw where some one named Hooper had been exchanged, and thought possibly it was her nephew, so the "C. C. H." is doubtless Hooper, she closes with "Love from Sue and Cynthia, Your affectionate Aunt. C. C. H. She also speaks of a Mr. Hardin going down toward Corinth.

Henry W. Hart, Colesborough, no State given, to Adkin, or William Harned.

W. C. Canes to Mrs. Hennie Canes, envelope gone and there is nothing in this letter to help locate the home of the writer.

NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

Nathan Bedford Forrest, son of William Forrest and Marian Beck, was born in Bedford County, Tenn., July 13, 1821. His paternal great-grandfather, Shadrick Forrest, emigrated from England to North Carolina in 1730. His second son, Nathan, was the grandfather of the general. The family had remained in North Carolina until 1806, when the great-grandfather, with a large family of children, moved to the wilds of Tennessee.

Marian Beck, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, whose family emigrated from South Carolina to Bedford County, Tenn., became the wife of William Forrest, grandson of Nathan; so that Nathan Bedford Forrest was of pure English ancestry.

The pecuniary affairs of William Forrest having gone to wreck, he removed, with his large family of young children, in 1834, to Tippah County, Miss. and it was there that the father of Bedford died in 1837; leaving his son, sixteen years of age, the head of a family which included his widowed mother, six brothers, and three sisters. The impoverished condition of his father had debarred Bedford from the opportunities to receive even a rudimentary education. He attended school during the winter months of 1836 and 1837, between harvesting and planting seasons. In the meantime, the family was stricken with typhoid fever, which proved fatal to two of his brothers and his three sisters, including the one born a twin with himself.

I have entered into this early history of the family to illustrate more clearly the wonderful character of the man, the man of destiny; but before going into his manhood, I will relate an incident which happened soon after the death of his father, so characteristic of the man into whom Bedford Forrest developed. A neighbor had an ox which lived, whenever it chose, on the Forrest farm, throwing down fences and destroying the young corn at will. The habits of the

beast became insufferable, and the attention of the owner was repeatedly called to the depredations. He was urged and begged to keep the animal out of his fields without success. Young Forrest then notified his neighbor that he would no longer allow the ox to destroy his crops; that he would shoot the animal if he was again found in his field. The neighbor's retort was angry, and a menace likewise to shoot whomsoever might shoot the ox. In a few days the inveterate steer was found, as usual, feeding in the cornfield. Sending one of his little brothers to the owner to inform him of his purpose, Bedford repaired with his rifle to the field and, without delay, did what he had said he would do. Scarcely had he done so, and as he was reloading his rifle, the neighbor appeared, also armed with a rifle, hurrying to the field, manifestly bent on violence. Standing on his own ground, and having reloaded his rifle, no sooner did his adversary attempt to surmount the fence than the determined youth brought his rifle to bear and fired, the ball passing through the clothes of the intruder, who, brought to his senses by the report of the gun and whistle of the ball, tumbled from the fence and ran homeward as fast as he could.

In this affair of his childhood may be seen the full promise of his manhood—the quick recognition of the situation, the swift plan for mutiny, the exigency, and the resolute adoption of the active defense.

In 1842, Bedford was able to establish himself in business with an uncle in the county town of Hernando, Miss., and there he remained some nine years, an active, energetic man of business.

At the outbreak of the war, Forrest was living in Memphis, was an alderman for the city, and stood in the front rank of the prosperous men of the city. He was owner of two large plantations, which produced more than a thousand bales of cotton per annum. Thus, beginning life a fatherless youth, and at the age of sixteen with a family of twelve persons dependent for their support upon his labor in the rugged hill lands of Tippah, denied even an ordinary education, we find him climbing year by year with scarce a pause in his ascent.

On June 14, 1861, Nathan Bedford Forrest joined a company that was being formed by Dr. Josiah S. White. On the 10th of July, Private Forrest received a dispatch from Gov. Isham G. Harris, advising him to undertake to raise a regiment of cavalry for the Confederate service, and by the middle of September the regiment reported for duty.

The first service of the regiment was with the operations of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, when the Confederate commanders, Generals Pillow and Buckner, decided to surrender the fort and the army. Colonel Forrest protested and with keen dissatis-

faction and determination not to surrender his regiment; and he did carry his command in safety to the headquarters of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, while the army was surrendered.

Having reached the vicinity of Nashville, Colonel Forrest repaired to headquarters and reported in person to General Johnston, who was at the time leaving for Murfreesboro. General Johnston ordered him to report to General Floyd, who was left to remove all the property that could be saved. Appearing on the following morning at headquarters in the city, Forrest found General Floyd about to quit the place. He gave Forrest orders to remain until the next afternoon and then to follow. Forrest found that all the officers of the quartermaster and commissary departments, except one, had left their depots, which were then the scene of spoliation by a ravenous mob of thousands of men and women. Forrest, riding among them, urged them to desist, so that the stores could be saved for the army. But the crowd was deaf to his entreaties. Forrest, determined to employ force, gave orders for the guards to charge with drawn sabers and protect the stores, which was effectively executed. The doors were then closed, and Forrest went elsewhere to acquaint himself with the state of affairs.

Learning of his absence, the mob again broke open the doors. Forrest tried once more to remonstrate with the marauders, whereupon a stout Irishman suddenly rushing upon him, seized him by the collar, swearing loudly that he and the people had as much right to the stores as Colonel Forrest. Forrest's revolver was quickly brought down in swift contact with the ruffian's head, breaking his hold and sending him howling with pain through the door. Again the depots were cleared, but another and more persistent effort was made to overcome the guards. Then a happy thought suggested itself to Forrest, to use the harmless weapon of a fire engine in dispersing the crowd. Thereupon, quickly bringing it upon the scene, a powerful stream of ice cold water was brought to bear upon them. The suddenness and novelty of the attack had an instantaneous effect, and there was no further trouble.

Forrest now asked by telegraph for trains to move the stores. Every available vehicle was impressed, and a large quantity of stores and ammunition were sent south. He continued to move the stores, and, by earnest effort, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday he had transported six hundred boxes of clothing, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of bacon, and forty wagonloads of ammunition. More supplies would have followed but for a break in the railroad, caused by a heavy rain. General Floyd had no thought that he would be able to save any part of the supplies, but Forrest proved differently.

Moving rapidly, Colonel Forrest reached Murfreesboro, and there received the highest commendation from General Johnston, and his men were the recipients of marked applause.

During the battle of Shiloh, Colonel Forrest was of the greatest assistance in protecting the flanks from the enemy, and he had several personal encounters with Federal officers, whom he killed or wounded, and on the afternoon of the second day, April 7, 1862, received a desperate wound himself. On August 10, Colonel Forrest received the appointment as brigadier general, and was assigned to the army under General Bragg, just as he began the Kentucky campaign. On December 10, General Forrest, with a new command, regiments that had but recently been organized, went into West Tennessee, captured two regiments of Federals and a battery of rifled guns. He held the Federal garrison at Jackson, ten thousand men, with one regiment, while he proceeded to destroy the railroads and bridges over which the enemy obtained his supplies. He recrossed the Tennessee River with two thousand head of cattle and fifteen hundred prisoners, including Col. Robert Ingersol, with a small loss of men.

On the first day of May, 1863, a Federal force of picked men and horses and a battery of rifled guns was sent to the rear of Bragg's army, with the purpose of destroying his communications. Forrest, with a force of fifteen hundred men, went in pursuit and killed or captured the entire Federal force.

At the battle of Chickamauga, which was a brilliant Confederate victory, General Forrest urged General Bragg to pursue the retreating enemy into Chattanooga, on September 20, and assured General Bragg that with a division of infantry coöperating with his cavalry, he could drive the mass of frightened Federals into the river. General Bragg retorted, that his men were worn out by two days' constant fighting and needed rest. Thus was lost the best opportunity during the war to crush the Federal army.

After the battle of Missionary Ridge, General Bragg ordered Forrest to report to General Wheeler, which he was unwilling to do, having been assured that he would be given a division. He, therefore, resigned his commission as brigadier general and determined to seek service in some other sphere. In the meantime, a large delegation of prominent people from West Tennessee and North Mississippi made appeals to him to come to their section. President Davis was at the headquarters of the army when Forrest's resignation reached there. Mr. Davis wrote Forrest an autograph letter, in graceful and gracious language, answering that he could not accept his resignation, nor dispense with his services.

He called Forrest to Montgomery, Ala., appointed him a major general, and gave him command of the section of North Mississippi and West Tennessee, an independent command, with the statement that General Bragg would allow him a reasonable force to take with him. However, he was allowed to take only two small battalions and Morton's Battery—about three hundred men all told.

Forrest now entered upon a new epoch in his military career. He found a small force in North Mississippi, about two thousand men, which he organized. Forrest threw himself through the Federal lines into West Tennessee with a force of two hundred and fifty, rank and file, and remained in that section near Jackson for forty days surrounded by forty thousand Federal troops. He returned to the Confederate lines with two thousand unarmed recruits, eight hundred head of beef cattle, and forty wagons of bacon.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial* summed up the results of the Confederate general's operations in these terms: "Forrest, with less than four thousand men, has moved right through the Sixteenth Army Corps, has passed within nine miles of Memphis, carried off over two hundred wagons, two thousand beef cattle, three thousand conscripts, and innumerable stores, tore up railroad tracks, cut telegraph wires, burned and sacked towns, run over pickets with a single Derringer pistol, and all in the face of twenty thousand men."

On February 8, 1864, a Federal force of four thousand cavalry and three batteries of artillery moved from Memphis to the prairie section of Mississippi. Maj. Gen. W. S. Smith, a graduate of West Point Military Academy, an officer of long experience, and highly regarded by the Federal government in command, was ordered to destroy the corn section of Mississippi and move on and coöperate with Sherman, who was to march from Vicksburg and destroy the Confederate supplies at Selma, Ala. Forrest, with fifteen hundred men and four guns, met him at West point on February 18, and almost destroyed his expedition, captured his artillery, five hundred prisoners, and the wagons General Smith expected to load with corn.

Early in April, 1864, a delegation of people from Jackson, Tenn., waited upon General Forrest and besought him to leave a force in that section for their protection against a nest of outlaws at Fort Pillow.

On April 12, Forrest moved on Fort Pillow and captured the garrison, which consisted of two hundred white and six hundred negro soldiers, and there were no further outrages in that section.

On June 10, Forrest met a Federal army under Major General Grierson, consisting of eleven thousand cavalry, eight batteries of artillery, two thousand

infantry, with five hundred wagons, at Brice's Crossroads in Mississippi. General Grierson's orders were to kill General Forrest or drive him from the country, and burn or destroy the corn section of Mississippi. Forrest killed, captured, and wounded five thousand of the Federals, captured all their artillery, thirty-seven ambulances, and his entire wagon train. There was not a single organized unit of Grierson's army that reached Memphis returning. Forrest's force was less than three thousand men and eight cannons.

Early in August, 1864, the Federal government sent out an expedition under Maj. Gen. A. J. Smith, consisting of twelve thousand veteran infantry from the Army of the Cumberland, six thousand cavalry, and fifty pieces of artillery, to drive Forrest from the country and destroy the corn section of Mississippi. Forrest assembled all his forces of fifty-two hundred men at Oxford, Miss. He moved with fifteen hundred men and two batteries on a flank movement and dashed into Memphis, creating the wildest scenes. He sent a telegraph message to General Smith that Forrest was in Memphis with a large force, and signed General Hurlbut's name to it, then cut the wire so there could be no further communication with Memphis by General Smith. Result: General Smith began a hurried retreat to Memphis, and the corn section was saved.

Early in September, General Forrest crossed the Tennessee River on an expedition into Middle Tennessee, to destroy the railroads that supplied Sherman's army before Atlanta. He destroyed every blockade on the line for sixty miles, burned the bridges, tore up the track, and recrossed the river with five thousand prisoners, eighteen hundred head of beef cattle, and a hundred wagonloads of bacon and flour. His captures furnished the Army of Tennessee with provisions.

Forrest then attacked Johnsonville, a depot of supplies on the Tennessee River, and destroyed the stores and steamboats and gunboats on the river, property valued at fifteen million dollars. He led the advance of Hood's army into Middle Tennessee in November, and when the Confederates were defeated at Nashville, defended Hood's army from destruction, one of the greatest achievements in all time. He held at bay the Federal army until General Hood had safely recrossed the river at Bainbridge.

Nothing in the annals of war exceeds in soldierly excellence the conduct of the Confederate rearguard from Columbia to Shoal Creek. General Forrest received his commission for lieutenant general on February 12, direct from Mr. Davis.

The distinctive traits of General Forrest, both as a man and as a cavalry commander, must impress those who read of his success. We learn from reading

of his battles and operations that he was a wonderful strategist, and, examined closely, his operations will be found based on the soundest principles of the art of war.

His tactics, intuitively, and without knowledge of what other men had done before him, were those of the great masters of that art. He had the happy gift of knowing how to confirm the courage in his men and how to excite their confidence and enthusiasm.

It may be said that no other soldier of either side during the war (possibly Stonewall Jackson excepted) carried the genuine distinctive traits of the American character into their operations as did General Forrest.

A strong man of action, of sleepless temper, strenuous, aggressive, he was adroit, audacious, watchful, swift, and resolute.

General Forrest was a magnetic man. Standing stalwart and erect, six feet one inch, broad shoulders, long arms, high round forehead, dark gray eyes, a prominent nose, emphatic jaw, compressed lips, and a mustache setting off a face that said to all the world: "Out of my way; I'm coming!" His step was firm, active, impulsive. He was one of the handsomest men I ever knew.

To determine with Forrest was to act, and the flash of his saber at the head of his columns, charging the cavalry or infantry of the enemy, inspired his troops with the sunlight of victory, and they dashed into battle.

I knew General Forrest as intimately as a boy could a great commander. He was always most gracious and cordial in his treatment with me. I looked upon him then as a wonderful man. In the meantime, I have for sixty years made a study of his career, and firmly believe that he was one of the greatest characters in modern history—if not of all time.

Were I ten years younger, or even five years younger, I would attempt to write and tell of the numberless incidents in his life that came under my observation, and which I remember, things that are not recorded in the histories that have been written.

WITH THE PALMETTO RIFLEMEN.

[Experiences of the late Capt. Peter A. McDavid, of Greenville, S. C., as a member of that famous South Carolina command.]

I fell into the hands of friends, though a prisoner of war, for in all probability I could not have had the same attention at Richmond.

The day after I reached the hospital, a gentleman walked into our room, introduced himself as J. Chester Jones, of Baltimore, and that he had received a telegram that his brother was severely wounded at

Deep Bottom, and he had come to nurse him; that he had learned there was a South Carolinian held as a prisoner, and he would be very glad to render him any assistance in his power; and, though his brother was a captain of Artillery in the Union Army, his sympathies were altogether the other way; that his mother was a South Carolinian (a Miss Buist, of Charleston, and he was trying to get across the lines and join the Southern army. There I met another friend, who divided his time with his brother and myself. He gave me fruits, pocket change, and underwear, a pair of pants, which I greatly needed, and many other things to add to my comfort. At his request, I visited his brother in the adjoining room and we had some very pleasant talks, but never alluded to the war.

As I shall not allude to my friend Jones again, I will state that he did cross the line and joined the 1st Virginia Battery; he hunted me up after I returned to camp, and I shared my scant rations of corn bread and pea soup with him on more than one occasion. He joined the Southern army when it was in the throes of death, in February, 1865, when the hopes of success had departed, but, true to his convictions and the lessons learned from his mother, he followed the remnant of General Lee's army to Appomattox. I went to see him there, and he embraced me, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he said: "Too late! I made a mistake." I invited him to go home with me and remain until the country was calm, but he declined. So we parted, but we kept up a correspondence for several years. J. Chester Jones was a friend indeed!

When I reached the hospital, I had in my pocket about one hundred dollars in Confederate money. Lieutenant Ware was exchanged and was starting home, and as I never expected to get well or reach home again, I gave him all I had. The only account I have ever heard of him since was a short letter to my father, written a few days after he reached home, telling him where he had left me; that I was so terribly wounded it was his opinion I could not recover. My father received this letter the same night I reached home.

It was the custom for the flag of truce boat to leave Fortress Monroe every Monday morning. The Agent of Exchange called to see us on Saturday, and I asked him to take me home, that I would never be of any more service to the army, and I would like for him to consider my case. No prisoners were being exchanged at that time, but he said I would not be able to make the trip, that I was too weak; I told him I would risk it. On the next Monday I received notice that there was an ambulance at the door, and if I had any baggage (I had none), to get ready to drive to the boat landing. I said good-by to my

friends and got aboard the New York, where I was greeted with handshaking from several ladies who gathered around me. I was the only prisoner. The ladies were Mrs. James and daughters, who were being sent South from Baltimore on account of their outspoken sympathies for the South, and General Vaughn's wife and daughters, of Sweetwater, Tenn., who had been carried North when Longstreet went from Chattanooga to Knoxville. So I fell into good hands again, for I had all the attention that mothers and sisters could bestow. Like all ladies who travel, they had full baskets of everything to satisfy hunger, to which I was invited at every spread.

Two days and nights we were on the boat, for it took a full day to get a flag of truce through the lines to Richmond, and then the ambulances had to go to the boat landing some fifteen miles or more. We had a long ride, and it was a very trying one to me in my condition, but the ladies nursed and petted me, so I pulled through. We reached Richmond late in the afternoon, and the ladies gave me a hearty good-bye with a blessing. I was put on the streets of Richmond, a poor wounded soldier, without any orders where to go for information and without money, for I had given it all to Lieutenant Ware. I called on General Winder, who gave me a parole, but I had no money and no transportation. I was in a quandary, when Thomas Bowen, from Company E, 2nd Rifles, happened to pass, and I called on him for help. He responded, and I was prepared to board the first train for South Carolina. I happened to meet Barksdale Charles, who had gone to Richmond to carry his son, Thomas, home on sick furlough. Mr. Charles assisted me very much on my homeward trip. I reached Belton, S. C., on Saturday evening near sunset, and my uncle, Alex Acker, happened to be on the platform when I got off. He clasped my hand and said: "Your mother thinks you are dead! She has been very ill from the shock! You shall see your mother to-night. I will take you by home and give you supper, then send you to your mother." I went with uncle and he sent me to my mother, but the news had gone ahead that the dead was alive, and many were there to meet me. I shall never forget the greeting I received that night. I improved rapidly and got well fast, for my sister Lou seemed to know just how to wash and dress my wound. I remained at home until sometime in February, 1865, when I noticed in the papers that all persons who had been paroled were exchanged, I was hardly well enough, but I went back to take command of my company, as the captain had never reported since he was wounded at the Wilderness. I reached the trenches below Richmond when the days of the Confederacy were

trembling in the balance. We all knew it was only a question of a short time when Richmond must fall, and with that our hopes were gone.

I acted as captain, and was so considered by all in authority, and would have received my commission in a few days had it not been for the sudden termination of hostilities. I had been the commander of Company L for the greater part of two years. The captain was very seldom with the company, so that duty fell to me, and while I say I *was* the last captain of Company L, 2nd South Carolina Rifles, and was so considered by all the regiment, I never got my commission.

The 1st of April; what a whirl of excitement! what a hurrying to and fro! Richmond is to be evacuated; Grant has cut off supplies; Petersburg has fallen: and away we march and fight day and night without anything to sustain us till we reach Appomattox Courthouse, where we were drawn up in battle array, a small remnant of the grandest army that was ever marshaled, to make our last stand. Expecting every moment to hear the oft repeated order: Charge! I gathered up some canteens and ran to a spring to get water. Right there I received the solemn and shocking news: "General Lee has surrendered!" "I don't believe it!" I cried. But the officer who had given me the information said: "Sir, it is certainly true, for I am on General Lee's staff, and have just left them. There is a truce, and hostilities have ceased." I hurried back to my regiment and gave the information to my colonel, who doubted it so much that he gave me peremptory orders not to circulate the rumor lest it have a bad effect. But in a very short time it was known as a certainty that the great struggle was over and that the Starry Cross we loved so well had gone down, but not in dishonor.

What a sad meeting took place very soon. The chaplains called for religious services, and then behold the remnant of Lee's army bowed in prayer! I looked, and behold! there sat our noble chieftain on old Traveller, with bowed head and great tears like diamonds on his cheeks! I looked again and Lee's army was in tears! We were tired, broken down, overpowered. We did the best we could, but our Christian leader knew too well that there was no hope, and to sacrifice any more lives would be useless.

General Grant gave us rations, for we had none. Then came the mingling together of the Blue and the Gray on the most friendly terms, trading, swapping, and collecting souvenirs of the surrender. The apple tree under which General Lee *did not* surrender was cut up, root and branch, and every chip taken.

Then came General Lee's farewell address, the paroles, etc. I went to call on General Field and ask about Captain Mason, who had been with me in prison. He had not returned, and the information I gave him was the first known of his whereabouts. We formed our regiment and marched to the front of General Grant's army, which was drawn up in line, and each regiment quietly stacked arms and marched away. No unkind remarks were made, and we were allowed to retain our side arms which, of course, were private property. I brought home my sword, which I had purchased in Richmond on returning to my command.

On the trip home from Appomattox, we marched to Danville and crowded the cars coming South. It was so difficult to get transportation that Bob Broyles and I left the railway at China Grove Station, above Charlotte, and struck a bee line for Greenville, S. C. The trip through North and South Carolina was very pleasant, for we took our own time and would stop and dine at the homes of pretty girls and also try to find a similar place to get supper. We would talk to the girls until bedtime, then ask permission to spread our blankets in the yard where we could sleep without being disturbed.

It has been many years since I mingled with the brave boys on the historic hills of old Virginia, and in those years—but few are left to tell the story of the chivalrous privates, their suffering and deeds of daring, the men behind the guns, the men who made the generals, the men who charged the breastworks, the men who fought the battles, the men who made the Southern army the grandest in the world!

In closing this, I would like to pay tribute to my departed comrades. As I look back and remember not only the great leaders—Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, and Jenkins—but the comrades who shared the harder duties of a soldier's life, sacred be the memory of those who are gone! And may God bless and care for the few that are left.

So, with a few lines from the "Phantom Host," I will close:

"Aye, there passed in countless thousands
In that mighty phantom host
True hearts and noble patriots
Whose names on earth are lost.
These "the missing" found their places,
Those who vanished from our gaze
Like brilliant flashing meteors,
And were lost in glory's blaze.
Yes, they passed, that noble army,
They passed to meet their Lord,
And a voice within me whispered
'They but march to their reward.'"

THE SOUTH CAROLINA ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

BY MARION SALLEY, HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C.

Ever and anon South Carolinians are being informed that their "Original Ordinance of Secession" has been located in Missouri, or in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maine, or anywhere else except in South Carolina, where it has been ever since that fateful day when it was drafted in 1860.

Time and again we have patiently explained that these documents which have now become scattered throughout the country are only copies; but the rumor crops up again, perennially, if not annually. And, usually, the copies are offered for sale at unreasonable prices. Not two years ago, Miss Ann Maria Barnes, a writer of some note, and one who is interested in South Carolina relics, published an article proving positively that the original ordinance is not, and never has been, "lost," and within the few months the writer of this article has carefully explained that a copy which had been offered the custodian of the Confederate Museum in Richmond, for a substantial consideration, is not the original.

The original ordinance is preserved carefully in the State capital by A. S. Salley, Jr., Secretary of the South Carolina Commission, and Mr. Salley, who is more familiar with the historic documents of his State than perhaps anyone living, is satisfied that it has never been out of South Carolina.

The South Carolina Secession Convention met in the First Baptist Church in Columbia, S. C., on December 17, 1860, and organized, electing David F. Jamison, formerly of Orangeburg, but at that time a delegate from Barnwell District, as president. Among the visitors in the gallery on that exciting day were a young girl and a student from the old South Carolina College. Last December the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., unveiled a bronze tablet marking the historic old building in commemoration of this secession meeting, and two of the speakers were these two eyewitnesses, Mrs. Malvina Sarah Waring, now president of the South Carolina "Girls of the Sixties," and Gen. W. A. Clark, Past Commander of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V.

During the day, December 17, 1860, a rumor reached the convention hall that there was an epidemic of smallpox in Columbia, but later events proved that only one case existed. Be that as it may, it was deemed wise to adjourn the meeting and reconvene in St. Andrew's Hall, Charleston, next day. And there, after due deliberation, there was passed, by "yeas, 169; nays, none," the ordinance "to dissolve the union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the compact entitled, "The Constitution of the United States of

America." The document was drafted, signed by President D. F. Jamison, and by all of the delegates. Many of the delegates, in their intense state of excitement, blotted the paper as they signed.

There was in Charleston at that time, the firm of Evans & Cogswell, afterwards Walker, Evans & Cogswell, and our late Gen. C. I. Walker was long the head of the company. Printing was their heaviest work, perhaps, but the firm was known for expert lithographing and exact copying of handwriting. Every member of the secession convention was anxious to have a copy of the important ordinance, and so Evans & Cogswell were employed to make the copies. So keen was the interest in the great event which had just taken place that each workman in the shop did his best and most careful work in making the copies of the wonderful document. The very blots which had been made by the trembling hands were copied, and each signature on the copies is exactly like the original. Each delegate to the convention received a copy, and the printers and lithographers in the establishment all "struck off" copies for themselves, so that nearly two hundred were made altogether.

A number of these fell into the hands of soldiers in Sherman's army when his hosts descended upon South Carolina, but the original copy, which was then in Columbia, was taken, with other valuable State records and relics, by a professor at the South Carolina College and sent to a place of safety. It was never found by Sherman's men, and eventually it was brought back to Columbia. It is no more "lost" than is the Great Seal of the Confederacy, which is quietly reposing in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, but which myth followers contend is in the Savannah River, hidden in some old well which never existed, or buried in some forgotten spot.

There were four members of the South Carolina Secession Convention from the writer's own county, and each had his copy of the ordinance. That of Judge Thomas W. Glover is now in the possession of Mrs. Mortimer Glover of Orangeburg; and that of Maj. Donald Barton is now owned by the writer's brother. Winthrop College has a copy, as have many libraries. If possessors in other States wish to return their copies to South Carolina, no doubt buyers can be found who will pay reasonable amounts for them, but the original is in Columbia, and nowhere else.

Bear witness with me in my song of praise,

And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,

Or given a home to man.

—Henry Timrod.

*BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KY.,
AUGUST 29, 1862.*

The sun rose fair o'er the fields of corn,
And the scent of the new-mown hay
Was borne on the breeze of that summer morn
To where we stood in battle array.
But suddenly there was a change of scene,
For we heard the roar of the gun,
And soon the red blood had tinged the green,
For a terrible battle was on.

Furious and fast the shot and shell
Tore through the ranks of the brave,
And many a hero lay where he fell,
Or was hurriedly borne to his grave.
And mother watched in vain for many a day
The coming of her boy who wore the gray;
For shot and shell and shell and shot
Tore through our ranks, for the fight was hot.

Proudly in front waved the stripes and stars,
As the gallant Federals pressed on;
But victory perched on the stars and bars,
For the Rebels the battle won.
And mother, whose heart was just as true,
Waited the coming of her boy in blue;
For shot and shell and shell and shot
Tore through their ranks, for the fight was hot.

After the battle was fought and won,
After the glorious deeds that were done;
After the setting of the weary sun,
I walked amongst the dead,
Side by side were the blue and the gray,
Where the fight was fiercest, dead they lay.
From the sad, sad scene I turned away,
And a prayer to God I said:

God pity the mother, the sister, the wife,
And quickly end this bloody strife.
The conflict over, let the message then
Be peace on earth, good will to men.
Bind up the hearts now bleeding and sore,
Unite our people as in days of yore;
Nor more let shell, nor more let shot
Tear through the ranks, nor the fight be hot.

—James R. Crowe.

SHEFFIELD, ALA.

[James R. Crowe will be remembered as one of the organizers of the Ku-Klux Klan.]



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 death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation;
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

JAMES DOUGLAS HUGHES.

James Douglas Hughes, born January 15, 1847, in Jackson, Miss., died June 24, 1929, at San Diego, Calif.

At the beginning of the war in 1861, James Douglas Hughes ran away from home to join the Confederate army. His ambition was to join Col. John H. Morgan's command in Tennessee, and, boylike, he succeeded, traveling most of the way on foot from Jackson to Memphis, then to Nashville in an ox-cart. Going to Morgan's camp, he was placed in Captain Crutchfield's company, later being transferred to Company A, Forrest's 5th Cavalry Regiment; and after the battle of Shiloh, he was placed in the 1st Alabama Regiment, Company I. At Altoona, Ga., his last battle, he was wounded in the left hip and his right eye was also injured by the explosion of a shell. He was then taken to Alabama and put in the enrolling department, under Major Stone and Capt. Henry J. Beebe, later being transferred to the medical examining board.

Mr. Hughes came to California about forty years ago. He was the last member of the Maj. Hugh Gwyn Camp, U. C. V., of San Diego, and after it went out of existence, he was made an honorary member of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., of San Diego, and the Daughters cared for him in his declining years. He was totally blind, the injury to his eye having caused complete loss of sight in time. He was a Mason and a member of the Methodist Church.

Mr. Hughes was laid to rest beside his wife in the Chapter's Confederate Plot in Mount Hope Cemetery, San Diego. The Confederate flag was draped over the casket, and red and white flowers were banked about it as a last tribute to our beloved soldier of the Confederacy.

[Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 476, U. D. C., San Diego.]

G. H. HALL.

G. H. Hall was born July 24, 1843, near Nashville, Davidson County, Tenn., and died at Fort Smith, Ark., June 13, 1929. During his early manhood he worked in several of the Southern States, but came back to Nashville and was engaged in truck farming when the War between the States broke out. He volunteered, with his two brothers, in the Confederate service under General Forrest, and they made valiant soldiers until the close of the war in 1865. He took active part in several noted battles—Franklin, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, and Shiloh.

After the war, Comrade Hall returned home and resumed farming. In 1868, he was married to Miss Serena Smith, of the same county. In 1881, he took his wife and children to Sebastian County, Ark., where he remained until his death. His loving wife died more than a year ago, and two sons and two daughters survive him.

"Uncle Green," as we called him, was a Southerner and a true Democrat. In early manhood, he and his wife identified themselves with the Missionary Baptist Church, which they held in highest esteem. He was a cripple for twenty years, and for over ten years was totally blind, but these afflictions he bore with patience. For several years their home was with their children, Mr. and Mrs. Ode Looper, proprietors of the Arlington Hotel at Fort Smith. Rev. H. E. Marsh, of Fort Smith, conducted the funeral of this good man who had "fought a good fight and kept the faith."

[B. B. Woodward.]

ROBERT GEORGE SMITH.

Robert George Smith, who died May 23, 1929, at his home in Winchester, Tenn., was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., in 1839, and had recently passed his ninetieth birthday. He served four years in the Confederate army, first with General Bragg in Tennessee, then with General Lee in Virginia. He was a member of Company H, 23rd Tennessee Regiment, and was orderly sergeant of his company. He was captured three days before the surrender at Appomattox, and was held three months in Point Lookout Prison, Md.

Comrade Smith retained the most vivid recollections of his service in the Confederate army, and was a source of correct information on the War between the States up to his death.

He married Miss Myra Ann Mitchell, of Woodbury, Tenn., in 1867, and is survived by his wife and seven children.

Funeral services were conducted from the Church of Christ, of which he was a member, and he was laid to rest in the Winchester cemetery.

CHARLES H. STODDARD.

After an illness of several months, Charles H. Stoddard died on July 18, near San Jose, Calif., and his body was taken back to Reno, Nev., which had been his home for many years, and there laid to rest. He was born at Camden, Ala., November 4, 1845, and was largely educated in that State, but at the outbreak of the War between the States he was at a private college in Louisiana. He left college to enlist in the 8th Louisiana Cavalry Battalion, and served for over two years in the Trans-Mississippi region, seeing active service at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La.

Going West after the war, young Stoddard first located at Sacramento, Calif., but soon removed to Reno, Nev., where he had filled various positions in connection with the railroad, in official work of the county, also in business for himself. He was county assessor for ten years, later being appointed county recorder and auditor, resigning in 1921 on account of failing health, when he went to California. For over thirty years he was prominent in the official life of the county.

Comrade Stoddard served as captain in the Nevada National Guard for twelve years, and organized a company for the Spanish-American War. He was secretary of the Nevada Agricultural Society for ten years, and was also interested in mining in that State. In August, 1879, he was married to Miss Cora Gross, of Dayton, who survives him with three sons and a daughter.

As an active Democrat, he took prominent part in the early-day politics of the county and State. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias for many years, and the funeral was under the auspices of the Lodge at Reno and burial in the Pythian cemetery.

GEORGE W. COKER.

On Monday, May 12, 1929, George W. Coker died at his home near Tallassee, Ala., on the old Indian land known as Tukabachie, at the age of eighty-four years. He was buried at his old home, Mount Willing, Ala., in Lowndes County. He was born at Benton, Ala., and spent the greater part of his life in Lowndes County.

At the early age of sixteen years, George Coker enlisted for the Confederacy, serving with Company D, 7th Alabama Cavalry, Forrest's Brigade. Though just a lad, he was soon made sergeant, and none served more gallantly or loved the Southern cause more devotedly than he.

After the war, he reared a large family, whose members contributed much to the stable citizenship of Alabama. His devotion to his family, his loyalty to his friends, and his unflagging zeal in the service of his Church were the outward expression of the in-

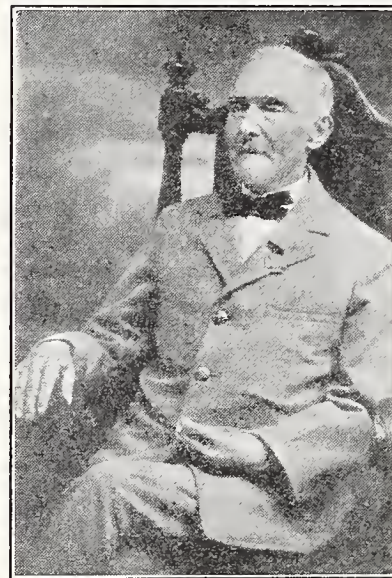
ward reality of a noble character, built upon the basic principles of justice and truth.

His death marks the passing of a great man, great because he was good. He was a most devout member of the Baptist Church, and his influence will long be felt in the Church he served so faithfully and well.

[Mrs. E. D. Scarborough, Mount Willing, Ala.]

CHARLES H. DOUGHTY.

On the morning of May 2, 1929, Charles Henry Doughty died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. F. Clayton, in Tarboro, N. C., at the age of eighty-six years. He was born December 17, 1842, and reared in Washington, N. C. When war came on in 1861,



CHARLES H. DOUGHTY.

he joined the Washington Grays. The company took part in the engagement at Hatteras, and he and others escaped at its fall, and went back to Washington, enlisting in a company under Capt. J. E. Leggett. He was detailed to drill South Carolina companies that summer, and later took part in the service of his company at New Bern, Kinston, Fort Anderson, which they

built; and in opposing Sherman's advance through Georgia. In February, 1865, young Doughty was captured in an engagement below Wilmington, and remained at Point Lookout prison until June, 1865.

In 1866, Comrade Doughty located at Tarboro, and was in business there for many years, and afterwards in many other places in the State, in Richmond, Va., and in Philadelphia. He returned to Tarboro in 1918 and made his home there with his daughter. He was married to Miss Ann Tyler there in 1869, and is survived by a son and three daughters. Two daughters are members of the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., of which he was made an honorary member, and its memorial resolutions express the affection and esteem in which he was held by its membership. The William Dorsey Pender Chapter, U. D. C., and the Lewis-Dowd-Wyatt Camp, U. C. V., of Tarboro, of which he was a member, also paid tribute to the memory of this noble man and worthy soldier. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Greensboro.

For several years before the war, Charles H. Doughty and Henry Wyatt, the first man killed in the war, were chums.

EDWARD JONATHAN THOMAS.

[Memorial tribute by the Confederate Veterans' Association, Camp 755, U. C. V., Savannah, Ga. August 13, 1929.]

Early in the morning of the 8th of August, 1929, the useful and well-spent life of our beloved comrade, friend, and brother, Edward J. Thomas, came to a peaceful and painless end, and we are now here to pay a tribute to his memory. Words cannot express our sorrow and regret over his departure.

He was born on the 25th of March, 1840, and was approaching his ninetieth year when the end of earthly existence came. Of his long life many years were spent among us as one who took pleasure in associating with comrades in a cause for freedom and justice. While we saw for months past that the time for separation could not be long delayed, we hoped for the best, and our mourning is that of associates who loved with a degree of affection that is without measure.

He was elected to membership in this Camp on the 8th of November, 1888, made its Commander December 31, 1918, serving until December, 1922, when he declined to hold that office any longer, and at once was made Honorary Commander for Life. For a number of years before his death, he was senior ex-Commander, was marshal on all occasions when we assembled for parade.

Comrade Thomas entered the service of the Confederate States in September, 1861, as a private in the Liberty Independent Troop, Company A, which became Company G, of the 5th Regiment of Georgia Cavalry. He was appointed forge master of his regiment, and, though suffering from physical disability, he performed most useful service in that position. He was in active duty during the whole period of the war, surrendering with a portion of General Johnston's command at Greensboro, N. C., in April 1865.

At the time of his death Comrade Thomas held the office of Brigadier General, commanding the South Georgia Brigade of United Confederate Veterans, which position he held with dignity for several years. Of that Brigade our Camp was a member and in it we held a not inconsiderable part.

During his life, Comrade Thomas held many positions of honor and trust, but this is not the place in which to dwell upon that feature of his career, we honor his memory as a true and tried Confederate soldier, a beloved comrade, and a most sincere friend. No words can be found that could more fittingly convey our estimate of his character as we cherish his memory than these:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

We are so deeply grieved and afflicted by the severing of the ties that bound us together as brothers that it is hard to give expression to our emotions.

Bowing in submission to the will of Providence, let it be, therefore.

Resolved That in the death of our comrade and friend, Gen. Edward J. Thomas, we have lost one for whom we mourn as those who are left comfortless.

LIEUT. DRURY PATRICK OGLESBY.

Patriot, honored citizen, soldier of the gray and soldier of the Cross, Lieut. Drury Patrick Oglesby answered the final roll call on May 31, 1929, at Elberton, Ga., aged ninety-one years and a day. He was born May 30, 1838, the son of William Oglesby, who went from Virginia on horseback to Elbert County, Ga., at the age of twenty-one and purchased the farm on Dove Creek which has been in the family for more than a century, and there was discovered the celebrated Oglesby Blue Granite, the basic rock of all the granite industry of Elbert County.

The war record of D. P. Oglesby shows that he was first lieutenant of Company G, 37th Georgia Regiment. He enlisted as a private, on May 10, 1862, in Company D, 9th Georgia Battalion, which was subsequently consolidated with the 3rd Georgia Battalion, making the 37th Georgia Regiment of Infantry. As a private in Company G, he participated in the first battle of Murfreesboro, where he received a severe wound in the shoulder. Soon after his return to duty, he was elected first lieutenant of the company, and participated in the various engagements of the command. At Chickamauga, he received a serious wound in the face, and at Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, was wounded in the heel; again, at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, he was wounded in the left leg, from which he did not recover for eight months after the surrender. Nobly he fought and bravely gave of his life blood for the cause of the South. Many things to his credit as a soldier could be said, things of which he was too modest to tell, but his comrades say that no soldier in the Southern army was more loyal, more efficient, or more brave. He never shirked a duty and was dearly loved by the men he commanded. Although only a first lieutenant, he really commanded the company most of the time and was recommended for promotion.

He also had a shining record as a soldier of Christ. He was deacon in the Baptist Church at Elberton, Ga., and seldom missed a service when able to attend. He was a successful farmer, and a Democrat in politics. To his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren has been handed down a priceless heritage of an honorable record and an honored name.

DR. A. C. OLIVER.

Dr. Absalom Carter Oliver, pioneer physician of Texas, died March 4, 1929, at his home in Douglassville. He was born June 23, 1839, in Butler County, Ala., his parents going to Douglassville, Cass County, Tex., in the latter part of 1854. His early education was obtained in the common schools, and his medical education in the Medical Department of Tulane University. He practiced medicine in Shelby County, Tex., in 1859-60, then entered the Medical College at Augusta, securing the degree from this institution in 1861.

At the beginning of the War between the States, Dr. Oliver, with four of his brothers, enlisted in the Confederate army, all of them serving as members of Hood's Texas Brigade. Three survived the war. Dr. Oliver was in every important battle fought by General Lee's army and surrendered at Appomattox. He returned to his home in Douglassville and again began the practice of medicine.

He was first married to Miss Frances B. Ringgold, of Batesville, Ark. His second wife was Miss Mary Brooks, who, with three daughters and four sons, survives him.

During the years of his active practice, Dr. Oliver was a member of the Cass County Medical Society, the State Medical Association, and the American Medical Association. For a period of over forty-eight years he served Douglassville and its vicinity as a physician. In addition to the medical service he rendered his community, he took an active part in its political affairs.

The funeral services of Dr. Oliver were held on the front porch of the large, old-fashioned house in Douglassville, in which he had lived since 1865 until the time of his death, with the exception of his three year's residence in Austin.

COMRADES OF McDONALD CAMP, No. 936, U. C. V.,
UNION CITY, TENN.

W. T. Harris, born January 28, 1843, died March 27, 1927, aged eighty-four years. He was a member of Morgan's Cavalry, 7th Kentucky Regiment.

F. M. McRee, born August, 1845, died July 25, 1928, aged eighty-three years. He was a member of the 10th Tennessee, Forrest's Cavalry.

R. F. Mabry, born March 25, 1842, died November 9, 1928, aged eighty-six years. He was a member of the 41st Tennessee Infantry.

James F. Ponder, born in 1837, died July 22, 1928, aged ninety-one years. He was a member of the 16th Alabama Infantry.

H. L. Hart, born February 21, 1846, died February 21, 1928, aged eighty-two years. He was a member of the 12th South Carolina Infantry.

W. J. Tucker, born January 21, 1838, died September 29, 1928, aged ninety years. He a member of the 3rd Tennessee Infantry.

John Goodman, born in 1841, died in 1928, aged eighty-seven years. He was a member of the 10th Tennessee, Forrest's Cavalry.

Samuel R. Parker, born in 1846, died in 1928, aged eighty-two years. He was a member of the 10th Tennessee, Forrest's Cavalry.

John White, born April 12, 1846, died July 18, 1929, aged eighty-three years. He was a member of Shelby's Brigade, Missouri troops.

[J. H. Steele, Adjutant.]

CONFEDERATE GRAVES IN KENTUCKY.

CONTRIBUTED BY MISS A. N. HALL, COVINGTON, KY.

In Linden Grove Cemetery, Covington, Ky., there are located nine graves of Confederate dead, boys who were buried so far from home that all trace of them may have been lost, and the marking on the older stones is becoming very dim. They are all buried in one plot with small markers, all just alike and set in one long piece of stone which extends across the tops of the graves, with the exception of one grave, which was made in the last few years and is in the row immediately back of the eight, but has a like marker and is in the same plot. There are other Confederate graves scattered around in the cemetery which have the official Confederate marker.

The following is a list of information on the markers which may be of interest:

W. A. Parker, 10th Texas Regiment; died while on march in Boone County, Ky., September 20, 1862.

Timothy Booth, of New Orleans.

L. Jackson, of Company I, Duke's Cavalry Regiment; died July 30, 1863.

C. Stewart, of Company D, 4th Kentucky Regiment; died July 27, 1863.

Thomas W. Leaman, of the 1st Arkansas Regiment; died May 28, 1892.

Thomas H. Chinn, of Virginia; Arkansas Regiment; died June 9, 1910.

E. M. Mitchell, of the 1st Arkansas Regiment; died May 19, 1862.

Alfred Sharp, of the 3rd Kentucky Cavalry; died July 10, 1864.

W. T. Chisholm, of Company C, 11th Kentucky Cavalry; died October 7, 1917.

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*

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MISS MARION SALLEY, Orangeburg, S. C. *Historian General*

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4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. JAMES E. WOODARD, Woodard Circle, 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.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: Mention of the book, "Women of the South in War Times," is frequently received with a sigh of resignation and a frown of weariness. It may be that in our desire to dispose of the quota pledged by the organization, we have emphasized the obligation rather than stressed the opportunity presented to possess, at small cost, a volume which is an asset to any library. The last chapter, "Relief Work in the World War," is well worth the cost of the book to any person wishing to establish the rightful claim of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to be a patriotic American Association.

At this time, when historical accuracy is beginning to be appreciated, and myths and smoke screens and camouflages are recognized, the narratives composing this volume, simply, truthfully, and graphically told, without exaggeration or rancor, possess a charm as well as a value that may not be overestimated. Your Chairman, Mrs. Edwin Robinson, has labored faithfully efficiently, and patiently in your interests, that your obligation might be fulfilled; her devotion commands the consideration of coöperation.

There are seven delinquent Divisions and a few Chapters in States where there are no divisions; the total of the remaining quota for these Divisions and Chapters is greater than the few hundred remaining unsold, for the reason that many Divisions and Chapters far exceeded their quota, several of the delinquent Divisions are responding gallantly to the appeal made them. It may be that some are considering repudiating their obligation; the general organization will never entertain such a thought, or discontinue its efforts until the last of the ten thousand copies are sold. In the advance of an army, when for any cause a soldier drops out, the gap is filled and, without pause, the column advances. To us comes the same challenge, "Close ranks," that we may reach the goal for which we have been striving these many years, we ask that every reader of this

letter who is a member of the U. D. C. and considers the pledge of the organization a solemn obligation, to send an order for one additional copy of "Women of the South in War Times." No matter what you may have done in the past, how many copies you may have purchased, if you will respond to this appeal in proportion to your ability, it is the last that will be made in the interest of this valuable compilation. Since no one has a right to ask of others that which they will not perform, an order for the book goes forward with this letter.

Headquarters for the convention at Biloxi, Miss., the third Wednesday in November, is the Buena Vista Hotel. All meetings, including the opening exercises and those on Historical Evening, will be held in the pavilion of this hotel; other hotels convenient are the Rivera, the Tivoli, the White House, and Hotel Biloxi.

The usual reduction in railroad rates has been secured—viz., one and one-third fare, on the certificate plan. Certificates may be secured by Division Presidents from the Chairman of Transportation, Mrs. W. T. Allen, 3318 Monument Avenue, Richmond, Va.

The convention of 1925 adopted the following by-laws: "Art. IV, Sec. 4: Each Chapter shall be entitled, in all conventions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to one vote for the first seven members and one vote for every additional twenty-five members, provided the per capita taxes have been paid by each member upon whom the vote is estimated, and provided that the Chapter has received Chapter dues for every member so claimed; and, provided further, that every member so claimed shall have been registered with the Registrar General," etc. Please note carefully the last clause, "and provided further that every member so claimed shall have been registered with the Registrar General." How shall this registration be ascertained? Although the above amendment was adopted in 1925, no effort was made to enforce it in 1926, time being given for the Chapters to

become familiar with its requirements and to comply with them. Efforts to enforce the by-law were made in 1927 and 1928, but, owing to the many discrepancies between the typed lists sent with the per capita and the applications for membership on file it was impossible to check the list with sufficient clarity to assure obedience of the by-law.

The Registrar General, 1926-1927, realized the magnitude of the work involved, and, upon her recommendation, the Department of Records was created, all old files were placed in this Department, the Registrar General performing the duties of her office (Art V, Sec. 8). Every name appearing on the per capita lists sent by Chapters when paying dues has been checked against the application paper in the Department of Records, and where a name appears on the list with no paper on file, the Chapter has been given the name and a copy of the application paper requested. The maiden name and the initial of the husband have been requested for the reason that many became members before marriage, while the typed list gives the husband's initials with the married name. It has been said that the present administration has made a "new ruling." None has been made, except that the "rule," the by-law adopted by you, should be obeyed. Sufficient time has elapsed for every Division and Chapter to become familiar with this requirement; the Chairman, Department of Records has given every assistance; has replied to all inquiries, given all information in her possession; the President General, in numerous letters, has again and again appealed for your co-operation; the time has now arrived when the by-law should be obeyed without criticism or question.

It would be well if the Chapters acquainted themselves thoroughly with the duties of all general officers, as given in Article V, and especially with Section 9 of this article. This section places the responsibility of "directing" the Historical Department with the Historian General. Letters of instructions, or those requesting action upon historical matters, when received from others than the Historian General, or the Historian of your Division, should be referred to them before having consideration.

Grateful appreciation is extended the Wade Hampton State Commission of South Carolina for an invitation to attend the exercises incident to the unveiling of this statue, Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., July 10. It was with deep regret that we found it impossible to be present.

Letters have been mailed each Chapter of this organization in time for the meeting this month. We hope that they may be carefully read and favorably considered.

Sincerely,
MAUDE BLAKE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Florida.—Five district conferences have been held by the Florida Division since early spring. Mrs. J. L. Medlin, President Florida Division, attended all of the conferences, giving addresses in the interest of the advancement of the organization.

The Sixth Brigade District held a meeting at Fort Pierce, with Mrs. D. H. Saunders, Chairman of the District, presiding. Mrs. L. L. Carlton, President of Fort Pierce Chapter, extended a warm welcome to the officers and guests.

Mrs. R. C. McGahey, of Miami, Historian of the Florida Division, gave an interesting address on the historical work, stressing two matters of importance—viz., placing correct historical material in the hands of the young people and in the public libraries; and urging the members to write essays for the prizes offered in the general organization.

Florida is divided into six brigade districts, and at least one meeting is held in each district every year, the Vice President of each district being in charge of the arrangements with the hostess Chapter. Interest is greatly increasing in these district gatherings.

Essie Petrie Caldwell Chapter, at Kissimmee, Mrs. Hayes Brinson, President, held a splendid meeting at their own Chapter house, which was made even more attractive for the occasion by gorgeous flowers and flags, in commemoration of the birthday of Jefferson Davis. Several tributes to the memory of the President of the Confederacy were given and the main address being by Dr. T. S. Hubert, pastor of the Baptist Church.

Mrs. Elizabeth Aultman Cantrell, organizer and first President of the Chapter, was present.

A memorial service was held in memory of Mrs. Essie Petrie Caldwell, a personal friend of Jefferson Davis, who was present at his first inauguration as President of the Confederate States.

Two valued pamphlets have come to the desk of the publicity chairman recently, both by Dr. Landon C. Bell, Ph.B., M.A., LL.B., of Columbus, Ohio, by addresses delivered at Columbus on January 19, 1929, and May 26, 1929, at Johnson's Island, in memory of the Confederate soldiers.

[Mrs. Viola B. Ezell, Editor.]

* * *

Georgia.—On July 27 in the beautiful grove surrounding the Confederate Home of Georgia, the Confederate veterans of the State were entertained by the Fulton Chapter, U. D. C., of Atlanta, with an old-time barbecue. About two hundred veterans were present, including the inmates of the Home, and many prominent people of the State were guests, being received and made welcome by Superintendent

Webb. The Disabled American Veterans Band furnished music for the occasion, and gave cheer and happiness to all, dressed in their bright uniforms of white and green, with silver helmets.

A sumptuous barbecue, with all the fixin's was served at one o'clock, from tables, beautifully decorated with Confederate flags and flowers.

Mr. John Ashley Jones, Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, made an entertaining address; and Col. Robert Lee Avary, in a short address, presented Mr. Jones with a valuable cane from the John B. Gordon Camp, S. C. V., of Atlanta. Dr. Hammack, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, delivered the invocation.

Some of the hardest fighting during the battle of Atlanta was done on the grounds near the Confederate Home, and therefore this spot is a most appropriate meeting place. Fulton Chapter inaugurated the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Atlanta several years ago, and it is an annual affair to honor the Confederate veterans with an all-day picnic or barbecue.

* * *

Louisiana.—Henry Watkins Allen and Joanna Waddill Chapters, of Baton Rouge, dedicated a marker on August 5, near the spot where Gov. Henry Watkins Allen was wounded in the battle of Baton Rouge sixty-seven years ago that day. The ceremonies were impressive. The marker was officially accepted by the mayor of Baton Rouge.

* * *

Maryland.—The June Board meeting of the Maryland Division was held at Hagerstown, with the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter as hostess. The Baltimore members attending as well as the representatives of the other Chapters were all delightfully entertained.

Miss Anne Bruin was elected President of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter.

The passing of our dearly loved friend, Dr. Henry Elliott Shepherd, has been an irretrievable loss to the Southern blood of Maryland; in fact, to all the Divisions of the U. D. C. His beautiful tributes to Southern history and to the Confederacy were known for their authenticity, and to the end he retained his wonderful ability as a writer. In our memories, he will be not changed, but glorified.

Resolutions were passed at the Hagerstown meeting of the Maryland Division, attesting the love and admiration with which his memory is regarded; and that "the U. C. D. have sustained an irreparable loss in the passing of one who exemplified in every relationship the noblest attributes of a Christian gentleman," and one who "gave to this organization continual help and support."

Mississippi.—The General Committee, composed of the officers of the Mississippi Division, ex-Presidents and Honorary Presidents, and the Coast Committee, recently appointed at the Tupelo convention, have held a meeting to discuss plans for the general convention, U. D. C., to be held at Bioloxi, in November, 1929. Mrs. R. C. Herron, State President, presided over the meeting.

Mrs. Virginia R. Price, of Carrollton, was elected General Chairman of the Convention Committee; Mrs. Bolton, of Biloxi, Vice Chairman.

Mrs. W. T. Stuart, of McComb, was appointed Publicity Chairman. Mrs. T. B. Holleman, Finance Chairman; Mrs. B. S. Shinn, Miss Bert Davis.

Many interesting plans were made for a successful convention and the entertainment of our guests.

The following is a correct list of State officers:

President, Mrs. R. C. Herron, Bioloxi; First Vice President, Mrs. W. T. Stuart, McComb; Second Vice President, Mrs. Sam B. Herron, Water Vally; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John L. Hiess, Gulfport; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, Durant; Treasurer, Miss Bert Davis, Nettleton; Historian, Mrs. J. E. Brown, Blue Mountain; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Julian Evans, Aberdeen; Leader Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. I. E. Roberts, Nettleton; Registrar, Mrs. W. C. Reid, Jackson; Editor *Our Heritage*, Mrs. S. E. Turner, North Carrollton; Business Manager *Our Heritage*, Mrs. W. H. Lee, North Carrollton.

* * *

Missouri.—Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heinck was born in 1861, the year the Confederates started fighting. "That's why I am here," she said on Sunday afternoon, June 30, at the Confederate Home, Higginsville. After touring the winding drives of Memorial Park, her limousine drew up in front of the chapel, and Madame Schumann-Heinck entered where the aged of 1861-65 were gathered. Her entrance was typical of the angel of good fellowship which has made "The Boys" love her. She sang for them "The Tree" and "The Rosary."

Madame posed for a picture with Commander Ben Sparlin, a one-hundred-and-one-year old veteran of the sixties. Such a handshaking, such a spirit of sunshine as the Madame led is seldom witnessed anywhere, and the dear soul who had gladdened the soldiers of the whole world registered, as all visitors are requested to do, and left this written message to the old soldiers: "I love you all." Yes, she had demonstrated the fact, and the boys in gray responded by joining the Confederate women in singing for this world famous singer and patriot, "God be with you till we meet again."

[Myrtle Lee Genser, Higginsville.]

Alabama.—The thirty-third annual convention of the Alabama Division convened in Mobile on Tuesday, April 30, and closed on Friday, May 3.

Mobile, located on beautiful Mobile Bay and filled with history of its early colonization and shrines dear to the hearts of Daughters of the Confederacy, opened her arms in royal welcome to the convention, which she entertained with traditional Southern hospitality, with the Electra Semmes Colston and Mobile Chapters as hostesses.

The opening session was held in the Battle House Auditorium, with Mrs. R. B. Broyles, State President, and Miss Mattie B. Sheibley, President Mobile Chapter, presiding.

Following the processional and invocation, a very beautiful and impressive pageant, entitled "Mobile, City of Five Flags," was presented.

Reports given by officers showed that the year's work had been most creditable and gratifying, as was shown also by committee reports.

A handsome flag, the gift of the R. D. Jackson Chapter, of Birmingham, was presented to the State Division.

On Historical Evening the outstanding feature was a splendid address on Jefferson Davis by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky. A delightful musical program was given, and the Cross of Service was presented to Dr. Howard Walker. Many prizes were also given.

A dozen beautiful silver sherbert cups were given, as a token of love and appreciation, to Mrs. R. B. Broyles, the retiring president.

Among the many delightful social courtesies were an automobile ride over the city and the boat ride given by the Chamber of Commerce; and a lovely, tea was given to the Division officers by the Ladies' Memorial Association.

At the closing session on Friday morning, the Division unanimously indorsed Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky of Troy, for President General:

* * *

Tennessee.—Great honor was paid the memory of the late Dr. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General U. C. V. at the time of his death, in the dedication of the Bachman tunnel through Missionary Ridge at Chattanooga. These exercises were held on June 2, 1929. Dr. Bachman was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Chattanooga, and gave more than half a century of his life to the people of his community as pastor, citizen, friend, and helper.

Splendid work is being done by Miss Mollie E. Kavanaugh, Chairman of Educational Work in Tennessee. Most excellent reports have been sent in by the ambitious students who hold scholarships given through the Chapters and the Division. Among those receiving such awards is a direct descendant of

John Sevier, and another is a member of the family of Matthew Fontaine Maury. Tennessee stands for the higher education of her young people.

The Children of the Confederacy Chapters are doing splendid work. Confederate history is being impressed upon them by a pilgrimage over the more important battle fields of the State and by addresses by Confederate veterans.

Four district conferences have been held by the Division—at Memphis, Sweetwater, Elizabethton, and Shelbyville. These conferences are largely attended, and at each meeting such fine reports are given by officers and chairmen that the conferences resemble a State convention.

Mrs. Lowndes Turney, State President, who has attended each conference meeting and has visited Chapters throughout the State, told of the activities in Tennessee, told of the importance of holding elections in October and sending in a list of Chapter officers to the proper State officials. She also stressed the educational movement in the Gen. A. P. Steward Scholarship fund at the University of Tennessee, and the marking of the spot where Gen. John H. Morgan fell, near Greeneville. She has at all times urged the Daughters and every member of a Confederate organization to subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Each Chapter asked to check over the year's work to see if there are any causes to which they have not contributed or any pledges unpaid.

The Gen. Francis Walker Chapter of Chattanooga, is actively engaged in perfecting arrangements for the twenty-fourth annual convention of the Tennessee Division, which will be held October 9-11, 1929. Credentials are to be sent to Mrs. L. S. Greenwood, 117 Johnson Pike, Chattanooga.

[Mrs. Elliott M. Buchanan, Chairman Publicity.]

Historical Department, U. C. V.

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

KEYWORD "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. TOPIC FOR OCTOBER, 1929.

Hood's Tennessee Campaign. Battles of Nashville and Franklin. Tactics practiced by Hood as compared with methods of Joseph E. Johnston.

C. OF C. TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.

Stories of Faithful Slaves.

Reading: "Unc' Gabe's W'ite Folks." (Thomas Nelson Page.)

Reading: "Origin of the Banjo." (From Irwin Russell's "Christmas in the Quarters.")

Music: "Old Black Joe," "Uncle Ned," etc.

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—Little Rock.....Mrs. J. F. Weinmann
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
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NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
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TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. ROGERS WINTER, *Editor*, 61 Highland Drive, Atlanta, Ga.

A RETROSPECT.

BY MARY CARTER WINTER.

At the convention in Charlotte, one thing impressed me more than anything else perhaps: that is, the frequent references to a question that is asked, it seems, with more and more frequency:

"Why should we continue to organize memorial associations when there are so many other organizations in existence?"

That such a question should ever be asked bespeaks a profound lack of knowledge of the background of the work that has been done and is now being done by the women of the South for memory of that Confederate cause which lived and died in honor and on which shines to-day the luster of a blameless record.

It is, perhaps, the very age of the Ladies' Memorial Associations that causes the youth of to-day to forget just what is symbolized by the words "Ladies' Memorial Association," but once the torch of remembrance is made to shine brightly again, the heart of the South to-day will respond with impulsive love and admiration for those who garlanded the graves of the Confederate dead when Federal bayonets were poised above the blossoms of memorial wreaths.

We who made wreaths as children for the graves of the dead have graven on our hearts the picture of tear-stained faces bending over the flowers of spring as thin fingers wove them into garlands; and from those tears and the hushed conversation of those who retold for the sake of the children the stories of high heroism of the sixties, we gained an inspiration that never vanished even in the pressure of life's hard years. And sometimes I wonder if it would not renew in younger hearts to-day the flame of devotion if they would gather, as we gathered in childhood, at the cemeteries, bringing the wealth of their gardens to be made by their own hands into garlands for the dead.

I have been reading the history of the South's Memorial Day, that beautiful thought which was adopted by the nation, and in the pages of that little volume, "Memorial Day," issued by the first Memorial Association, I have found much to stir the heart and mind and soul. Most of us are familiar with the fact that the idea was suggested by Miss Lizzie Rutherford, and that the first appeal for the observance of Memorial Day in the South was sent out by Mrs. Charles J. Williams, the first secretary of the first Memorial Association; but few, perhaps, have read the text of that first letter. It was dated 1866, and read as follows:

"COLUMBUS, GA., March 12, 1866.

"The ladies are now and have been for several days engaged in the sad but pleasant duty of ornamenting and improving that portion of the city cemetery sacred to the memory of our gallant Confederate dead, but we feel it is an unfinished work unless a day be set apart annually for its especial attention. We cannot raise monumental shafts and inscribe thereon their many deeds of heroism, but we can keep alive the memory of the debt we owe them by dedicating at least one day in each year to embellishing their humble graves with flowers. Therefore, we beg the assistance of the press and the ladies throughout the South to aid us in the effort to set apart a certain day to be observed, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and be handed down through time as a religious custom of the South, to wreath the graves of our martyred dead with flowers; and we propose the 26th day of April as the day. Let every city, town, and village join in the pleasant duty. Let all alike be remembered from the heroes on Manassas to those who expired amid the death throes of our hallowed cause. We'll crown alike the honored resting places of the immortal Jackson in Virginia, Johnston at Shiloh, Cleburne in Ten-

nessee, and the host of gallant privates who adorned our ranks. All did their duty, and to all we owe our gratitude. Let the soldiers' graves, for that day at least, be the Southern Mecca to whose shrine her sorrowing women, like pilgrims, may annually bring their grateful hearts and floral offerings. And when we remember the thousands who were 'buried with their martial cloaks around them,' without Christian ceremony of interment, we would invoke the aid of the most thrilling eloquence throughout the land to inaugurate this custom by delivering, on the appointed day this year, a eulogy on the unburied dead of our glorious Southern army. They died for their country. Whether their country had or had not the right to demand the sacrifice is no longer a question of discussion. We leave that for nations to decide in future. That it was demanded, that they fought nobly, and fell holy sacrifices upon their country's altar, and are entitled to their country's gratitude, none will deny.

"The proud banner under which they rallied in defense of the holiest and noblest cause for which heroes fought, or trusting women prayed, has been furled forever. The country for which they suffered and died has now no name or place among the nations of the earth. Legislative enactment may not be made to do honor to their memories, but the veriest radical that ever traced his genealogy back to the deck of the Mayflower could not refuse us the simple privilege of paying honor to those who died defending the life, honor, and happiness of the Southern women."

Did you read that letter merely with the eye or with the heart as well? Did you sense the deep heartache of those words, "We cannot raise monumental shafts and inscribe thereon their many deeds of heroism," realizing that the reason those shafts of memory could not be raised was because of desolation and poverty of a war-torn country? Soon these same courageous women, who were seeking to discharge a nation's debt of gratitude with tear-wet blossoms from the soil stained red with the blood of their beloved heroes, were to raise the more permanent shafts that bespeak a nation's love and gratitude. As early as 1867 the first monument to the Confederate dead rose whitely in the little town of Cheraw, S. C., and, in 1868, Tuscaloosa, Ala., had dedicated its memorial shaft to the heroes of the sixties. In 1868, also, Fayetteville, N. C., set up its monument to the Confederate dead, and the fifth memorial shaft was lifted to the sky in Griffin, Ga. And to-day the Memorial Women of the South are uniting in helping to carve the world's greatest monument at Stone Mountain, an imperishable

memorial to the greatness of the men who laid down their arms at Lee's command.

And when you read these words, "Whether their country had or had not the right to demand the sacrifice is no longer a question of discussion. We leave that for the nations to decide in the future," were you not thrilled at the thought that to-day the concensus of opinion among those who knew the history of that period is that the South but exercised its inherent rights under the Constitution of the United States?

And when you read, "Legislative enactment may not be made to do honor to their memories," did you pause to consider that after sixty years legislative enactment *has been made* to do honor to their name, and that every fifty-cent Stone Mountain Memorial coin, whose mintage was secured through Congress by the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association, is a silver token of a nation's recognition of the valor and righteousness of soldiers of the sixties.

We have cause for pride, both in our heritage from the veterans of the gray and in the heritage left by the older memorial women to those who have taken up the work begun in 1868.

It will be of interest to read at this time the first communication of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association to the United Confederate Veterans in reunion at Louisville, Ky., in 1900, in which year the confederation of the various memorial associations was completed. The call for this meeting was sent out by the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Ark., and the delegates who responded met on May 3 at the Galt House in Louisville. Twelve Associations were represented. Organization was perfected, and Mrs. W. J. Behan was elected the first President.

The next day Mrs. Behan received a communication stating that arrangements had been completed for a meeting with Gen. John B. Gordon at Reunion Hall; and the delegates proceeded in a body to Reunion Hall. They were met by a committee of Confederate Veterans and they were provided with seats on the platform. The Confederated Southern Memorial Association was then formally recognized by the United Confederate Veterans in the midst of great applause. Gen. John B. Gordon expressed his hearty approval of the Ladies' Memorial Associations, and ordered read at once the communication of the women. It was as follows:

"General John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans.

Dear Sir: Throughout the South are scattered memorial associations which have not relinquished

(Continued on page 358.)

Sons of Confederate Veterans

JOHN ASHLEY JONES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, ATLANTA, GA.

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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 ACTIVITIES.

REPORT OF CONFEDERATE VETERAN COMMITTEE.

On January 7, 1929, Special Order No. 18 was issued by the Commander in Chief, appointing a committee to coöperate with Mrs. R. H. Chesley, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass., Chairman of a similar committee appointed by the President General, U. D. C., to solicit subscriptions for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

The committee appointed by the Sons of Confederate Veterans were: A. W. Taber, Chairman, Austin, Tex.; H. S. Spivey, Little Rock, Ark.; Charles T. Norman, Richmond, Va.; John Z. Reardon, Tallahassee, Fla.; W. F. Riley, Sr., Tupelo, Miss.; John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.; John H. Robertson, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Hartwell B. Grubbs, 320 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Chairman Taber reports that he secured some fifteen subscriptions to the VETERAN, and some of the other members of the committee have secured a few subscriptions. The committee is still active, and is endeavoring to increase the subscription list. Those who have not reported on this work are urged to do so.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

By virtue of his reelection as Commander of the Army of Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V., at the thirty-fourth annual convention held in Charlotte, N. C., June, 1929, J. Edward Jones assumes command of the Divisions and Camps comprising his Department and establishes headquarters in Oklahoma City, Okla.

The Division Commanders of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, are requested to se-

lect their staff officers and report to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., Richmond, Va.

Comrade Jones has appointed the following comrades as members of his official staff: J. R. Eldridge, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City, Okla.; E. Riddle, Inspector, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Walter A. Raney, Quartermaster, McCrory, Ark.; J. H. White, Commissary, 2637 Prospect, Kansas City; Ed. S. McCarver, Judge Advocate, Orange, Tex.; E. F. Hayden, Surgeon, Tulsa, Okla.; A. W. Taber, Historian, Austin, Tex.; Forney Hutchinson, Chaplain, Okla. City, Okla.

PLEDGES TO LIQUIDATE INDEBTEDNESS OF MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD PARK.

At the annual convention, S. C. V., at Charlotte, N. C., held June 4-7, 1929, pledges were made to pay off the indebtedness of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park as follows: Franks S. Sneed, Lawton, Okla., \$10.00; J. Edward Jones, 1105 East Seventeenth Street, Oklahoma City, \$175.00; F. R. Frevel, Ballston, Va., \$50.00; Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, 21 Granada, Nashville, Tenn., \$25.00; A. C. Jones, Gastonia, N. C., \$10.00; Harrisburg Camp No. 645, Tupelo, Miss., \$25.00; W. F. Riley, Sr., Tupelo, Miss., \$10.00; E. L. Bell, Lewisburg, W. Va., \$5.00; Charles Bell, Little Rock, Ark., \$10.00; L. B. Coffin, Box 424, Alpine, Tex., \$5.00; S. E. Sparkman, Tampa, Fla., \$5.00; Anonymous, \$1.00; Blackhorse Camp No. 780, Warrenton, Va. J. Edward Beale, Commander, \$16.00; Dr. George R. Tabor, Oklahoma City, Okla., \$25.00; Stonewall Jackson Camp No. 23, Charlotte, N. C., \$100.00; Senator Walter W. Rainey, McCrory, Ark., \$180.00;

Mrs. Clara Brown Walde, 159-18 Grand Central Parkway, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y., \$10.00; John M. Kinard Camp No. 35, by John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C., \$50.00; George W. Sidebottom, Huntington, W. Va., \$5.00; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chatham, Va., \$25.00; Mrs. Roy Weaks McKinney, Paducah, Ky., \$10.00; Mrs. R. E. Little, Wadesboro, N. C., \$10.00; Rufus W. Pearson, Barre Building, Washington, D. C., \$10.00; Edmond E. Wiles, Charlotte, N. C., \$25.00; J. Roy Price, Shreveport, La., \$50.00; W. R. Scurry Camp No. 606, Wichita Falls, Tex., \$50.00; A. W. Taber, Soldiers' Home, Austin, Tex., \$50.00; Judge Ed. S. McCarver, Orange, Tex., \$50.00; James M. Cochran Camp No. 49, Dallas, Tex., \$50.00; Albert Sidney Johnson Camp No. 67, Houston, Tex., \$50.00.

Division Pledges.—Alabama, \$445.00; District of Columbia and Maryland, \$331.00; Louisiana, \$395; Mississippi will use every effort to make original pledge good; Missouri, representative absent; North Carolina, representative absent; making a total of \$2,278.00.

The pledges paid of \$422.00 have been credited on \$1,310.00. The balance must be paid immediately in order to avoid foreclosure proceeding on the property, and those who are delinquent in payment of pledges are urgently requested to pay now.

NEW CAMP ORGANIZED

Nathan Bedford Forrest, No. 789, of McAllen, Tex. was organized August 1, 1926. The officers and members are as follows: Cole Danley, Commander; J. R. Glasscock, First Lieutenant Commander; T. J. Powell, Second Lieutenant Commander; Robert L. Lewis, Adjutant; P. M. Perkins, Treasurer; R. I. Parks, Quartermaster; Gordon, Griffin, Judge Advocate; J. G. Harrison, Surgeon; E. L. Greene, Historian; E. C. White, Color Sergeant; W. B. Pierce, Chaplain. Other members are, Oscar L. Kirkland, Dr. M. P. Wilson, J. M. Gogler T. O. Mitchell, P. H. McMurtry, T. W. Doster, Rev. W. M. Radee, A. L. Hart, G. E. Langford, Dr. K. J. Scott, A. A. Kelly, A. J. Flowers.

THESE WILL SUFFICE—LEST WE FORGET.

(From Memorial Day Address at Birmingham, Ala., April 26, 1929, delivered by George A. Miller as Commander of Wheeler-Ferguson Camp, No. 84, S. C. V., on the occasion of a joint meeting of the Confederate Associations there.)

I am proud to be the Son of a Confederate veteran and a beneficiary of the Southern Confederacy, which, because it did exist and flourish, even if but for a short time, brought about the triumph of human rights in American, under constitutional law, and in

the spirit and form of the world's most successful democracy.

Without the "fratricidal strife" and the brave record of the Confederate soldier (whatever the inspiration and accomplishment of our adversaries), these great blessings would not have been ours; hence the War between the States was justified and vindicated in the beneficent and far-reaching results that in such rich measure have come to us all.

It is, therefore, the principle thought and desire, in fact, practically the sole reason, for the survival and existence of the organization of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, that we honor, cheer, and help the soldiers of the Confederacy in their declining years; to show that we, their sons, as with their daughters, appreciate the sacred heritage that is ours, and for which, in blood and treasure, they paid so dear a price.

It is true that this, if you will, is only a moral and traditional obligation, but it is none the less ours to act in loyal good faith with those who made the great sacrifice, and who at last gave to us the precious heritage of the beloved Southland as a glorious part of our reunited country.

The soul-satisfying realization that we do possess these wondrous legacies need not be paraded nor shouted in the streets—that is no longer required of us—but, let us be reminded, nor never forget, that these things are personal and sacred to all loyal sons of Confederate veterans.

To hold fast to these honest and heartfelt sentiments, with the simple duties by which they are sustained—these will suffice—"Lest we forget."

THE MARYLAND FLAG.

BY MRS. CHARLES N. BOULDIN, BALTIMORE.

The provincial flag of Maryland was composed of the armorial bearings of the Calverts, black and gold, and was brought over by Leonard Calvert in the Ark and the Dove. After the Revolutionary War, the flag was changed to include red and silver of the Crossland arms, as it is to-day.

It is the oldest of State flags, and the only one based on a heraldic coat-of-arms.

The Cross botony, as the Crossland design of red and silver quarters of the Maryland flag is called, has become the Maryland cross. It has been called the Flowering Cross of Avalon, and was the badge of Maryland soldiers in the Confederate army.

The flag of the 2nd Maryland Confederate Infantry, which was carried up Culp's Hill, Gettysburg, shows the Maryland arms in a blue field, with the Cross of Avalon surmounting the staff.

This flag is now in the State House at Annapolis.

A RETROSPECT.

(Continued from page 355.)

their original organization, and whose work is solely memorial and monumental.

"These associations (some of which were formed as far back as 1865), by the most assiduous efforts, have removed from wayside and battle field our sacred dead, placed them in cemeteries of our own, and builded monuments that will hear lasting testimony to the courage, endurance, and patriotism of the Confederate soldier.

"We bring to you more tangible demonstration of work done than any other organized body of Southern people, men and women. We propose to organize or combine these memorial associations (embracing as nearly as possible every one in the South) into what we call a 'Confederation of Memorial Associations.' We are not willing to lose our identity as memorial organizations, nor to merge ourselves into the younger organization, the Daughters of the Confederacy. We hope by this confederation to commemorate our efforts and stamp our work upon the hearts of those who come after us and thereby ensure its continuance.

"We would esteem it a privilege and a pleasure to have our delegates meet at the same place and time as the United Confederate Veterans hold their annual reunions, if agreeable to them. Of course, we do not ask a voice in their councils; but we would like to meet with them. Many of us are veterans, veterans as much as the gray, battle-scarred old soldiers, though we bided at home. While they stood amid the smoke of battle, we stood amid the smoke of burning homes; when they fought, we wept and prayed; when they were hungry, we had only a crust at home; when their clothes were wearing threadbare on the long and weary march, we were busy with wheel and loom and needle; when they were in peril on picket, we held tearful, prayerful vigils. Are we not veterans as well as they?"

Such were the women who organized the Ladies' Memorial Associations of the South, and the veterans in Louisville rose *en masse* to indorse their memorial to the convention. Since that date the C. S. M. A. has met at the time of the reunion, and the succeeding Commanders of the veterans of gray have paid them the tribute of love and courtesy, not only in the personal contacts of the reunion, but in orders from time to time commending specific work undertaken and carried through by the memorial women.

To-day the relationship between the C. S. M. A. and the United Confederate Veterans should be closer than ever before. The ranks of the gray are thinning now, and fewer and fewer are those dear

women who knew the horror of the days of war and the agony of the days of reconstruction.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association is really the South's monument to the women of the sixties, who not only wept and prayed during the stress of war, who not only wove and spun and knitted for their men at the front, but who went forth into the fields when necessity demanded and tilled the soil to produce the meager crusts that sustained them in the midst of war's terrors.

The men of the South loved and honored them and the South to-day loves and honors them, and loves and honors as well the Association which is the product of their love and service.

IN WEST VIRGINIA.

A spot of great historic interest along Williamsport Pike, six miles north of Martinsburg, W. Va., was fittingly and substantially marked for coming generations on July 10, 1929, by the Berkeley County Chapter, U. D. C., of Martinsburg, with a stone and bronze memorial at the place where the War between the States was opened with action in the Shenandoah Valley, the place of the first cavalry action of the war, and the spot where the immortal Stonewall Jackson native West Virginian, strikingly showed his remarkable indifference to fear.

The memorial, erected within a few feet of the Williamsport Pike, in the northern corner of the farm of William Small, is a solid, dignified monument. A big block of native limestone, standing some four feet high on its concrete base, is rough hewn into a rugged semblance of squareness; and its face chiseled to a slope, on which is a bronze tablet, bearing the following inscription:

"IN MEMORY OF

GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON

"This tablet is erected by the Berkeley County Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to commemorate an instance of General Jackson's remarkable bravery at all times in the face of the greatest danger.

"On this site, July 2, 1861, General Jackson was seated under an oak tree, giving orders, when fired upon by Federal troops. A cannon ball cut off a limb of the tree, but Jackson, unhurt, rode calmly away."

The ceremonies of the unveiling were very impressive. Mrs. Robbins, President of Berkeley County Chapter, presented the Cross of Service to N. Baker Davis, of the post office force. Attorney Harry H. Byrer, of Martinsburg, made the speech of dedication and brought out a interesting historical points. The monument was unveiled by little Miss Susan Porter-field and Master John Robbins.

A PICTURE OF SECESSION

"Handy History (a picture) of Secession and Self-Government in the United States of America," by Sterling Boisseau, Historian of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., is a unique and graphic description of the subject. The picture is 11x14, suitable for framing and tells at a glance its story.

The title "Handy History" is given because it is written on a drawing of a hand. Each digit of the hand is a chapter in letters down the center of the thumb and fingers.

There are two monuments in the background, one to Washington and what he stood for—the secession of the colonies from Great Britain and self-government; the other monument is to Lincoln, who opposed the secession of the Southern States and their self-government.

As the stage has been largely superceded by the picture shows, and the schools are using pictures in teaching, so does this Handy History picture portray what it would take pages to tell.

Anyone desiring a copy of this publication may get one for fifty cents. See advertisement in this number.

Leading historians comment favorably on the Handy History picture.

Miss Anna R. Klein, 2514 Tenth Street, Meridian, Miss., is very anxious to secure the war record of her father, Edward Samuel Klein, of which she knows nothing whatever. As he was in business at Marion, Ala., after the war, it is possible that he enlisted with Alabama troops at Mobile. He took his family to Meridian, Miss., in 1871, in later years going to Texas, where he died. He served in the same company with the late Henry Loewi, of Meridian.

Mrs. J. B. Sanford, Talladega, Ala., will appreciate any information relative to Joseph Gooden, originally from

Georgia. His wife was Elizabeth Hargrove, and their children were Rachel, Isaiah, William, Polly, and John. Would also like to hear from anyone who served with John M. Gooden.

Some friend of Gen. Grayson wishes to know the place of his burial. He died at Tallahassee, Fla., in October, 1861. Address Frank Drew, Equalizer of Taxes, Tallahassee, Fla.

A good friend writes: "I enjoy the VETERAN more and more with each number, and am sorry to have so few years left to read it. I am now eighty, the widow of a Confederate veteran."

HIRE OUT TO YOURSELF.

Some day when you feel gay, and you think you deserve a raise for your valuable services, this is what you should do: Put the shoe on the other foot and hire out to yourself. Just for a day or two, put yourself in your employer's place, and keep tab on the work you do. Let's see—you were late this morning. Only ten minutes? That's true, but whose time was it? You took pay for it, therefore you sold it. You can't sell eight hours of time and keep part of it—not unless you give short measure. How about that work you had to do over? You're not paid to be careless, you're paid to do work well. Not twice over, but once, that's enough! Then do it right! That's what you would say, if you worked for yourself. Hire out, then, to a man named "You," and imagine it's up to you to meet the pay roll. Then see what difference it makes in the point of view. Try it once, for a day or two.—*Exchange.*

Mrs. J. S. Powers writes from Grayson, Ky.: "Glad to renew subscription. The VETERAN grows dearer each year."

PASTE THIS IN YOUR BIBLE

An omer was six points.
A gerah was one cent.
A farthing was three cents.
A shekel of gold was \$8.
A talent of silver was \$583.30.
A talent of gold was \$13,809.
A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.
A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.
A hin was a gallon and two pints.
A mite was less than a quarter cent.
A piece of silver, or a penny thirteen cents.
A day's journey was about three and one-fifth miles.
A Sabbath day's journey is an English mile.—*World*

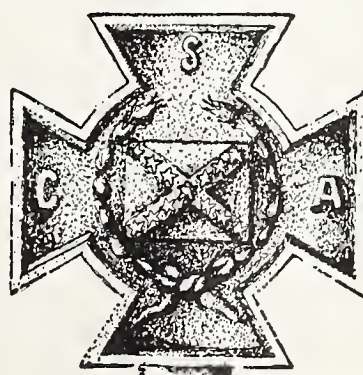
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It costs a little over one per cent to collect a dollar of taxes for the United States. Or to be exact, \$1.17 to collect \$100.

In 1927 the cost of collecting \$100 was \$1.15, and the year prior it was \$1.23. The cheapest tax collections in recent history were in 1920, when the war excess-profits tax was at its highest point. The most expensive year since the war was 1925, when it cost \$1.44 per \$100.—*National Tribune.*



"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.

PRICE, \$1.50 EACH

F. O. B. ATTALLA

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FROM A CONFEDERATE VETERAN'S LIBRARY

Now and then the VETERAN is asked to help dispose of books on Confederate history collected by some veteran, and the following list is largely made up of such a collection recently offered. All are in good condition and will be sent postpaid at prices given. Give second and third choice in case first choice has been taken. This is the list:

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis.....	\$10 00
Narrative of Military Operations. By Joseph E. Johnston.....	5 00
Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston. By William Preston Johnston....	5 00
Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson. By Mrs. Jackson.....	6 00
Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon....	5 00
Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer. By Gen. G. Moxley Sorrel.....	3 00
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Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones.	4 00
History of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Gen. Henry Lee. Revised and edited by Gen. R. E. Lee. Illustrated.....	6 00

The beautiful book, "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," compiled and edited by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, is again offered with a year's subscription to the VETERAN (renewals must be in advance) for \$4. It will also be sent as premium for a list of six new subscriptions at full price, \$1.50 each. After this month (September) the price will be advanced, as the stock is getting low. Send in your order at once and get this valuable book at small price. This is the \$5 edition.

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THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

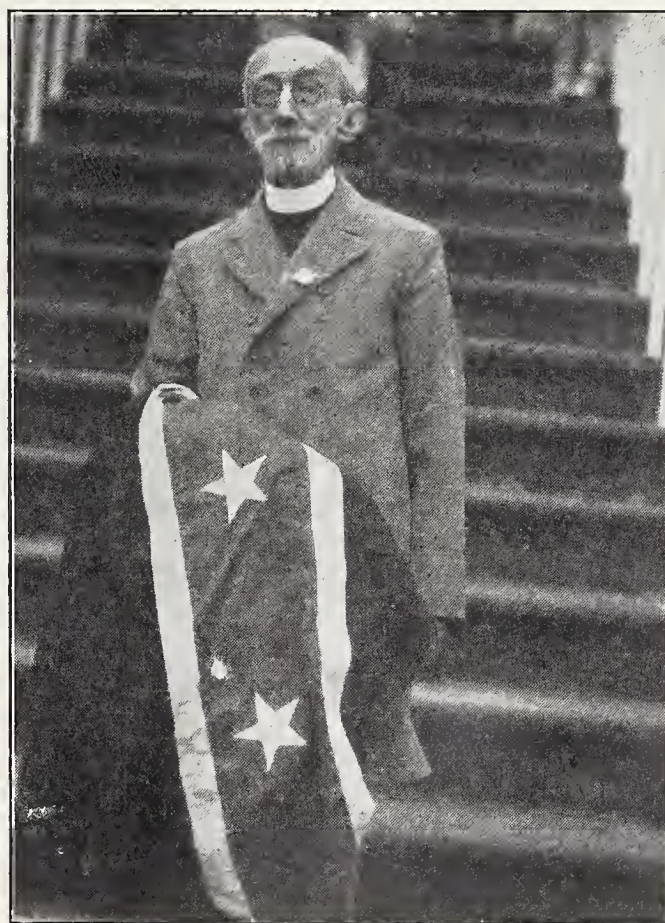
Confederate Veteran.

C L Willoughby
515 N Iowa Av
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Aug 30

VOL. XXXVII.

OCTOBER, 1929

NO. 10



AT THE ENTRANCE OF STRATFORD HALL
Maj. Giles B. Cooke, last surviving member of Gen. R. E. Lee's
staff, standing on the steps which lead to the great hall
at Stratford, and holding the Confederate flag

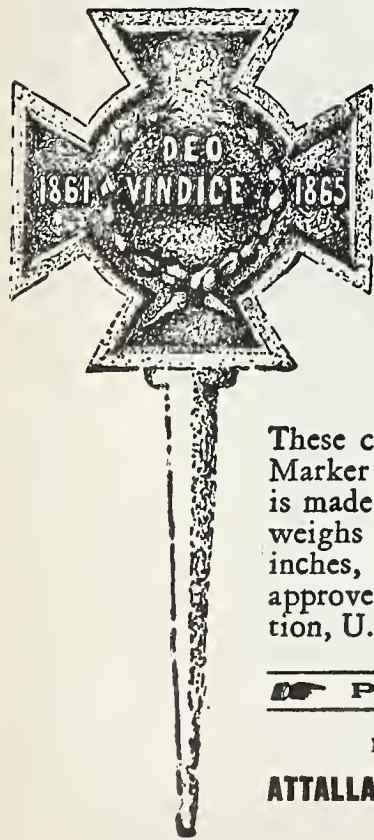
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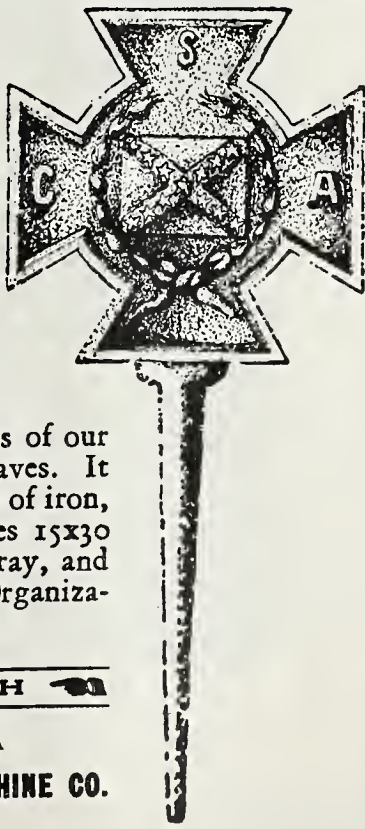
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Miss Effie Malone, Secretary Pension Board, Van Buren, Ark., is trying to get a pension for William Isaacs, who joined the 9th Missouri Cavalry, Company B, at Lexington, Mo., in April, 1862, under Captain Mosby and Col. Jeff Jones; was later with the 18th West Virginia Cavalry, with which he remained to the end. Any surviving comrades will please respond to this with any information that will help to establish his record as a Confederate soldier. He is old and in need.

The Mary Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Van Buren, Ark., will appreciate the donation of old volumes of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for reference in their historical work. The transportation cost will be paid and the volumes bound for preservation. This Chapter does fine historical work among the schools, having from three to five hundred essays written on Southern subjects each spring, and it receives many State prizes. Address Miss Effie Malone, President, U. D. C., Van Buren, Ark.



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Published by the College of William and Mary,
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EDITORS
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Mrs. Walter Pile, of Marshall, Mo., would like to procure a life of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Anyone having these books for sale will please communicate with her or the VETERAN.

Request has come for the history of the Stonewall Brigade Band—when it was organized and when it went out of existence. Some reader of the VETERAN can doubtless furnish some information on this famous band of war days.

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Confederate Veteran

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1929

No. 10.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

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Assistant to the Adjutant General
GEN. W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Chaplain General*

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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. M. D. VANCE, Little Rock, Ark. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. A. T. GOODWYN, Elmore, Ala. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

STATE REUNIONS, U. C. V.

The annual reunion of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., will be held at Columbus, Miss., October 2-4, 1929.

U. C. V. REUNION, 1930.

The fortieth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, to be held at Biloxi, Miss., on the Gulf Coast, will be well financed by the State of Mississippi, a resolution having been passed by the legislature for an appropriation of \$40,000 for the entertainment of veterans and other visitors at the time. The estimated cost of the reunion is \$60,000, the balance of \$20,000 to be secured throughout the State and in the Gulf Coast cities, all of which sponsor this reunion. The dates are June 3-6, 1930.

Edmund R. Wiles, of Little Rock, Ark., has been selected as manager for this reunion at Biloxi, having made such a success of the reunion in Charlotte, N. C., and Mississippi being his native State. He is now established in Biloxi, and all communications in regard to reservations, etc., should be addressed to him there. Official headquarters for the U. C. V. will be the Buena Vista Hotel, as also the C. S. M. A. The Sons of Confederate Veterans will have headquarters at the White House. Both of these hotels are beautifully situated on the Gulf front.

A fleet of battle cruisers and other vessels under command of native Mississippians, in the deep water about Gulfport, will be a special attraction at this reunion

ANNIVERSARY OF GENERAL LEE'S DEATH.

On Sunday, October 13, a Memorial Service commemorating the fifty-ninth anniversary of the death of Gen. R. E. Lee will be held at Stratford Hall, in Westmoreland County, Va., this date being chosen in order not to conflict with the exercises held at Washington and Lee University on October 12. An interesting program will be carried out, and it is hoped that each State will send a good delegation for this occasion.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

FORGIVING THE SOUTH.

FROM THE NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN

Although a joint reunion of the veterans of the blue and the gray, as advocated by thirty-one governors and the President, would be a fine "act of forgiveness on the part of the North," the idea has been negatived by the Grand Army of the Republic unless and until the Southern soldiers confess that they were wrong and repent of the error of their way. Under circumstances of this kind there will never be any joint reunion.

It is ridiculous to talk about the North "forgiving" the South. Whatever of forgiveness there may be must come the other way. Which section was invaded? Where was the first pitched battle fought? Which section proved to be the battleground of the bloodiest internecine strife in the history of the world? Whose lands were overrun, whose property destroyed, whose cities left in smoking ruins? What people suffered for more than a decade from the cruelties and the horrors and the humiliation of reconstruction?

We have no desire to reopen old wounds or to revive animosities that should long ago have been forgotten, but the outrageous attempt to reverse history and to make a noble idea the occasion for injustice to the South calls for the most spirited and plain-spoken protest. The South has forgiven the North; the sons and the grandsons of Confederate soldiers have accepted in good faith the arbitrament of the sword. They have given undying proof of their devotion to the flag of a common nation, but as to asking for forgiveness for offenses of which they are innocent, never!

Of course, the survivors of the gallant armies of Lee and Johnston and Jackson will never confess that they were wrong. To the everlasting honor and glory of the Southern soldier it may be recorded that, with only a few exceptions, they maintained their honor and preserved their dignity amid the smoking ruins of the South when the heel of the conqueror was upon their necks. The temptation in those awful days following the close of the war to make peace with conscienceless conquerors was very great, but the Southern soldiers and the Southern people, amid the wreck of their old civilization, were as devoted to the principles which had actuated them as they had been in the first flush of military triumph. They kept their heads erect and their faces to the

future. Everything was lost save honor, but, thank God, that they retained to transmit untarnished to those who were to become the inheritors of their fair land.

It would be a fine thing to hold the proposed reunion provided the event were approached in the right spirit. But better never have anything of the kind if it is to be construed as evidence of apology upon the part of the gallant veterans of the South. It is not necessary that they testify to their good faith or their loyalty to the terms upon which they laid down their arms. History and time have long ago established those facts. The restored and prosperous South affords proof of their devotion to the arts of peace. We pity the little minds that would give expression to the sentiments that appear to have moved the Grand Army of the Republic. Evidently alone, of all others, they have remained impervious to the gentler spirit of the age.

APPRECIATION OF OUR ENGLISH CONFEDERATE.

The following came from Mrs. John T. Greene, of Knoxville, Tenn., late in August:

"In the *VETERAN* for September, 1925, appeared an article about an Englishman, Mr. H. Gerald Smythe, of Hastings, England, who kept the Confederate flag flying at his home. Being the daughter of a Confederate soldier, I had always wished to see the flag flying—and I believe this was the last place to fly our loved flag. The opportunity came this summer. From London I went to Hastings, but on driving to Mr. Smythe's home, the flag was not flying. Too late! His widow informed me that he passed away only two weeks before, on July 7, 1929, and the flag he loved was used as his pall.

"In Mr. Smythe's library were several pictures of Gen. Robert E. Lee, a lock of his hair framed, pictures of Confederate flags, and other relics of the Confederacy, which Mrs. Smythe told me would be sent to the Lee Museum at Lexington, Va. The South has lost a sincere friend in the passing of Mr. Smythe."

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

The interesting article on "A Boy of the Old Dominion During the War between the States" introduces to *VETERAN* readers the Rev. Milton Bennett Lambdin, now of Washington, D. C., widely known as minister of the Presbyterean Church, lecturer, and author. He is of the South, and his reminiscences of those boyhood days in old Alexandria are vivid pictures of conditions in that Southern city in the hands of the enemy.

REVERIE.

BY SUSAN C. MILNER.

To-day my soul has dwelt with precious things,
My lips have smiled, while eyes have filled with
tears—

I've roamed a Southern home and viewed with joy
Dear relics of its happy yesteryears.
Through spacious rooms a sense of peace prevailed,
I felt the magic charm of long ago,
And fancy made of me an olden guest,
With dusky servants running to and fro.
Some rosewood chairs, upholstered with brocade,
Which oft had been renewed by hands of love,
Were placed with polished tables, tester beds—
Old heirlooms treasured in a room above:
An attic room that made my spirit dream,
A place that I was bidden to explore,
And ope, at will, old bridal chests and trunks,
Uplifting garments from their precious store,
The while I breathed a fragrance from their folds,
Familiar scents that floated on the air,
Sweet lavender and sprigs of mignonette,
Cape jasmine leaves and roses, dried with care.
I touched a ruffled gown, a painted fan,
A filmy scarf, long mitts of silken lace,
I seemed to see a fountain, garden flowers,
Soft moonbeams falling on a girlish face.
And then I lifted from a tray below
Some things that Love and Pride had packed away—
A flattened army cap, an old canteen,
A worn and faded uniform of gray—
O, yes, my soul has dwelt with lovely things,
Whose dear and wondrous charm shall ne'er depart,
The things that roam through mem'ries' troublous
lane,
Then nestle down to rest within the heart!

3936 Locust, Street, Kansas City, Mo.

DID NOT ADVOCATE SURRENDER.

Referring to the interesting article on General Forrest in the VETERAN for September, Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Bradenton, Fla., compliments this contribution from his old friend, Capt. James Dinkins, but thinks he is mistaken in giving Pillow and Buckner as the generals who decided to surrender the fort, saying: "In General Forrest's official report, he very plainly states that General Pillow never advocated surrender, but agreed with Forrest in thinking they should cut their way out, if necessary, and that he (Pillow) did refuse to surrender, and went out as Forrest did before the surrender agreed on by Floyd and Buckner had been made, though General Floyd also made his way out, leaving the surrender to be made by Buckner."

10*

HONORED AT STRATFORD.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. MARY CARTER WINTER, EDITOR
C. S. M. A. DEPARTMENT.

Maj. Giles B. Cooke, last surviving member of Gen. R. E. Lee's staff, and Chaplain General of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, was perhaps the most distinguished guest in the assembly that gathered recently in Westmoreland County, Va., to witness the transfer of Stratford, birthplace of Gen. R. E. Lee, to the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation.

It was Major Cooke who received from Mrs. Charles D. Lanier, President of the Robert E. Lee Foundation, the fifty thousand dollar check, which represented the first payment on Stratford, Major Cooke, in turn, transmitting the check to Charles E. Stuart, the owner of Stratford. The current news pictures of that week carried very interesting photographs of this transmittal and other pictures of Major Cooke, who is ninety-one years of age. His fourteen-year-old son, John Warren Cooke, also participated in the exercises at Stratford, and in one of the pictures received by the C. S. M. A. editor, Major Cooke is shown holding one corner of the huge Confederate flag, which was a feature of the presentation, while Master John Warren Cooke holds the other corner—the Old South and the Young South bound together by the vivid, never-fading folds of the Stars and Bars.

Major Cooke gave the invocation at Stratford, and just before the opening prayer he read a little poem called "When," written by Miss Sallie Washington Maupin, an appealing group of verses that recall most strongly to the Confederate veteran his "old gray jacket," his "Cross of Honor," the "Rebel Yell," and the dear flag of the Confederacy.

Later, Mr. Stuart presented to Major Cooke the canceled check for fifty thousand dollars as a souvenir of the transfer of Stratford to the Robert E. Lee Foundation. Mrs. Lanier, President of the Foundation, worked with unceasing interest and enthusiasm to raise the funds for this first payment on the home of Lee, which will now be held in perpetuity as a shrine of memory for the gallant leader of the Confederacy.

The fifty thousand dollars already raised and paid by Mrs. Lanier and her associates represents only the first payment on Stratford, and other funds must be raised. To help in the completion of the purchase of Stratford is a privilege, and the C. S. M. A. will surely want to assist in this great movement.

A JOINT REUNION

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS.

The Associated Press sent out an item from Portland, Me., on September 12, announcing that the plan for a joint reunion by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans, which was recommended and supported by President Hoover and thirty-one governors of States, was rejected.

The Committee on Resolutions disapproved the resolution and recommended it be tabled. This brought forth a spirited debate that threw the City Hall Auditorium, where they were meeting, into a roaring bedlam, as the members shouted for the privilege of speaking.

"They were wrong back in 1861," Frank O. Cole, of New Jersey, said, in favoring the committee's recommendations; "and when they admit they were wrong, and not until then, will we join with them in reunion." "Let them fold up their battle flags and store them in museums, then we will allow them to march with us."

Then, Major Gage, of Chicago, said: "We are all Americans to-day, and for God's sake, don't marr your record." But he was howled down; they would not let him speak.

Let it be understood that the United Confederate Veterans had no part whatever in having the matter brought before the Grand Army of the Republic meeting. It was conceived by the real soldiers of the North, but was opposed by the sutlers and camp followers. But Mr. Cole's reasons for supporting the motion to table the resolution were weighty. They appealed to him on knock-down objections, and really we don't see how they can be overcome—and yet, there are some reasons in favor of a joint reunion. For instance, it would give Mr. Cole and his pensioned veterans a chance to see for the first time a real live rebel, with rebel clothes on, but the sight would probably make their wounds bleed afresh and give them a claim for more pension money. But this consideration is as dust in the balance, against the reasons set forth by Mr. Cole and his pensioned veterans. Cole don't want a reunion with the Rebels until they bury their battle flags and ask forgiveness of the G. A. R. The G. A. R. don't want a reunion with the Rebels, so that is final. There will be no joint reunion.

Will Rogers said: "When the resolution was offered to hold a joint reunion with the Southern boys, they just pulled out their whiskers and started firing 'em at the suggestion. They said they would never meet the Rebels till the South admitted they were wrong—so that's one merger that is off indefinitely."

It did not occur to the members of the convention that the South had suffered great wrongs, and it is well to call to their attention that during the invasion of the South by the members of the Grand Army thousands of homes which had been the scenes of a boundless hospitality and domestic comfort for generations were ruthlessly destroyed, as well as fences, granaries, meat houses, stables, and barns, and that in many sections there remained at the close of the war little save heaps of smoldering ashes, and ruined, blackened walls. They destroyed all machinery and took away every horse, cow, and other animal that could be moved.

During Sherman's march from Atlanta, his army moved on a front of fifty miles, and Sherman's daily orders were: "Burn or destroy everything you cannot bring into camp." There was no Confederate force to interfere with his hirelings, sixteen thousand of them Germans, who had been given a bounty of \$500 each to join in the destruction of the South—and Sherman said "they did their work well." There were three hundred thousand Germans enlisted in the Federal army during 1863-64 on a contract to be paid a bounty of \$500 each to join in the destruction of the South. And they were the men who robbed our people and who burned and destroyed everything they could not take with them. Few American-born soldiers took part in the robberies.

As late as 1910 the Federal government was paying nine million dollars annually as pensions to those Germans.

Sherman descended from the Huns, and he inherited from his ancestors all the vicious, cruel, and inhuman qualities of that race. The impress and memory of Sherman's devastation will be hard to efface from the people of Georgia.

Cole and his hireling companions have no shame for having destroyed or stolen nine billion dollars' worth of property in the South. Their regret is that they did not cover the South with salt, as Rosecranz suggested to Sherman to do to Charleston. No people ever suffered greater wrongs than those of the South, and no people ever faced the conditions more courageously.

There were communities in the South during the war that had been deprived of every source of sustenance—old people, men, women and children left to suffer hunger—people who before had never known what want was.

When Cole and his pensioned veterans will admit that their conduct during the war was brutal, inhuman, cowardly, and unforgivable, then, and not till then, will Confederate veterans march with them.

The battle flags will not be buried! They are the emblems of the grand and marchless glory of the

old South. They are reminder of the wonderful achievement of the Confederate armies! The War Department records show that there were two million eight hundred and seventy-two thousand men enlisted in the Federal army, while the record shows that there were less than six hundred thousand men, rank and file, in the Confederate army during the war, including teamsters and nurses, and yet the Confederates defended themselves successfully in every engagement, when the odds against them were more than three to one.

When the Confederate soldiers laid down their arms, they returned home to begin life anew. The battles they fought during four years of bloody strife were not half so hard as the one which then confronted them, but they lifted the South from the ashes of destruction and made it the favored section of the country, and the Confederate soldiers stand to-day in unimpeachable loyalty to our great and indissoluble Union; but he has no shame for the past, which he holds as a hallowed memory, more precious than any cause and as sacred as his honor.

I am proud to speak for the survivors of that disbanded legion of honor, whose every conflict was a battle for conscience' sake, whose every victory was a triumph of an honest cause, and whose final surrender developed a heroism and fortitude without parallel in the history of any people; and 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.

It is well to let Mr. Cole understand that he need not rant and pull out his whiskers. The Confederate history will survive thousands of years after he and his pensioned veterans have been forgotten.

It is well for the American people everywhere to preserve the history of the Confederate men and women, for they cast a mellow glow over the country just as the sun, after its departure, leaves behind those splendors that illumine and make beautiful the evening sky.

DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH.

In the death of Miss Virginia Lucas, of Charles Town, Jefferson County, W. Va., which was caused by a distressing auto accident on July 6, the whole South mourns the loss of a loyal, patriotic daughter and one of its most gifted writers. Daughter of Daniel Bedinger Lucas, whose beautiful poems express the highest sentiments in classic form, she had

inherited much of her father's talent, and that inheritance was augmented on the maternal side. From the time she was a student at Mary Baldwin Seminary at Staunton, Va., Miss Lucas had been writing both prose and poetry, and she had published several books, in addition to editing and preparing for publication her father's essays, lectures, and poems, while carrying on her own literary research and work. She was interested in the history and traditions of her section, and her papers on the Shenandoah Valley and other parts of her beloved Virginia added largely to that history. She was a valued contributor to the *West Virginia Review*, and her contributions to the *VETERAN* in late years, interesting bits of Confederate history and exquisite verse, have been highly appreciated.

The following tribute expresses the appreciation of her own people for one who was endeared by her useful life among them:

"In the passing of this brilliant and noble woman, Jefferson County has lost its most interesting personality. The daughter of unusual parents, she combined in herself the wit, poetic genius, and even the legal talent of her distinguished father, with the strong judgment and mathematical talent of her mother. To one who has known her from her earliest youth, it has always seemed unbelievable that one person could do so many things and do them well. She was an artist, a most unusual prose writer, an exquisite poet, an accomplished scientist. But that she gave untiringly the best years of her life to 'the duty that lies nearest thee,' there is no knowing to what heights she might have risen. She had a real genius for friendship, and, like Charles Lamb, whom she somewhat resembled in her whimsical point of view and in her literary tastes, she never could dislike anyone whom she knew. No stronger heart, no purer and nobler soul ever passed, as by fire, to God."

From her poem on Matthew Fontaine Maury, these lines seem to express that sentiment which made her content to fill a humble sphere of usefulness rather than to strive for the lonely heights:

"For me, however, one whose days
Run down the little village ways,
I will forgo the lofty hill,
The sunset and the golden stars.
Bury me deep where my comrades still
Pass and repass. My pulse shall thrill
More joyously here than even—on Mars!
Angels and saints may dwell apart,
But I have given the earth my heart."

"THE TRAGIC ERA."*

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

Despite the excellence of his previous offerings, Mr. Bowers has made his greatest contribution to American history in "The Tragic Era." It is a compactly comprehensive presentation of the inner aims and counsels responsible for the so-called "Reconstruction" epoch.

First of all, one can but admire the courage of the author in stating the case as he has done. The story he reveals reminds us of the fall of Rome, with the utter lapse of public virtue in the old Latin republic under the spell of unlimited centralization and its attendant extravagances.

Whereupon, we may wonder how and why our own republic managed to survive an orgy somewhat similar. The old order, indeed, changed and gave place to the new. There was no help for that; nevertheless, it was not utterly destroyed. In chapter after chapter, Mr. Bowers had delineated with graphic power the destructive assaults directed against the system set up by the founding fathers.

The answer as to the survival of any part of the Federal system seems to lie in the fact that in the midst of the saturnalia of tyrannical power exercised in the name of freedom—oftentimes of religion—there arose a handful of sincere zealots who, having previously set the ruthless attainment of a "moral" aim above everything refused to continue in collaboration with politicians when the latter were discovered in the act of robbing the government. Thereupon, the Federal system with its checks and balances began to reappear and the theory of Statehood in the republic became at least recognizable as a force to be reckoned with. The Supreme Court, after its very existence had been threatened by the Left Wing Radicals, or Bolsheviks, began again to function with the dictum that the Union was composed of political units definitely defined as "indestructible."

But irrevocable damage had already been done by these zealots, reminding us forcibly of the expression that a blunder is worse than a crime; for the good man who thinks wrong is oftentimes a greater menace to the social order than the criminal.

Although Mr. Bowers does not specifically refer to the matter, perhaps the post-bellum return to some degree of sanity was precipitated by the rescue of Maryland, which was the first Southern State to begin to emerge from the war-time despotism that had been established. This was accomplished through the reassertion by conservative unionist Marylanders of the principle of delegated authority.

Mr. Bowers has forcefully depicted the fearful spectacle of a powerful Church active in politics—a Church which, in previous times of ecclesiastical corruption, was distinguished for its good works and Christlike humility. In mistaken zeal this Church was itself promoting civil corruption in the name of morality. Mr. Bowers shows this Church in solemn conclave setting aside an hour of prayer for the removal from office of the man best able to stand between complete consolidation in Washington and the preservation of the local self-government, which was the most distinctive heritage of two centuries of political thought. The author has conclusively shown that no free government has ever had a narrower escape from the utter destruction of the ideas or ideals which brought it into being.

There is no evidence that the author is influenced by partisanship. Throughout the volume, for all his charges, he quotes chapter and verse based upon primary sources, or else the testimony of those who were impeached or convicted. He makes distinctions between the honest zealot who wrecked the government on behalf of a "moral cause" and the demagogue, or the crook, who made the cause the gateway for private gain.

One is astonished not only over the completeness of the work, but also with regard to the variety of detailed information that it displays. Even more remarkable is the author's insight. This is a gift associated with intuition and instinct rather than the labors of research. The statement that the poet "is born, not made," is equally true of the historian. In the opinion of the writer, no amount of sheer digging and delving creates understanding.

It is impossible in a short space to go into details with regard to this new work. It begins independently by proclaiming the long-delayed credit due to Andrew Johnson, of North Carolina and Tennessee; and no book yet written is so convincing with regard to the rascality of those who took advantage of the sincerity of reformers. No one who wishes to know and understand American history and the transition period between the Federal republic created by the founding fathers and the more or less consolidated nation which we have to-day should fail to read "The Tragic Era."

With some of the art of the dramatist, although not by way of sacrificing to the truth of history, the author shifts the scene from North to South and then back again. When, in this fearful period, nothing good seems possible to be said of the acts of certain men of note, the author says nothing, he merely lets their acts speak for themselves. And one of these figures was indeed a falling angel who, like Lucifer, was tempted by the lust and feel of power.

* "The Tragic Era," by Claude G. Bowers.

On the other hand, Mr. Bowers shows the good in some of the worst of the characters that parade through these pages. Those who read the work without bias may think he was more than generous with men like Stevens and Sumner; but the historian reserves his darker pictures for the venial and the hypocritical.

Not the least of the great passages in "The Tragic Era" are the pen portraits of the great figures as they come and go. In some cases the lesser ones are painted on the canvas of general history for perhaps the first time.

WHY FORT DONELSON WAS SURRENDERED

BY M. L. VESEY, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The August number of the *VETERAN* carries an article with the above caption, contributed by R. W. Hughes, in which he quotes a lengthy paper written by P. J. Otey, who claims to have been on General Floyd's staff. This extract is quite amusing to me. I was at Fort Donelson and only a noncommissioned officer, but I think I know more of this battle than said staff officer, who, from his narrative, spent most of his time *hunting up General Floyd*. This staff officer must have thought a battle was hell fire, for he says the underbrush caught on fire and came near burning up the Federal dead and wounded. Well, it must have been an awful hot fire, for the ground was covered with snow at this time.

I was at Fort Donelson. I belonged to Company I, 14th Mississippi Regiment, Capt. S. J. Gholson, Col. W. E. Baldwin, Brig. Gen. S. B. Buckner. We had been sent there from Bowling Green, Ky.

Fort Donelson was a mud fort on the bank of the Cumberland River. The river there makes a bend, and the Confederate army was placed in a semicircle inclosing the town of Dover and the fort on its western suburbs. The Federal army also extended from the river on the west to the river on the east of the town. The Confederates had light rifle pits all along their line except where a battery was to be stationed; and at such places there was a skip in breastworks of some twenty or thirty feet. This looks very much like some of General Pillow's planning, for, it is said, in Mexico, he had breastworks dug and the dirt banked in rear of ditch instead of in front. However this may be, I know that Porter's Battery, which the 14th Mississippi supported, lost very heavily from sharpshooters, who had plain view of them. John W. Morton was a lieutenant in this battery, and was one of the bravest and most efficient officers I ever saw in action. As many of his gunners were shot down, he took charge of one gun and fought it till

the battle was over. This was on Wednesday, when the Federals made a general attack all along our lines and were handsomely repulsed at all points.

On Thursday, the Federals made an attempt with six gunboats to pass our water batteries and reach the town of Dover. The fort was defended by one 10-pound smooth bore gun, two 65-pound rifle guns, and several smaller pieces. The 65-pound rifle pieces were the most effective, and the gunboats were handsomely repulsed. Two were so badly damaged that they had to be towed out of danger.

On Friday there was but little action, but it was rumored that the Federals had been largely reinforced; our generals became much alarmed, and, after consultation, had concluded to cut our way out, and leave by way of the Furnace Road up the river in direction of Clarksville (the Cumberland River here runs almost due north); so, on Friday evening, each company received orders to be ready to move at daylight Saturday morning, with three day's cooked rations in our barracks and with our knapsacks on our backs.

At daylight Saturday morning we left our breastworks, leaving a few men in the trenches to walk about and fire occasionally and keep up a semblance of occupation. The rest of us marched to our extreme left and made a sudden attack on the Federals. We must have taken them by surprise, as many were captured and others retreated only partially dressed. We drove them through acres of tents, and they left the ground strewn with drums, horns, knapsacks, and guns. We captured several batteries of artillery, several hundred prisoners, commissary and quartermaster wagons and ambulances. We kept driving them back for hours, until there was not a Yankee within five or six miles of the Furnace Road, our original line of retreat. About noon our wounded and prisoners were sent to Clarksville by boat.

Late in the afternoon, the Federals made a stand on a high ridge running north and south defended by many batteries of artillery, and from which we were unable to dislodge them. Thereupon, to our utter astonishment, we were ordered to return and take our former position in line. When the 14th Mississippi Regiment, to which I belonged, reached near our former position, it was between sundown and dark, and we found our former breastworks filled with Yankee soldiers. After exchanging a few shots, we fell back out of range and stacked arms for a good rest.

Shortly after this, our generals held a consultation and decided to surrender the fort. However, General Floyd said he had been Secretary of War, and feared the consequences of being made a prisoner, and so he turned over the command to General

Pillow, saying that he, with his command, consisting of four Virginia regiments and the 20th Mississippi, would leave on the remaining boat. General Pillow said he had been an officer in the Federal army, and he, too, was afraid of the consequences if he was made a prisoner, and that he would leave with General Floyd on the boat, and he, therefore, turned over the command to General Buckner. Forrest was there, a colonel of a regiment of cavalry. He violently resisted the idea of surrender, insisting the way was still open for a retreat by the Furnace Road. He finally told them that they could surrender if they wanted to, but he was going to leave, and anyone who had a horse could go with him and his command if they cared to. He went out by the Furnace Road and was not molested.

When I saw what was taking place, I, too, commenced to look for a means to escape, and started for the boat landing. On the way I saw Harvey Murphy, a young lawyer, who belonged to the same company as myself, walking down the street toward the Furnace Road. I asked him where he was going. He said he was going out on the road where we whipped the Yankees from in the morning. I saw him about a year afterwards, and he told me he was not molested, and that the whole army could have gone out with little or no danger. Going on, I met up with Pompey Vassar, the adjutant of our regiment, who was also seeking a means to escape. As we reached the river bank, a short distance west of the boat landing, we saw a man building a raft on the water from lumber on the bank. He said if we would hand down the plank to finish the raft, we could cross the river with him. This we did until he said that it was ready and to get on. The raft began to sink, and the man said one of us would have to get off. I told Vassar I would get off, as I thought I could get away on the boat with the 20th Mississippi, part of Floyd's command. Vassar handed me his beautiful sword, telling me to take care of it if I got away, and if not, to throw it into the river. I watched them until they landed on the opposite side of the river, then I went down to the boat landing, where I found the 20th Mississippi, in a semicircle, guarding the embarkation of Floyd's command, consisting of four Virginia regiments and the 20th Mississippi. I went up to Captain Rhoren, one of the captains in the 20th Mississippi, whom I well knew, and asked permission to attach myself to his company. He said: "Why, certainly, I will be glad to have you." In a short while the four Virginia regiments were aboard the boat whereupon, General Floyd came on the lower deck and ordered the gangplank pulled in, whereupon Col. Tom Sykes, commanding the 20th Mississippi, drew his pistol and called to Floyd, saying: "General, I'll kill you if you

attempt to leave my regiment here after standing guard all night." To this General Floyd said: "Colonel, I am surprised at you. You see the boat is now heavily loaded. I am going across the river and put off part of the men, and then will come back and get you." To this Colonel Sykes said all right. The gangplank was pulled in and the boat went across the river until it got near the opposite side, when it turned and left up the river toward Clarksville, leaving the 20th Mississippi at the landing. Colonel Sykes was the maddest man I ever saw, and threatened to kill General Floyd if he ever saw him again. It was now about daylight. I threw Pompey Vassar's sword in the river, then went back to my command and was surrendered.

The officers were sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, and the noncommissioned officers and privates to Camp Douglas, Chicago. Our sergeant major, E. O. Sykes, who was sent off with officers, escaped before reaching prison, and went to Canada. After staying there a few months, he procured money and left Canada and, by way of Louisville, Ky., finally reached his home at Aberdeen, Miss. We who were at Fort Donelson were exchanged in November, 1862, and passed down the river to Vicksburg, Miss., where the exchange was made. Our term of enlistment having expired, we reenlisted for three years "or the war." Our captain, S. J. Gholson, was badly wounded at Fort Donelson, and served afterwards only in State troops. My company elected Eugene O. Sykes as captain, who served as such to the end of the war, and there was not a braver or more efficient officer in the army. He later became a lawyer and was elected judge of his circuit. He died some years ago respected and loved by all who knew him.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe go, mark him well!
For him minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf
The wretch concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

JOSEPH JOHN ALLEN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

After a long and useful life, spent in his native State of North Carolina, Joseph John Allen died in the hospital at Rocky Mount, N. C., on August 20, having suffered for some years a general decline in health. The home town of Louisburg and all of Franklin County felt the loss of this useful citizen, who had been prominent in the life and affairs of both. He was eighty-two years of age, and many of those years had been spent in the constructive work of helping the children of his State to get an education. By profession he was a teacher, and many of North Carolina's leading men benefited by their training under his tutelage through his special ability to impart knowledge to his pupils. He possessed an exceptionally brilliant mind and a wonderful memory. He had won the unique distinction of being the champion speller of the country, and his proficiency in Greek and Latin was unexcelled. He could spell any word, give its meaning and derivation, and could read Latin that puzzled the higher professors, a native ability which had been augmented by that industry which was characteristic.

Another distinction of which Comrade Allen was especially proud was that he had finished his education at Washington College, Lexington, Va., while General Lee was its President. It is said that General

Lee knew every boy attending Washington College and that he kept up with each boy's standing in his classes, and the parents of some of those boys were made glad indeed by his gracious commendation of their industry in study. Joseph John Allen was one of those boys so commended, and the copy of General Lee's letter to his father is given here as the finest distinction which could have come to any boy in the school. That letter reads:

"WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
LEXINGTON, VA., 28 June, 1870.

Joseph F. Allen, Esq., Louisburg, N. C.

"*Dear Sir:* I have the pleasure of communicating to you the action of the faculty of Washington College, commending your son, Joseph J. Allen, for his *distinguished* industry and success in his studies during the late session.

"With best wishes for his future welfare, I am

"Very respectfully, R. E. LEE."

This letter was one of the most treasured possessions of the veteran student, and was framed and carefully preserved with an autographed photograph of General Lee. And with all he treasured the memory of the dinner in General Lee's home at the time of his graduation, when he was given the autographed pictures of his host.

In later years he visited the old school and was always treated royally by faculty and students.

Joseph John Allen was proud, too, of having been a Confederate soldier, having given a year of his boy-life to the Confederate cause. He was seventeen years old when he enlisted in Company K, 71st North Carolina troops, and he served one year, surrendering under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865. He served his State and beloved South well in those trying days, and he lived through the reconstruction with unhampered enthusiasm for the righteousness of the Southern cause. It was his great pleasure to call from memory the original roll of the company with which he left home for the front, and until this last year he had been one of the most regular attendants on the annual reunions of Confederate veterans. He could play the violin very well, and his playing of the old-time favorite airs added to the enjoyment of those occasions. He was the last surviving member of a large family, a half brother of the late Maj. Orren Randolph Smith, known as the designer of the Stars and Bars, and over his casket that sacred emblem was spread in the last sad tribute in Louisburg, where he was laid to rest in Oaklawn Cemetery with



JOSEPH JOHN ALLEN.

Masonic honors, after the funeral services in the Baptist Church, conducted by his boyhood friend, Bishop Joseph B. Cheshire, of the Episcopal Church.

Comrade Allen was twice married, first to Miss Annie Wilcox, of Warren County. His second wife was Miss Helen Alston, of Halifax County, who survives him with the two sons of the first marriage, and four grandchildren.

In addition to his teaching, Comrade Allen was a planter, and hospitality was the keynote of the plantation home near Louisburg, where his last years had been spent. His home life was ideal, tender, kind, loving, and devoted; and there one could realize the value of a happy home. As a neighbor, he was always loved and respected. As a citizen, he was honest, fearless, straightforward, taking an active part in the progress of his county and State. The strength of our country is in such solid citizenry as this.

BURIAL SERVICE FOR CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

From an old number of the VETERAN, the following was copied by T. S. Clay, M.D., who acts as clerk for Camp No. 756, U. C. V., of Savannah, Ga., and who is anxious to learn when this burial ritual was first used by the Confederate veterans, and also the name of the author of the service. The quotation follows:

"The burial service used by the veterans of Tennessee was adopted as the standard service for the association (U. C. V.), and Camps will receive the text of the new ritual through the published minutes of the convention."

Dr. Clay continues: "This is a beautiful service, and has been used by the Camp with which I have had the honor to be connected as Chaplain, though only the son of a Confederate veteran, for many years. The order of service in our Camp is as follows: 'At the close of the usual burial service, after the benediction and placing of flowers, etc., a large laurel wreath, with Confederate flag on it, the gift of the Daughters, is placed upon the foot of the grave. Our Camp Confederate flag is then laid over the grave, the ritual read, and taps is then sounded.'"

RITUAL FOR CONFEDERATE BURIAL SERVICE.

Comrades: We are here to-day to pay the last tribute of friendship in the presence of our honored dead. We are to commit to the grave the body of a comrade whose life—aside from its other ties of friendship and sociability—was drawn very close to our lives by a bond of love which was formed amidst

common perils and hardships and welded in the fires of battle.

Not in the pomp and circumstance of war, not with musket shot and roll of drum do we bury our comrade. The roar of the cannon and the din of conflict are hushed, and in this time of solemn peace we lay the citizen soldier in his last resting place—an honorable grave.

He was a veteran Confederate soldier, true and tried. Freely and cheerfully he risked his life in the defense of his home and his people; bravely and grandly he bore himself amidst all the dangers and privations of an unequal contest. He answered to the last roll call that summoned him to duty as a soldier; and when he yielded to the arbitrament of war, it was not as a conquered slave, but as a hero, one of the gallant spirits who have immortalized the Southern arms. He fought a good fight and has left a record of which we, his surviving comrades, are proud, and which is a heritage of glory to his family and their descendants for all time to come.

With equal courage and fortitude and patience, our comrade accepted the fortunes of peace, made arduous by losses and reproaches, and, as a citizen of a reunited country, true to his manhood, he evinced a loyalty which, making no apology for the past, was true in every quality of patriotism and which none can question without aspersion.

Rest, soldier, rest! Impartial history will vindicate thy motives and write thy deeds illustrious.

Comrade and friend, we give thy body to the dust, thy spirit to God.

The resolution for the adoption of this burial service generally throughout the organization was introduced at the reunion in Chattanooga, Tenn., 1921, and was signed by "A. B. Booth, Henry St. Paul Camp, No. 16, U. C. V.," and "Col. R. A. Sneed, Oklahoma."

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to tower;
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stands forth in sunny outline brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with thee?"

"HERE'S YOUR MULE."

(The following was contributed many years ago by Capt. W. W. Carnes, now of Bradenton, Fla., and is republished for the benefit of later readers of the VETERAN.)

Every soldier remembers the many popular calls, phrases, or sayings that were in vogue during the War between the States, and among them all, none was more widespread and generally used among the Confederates than "Here's Your Mule!" or "Mister, Here's Your Mule." There have been a number of attempts to explain its origin, no one account like the other, and none correct. This paper is written to give a correct account of how "Here's Your Mule!" started, and the correctness of what is here written will be attested by the few still left of those West Tennessee soldiers who were in the Camp of Instruction at Jackson, Tenn.

While the many companies were in said camp before and after the organization into regiments, all sorts of salable commodities were brought into camp in all sorts of conveyances. One of those camp hucksters, who was especially active in peddling pies and other edibles, brought them in a small and ancient looking wagon, drawn by a small, black, shaggy mule. This old fellow was quite an oddity in a way, and became quite well known in camp. The boys tried their usual pranks of speech on him and many of them came off "second best" in the encounter of rough wit. So one day a few of those who had failed to get ahead of the old countryman in the contest with tongues, determined to play a practical joke on him. Most of the soldiers were sheltered then by the old fashioned "A" tents which go in a straight line from the ridge pole down to the pegs that held the cover edge fast to the ground. During the temporary absence of the old huckster, these fellows slipped out the main parts of the harness from this mule, and, taking the animal to another part of the camp, placed him under one of the little "A" tents and fastened the flags down tight to the pegs, then loafed around the wagon until the owner appeared. He naturally was surprised to find that his mule was gone and at once began actively to look for him, the boys who had carried the mule away, amusing themselves at the owner's expense with various suggestions as to the cause of the animal's disappearance. The owner of the mule was too seriously concerned over his loss to give back in his usual style, and the mischievous jokers had a lot of fun at his expense. Soon those men (who had jointly hidden the mule in a place known to but few) spread the news around the camp that old "Pies" had lost his mule. Then one of them went

to a distant point in the encampment and shouted at the top of his voice, "Mister, here's your mule!" At once the owner of the mule struck a lively gait in the direction of the voice, but found no mule and no one that could give information of him. Then he said to the men standing around: "Gentlemen, have any of you seen anything of a little black, shaggy mule around here?" In a few minutes the cry, "Mister, here's your mule!" came from another part of the camp, causing the man to go there on a run with the same result, followed by the same inquiry on his part. So he was kept going for a long time from one part of the camp to another by the same call, without finding the mule. As might be expected, quite a crowd followed him about, and as others, who knew nothing of the hiding of the mule, took up the call "Here's your mule! from different points, the huckster knew he was being played with by the boys. His last summons had brought him to the vicinity of the tent where the mule had been hidden, and from there he did not go in response to other calls of "Here's your mule!" from distant points. All the while a large crowd stood around and gave him "the laugh." Finally, after standing this a while he raised his hands above his head in a beseeching gesture, which brought silence, and in a loud wail of distress, he said: "Gentlemen, for the love of God, has anybody seen anything of that 'ar mule?" Probably the mule recognized his owner's voice, and he lifted up his own voice in a loud bray. Then there arose such a general yell of "Here's your mule!" and led by the fellows who new in which tent to find him, the crowd overthrew the tent and brought forth the "little black, shaggy mule" to his distressed owner. It was a long time before the frolic ended and the countryman got away from the teasing boys, but he had sold all his load and found his lost mule, and he took the joking good naturedly.

From that afternoon, the cry, "Here's Your Mule!" gave rise to merriment in that camp, and as the different commands left the Camp of Instruction, they took with them the cry, "Here's Your Mule!" which spread rapidly through the army until it was in general use by soldiers who had no idea of how it originated, but understood that there was a joke behind it or connected with it some way. It was carried rapidly through all parts of the armies of the West and found its way to the Virginia army. Very few who used it, or heard it, knew how or where it originated, and the writer gives for publication this true history of "Here's Your Mule!" for the first time, as far as he knows. Parodies were gotten up on "Here's Your Mule" and sung around the camp fire. The following on "Maryland" was sung by the Ridley and Beard Combination at the Nashville

reunion, Tennessee Division, U. C. V., October 8-9, 1902, showing the popularity of the phrase, "Here's Your Mule!"

(AIR, "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.")

The Yankee tread is on our streets,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
I hear the tramp of the vandal's feet,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
Hark! I hear a rooster squall
The vandal takes it, hen and all,
And makes the boys and women bawl,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

There's nothing that escapes their eyes,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
They all are death on cakes and pies,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
Hush! I see a lighted sky,
Our people's houses burning high,
John Morgan's coming by and by,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

Hark! Morgan's boys are on a raid,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
To meet the foe they're not afraid,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
And when blue coats see them come,
They stop and fire and break and run,
And then begins John Morgan's fun,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

And Pemberton is in the West
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
To hold Vicksburg he'll do his best,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
When General Grant strikes in his flank,
Our faithful Joe will play a prank,
And gobble up the devilish Yank,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

When Stonewall Jackson's in the field
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
His are the boys that never yield,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
And when you hear the old man pray,
You may be sure that on next day
The very devil will be to pay,
Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

THE KU-KLUX KLAN.—The policy of the Klan all the while was to deter men from wrongdoing. It was only in rare, exceptional cases, and these the most aggravated, that it undertook to punish.

—J. C. Lester and D. L. Wilson.

ONE OF THE SOUTH'S DEFENDERS.

A long and interesting life has been that of Col. Orville A. Gibson, member of the staff of the Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., who is spending the evening of his life at Springfield plantation, near Fayette, Miss., the ante-bellum home where Andrew Jackson married Rachel Robards more than a century ago. The picture here shows Colonel Gibson in the uniform of a young Confederate soldier, for he was but seventeen years old when it was taken at Port Gibson, Miss. He was born at Warsaw, Ala., May 1, 1845, and served as a private in Company E, Wirt Adams' Regiment of Confederate Cavalry, also called the 1st Regiment of Mississippi Cavalry. Young Gibson also served with the Oktibbeha Rescues, Company C, of the 14th Mississippi Infantry, under Gen. Stephen D. Lee, and he was mustered out at Gainesville, Ala., May 26, 1865.

For forty years following the war, Orville Gibson constructed railroads and levees in all sections of the South, winning everywhere the respect and friendship of those who knew him, and he was honored by having towns named "Gibson" and "Orville" in different States. He was married on December 2, 1869, to Miss Josephine Marion Randolph, and to them were born five children. Some years after the death of his wife, he was married to Mrs. Susie Williams, of West Point, Miss., who is still with him. His living descendants are a son, two daughters, two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. His youngest child, Augustus W. Gibson, served with the Washington Artillery of New Orleans on the Mexican border in 1916-17, entered into the World War service as a member of the 141st Artillery, and was accidentally killed while preparing to go overseas.

The ancestors of Colonel Gibson served with honor in all the wars since this country was founded. His father, William Wellington Gibson, who, though over age, served the Confederacy in gathering supplies for the army and working in hospitals, had ancestors in the French and Indian wars, and four ancestors were "Minute Men" in the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. The mother of Colonel Gibson was Mary Catherine Rogers, whose people marched from Virginia into Tennessee after the Revolution. Her father, Robert Henderson Rogers, was in military service as a mere youth and later was sheriff of Sevier County, Tenn., a military honor in that day. His father was the Rev. Elijah Rogers, who was in expeditions against the Cherokees and Creek Indians, and in his ministerial life the record is that he baptized the first member of the first Baptist

Church of Knoxville, Tenn., in the presence of three thousand people assembled on the banks of the Tennessee River. He was highly educated and combined teaching with preaching. He married Catherine Clack, whose father, Hon. Spencer Clack, was an officer of the Revolution from Henry County, Va.,



ORVILLE GIBSON AS A YOUNG CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

helped to draft the constitution of the State of Tennessee, and was a member of the first legislature, serving continuously from 1796 until his death in 1832. The Spencer Clack Chapter, D. A. R., of Sevierville, Tenn., will unveil a monument in his honor in October, 1929.

In this connection it is well to mention three brave Confederate kinsmen of Colonel Gibson, who have lately passed into eternal rest, all past eighty-five years old. Col. Spencer D. Clack, who died in Dallas, Tex., served in the 3rd Tennessee Regiment throughout the war except for the seven months spent in Camp Douglas prison. Capt. M. M. Clack, who died in Abilene, Tex., was a member of the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, Company A, serving continuously until dangerously wounded and crippled for life in the battle of Staunton, Va. Another kinsman was Thomas Calvert, who was ninety-eight years old in January, 1929, and joined his comrades in the great beyond in March. He was first lieutenant in Blythe's Mississippi Battalion, was wounded near Atlanta, and taken prisoner and held on Murphy's Island until exchanged.

Col Orville Gibson at eighty-four is still active and vigorous, riding horseback over the large planta-

tion every day. He has a host of loyal friends, and the Daughters of the Confederacy of Natchez and Fayette show him many lovely attentions.

A TROPHY OF WAR.

Every now and then report comes of the return of something taken from the South during the days of war. One of the latest things of the kind is told by the *National Tribune*, of Washington, D. C., in the following:

"A Grandfather's clock, which was taken as a trophy of war from the plantation of a former member of congress during the Civil War, has been located only about one hundred miles from his birthplace in Massachusetts, and is to be restored to his granddaughters.

"The record of Thomas Butler King stands out in history, his public service having spanned the continent and covered more than twoscore years. He was born in Palmer, Mass., in 1800 and attended Westfield Academy. He began the practice of law in Philadelphia when he was twenty-two years old. He settled on Retreat Plantation, St. Simon's Island, Ga., in 1826. After four terms in the State senate, he went to congress, where he served ten terms. In 1850, he was appointed collector of the port of San Francisco by President Fillmore, served two years, and later went again to the Georgia State senate. He was sent to Europe by Georgia as a special trade envoy in 1861, and for three years served in Europe as commissioner of the Confederacy.

"Recently, at an auction in East Mansfield, Mass., an eight-day clock was bought by the former police chief of Attleboro, and in cleaning up the clock, the purchaser found this record written on the inside: 'Taken from the plantation home of Hon. Thomas B. King, St. Simon's Island, St. Simon's Sound, Ga., U. S. S. Ethan Allen, on blockade, January 10, 1863.'

"Investigation disclosed that the island home of the late Representative King was vacated during the war days when he was in Europe as agent of the Confederacy and his sons were in the Confederate army. The blockading fleet sent a landing party to investigate the vacant home and a large cotton warehouse on the shore of the island plantation, and it was then that the clock was 'lifted' as contraband of war.

"Three granddaughters of the former representative are now living on the old plantation, and the old clock is going to be sent back home to Georgia from Massachusetts after having been one of the spoils of war for more than sixty-five years."

LITERARY WOMEN OF THE SIXTIES IN NORTH CAROLINA.*

BY MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON.

"Sound judgment is the ground of writing well."

In recounting the activities of the women of the sixties, we must give a high place on history's page to the literary women of that period. Their facile and gifted pens often gave inspiration and comfort to the soldiers at the front, and their prose and poetry tell the story of the South to the generation of to-day.

This can be only a glimpse of North Carolina's literary women of that period, only a few of these writers who have contributed much to this State's literature are here mentioned.

First, we shall mention Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, who was called by the "War Governor," Zebulon B. Vance, "the greatest woman North Carolina has ever produced." It has also been said of Mrs. Spencer that she was like some jewel, "full of fire."

The work of this brilliant and gifted woman stands out differently from that of any other of North Carolina's women of the sixties. Her "Last Ninety Days of the War," written in 1866 (at the request of Governor Vance), is invaluable as a vivid and true picture of those last terrible days and the beginning of the reconstruction period in this State. This history, a classic, depicts North Carolina's part in the struggle and is one of the greatest things accomplished by any of our women of that day, being written by one who saw and endured an active part in this great drama. Her "Children's History of North Carolina" is also a true story of the State.

Mrs. Hope Summerell Chamberlain, in her recent book, "Old Days in Chapel Hill," has made a valuable contribution to the literary history of this period of our State by compiling the journals and letters of Mrs. Spencer. She has recalled to the present generation the splendid services of this woman of the sixties, "who was the equal in intellect and worth of any other woman in America." Mrs. Chamberlain says that the idea in writing this book was to show Northern readers that Sherman's campaign methods and those of others were unnecessarily severe and harsh and to give as much well authenticated personal experience as possible from all over the State. Mrs. Spencer has left to the State many letters and newspaper articles which are of great literary and historical value.

Her services to her State during these dark days

were direct and personal, having been friend and counselor of Governor Vance and others of the State's leaders, who sought her advice frequently. Being a resident of Chapel Hill, many of the brilliant men who attended the University during and following the war were influenced by her remarkable personality, and through them she contributed greatly toward shaping the destinies of North Carolina. Her great work was denouncing the outrages of reconstruction and calling aloud, with her pen, to the people to be steadfast, brave, and true. To her was due largely the overthrow of the carpetbagger and his exodus from the State.

She wrote and spoke and prayed unceasingly for the overthrow of the foul gang that were polluting her beloved University Hall in these reconstruction days. The University, which had remained open through all the horrors of the war, was closed to students and the dormitories were turned into stables for horses of cut-throat Federal soldiers sent to overcome the Southern people in their resistance to carpetbag government. Cornelia Spencer thundered through the press of the State defiance to oppressive authority, and to the sons of the University everywhere she uttered rallying cries for the revival of this seat of learning.

Her labors and prayers were answered, and she saw the university restored to its own, a day of triumph for her to whom was most due (except to Dr. Kemp Battle) its reopening.

Throughout the four dreary years of the war, she encouraged and cheered the students who remained at Chapel Hill, being their comrade and counselor, besides working for the soldiers who were away fighting and caring for many needy families.

The downfall of her State brought forward Mrs. Spencer's remarkable ability, and her knowledge of men and events in North Carolina in its critical period of war and reconstruction was greater than that of any man or woman of that day. Her name should be placed high in the history of North Carolina's women of the sixties.

In her book, "The Last Ninety Days of the War," Mrs. Spencer pays this tribute to her fellow women of the Confederacy:

"When I forget you, O ye daughters of my country, your labors of love, your charity, faith, and patience all through the dark and bloody day; lighting up the gloom of war with tender graces of women's devotion and self-denial, and now, in your energy and cheerful submission in toil and poverty and humiliation—when I cease to do homage to your virtues and your excellencies may 'my right hand forget its cunning, and my voice be in silent dust.'"

*From her book, "North Carolina Women of the Confederacy."

Mrs. Frances Fisher Tiernan, of Salisbury, known to the literary world as "Christian Reid," has given a name to add to the State's women of the sixties of which we are justly proud. Her father was Col. Charles F. Fisher, who, as commander of the 6th North Carolina Regiment, gave his life at the first battle of Manassas. Out of her sorrow in his death (though in her teens), grew her love for the Confederacy, and the history of the South was a passion with her. She was the first historian of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and, until her death, Honorary President. She gave of her unquenchable spirit to keep history straight in the Southern cause and placed the gifts of her mind, heart, and pen at the service of the South, writing that beautiful and stirring war drama, "Under the Southern Cross." This was later played before scores of Southern audiences, resulting in the creation of many enduring monuments in bronze and stone to the memory of that perfect army of our Confederacy.

As a novelist, we halo her name in especial admiration for the true and perfect pictures she drew of our Confederacy, and we Daughters of to-day owe a deep debt to her for her contribution to the Southern cause. The soldiers of her father's regiment adored her, and at the sight of her and the mention of her name, they would almost stampede the house.

In 1874, with one stroke of her pen, "Christian Reid" gave North Carolina the name by which it was to become famous around the world—The Land of the Sky—by a most delightful book describing most vividly the grandeur of our mountains. The greatest literary honor ever paid "Christian Reid" was the presentation to her of a gold medal by a distinguished French Literary Society after her story, "The Lady Dela Crucis" had been translated into French. She was also made a member of the exclusive society, "The Order of the Golden Rose of France." It has been said of her that "she was like unto a harp of a thousand strings vibrating with harmony, music falling from every string, the cadence lingering to charm the ear, dying never, but living on and on down the ages."

There is nothing more powerfully dramatic and compelling than her wonderful, patriotic poem, "Gloria Victis," a hymn of triumphant victory in honor of the Confederate soldiers' bravery. Her poem, "Regret," a refrain of the heart, is considered by many as one of the finest poems by any North Carolinian. Her "Valerie Aylmer," written in the sixties, refrain of the heart, is also considered one of the finest poems by her while she was still a young woman, and stands to-day a work of art in the literary world.

When the World War came, no one was more devoted to the allied cause than she. Though ill and scarcely able to leave her room, she made some of the most inspiring speeches given in Salisbury, being a gifted public speaker.

Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke, a daughter of Thomas Polk Devereux, of Raleigh, was a literary genius of the sixties of whom North Carolina is very proud. This typical Confederate woman, whom both Raleigh and New Bern claimed, used her pen most effectively, her work as a poet being especially valuable. The wife of a Confederate soldier, Col. William J. Clarke, her heart was with the South and the Old North always, and in verse she poured forth the sufferings and glory of the Confederacy. It has been said that one of her poems, "Must I Forget," is not excelled by Byron, and that she was akin to Wordsworth in style. Her poem, "General Lee at the Battle of the Wilderness," has a note of the sublime, while the "Rebel Sock" contains a humorous touch. Her "Social Reminiscences of Noted North Carolinians" is a collection of interest, and her "Carolina Carols" contain fine contributions of her own as well as of others (written in 1854). Mrs. Clarke also contributed to the "Land We Love," one of the most interesting of her writings being her character sketch from the life of "Aunt Abby, the Irrepressible."

Mrs. Clarke's pen name in poetry was "Teneli, and in prose, "Stuart Leigh."

During the reconstruction period she supported many who were in need, by her writings.

Miss Sarah Ann Tillinghast, of Fayetteville, in 1865, gave to the South a beautiful poem "Answer to the Conquered Banner," a fit mate to Father Ryan's famous poem, telling us to "Love it, Weep It, For Its Past."

Her poem, "Carolina's Dead," was written as a Memorial Day ode to our fallen heroes, and is a beautiful tribute to the men in gray.

Miss Tillinghast wrote many interesting sketches of war days in her community, and was noted for her witty answers to the Yankees when they were occupying Fayetteville.

Mrs. Fannie Downing has left some beautiful verses which were published in the "Land We Love," a magazine edited by Gen. D. H. Hill, just after the war. Her "Memorial Flowers" is a lengthy and charming poem that breathes the love every Southern woman feels for Memorial Day. Her "Reconstruction" is also a poem of real literary merit as well as numbers of others that have been loved and admired. Mrs. Downing, born in Portsmouth, Va., came to this State as a young woman, to make her home in Mecklenburg County. Her father was John W. Murdaugh, a noted lawyer of Virginia, and she married

Charles W. Downing, then Secretary of State for Florida. She also wrote several interesting novels.

Mrs. A. L. Pendelton, of Warrenton, has contributed greatly to the literary and historical work of this State since a girl in the sixties. This lady of eighty-nine is a living page from the Old South, and her literary style is beautiful and fine. Besides many poems of real merit, her booklet entitled, "Last Words of Confederate Heroes," is filled with tributes to those men who fought with Lee.

As a young woman in the Confederacy, Mrs. Pendelton endured hardships and self-sacrifices, and her recollections of the sixties are told in a most interesting way. In describing a journey from Greenville to Warrenton, during the war, Mrs. Pendelton says she and her sister had to sit on boxes in a freight car surrounded by sides of bacon. Her brother remarked, as he lifted her in the car, "You have been contemplating a trip to Europe, and you ought to be happy now, for you are in the middle of Greece."

Mrs. Pendelton gives these lines as a preface to her "Last Words of Confederate Heroes:"

"The men who went to the tented field,
And the women who bade them never to yield
To the invading foe, are passing away—
Ah! few of our heroes are living to-day;
Few women who waited, and wept and wrought
Are left now to tell how bravely they fought.
We exulted o'er victories, wept at defeat,
And, "lest we forget," I here will repeat
The last words of heroes on whom we relied,
For nobly they lived and nobly they died."

A BOY OF THE OLD DOMINION DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.*

BY REV. MILTON BENNETT LAMBDIN.

(Continued from September number.)

There was a scare one day, as one of the town rowdies, in a spirit of drunken bravado, whipped out his pistol and threatened to fire in the direction of the menacing "ironclad." But he was instantly suppressed, and the possible danger became "a closed incident." But it left a creepy feeling behind as though a veritable calamity had been narrowly averted.

In addition to the uniformed companies already sworn into the Confederate service, there was also a nondescript company of Home Guards, as they were called, in their ordinary, everyday attire, as they came from shop and office, and armed with old flint-lock muskets and powder horns, that looked, and possibly they were, the left overs of the War of the Revolution. The Boy's dad belonged to this con-

tingent of heroic protectors of their firesides and household penates.

How soldierlike, fierce, and resolute the redoubtable "Home Guards" looked, as their captain gave the stern command, "Attention! Load! Fire!" At the click of their rusty and archaic shooting irons in imagination one could see a whole line of the enemy fall dead to the earth, as the yellow grain before the long arm reach and sweep of the mower.

Truth demands that it be said that were not The Boy's paterfamilias loaded down with a job lot, bargain counter, assortment, and outfit of all sizes and ages, of "olive brances" of offspring, some seven or eight in number, that he also would have been in the ranks of one of the town companies that had active and actual experience during the war. Have you a curiosity to know what became of that old flint lock that The Boy's dad carried? Well, when the city was captured by "the craven foe," and the membership of the Home Guards melted away into placid and peaceful noncombatants, the dangerous firearm was rammed up into a hiding place in the parlor chimney where the boys of the family had it spotted, and in short order raked it down from its roost among the soot and ashes, sawed off a section of the barrel, and metamorphosed it into a shotgun for juvenile hunting purposes. That old "flint," with its ferocious kick every time it was fired, did far more damage to the shoulder blades of the hapless victim that pulled its trigger than it was ever capable of doing to any possible enemy.

Thus passed away the preliminary days that were rapidly ushering in the war, and with every one on the *qui vive* every moment of the time, as was anxiously awaited the near-at-hand event in the invasion of their beloved Southland. Tense days, with a terrific strain upon mind, and heart, and nerves, except, of course, for the younger element of the place, who enjoyed the excitement to the top notch. No one knew what a day would bring forth, and with all kinds of rumors floating in the air and radioed by the town's *quid nuncs*, each to the other, with frequent editions and additions.

The "expected" made its debut. A beautiful morning in May, so early that The Boy's family was wrapped in the deepest slumber, when they were aroused by a violent bang! bang! bang! on the front door, repeated over and over again, as a loud and excited voice called, "John, John! Get up! The Yankees are coming!" It was but a moment for the entire family to tumble out of bed, rush to the open windows and stick out their heads. The first object seen below was the dad's neighborhood chum, all afire with excitement and gesticulating like a wound

up and vocal automaton, with head and arms and hands all in frantic operation at the same time, as they severally and unitedly pointed toward the north.

Looking in the direction indicated by the pantomimic performer on the sidewalk, sure enough there they were at last! A long-drawn-out line of marching "blue coats," shod with thick, heavy-soled service shoes, or brogans, speedily dubbed "gunboats," possibly from their fancied suggestive shape. They passed by immediately in front of The Boy's home, as he was hurriedly engaged in the completion of his indifferent sartorial adornment.

An interminable stretch of regiment after regiment of young soldiers, who smiled and grimaced as though they were out on the biggest frolic of their lives, something to talk about and jest about when their short junket enlistment was over with, and they were safely back at home again, none the worse for the adventure. On and on they came. Would it never end? Looking through the pearl like mist of the sunrise atmosphere, as far as the eye could reach up "the City Road," as the seven-mile pike connecting Washington and Alexandria then was called, the wide expanse of the highway was a sheen of glittering light caused by the reflection of the sun rays from the myriad bayonet tips.

A similar spectacle is described by Xenophon in "The Anabasis," in his vivid write up of "The Retreat of the Ten Thousand," as the rays of the early Oriental sun were flashed from the Persian spear points at a far distance. Human events and incidents have a way of repeating themselves even after the lapse of thousands of years.

The Federal troops came in from two directions. The first, just mentioned, from the north, over "The Long Bridge," a wooden structure, about a mile in length, linking Washington with the Virginia shore. At the same time another contingent came in by boat from the Potomac River on the east of the city.

These latter were the "Ellsworth Zouaves," made up, in the main if not in its entirety, of the "Fire Laddies" of New York City, garbed in their picturesque Turkish uniforms, and commanded by Colonel Ellsworth. The populace speedily gave them the name of "Yellow Legs," from the color of their leggings. They came directly up King Street from the wharf, marching over the cobblestone roadway, with which the streets of the town were paved; and which, tradition said, were laid by the Hessian prisoners captured by Washington at Trenton. Some three or four blocks up from the river front, where the Zouaves had landed, at the southeast angle of King and Pitt Streets, there stood the Marshall House Hotel, run by its proprietor by the name of Jackson. Flying from a high chimney, and conspicuously in full

view of all passers-by was a Confederate flag. Jackson was a man of determined character, and he had made a full rounded vow that the one who hauled down the flag would do it at the penalty of his life. Marching up the street of this captured "rebel city" at the head of his regiment, and seeing the "emblem of treason" against the Union flaunting itself in their very faces, what could be more dramatic, patriotic, and heroic than upon the instant for the colonel to rush into the building, rapidly mount the stairs to its roof and tear it down? Just as he was descending the upper flight of the stairway in his successful exploit, and carrying the trophy in his hands, when he had reached the lower landing facing Jackson's room, the door opened, Jackson emerged with a gun in his hands, and, without a moment's hesitation, shot Ellsworth dead. In the next instant a soldier, who had accompanied his commander into the hotel, killed Jackson. And then! An infuriated soldiery and a terror-swept town.

For aught the populace knew, the whole city would be turned over to the vengeance of the Union troops in an indiscriminate massacre, outrage, and looting, with an aftermath in the bombardment of the place by the gunboat yet lying in the harbor. Large numbers of the affrighted population, who could do so, were fleeing the town. Any description of a vehicle that could convey their household effects out into the country commanded fabulous prices.

Eventually, however, the excitement quieted down. Those who had fled returned, and the normal life of the city resumed its tone, except that the town was in the hands of an enemy, and no one knew what might yet take place in a new, harrowing experience.

Narrowly grazing these stirring occurrences, the comparatively small body of local soldiery, tremendously outnumbered as they were by the sudden advent of the enemy, to avoid certain capture, or a useless sacrifice of life in a vain resistance, entrained in a record-breaking haste, and headed for Manassas, some twenty-odd miles or so toward the west, where they helped form the main body of Southern troops.

Not standing upon the order of their going, but getting out of town just as speedily as they could, they were forced to leave behind, lined up at a siding of the station, a number of box cars that were packed from floor to roof with every thinkable thing that might, could, or would minister to the inner want or outer comfort of these "boys in gray," made for them by the loving hands of home folks, relatives, friends, or sweethearts. "To the victor belongs the spoils" was a working axiom then as now, whether it be in politics, business, love, or war; and, speedily, it was "open sesame" to these box car treasure troves as an inviting order of the day.

A certain Boy was a "looker-on in Venice" that morning, as these activities were in progress, and who had meandered his way out to that point, just like a boy, to see what was to be seen. He saw the scene. It had an appeal for The Boy. Can you doubt it? A gorgeous "free lunch" staged on a lavish scale was one of the enticing features of it. He saw his chance, too, to join in the merry throng and line up as a guest at the pie counter. He saw his chance—possibly it might be better phrased, he thought he saw his chance. On the jump, sans further hesitation, he sailed in with the mob of looters to share in the eats. But he forgot something. For hasn't some erudite philosopher or "other high brow word conjurer in the merry art of coining epigrams on the vanity of human hopes, told us in sad and mournful numbers that 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip?'"

Surely true, and The Boy had it vigorously impressed upon his mind—and his body, too—that never-to-be-forgotten morning, with as tenacious a memory grip to this day as was the strangle hold with which "the old man of the sea" glued himself to the shoulders of Sinbad the Sailor. For the next number in the diversified program of his experiences was when one of the uniformed looters, who evidently had never been a boy, took him by the collar, conducted him to the edge of the high platform, applied the broad toe of his "gunboat" with skillful accuracy to the objective rear of his anatomy, and gave The Boy his "first boost in life," with an abrupt landing on the hard roadbed below that jarred him from stem to stern. He was none the worse, however, for this involuntary ordeal as a "casualist of war." Whether this right royal and heroic act was immediately wired to the Northern papers to appear in extra edition, scarehead type, and succeeded by a Congressional award of merit "for distinguished services," history fails to make mention.

In consequence of his well-known Southern sympathies, with a positive refusal to take a prescribed oath of allegiance to the government of Abraham Lincoln, The Boy's father was virtually put under a business ban. As an architect and builder he had under construction at the breaking out of the war several annex buildings to the Episcopal Theological Seminary, some three or four miles outside of the city. This extensive work was brought to a sudden stop, and the Seminary buildings were seized by the Federal authorities for hospital purposes. While the Episcopal Church has recovered money damages from the government for the use of their property, The Boy's father received not one cent of compensation for the loss of thousands of dollars that was entailed upon him.

A number of the churches of Alexandria, whose membership were rated as "Southern sympathizers," were also taken over for use as hospitals—the Second Presbyterian Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and the Baptist Church.

One of the early things done after the capture of the city was the construction of Fort Ellsworth, surmounting Shooter's Hill, at the west end of the town, with its guns commanding the city. Events were beginning now to hasten on apace for a show down on the field of Mars between the two respective forces of the North and the South. No one knew what a day would bring forth. The day came. It stands out vividly in the boy's retrospective memory. A Sunday in July. Every one was out of doors, walking the streets or sitting on the porches and "stoops"—front steps—of their houses, solemnly listening to the muffled "boom, boom, boom" of a distant cannonading. On every lip was the remark, "a battle is going on." But where, no one knew. And so it was, the first land battle of the War between the States, the battle of Bull Run, just a short distance outside of Manassas, some twenty-two miles west of Alexandria. All that memorable day and all that eventful night through, the city was held in dread suspense as to the issue of this trial at arms.

But the town was not long put to a continuous strain, for, with the next day's morning light, a drizzling rain falling, the city was filed with some of the bedraggled and demoralized remnants of the routed Union army. Other fragments had made their way to Washington City. The old Colonial Market House was crowded with them, lolling around and sitting about in a woebegone, dejected, and exhausted condition after their Marathon run from the field of defeat, while large numbers were wandering about the streets in a bewildered and listless manner.

In a never-to-be-forgotten way, The Boy's family had a connection with the incidents of that day, when a Union soldier came rushing into the house and begged the father to hide him from the Rebels. It was all that the head of the family could do to relieve his terror in the calm remark: "Don't be affrighted. The Rebels are not wild animals, with hoofs and horns."

It has been said more than once that the Confederates possibly lost their chance to end the war then and there by an immediate march on to Washington, in the certain capture of the city, and with a dictation of the terms of peace. But this is a knotty moot point for the historians to break their disputative teeth upon, *pro et con*, without a final decision one way or the other.

Shortly after the war got into good working order, with the city thoroughly in the hands of the Union troops, one of the pet diversions of the soldiers at odd times, charitably to be hoped more in the way of idle fun than insolent meanness, was to stretch a United States flag across the side walk at some prominent place or crowded point of passage on King Street, the city's main thoroughfare, in order to make the matrons and maidens who held to the Southern cause gather up their skirts and turn out into the dirt-infested street rather than to pass under the symbol of the Union. And how the soldiers laughed as they saw the reaction to their chivalrous joke on the helpless feminine element of the town.

It might surprise one to learn that Alexandria for a considerable time was a stockaded town at what the military authorities considered to be certain vulnerable points or sections liable to attack by the Rebs. For instance, there was a high stockade, with an inside parapet or gallery arrangement for sentries and sharpshooters, out at the railroad station at the southwest end of the city. There was another, conspicuously in evidence, running all the way across King Street several blocks up from the river, at the intersection of Fairfax Street, with a narrow passageway for traffic and pedestrians, also at other places. It gave very much of a Colonial frontier cast to the town, and you could almost imagine that you were living in the days of Indian warfare and were in danger of attack by the redskins instead of the Confederates.

As the war ran far beyond the three months' time limit that the first call for volunteers had set for it, and at the after stage, when Grant took over the supreme command in a desperate effort to end it up speedily once for all, it was apparent at Washington, no less than in the field, that the imperative need was more soldiers and more soldiers. In consequence, the most rigid drafts were resorted to in order to fill up the continuously wasting and depleted ranks of the army, a movement that was so universally unpopular that it was the occasion of numerous "draft riots" in the Northern cities.

In addition to this urgent agency, recruiting stations were established in Europe, and the continent was combed with meticulous effort for its available man power, backed with the alluring inducement of big pay for mercenaries to fight under the glorious Stars and Stripes in order to force the seceding States of the South back again, *nolens volens*, into the loving arms of the Union. In fact, the whole world was open to efforts of this nature.

The Boy clearly remembers seeing blue-clad regiments of those old-world mercenaries, who could not speak a word of English, passing through his boyhood

town to the front. One of the brigades or divisions in the Federal army was known as "Sigel's Men," made up of German hirelings.

The Boy's family had occasion to remember many a day thereafter some of the ruthless members of this corps, when a veritable mob of vociferous German soldiers came plunging through the side alley of the house, with a keg of beer in charge, and, passing right in front of the kitchen door without so much as "by your leave," made for a vacant lot at the rear of the premises. And out there, with riotous noise and maudlin singing and uproar, they swilled the beer like swine, until one by one they reeled over and slept the hours away in a deep and drunken debauch, with the broiling rays of the midsummer's sun beating upon their unconscious carcasses. The family, of course, was entirely helpless to interfere in the backyard program.

(Continued in November.)

THE BATTLE OF THE CLOTHES LINE.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

It was a rare day during the summer of 1862 and Kansas City the town. The early dew had been licked up by the ardent rays of the sun, and the day gave promise of heat and manly thirst. The dawn had been ushered in by the rat-tat of reveille, the Union flag run up at the masthead up at Fort Lincoln, and all Kansas City seemed to be at peace. The Irish company set off on a hike toward Independence, the American company dismissed for the day, and the keys of the quiet little city at Karmsmouth had been turned over to Capt. Sauer Kraut of the Dutch company.

Down at the boat landing a lone sentry had been posted to see that the river ran properly down stream, and that no rebel or secesh invaded the city from the land of Clay, where Madame Rumor told Corporal Grapevine that many persons disposed to make "trooble mit der governmint" were cohorting. Along about ten o'clock, Private Herr Pyshimming heard a shot and next saw something skipping over the waves of "old Muddy," coming in his direction. "Py tam! a rebil shooting at me," he exclaimed and lustily called for "Corperal of de gard." The corporal came, filled up with information, and excitedly carried it up to Fort Lincoln.

"Call out de army; order de artillery to de front," excitedly ordered the captain; and soon all was rush and clamor. The sole 6-pounder of the "Corps de Armie" was thrown forward and took position on Riddlebarger's hill, which overlooked the river, and the infantry formed in solid, yet scared to death, phalanx along the levee. Nobody could be seen over

on the Clay County shore, but there was a clothes line, bedecked with the week's wash of some thrifty housewife, and behind it presumably skulked a whole regiment of "Secesh." Then back of that a dense grove of heavy cottonwoods that might conceal a whole army.

Eagerly the captain sought sight of man, musket, bayonets, or cannon with his field glass, but, seeing no enemy, concluded, before wiring Washington for reënforcements, to try "shelling the woods." Accordingly shot after shot was sent hurtling across, or into, the broad river. Finally a cannon ball cut the clothes line, another demolished a hen coop. No avengers save an angry woman appearing, the cannoners were ordered to limber up and, with the brave company, return to the fort. And thus was fought and won the battle of the "Clothes Line." The victory was complete.

That morning, John Smith, of North Kansas City, desiring to relieve his rifle of a load, had walked down to the river's edge and discharged it. The ball, it seems, instead of going into the water and behaving itself, had ricocheted, skipping from wave to wave half way across the river; and that's what excited the "Deutsch" company, and afforded it its first opportunity to win fame.

Note.—North Kansas City is across the Missouri River from Kansas City. In those days it was known as Hardaun.

THE BATTLE OF MONOCACY, MD.

BY I. G. BRADWELL. BRANTLEY, ALA.

This battle was not lost by Gen. Lew Wallace on account of a lack of discipline or courage of Rickett's five thousand veterans, double the number of their foes, but by the spirit animating the Confederates. Decimated by the first volley as they came over the crest of Brook's Hill, the remnant rushed forward with the "Rebel Yell" as if nothing had happened and drove the Yanks out of their chosen positions. The confidence displayed on this occasion, and many others before this, by General Gordon's men won for them the victory.

If the reader of these lines will go to the city cemetery of Frederick, Md., where the good people of that place buried my comrades, and count the headstones there erected to their memory, he will see how heavy was our loss in this affair. The Confederate casualties in this battle fell principally on Gordon's Georgia Brigade, as these silent witnesses will testify, but we would never have driven Rickett's men as we did but for our faithful allies, the brave Louisianians, under York, and Virginians, under Terry, for our enemy were seasoned veterans in good position and double our own number, one of our regiments having

been decimated previously in battle with Grant's army in Virginia; and then, no doubt, we were aided to some extent by our artillery on the west side of the river that couldn't ford the river and come to our assistance. All told, Georgians, Louisianians, and Virginians, we were still outnumbered by the forces under Lew Wallace. The artillerymen were able to get only one gun over the river after the fight had been in progress quite a while. This piece they placed so advantageously and served so efficiently, however, that the enemy's line gave way and in a short time Wallace's whole force was routed and in flight toward Baltimore.

In selecting the Monocacy River as his line of defense to halt the Confederate advance on Washington, General Wallace acted very wisely. The ground chosen gave him every advantage over General Early. He held the fortified bridges over the river and the available fords, while the steep banks of the river prevented all crossing except in one place down stream some distance, where infantry and cavalry with much difficulty could do so, while Wallace, with a small force, could hold the Confederates in check. If he had strung out a line of skirmishers along the crest of Brook Hill and along the high land to the river, he would have put General Early to much trouble and caused a greater loss in the ranks of the Confederates. With this position in their possession, it would have been only a matter of time when the Confederates would improve the old ford so as to get their artillery over, and from the higher ground have driven Wallace's men from their position. With these advantages in his possession, Wallace could have delayed Early here indefinitely, or until he could have received reënforcements from Grant's army.

The Confederate forces that took part in this battle on the east side of the river were Gordon's Georgia Brigade of five skeleton regiments and one battalion, in all 1,350. Two Louisiana brigades, now so reduced in number by constant fighting that they were consolidated under Colonel York and could muster only three hundred. Johnson's Division, Stonewall's old command, consolidated under General Terry, now only 1,000. The cavalry under McCausland and others perhaps eight hundred more, making in all 3,550. But the insignificant loss of the cavalry and their account of the engagement show that they did little more than exchange compliments with the enemy at the beginning of the fight. Wallace had Rickett's five thousand, veterans, and Wallace's army of four thousand; total, nine thousand. I did not see General Evans when he was shot from his horse, or Colonels Lamar and Van Volkingberg when they were killed, as I was too busy with what was in front of me, but I was always of the impression they

were all shot in the first volley that greeted us, as we started down Brook Hill. The fight was made by private soldiers of our brigade without leadership. If there was anyone to lead, I did not see him. If there had been, I would have seen, and we would have routed the enemy much sooner.

When this affair ended at the Georgetown Pike, behind the banks of which the enemy had fought for some time, standing on a bluff overlooking the whole scene and glancing around, I could see only two companions of my brigade, and three wounded Yankees on the hillside to the left. These were beckoning to us for help, as fire in the wheat stubble was slowly approaching them. Picking up new linen tent flies as we advanced, we put out the fire and saved them from being burned to death. They were very grateful and begged us for water. Those, with the wounded and dead in the road, were the only ones I saw at that place. Everywhere over the ground were evidences of the discomfiture of our foes. I could have picked up army equipment to fill wagons.

Slowly our men who had gone back to Brook Hill came back to me. Every one of them had been hit except one little fellow who always ran at the first sign of trouble. One was shot so seriously that we had to leave him in the hospital in the hands of the enemy. We stacked our guns on the north side of the pike, bivouacked there that night, and next morning bright and early were on our way to Washington to capture old Abe and take him with us back to Virginia. It has always been the regret of my life that we had to return without him. I wanted to see him and hear him explain why he allowed the war to be conducted with such inhuman barbarity. Until this day, I have firmly believed he could have accomplished the same results without such atrocities. They were uncalled for and only embittered the South. To this day this feeling to some extent exists. If he was not the author of this policy, he certainly knew how his generals were conducting the war, and did nothing to correct it, and, when appealed to, gave no satisfaction or made no promise.

But in the end he suffered the consequences of the deep feeling of revenge engendered by this orgy of crime that swept over the South and left it a desert. Sooner or later, all must pay for their crimes against humanity; there is no escape. An avenging Nemesis follows the guilty. "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay," says the Good Book.

Yes, that little delay at Monocacy, and a few others, saved Washington from falling into the hands of the Confederates and Lincoln the humiliation of being a prisoner in the custody of his enemies. Perhaps if he had had this experience for a while, he would have had a little sympathy for the thousands

of men at that time starving and dying in prisons both north and south of the Potomac. One word from him would have relieved the situation.

From the bold advance of our weak forces, our enemy, and many who have attempted to write up this affair since, have overestimated our actual numbers. I suppose our rapid charge and Rebel Yell had their effect on the minds of our foes as at Gettysburg, when the same brigade, under the noble Gordon, captured more prisoners than they themselves numbered; or at the Wilderness, where this same command, and under the same leader, swept back Grant's right, capturing 2,500 prisoners; men with guns in their hands surrendered. As we swept over their lines, I saw many throw down their guns and hold up their hands, though I did not carry any of them to the rear. On this last occasion, General Gordon had made us understand the necessity for us to do our best, and made us believe that we would win a notable victory. On the second day of the Wilderness fight, we did the same thing, capturing many prisoners and two generals. In this little battle at Monocacy, we had only one thin line, while the enemy had several in good position; we fought in the open.

OLD SONGS.

Request comes to the VETERAN for copies of two old songs which were popular in war days. One of them was known as "Kitty Wells," and runs thus:

"You ask what makes this darky weep,
Why he, like others, is not gay,
What makes the tears roll down his cheek
From early morn till close of day.

Chorus.

"When the birds sang sweetly in the morning,
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
And the sun o'er the hilltops was dawning,
It was then I laid her in the tomb."

The other song, called "Katie's Secret," is in part, probably the opening stanza, like this:

"Last night I was weeping, dear mother,
When Willie came down to the gate,
Whispered, 'Come out in the moonlight,
I've something to say to you, Kate.'"

A poem asked for is on the Confederate flag, in which is this stanza:

"Why fold it and furl it and put it away,
The flag that waved proudly over the gray?
It has not a blemish, it has not a stain,
Though it waved over fields where thousands were slain."

Copies of all these will be appreciated.

MISSOURI AFTER THE WAR.

BY JOE LEE BOMAR, AUDRAIN, MO.

The ending of the great War between the States found my father, Alexander Bomar, and several thousand Confederates and families of refugees near Shreveport, La. Many refused to surrender to the Union forces, and my father and some four or five thousand former soldiers of the Confederacy were of that conclusion.

Shelby was elected by the fugitives and refugees to lead them out of the United States and into Mexico, to join Maximilian and the French invading army that was conquering old Mexico. In the wake of Shelby, father and others went into Mexico.

The general amnesty law, or proclamation of President Andrew Johnson, opened the way for many of the unsundered, unreconstructed Confederates to return to their old, shattered homes, left by four years of invasion.

My father left the Guadalupe River country, near San Antonio, Tex., in the early spring, with a herd of Texas horses for Missouri, arriving home in June, 1866, which was the first time I remember seeing him. He had a McClellan saddle, four six shooters, big spurs, and an old gray Confederate cavalry coat, also a saddle gun or Henry rifle.

An ex-slave was laying off corn rows with a single plow, and mother, carrying our baby on her hips, and my Aunt Belle Standiford were dropping corn by hand in the rows, with Joe D. Evans, a crippled ex-Confederate, riding on a big flat rock, drawn by a yoke of oxen, dragging it and covering the corn. Her brother, Jim L. Standiford, fifteen years old, who stayed with us, was going over all with a hoe to cover any corn that the rock missed. My mother, a very devout Campbellite, had chastised me and my sister Emma for disobedience, so when the strange man appeared and asked me, "Joe Lee, where is your mother?" I said I did not know. Pa said, "O, hush, child." The old dog "Bonnie" seemed to know him, barking and running to the field as if to tell mother. Great was the meeting on recognition, after months of suspense and separation.

A general holiday was declared with all kin and neighbors, father, mother, and sisters, and talk. After all was over, then came two or three years of strenuous work and self-denial. One of our children died, little Mary Bell, as had a brother, Elza George. Pa's father, George Bomar, in 1867 or 1868. had died. Never, was a father and son more devoted, the elder a staunch Union man and the son a rampant Secesh after the Camp Jackson affair. Before the war both were Whigs, afterwards no stronger Democrats lived.

Then my mother, a Virginian, an educated woman, Southern all the way, got my father to close out and leave Audrain County. So in the fall of 1869, pa and family, Alex and Andrew Surber, and their wives, sisters of my mother, with good wagon teams, cattle, household goods, started for Texas, or to Bates County, where many of the former Audrain people and ex-Confederates settled.

On November 10, 1869, we started for the Southwest. A large crowd of friends came to see us off for the then far-away journey. Grandpa Standiford went with us as far as Perche Bridge in Boone County. Emma and I and grandpap were driving a herd of cattle. At Columbia, the Athens of the Missouri Valley, we never saw so many negroes, the town was black with them. Boone was a slaveholding Whig County before the war. Out of Columbia ran a toll road to Rocheport, where we boarded a ferry, the Kitty Kisor. All the way across we saw two magnificent steamboats plowing up the Missouri, the Birdie Brent and the Montana. Father pointed out where the new Confederate recruits and Bill Anderson's command crossed the Missouri in the fall of 1864, soon after the Centralia massacre.

On to where Marmaduke with a handful of men fought with Lyon's army in 1861. He showed us a big gate post that he and Jim Martin took refuge behind for a while, shooting at Lyons' Yanks. A lot of huge carbine or musket balls were buried in the post. Boonville was then a beautiful town with fine buildings and terraced yards, overlooking the great Missouri River. Saw marks on trees and buildings wrought by Shelby's men in the battle and capturing of Boonville from the Federals. Saw a large force of men, teams, plows, wagons, scrapers, and shovels at work on the Tebo and Neosho Railroad now the M. K. and T. Railroad, building as we went to Clinton, where we left the route of the railroad.

The weather was getting cold, so Pa left all the loose horse stock and cattle, also an added bunch of seventy blue roan thoroughbreds, Durhams, he had bought of Gum Lackland, of Mexico, and Mr. Scruggs, of Boone County. The animal at the head of the pack won premiums afterwards in the Butler, Fort Scott, Harrisonville, Kansas City sweepstakes. The cattle were left for a while at a Mr. Hepler's, near Pilot Grove, the same Mr. Hepler and family who entertained Capt. Temple Wayne's proslavery company, Kansas bound in 1856.

One of the Heplers soon recognized father, and it was found both had espoused the cause of the Confederacy. Had then to realize the deep fraternal warmth existing among the old soldiers. Came to Sedalia, a small town, and saw the old stockade and breastworks of the Federals, signs galore, even after

five years' time, of the encounters with the troops of General Jackman and Colonel Hunter, where they compelled its surrender to the victorious Confederates in 1864

Colonel Hunter was of Vernon County, the man who named the city of Nevada, Mo., the man who fired the first shot in the battle of Wilson Creek in 1861, and fought at Lone Jack, Mo., and died in California. Jackman was a Howard County man, afterwards residing at Poppinsville, Bates County; fought at Lone Jack and scores of other engagements. He died as a Cleveland appointee and United States Marshal of the West District of Texas.

At Calhoun, Henry County, we saw a man ride up to a hitch rack and throw the reins of the bridle over a hitch post. The man had both hands off. In conversation with him, Pa found that the poor fellow had lost both hands at the battle of Lexington, Mo., in 1861. He was a gunner in the battle of the peerless, renowned Col. Hiram Bledsoe. Pa gave the handless man ten dollars, and mother gave him a pair of woolen mittens she had knitted as we traveled; Mollie gave the man a pair of socks, and Aunt Susan gave him two handkerchiefs. He had just arrived from Texas on his pony. He said that he had a friend or kinsman named Slack, a brother of Gen. W. T. Slack, who was killed at the battle of Elkhorn, in 1862.

Proceeded on to Old German Town and Deep Water Creek in Henry County, we found all kinds of tumbled down pole huts, where a great part of the exiles were huddled in squalor during the latter part of the war by the infamous Order No. 11. Bates, North Vernon, part of Cass and Jackson Counties were well-nigh depopulated of loyal home defenders, of women and children, as every man and boy who was able was in the command of some Southern field of activity.

We crossed over to Bates County near old Johnstown. There destruction was supreme, with blackened chimneys everywhere where had been fine old hospitable homes. We saw one man plowing for wheat with a cow and a pony. He had ridden home after his parole in the South, finding his wife and barefoot children in the frost, and their house a pole pen, covered with long prairie grass. This was a sample of the havoc wrought by four years of war between neighbors. Hardly a family had escaped destruction of properties and death. Many of the county records were destroyed in this orgy of infamies. Old Henry Stuster, shot by Kansans for his horses and his family driven into exile, had been a drummer in Colonel Doniphan's regiment in the Mexican War.

Returning refugees and remnants of the Con-

federate forces, augmented by ex-Union men, such as Captains Newberry, N. A. Wade, and scores of others of the Frank P. Blair type, soon put an end to this order of business, and usurpers and squatter-carpetbaggers were swept from power. Before this was done, no man who had worn the gray could vote or one who had sympathized with the Confederacy. I have seen my father and others swept aside by bayonets to make way for the newly freed black men.

The Southerners were soon aroused, and drove the radical carpetbag gangs from power. The slow process of rebuilding and adjustment then moved forward, though the political tension was intense for years.

The Southern patriots wore nothing of a blue color. Republicans were held in detestation, and the name Kansas was an ignominy. It took a man with whiskers and boys with nerve to be a Democrat in those days, and no wonder that it still remains in me and so many more.

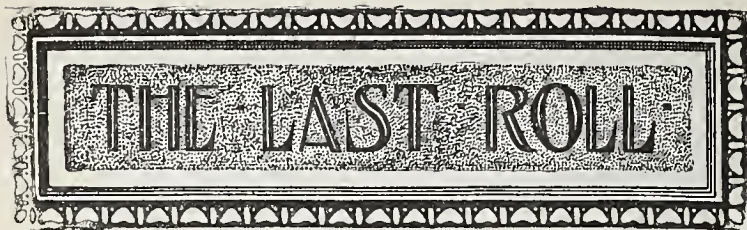
The Northern reader has only to reverse the historical picture to get its full meaning to the Southerners of the "Order No. 11" district, where furniture, clothing, bedding, grain, and live stock were carried away or burned.

It has often been said that four times as many invaders were killed as the entire Southern force furnished by the "Order No. 11" district. It took a man like Bingham, the artist, to put the scenes of that day on canvas.

The burning and sacking of Ocala by Kansas brought on the destruction of Lawrence, Kans., by Quantrell in retaliation. Jackman struck the burners and looters of Ocala near Pleasant Gap, when they were returning to Kansas, loaded with plunder, and chased them on for miles through Butler. Capt. Cal Martin struck them in the flank at the Miami, west of Butler, and for miles the line of route was strewn with the dead, horses, household and dry goods, abandoned in flight and scattered over the prairie.

At this late day it is hard to realize the intense hatred of the Southerners in the section in which I was reared. The old Constitution, with its provisos for government by consent, not by force, and its assumption that the State existed first, before the Union, was interpreted strictly by the Southerners of that day. These "Order No. 11" people believed themselves inherently right, and so conducted themselves in defense of their homes, views, and opinions. Clothed with these righteous views, it took a preponderant force to overcome the Home and Constitutional Party, designated the Confederates, but in truth the old original Federated Union Party.

A great thing to be one of those heroes! More real honor than to be a king of any nation on earth.



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.

A good old man has gone to rest,
And, like the sheaves of golden grain
That fall to earth to live again,
His golden years are manifest.

For in his children will appear
Seed of that faith they saw in him,
And may that faith spring up in them
An increase of his sowing here.

* * *

A good old man has gone to rest;
Nor was his gentle life in vain;
His years are sheaves of golden grain
Here and hereafter manifest.

—*J. W. Patterson.*

COL. W. N. PUGH.

The last roll call sounded for Col. W. N. Pugh at his home in New Bern, N. C., on June 29. He was born November 7, 1846, at St. Johns, Pitt County, N. C.

When only seventeen years of age, he enlisted in the army of the Southern Confederacy, and during the summer of 1861 was stationed at Fort Macon, N. C. The army of General Burnside moved up Neuse River and captured New Bern, leaving no outlet for retreat from Fort Macon. For six weeks they were subjected to shot and shell. Fire was returned until all the guns of the fort were disabled and surrender was finally agreed to on condition that immediate parole would be given to all soldiers and that the officers should retain their swords and private side arms. About five months after that, they were exchanged and reorganized Company F, at Wilmington, and acted as provost guard for that post.

In 1863, W. N. Pugh received an exchange to Company K, 67th North Carolina Regiment, and served in that regiment continuously except about seven months in prison at Point Lookout, Md. He was again exchanged, rendered service, and was discharged near Greensboro, N. C., at the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnson in April, 1865.

For a number of years, Colonel Pugh served as Adjutant General of the Third Brigade, North

Carolina Division, U. C. V., and in that position led the Brigade to first place in the Division. The Bern Camp also had its place in his heart, and as its Commander, he served faithful and well.

Colonel Pugh was an outstanding citizen, beloved for his great devotion to the cause of the Confederacy, and his council and advice concerning this subject was always appreciated.

He was a member of the Episcopal Church, and from there the beautiful burial service was read in tribute to a beloved member as he lay under a blanket of flowers in the design of the Stars and Bars he loved so well.

He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and four sons.

The memory of Colonel Pugh will long live in the hearts of those who knew him.

CAPT. ARTHUR V. DEADERICK.

Capt. A. V. Deaderick, familiarly known as "Uncle Dot," was born in Hamblen County, Tenn., August 2, 1833, and died June 9, 1929, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. L. Martin, Bessemer, Ala. with whom he had spent the winters since the death of his wife in 1927.

Mr. Deaderick was married in July, 1854, to Mary Adeline Walker, of New Market, Tenn., he being twenty-one years old and she not quite fourteen years. To this union six children were born; all are living. He was owner and operator of Unaka Springs, four miles south of Erwin, Tenn.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, Arthur V. Deaderick enlisted in Company B, 19th Tennessee, Regiment, and served four years in the Confederate army, and received his commission as captain. He was in nineteen battles and twenty-one skirmishes, among them were the battles of Chickamauga and Shiloh.

Captain Deaderick was the eldest son of James W. Deaderick, Chief Justice of Tennessee. He was also the great-grandson of Gen. Evans Shelby and Dr. Ephriam McDowell, pioneers of Kentucky.

He was laid to rest in Monte Vista burial park, Johnson City, Tenn. Placed on his casket with loving hands were two evergreen wreaths with the Confederate flag, one from the 19th Tennessee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Bristol, Tenn.; the other from the Rosalie Brown Chapter, Erwin, Tenn.

He was a member of the Presbyterian Church.

"Peace to his ashes and honor to his memory."

[Mrs. Robert W. Brown, Honorary President Rosalie Brown Chapter, U. D. C., Erwin, Tenn.]

CAPT. W. F. ANDERSON.

Capt. W. F. Anderson, a native of Rappahannock County, Va., and who died in July, 1928, at Covington, Va., enlisted as a private in the Culpeper Minute Men at the outbreak of war between the States, and his company was sent to Harper's Ferry and assigned to the 13th Virginia Infantry. At the end of the year's term of enlistment, the company was disbanded and he returned to Rappahannock County and helped to raise a company of cavalry, under Capt. A. M. Willis, and it was later joined with the command under Gen. Turner Ashby. At a reorganization, the Willis Rappahannock Cavalry was known as Company G, 12th Virginia Cavalry.

With his command, Comrade Anderson participated in the principal engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia, including the cavalry battles of Brandy Station and Trevilian's, was in the thirty days' raid by General Jones through West Virginia, and in the capture of New Creek and Beverly at later dates, when the brigade was known as the Laurel Brigade, and was commanded by Gen. Thomas L. Rosser.

At the organization of Willis's Cavalry Company, he had been elected second lieutenant, and later was made first lieutenant. He had the honor of leading the company in its first engagement at Buckton Station, in Warren County, Va., and in its last engagement at Appomattox he was in command of the regiment and surrendered it there. Having been detached from the brigade on special duty on the morning of the surrender, he was not with the brigade when it disbanded at Lynchburg after learning of the surrender.

Major Anderson, as he was generally known in Covington, was born and lived for many years in Rappahannock County. He was a brother of Peyton Anderson, another gallant soldier of the Confederacy.

NORTH CAROLINA COMRADES.

J. H. Marsh, Adjutant of the First Brigade, North Carolina Division, U. C. V., also Adjutant of Camp No. 382, U. C. V., of Mecklenburg County, N. C., died February 19, 1929, at the age of eighty-one years. He enlisted when only fifteen years old in Company C, Junior Reserves of North Carolina, but was finally a member of Company H, 2nd North Carolina Regiment; was in service during the whole of the war. He bore the reputation of sterling honesty and uprightness.

John S. Shafer, for many years a member of Camp No. 382, U. C. V., of Mecklenburg County, N. C., died on August 21, 1929, while visiting his son in Macon, Ga. He was ninety-five years old. Major Shafer was a member of the Maryland

Battery, Chesapeake Artillery, C. S. A., and fought under Lee and Jackson

W. Thomas Cashion, another member of Mecklenburg Camp, died at his home in Mecklenburg County, N. C., on August 30, at the age of eighty-three years. For some fifty years he had been an elder in the A. R. P. Church, and was a highly esteemed citizen, a beloved veteran of the Confederate cause of the sixties. He is survived by his wife and four daughters.

[J. D. Barrier, Adjutant, Charlotte, N. C.]

REV. JAMES A. LYONS.

After long months of suffering, the spirit of Rev. James A. Lyons of Glade Springs, Va., passed into the realms of rest on February 18, 1929. Brave, cheerful, patient, he was ready for the call.

James A. Lyons was the son of Daniel and Sybella Jones Lyons, born July 3, 1845, at the home in Knoxville, Tenn., and there he enjoyed the best educational advantages. When the War between the States came on, he found employment with the leading jeweler in Knoxville, but in May, 1863, he enlisted as a soldier of the Confederacy at Shelbyville, joining Company E, 19th Tennessee Infantry, and participated in all the engagements of his command, including the fighting around Nashville, Chattanooga, and Atlanta. He was wounded at Atlanta on July 22, 1864, but was with Johnston at the surrender in North Carolina, April, 1865. After being mustered out, he walked home from Greensboro, reaching Knoxville on May 15.

Feeling that his real life work was in the ministry, two years after the war he gave up business and entered East Tennessee University to complete his education. Intensive application caused a breakdown in health, and he began teaching in the School for Deaf and Dumb temporarily, but which continued through seven years. During the time he took a leading place in the Sunday school work of his Church and was also training himself for the ministry. In 1870 he was licensed to preach, and he continued in active ministerial work for thirty-six years, in all giving fifty-three years of his life to the ministry, serving as pastor, presiding elder, editor of Church organs, Conference Sunday School Secretary, and in various other capacities of importance in the Methodist Church.

Comrade Lyons was married to Miss Margaret Lenoir in 1884, who died in 1892, leaving a son and a daughter. His second marriage, in 1901, was to Miss Jennie Buchanan, of Glade Spring, Va., who survives him, with the two children.

A noble, useful life closed with his passing. In Old Gray Cemetery at Knoxville, his body was tenderly laid away to await the resurrection.

CAPT. C. P. DEARING.

Capt. Calvin P. Dearing, grand old man of Trigg County, Ky., passed to the great beyond on the 26th of August, after a brief illness. His late home had been with his daughter, Mrs. I. B. Porter, on a farm near Cadiz.

Captain Dearing was born in Bedford County, Va., on the 29th of October, 1842, and grew to young manhood in that section. At the age of nineteen he entered the Southern army in the War between the States, enlisting May 1, 1861, as a member of Company G, 28th Virginia Infantry, Col. Robert Preston in command. He was in both Manassas fights, was also in the battle of Yorktown, and in the seven days' fighting around Richmond, and at Cold Harbor and Gaines's Mill. He was in Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg, and also during the entire three days of that memorable conflict was in the thickest of the fight. He was one of the boys who charged the Federals at the rock fence, where so many lost their lives.

After the famous battle, he was captured and sent as a prisoner to Fort Delaware, where he was held until the end of the war, being discharged on the 18th of May, 1865.

Going to Trigg County, Ky., a few years after the war, there he engaged in farming, and he also served the county as a justice of the peace for a number of years. Soon after the war he was united in marriage to Miss Cresey, of Virginia. Ten daughters were born to this union, nine of whom survive him, with his wife.

For many years he had been a member of the Christian Church at Roaring Spring, and ever devoted to the teaching of that Church. His body was taken to Cadiz and laid in its last earthly resting place in East End Cemetery.

With the passing of Captain Dearing only three veterans of the Southern army are left in Trigg County, and they are: Sam Lancaster, Joe Mitchell, and M. E. Barefield.

ARTHUR CAMPBELL TURNER.

At the age of eighty-five years, Arthur C. Turner died suddenly at his home in Clearwater, Fla., on August 9, 1929. He was born in Madison Fla., February 26, 1844, and at the age of ten years moved to Clearwater, where he lived until his death.

Arthur C. Turner was mustered into the Confederate army in front of the courthouse in Tampa, Fla., in March, 1862. He was a member of Company B, 7th Florida Infantry. He had never been mustered out of the service, as he was at home on sick leave at the close of the war.

At the time of his death, he was Commander of Camp Zollicoffer, U. C. V. of Pinellas County, Fla.,

and attended the reunion in Charlotte, N. C., in June. He cherished the Confederate Cross of Honor, and was laid away with it on his breast. He was married three times, all of his wives being now deceased. He is survived by thirteen children, thirty-eight grandchildren, eighteen great-grandchildren, and one sister.

The funeral services were held in the Methodist Church, of which he was a charter member, trustee, and steward, and interment made in the family lot in the Clearwater Cemetery, on Sunday, August 11.

W. B. GRACEY.

W. B. Gracy, a member of Lakeland Camp, No. 1543, U. C. V., died on July 25, 1929. He attended the reunion at Charlotte, N. C., and on his way home visited his brother in Tennessee, and while there was taken suddenly ill.

William Barnett Gracy was born in Giles County, Tenn., September 28, 1845; moved to Maury County when a small boy, where he lived until 1888. In 1870 he married Miss Melissa Hanna. On account of ill health, he removed his family to California in 1888, where he lived for eleven years, completely regaining his strength. In 1900, shortly after their return to Maury County, his wife and elder daughter died. In 1906, he married Miss Margaret West, and they located in Lakeland, Fla., in 1913. Since her death, he had made his home with his children.

In May of this year, Comrade Gracy attended the general assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Princeton, Ky., going from there to Tennessee to visit relatives. It was while in the home of his brother, Dr. B. B. Gracy, Smyrna, Tenn., that his call came, and on the morning of July 25, he went "home." He was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Lynnville, Tenn.

Mr. Gracy was converted and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in his youth. His earnest Christian character was recognized when he was still a young man, and he was made a ruling elder, which office he held in the Lakeland Church at the time of his death.

At the age of sixteen he volunteered for service in the Confederate army, serving in Company F, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, under Gen. Joe Wheeler, surrendering at Charlotte, N. C., April 25, 1865.

During his residence in Lakeland, he was a member of Lakeland Camp, No. 1543, U. C. V. He was a lovable Christian gentleman, a faithful Churchman, a loyal friend, and a devoted husband and father. He leaves us with only three of the old comrades to maintain the Camp.

[C. L. Willoughby, Adjutant Lakeland Camp No. 1543, U. C. V.]

CAPT. JOHN TONKIN.

One of the most prominent citizens of Oil City, Pa., Capt. John Tonkin, aged ninety-two years, died at the home there on July 15, after an illness of some weeks. He was noted for his sterling character and for the Southern type of hospitality extended in his home.

A son of the late John and Margaret Tonkin, he was born on March 21, 1837, near Wilkes-Barre, where his father was engaged in the coal mining industry. While he was still a boy, the family moved to Tennessee, where he was reared and educated, studying for two years at Hiwassee College, at Madisonville, Tenn.

He was employed at the copper mines in Tennessee until the outbreak of the war, and in September, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate service, becoming a second lieutenant of Company A, 43rd Tennessee Regiment, and in May, 1862, being promoted to captain. He participated in many of the outstanding campaigns of the war, and at the time of the surrender was under the command of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in North Carolina.

Following the war, Captain Tonkin went North and located near Wilkes-Barre. In 1894, he moved to Oil City and there became connected with prominent oil interests, and acquired large interests of his own in the Kentucky fields, and was president of the Central Kentucky Natural Gas Company. He also took an active part in religious and philanthropic affairs and was a tireless worker for civic and community welfare. His success only inspired him to greater deeds for his community and his fellow man, and he was widely admired and esteemed.

He was a member of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church of Oil City, and for a number of years served as vestryman of that Church.

Captain Tonkin was married to Mrs. Margaret Ferguson, and is survived by three sons and two daughters, also two stepsons, eleven grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

N. PETER MILLS.

N. Peter Mills, who died in Barlow, Ky., his home, August 16, 1929, was born in Johnson County, Ill., March 5, 1843. He enlisted at Columbus, Ky., in the fall of 1861, in Company C, of the Kentucky Infantry, Charles Wickliffe colonel, and served therein throughout the War between the States. Colonel Wickliffe being killed at Shiloh, April 7, 1862, Edward Crossland was elected colonel, and continued as such until the close of the war. In March, 1864, his regiment was mounted and transferred to the command of General Forrest, under whom Comrade Mills served until paroled, with his

command, at the close of the war. On May 13, 1875, he wedded Miss Josie A. Bishop, and he is survived by five daughters and a son.

Of the one hundred and twenty-five members from Ballard County, Ky., enlisting in his company, the only survivor now is the writer of this obituary.

[George B. Wilds, 252 Crestroad South, Chattanooga, Tenn.]

W. H. WOODLEY.

Willis Harrison Woodley, eighty-six years old, died at the home of his son in Clarksburg, W. Va., on the 24th of August. For a number of years he lived in Beverly, Randolph County, and his body was taken there for burial.

Comrade Woodley was the last survivor of the Upshur Grays, a band of young men in Upshur County who enlisted in the Confederate cause in the early days of the war. It is said that he was the first to cast his lot with this company, which was organized in Upshur County and was taken to Philippi to join the Confederate forces. Later, members of the company were transferred to other units and gave distinguished service to the Confederacy throughout the war.

Comrade Woodley was a native of Sargo, Upshur County, and his wife, who was Miss Martha A. Dickinson, was a native of Culpeper County, Va., where his parents were born and reared. He joined the Masonic fraternity shortly after the war, and was a member of the Richmond Lodge in late years, having lived at the Confederate Home in Richmond for some years. He was visiting his sons in Clarksburg when death occurred. Two sons survive him.

F. E. PITT.

F. E. Pitt, pioneer citizen of Grayson County, Tex., died at the Confederate Home, Austin, Tex., at the age of eighty-six years. He had been an inmate of the Home for the past fourteen months, and previously had been living with a son near Sherman. He is survived by three sons, six grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Comrade Pitt was born near Barren Plains, in Robertson County, Tenn., January 8, 1843, and there grew to young manhood. He volunteered as a soldier of the Confederacy, and served as a member of Company B, 13th Tennessee Infantry, his service extending from October, 1861, to the end of the war in 1865. He was in the fighting at Fort Donelson in February, 1862; was taken prisoner at Shy's Hill near Nashville (evidently soon after the battle of Franklin), and remained in prison until the surrender. He was an earnest Christian, and an active worker in the Methodist Church.

[Col. E. C. Wilson, Electra, Tex.]

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*

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

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, Woodard Circle, 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.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: One of the most beautiful celebrations of the present administration was the joint observance of Memorial Day by the American Legion Post No. 315, the Philadelphia Chapter, U. D. C., and the local survivors of the G. A. R.

The initiative was taken by the American Legion in a most gracious letter to Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, of the Philadelphia Chapter, under date of May 11, 1929. The plan carried out in detail was the presentation of a Confederate flag by the U. D. C. Chapter to the G. A. R. representatives, the presentation by them of a United States flag to the U. D. C. representatives, these flags to become the property of and remain in the custody of the Legion Post. The master of ceremonies was Col. John C. Nichols, a member of the Legion and son of a Confederate veteran. The march was from the entrance of the cemetery to the Confederate section, where Colonel Nichols delivered the address, children scattered flowers, a prayer was offered, and the flags were exchanged. During this part of the ceremonies, the band played softly, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia." The exercises concluded with "Tenting to-Night on the Old Camp Ground," and the audience adjourned to the pavilion for the remainder of the service.

We know nothing of the ancestry of the writer of the letter from the Post, whether his father fought with North or South, but we have read no more inspiring sentiment than that with which Colonel Rolston concludes his letter to Mrs. Lane: "Just so shall we stand some day on the threshold of a soldier's last adventure, and just so we like would other generations to take from our failing hands, with impressive ceremony, the sacred duties we have performed. With this in mind, we are urging you and your organization to help us honor all the dead, both North and South, and mark the passing for all time of that wonderful generation, who, imbued with their ideals, plunged into battle, displaying to the world

the highest courage and fortitude, and leaving to a coming generation a priceless heritage which we were enabled to uphold on the bloody fields of France."

The Recording Secretary General reports the following Chapters as having been chartered in the past few months; No. 1989, Campbell Chapter, S. C.; No. 1990, Mary Custis Lee, Ohio; No. 1991, Margaret Hart Ross, California; No. 1991, Asha Faison Colwell Williams, District of Columbia; No. 1993, Lieut. William Jones Turner; No. 1994, Mary Lewis, Arkansas; No. 1995, Blue Ridge Grays, Virginia; No. 1996, John Gideon Harris, Alabama; No. 1997, Mary Lou Dancy, Alabama; No. 1998, Oliver, C. Edwards, S. C.; No. 1999, Crawford W. Long, Georgia; No. 2000 Confederate Flag, District of Columbia; No. 2001 Southern Cross, W. Va.; No. 2002, Henry W. Grady, Ohio; No. 2003, Harris-Harwood, Virginia.

Mrs. Bashinsky wishes the Chapters to know that the convention literature will not reach them as early this year as last, for the reason that amendments to the by-laws may be considered at the coming convention. Such proposed amendments may be filed with the Recording Secretary at any time within "sixty days before the day fixed for the convention," no printing, therefore, can be done until after this limit of sixty days.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee, Charlotte, N. C., the First Vice President General, Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, announced that she would offer a prize to be presented on President's Evening at the next convention, this prize to be a memorial to her father, a soldier in the War between the States and the Spanish-American War, and her son, a soldier in the World War, the nature of this prize to be decided later and to be awarded the Division President presenting the most "concise, constructive, and comprehensive" report.

A communication has been received from Col. E. H. Pitcher, Commander Departments of Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, West Virginia, and District of

Columbia," Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War." Commander Pitcher states that his Department will introduce a resolution during the National Encampment to promote a reunion between the Blue and the Gray to take place in either 1930 or 1931, and he requested an expression of opinion from the President General.

Her letter to Colonel Pitcher follows:

"CHATHAM, VA., August 30, 1929.

"Col. E. H. Pitcher,
Department Commander, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War.

"*My Dear Sir:* Your esteemed favor of August 27 is acknowledged, with appreciation of the patriotic American sentiments therein contained.

We note that you refer in your letter to General Sneed, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans, of which you inclosed copy, to the proposed reunion of the Blue and the Gray being held in the National Capital in 1930 or 1931.

"The place of meeting for 1930 having been selected by the United Confederate Veterans, we are not advised if it would be practicable to make a change, or if the Commander in Chief has the authority to make such change.

"In addition, we would say that one of the most sacred trusts of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is to honor the memory of the Confederate veterans who have passed on; another is to minister to the welfare, comfort, and happiness of the survivors of this grand army. We do not presume to seek to direct the policies of the United Confederate Veterans' organization, or to advise or recommend concerning the business affairs of the association.

"Wherever and whenever the United Confederate Veterans assemble, the members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy hold themselves in readiness to contribute all in the power of woman to their comfort, their health, and the joy they find in reviving memories of a glorious past.

"Very respectfully.—"

Invitations to the convention of the West Virginia Division, September 24-26, is acknowledged with deep appreciation and regret that it will be impossible to be absent from the desk at this time. It would also have been a great pleasure to accept the invitation of the "Uncle Remus Memorial Association" to attend the ceremonies incident to the unveiling of a memorial to Joel Chandler Harris, August 25, at the Open Air Westminster of the South," Fletcher, N. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

Grand representatives of the Army of Tennessee and the Army of Northern Virginia, Gen. W. A. Collier and Gen. Charles D. Harvey, have heard the

clear call of the "Pilot" and have crossed over the river to rest with their gallant commander "under the shade of the trees.'

For twelve years, General Collier has served as the Commander of the Forrest Cavalry Association, and his was a well-known figure at all Confederate reunions. He will be sadly missed upon the assembling in 1930.

Gen. Charles D. Harvey had served as Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., and also as Paymaster General upon the Staff of the Commander in Chief. He anticipated with great pleasure attendance upon the reunion in Charlotte, and a visit to the home of his childhood and the place of his enlistment, Lynchburg, Va., but God willed otherwise. The date of the reunion found him on a bed of illness, and on August 14, "he heard Faith's low, sweet singing through the night and, groping through the darkness, touched God's hand." To his daughter, our beloved Chairman of the Department of Records, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, and to the members of the family of General Collier, we extend the sympathy of this organization.

"The list is long and those that grieve are many."

Mrs. Roy McKinney sorrows for a brother "loved long since and lost a while; Mrs. J. Frost Walker, President South Carolina Division, the passing of her father; Mrs. Kline, affectionately remembered by members of the Shiloh Monument Committee, the tragic death of her husband; Mrs. McCready, Recorder of Crosses, Mary Mildren Sullivan Chapter, the death of her son; Miss Annie Mann, correspondent from Virginia for the VETERAN, that of a beloved brother. For these, and for all who sorrow, we extend our deepest sympathy.

Sincerely

MAUDE MERCHANT.

THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, U. D. C.

The thirty-sixth annual convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will be held at Biloxi, Miss., November 20-24, 1929. Official headquarters will be the Buena Vista Hotel. Other hotels at Biloxi are: Hotel Biloxi, the Tivoli, the Riviera, the White House, and the New Hotel. Reservations should be made promptly.

An unfortunate error in the address of Mrs. A. S. Porter in connection with those old letters to and from Camp Chase prisoners may have occasioned some delay in correspondence. Her address is 14724 Clifton Boulevard, Lakewood, Ohio.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Alabama.—Officers elected at the Annual Convention held in Mobile, in April, were: President, Mrs. J. M. Burt, Opelika; First Vice President, Mrs. A. M. Grimsley, Fayette; Second Vice President, Mrs. Eugene Smith, Sylacauga; Recording Secretary, Miss Mattie Sheibley, Mobile; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. W. Stewart, Opelika; Treasurer, Mrs. T. F. Stephens, Montgomery; Registrar, Mrs. E. G. Smith, Birmingham; Historian, Mrs. W. C. Miles, Oneonta; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. W. W. Hollingsworth, Bessemer; Director of C. of C. Mrs. C. G. Sharpe, Montevallo; Chaplain, Mrs. R. C. Anderson, Selma.

Louisiana.—A bit of historical work recently done by a Louisiana Chapter was the celebrating of the Mansfield battle anniversary by a suitable public program, a banquet given to the Confederate veterans by the local Chapter, and by decorating Confederate graves. Another interesting feature of the Division's work along the same line was the donation to the historical museum of the Louisiana State University of a valuable collection of old papers and letters, including a picture of Jefferson Davis, an old newspaper giving an account of his funeral, and a parole granted a Confederate soldier by the United States authorities in May, 1865.

Through the efforts of the Division, Louisiana Day, April 30, anniversary of the transfer of the Louisiana territory from France to the United States, was observed in many of our schools, chiefly by the writing of essays on subjects pertaining to the history of the State. During the last school year the organization conducted a State-wide essay contest among high school students, and prizes were awarded at a most interesting meeting in Baton Rouge for essays on "The Siege of Port Hudson" and on "Henry Watkins Allen," war governor of the State.

A creditable work has been accomplished by the Camp Moore Chapter in the building of a log cabin clubhouse at Camp Moore, one-time recruiting ground for Confederate soldiers. On August 23, the building was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.

Joanna Waddill and Henry Watkins Chapters, of Baton Rouge, are carrying out their plan of a marker a year and a pilgrimage to places of historical interest and having them written up in the newspapers.

Shreveport Chapter improves Fort Humbug regularly.

[Miss Mamie Graham, Editor.]

* * *

Tennessee.—The activities of the Tennessee Division of late centered largely in district meetings, of which four have been held. The first of these

meetings was that of the West Tennessee Daughters, held in Memphis with good attendance and fine interest. Mrs. B. M. Cowan, First Vice President, most ably presided.

The East Tennessee Conference was entertained in a most hospitable manner by the Gen. John C. Vaughn Chapter, Sweetwater, with Mrs. Eugene Monday, Third Vice President, presiding.

The Upper East Tennessee Conference was held in historic Elizabethton, June 11, Mrs. Eugene Monday presiding, the Major Folsome Chapter being hostess of the occasion. Addresses were made by the State officers. Greetings were given by Mrs. T. J. Mims, President of hostess Chapter, by the Regent of D. A. R. Chapter, Regent of Daughters of 1812, and many other civic organizations. There were eighty-five present, honor guests being Confederate veterans and belles of the sixties. Elizabethton's patriotic organizations gave tea for the U. D. C. conference at the historic home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Seiler, built in 1818, honoring the State officers. The Seiler home is known throughout this section for its charming hospitality, gracious hostess, and rare and wonderful collection of antiques. The visitors had the opportunity of seeing the portraits of the famous Landon Carter, for whom Carter County was named, and Rear Admiral Carter, who had the honor of being brevetted brigadier general. He was an uncle of the hostess. A silver service, which belonged to President Andrew Johnson, was used in the dining room.

Capt. Roby Brown Chapter, Mrs. W. W. Worley, President, entertained the State officers with an elaborate reception at Mountain City.

The Middle Tennessee Conference was held in Shelbyville June 26, the Agnes L. Whiteside Chapter, hostess. The ritual was read by Mrs. Agnes L. Whiteside, for whom the Chapter was named. She was a typical specimen of a Southern woman of the sixties, dressed in black satin, with rose point lace trimming. Mrs. C. W. Underwood, First Vice President, presided. Addresses were made by the State President, Mrs. Lowndes Turney, Mrs. H. A. Cragon, Jr., Recording Secretary, Tennessee Division, and Mrs. E. M. Gillespie, State Chairman of the Sam Davis Home.

On April 30 a bowlder was placed on the Jefferson Davis Highway on the State line between Mississippi and Tennessee, Mrs. Homer T. Sloan, State Director, presiding. Many notable guests were present on this occasion.

Mrs. Lowndes Turney, State President, had the pleasure of attending all four of the District conferences. The State convention will meet October 9-12 in Chattanooga.

South Carolina.—The preservation of Woodrow Wilson's boyhood home in Columbia, S. C., is now an assured fact, the amount set aside by the South Carolina legislature having been matched by the citizenry of the State. The patriotic organizations and clubs all lent a hand in the raising, and many of the U. D. C. Chapters helped too. This home will be the State relic room and much of historic interest in "the State's keeping" will be here.

The Confederate Home in Columbia, S. C., is indeed a place of loveliness. The main body of the Home is colonial, with wing dormitory and a splendidly equipped hospital. No place in South Carolina has so beautiful a flower garden, and to go there is a pleasurable pastime to the forty-six veterans and seventeen "Girls of the Sixties." There are great beds all aglow with those flowers our grandmothers grew, which these "girls" love to cull, and walks bordered with hollyhocks, zinnias and sweet verbenas and snapdragon. We watched these dear old folks as they strolled over these lovely grounds of ten acres. They were all so happy—why, a dear old veteran and a "girl of the sixties" have married! The U. D. C. Chapters all over the State keep the Home in mind and in various ways express their love and remembrance.

Mrs. J. Frost Walker, of Union, the President of the South Carolina Division, lost her father, Capt. J. M. Greer, on June 21. Captain Greer made a distinguished record during the War between the States, and was honored and beloved over the State. A lovely floral tribute from the South Carolina Division was a silent token of love and sympathy from every Daughter.

Two new Chapters have recently been organized—the Oliver E. Edward Chapter, Spartanburg, S. C., and the Campobello Chapter, Campobello, S. C.

Mrs. J. W. Mixson, President of the William Wallace Chapter, Union, S. C., has composed a beautiful song, "The Stars and Bars," and Chapters are using this effectively.

The chairman of the Education Committee, S. C. Division, Mrs. Peter Brunson, of Orangeburg, and her committee, are deeply concerned with their especial work, and just now there are many desiring college education who are of Confederate descent. During the year of 1928 South Carolina Division had fifteen general U. D. C. scholarships, ten Division scholarships, eight from the four Districts and nineteen awarded by Chapters. The amount for educational purposes was over \$9,000. The Division is proud and happy to have, in the General Chairman of Education, one of its own Daughters, Mrs. R. D. Wright, Newberry, S. C.

[Miss Zena Payne, Johnston, S. C.]

Virginia.—The bowlder recently placed by Boydton Chapter on the Jefferson Davis Highway was unveiled on June 3, with most appropriate exercises, a program being held at the town hall, with Mrs. E. L. Toone, President of Boydton Chapter and Chairman of the Third District, presiding. At the conclusion, the audience adjourned to the spot just east of town where the marker had been placed, and where it was unveiled by two members of L. A. Armistead Camp, U. C. V.

Misses Mary Sue Edmonson and Edna Andrews, President and youngest members of Boydton's Junior Chapter, U. D. C., placed wreaths of red and white flowers on the monument, while "Dixie" was sung.

In his presentation address, Hon. E. C. Goode paid a touching tribute to the Daughters of the Confederacy, to the boys of 1861, and especially to Jefferson Davis, in whose honor the highway is named.

[Mary N. Hutchenson, Historian, Boydton Chapter.]

* * *

West Virginia.—Bluefield Chapter reports that the social and special activities of the Chapter since October 1, 1928, have been a tea given to the D. A. R. State Convention held in Bluefield in October. The invitations included members of the local D. A. R. Chapter, members of the Matthew French Chapter, of Princeton, and delegates and friends.

On May 30, six Confederate grave markers were placed in the local cemetery, and on June 1, two at Athens, W. Va., at the graves of Maj. William N. Reynolds and Capt. James Harvey French, early identified with Concord College.

The Berkeley County Chapter unveiled a marker on July 10, at a point on the Williamsport Pike, near Martinsburg, which commemorates an incident in the war service of the great Stonewall Jackson. An account of the dedication is given in another part of this number of the VETERAN.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."
KEYWORD "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.
MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER, 1929.

The Atlanta Campaign, Battles of Nashville and Franklin. Tactics practiced by Hood, as compared with the methods of Joseph E. Johnston.

C. OF C. TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER, 1929.

ROLL CALL: Local World War Heroes of Confederate Ancestry.

SONG: "America."

READING: "In Flanders' Field."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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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.
MRS. LAMAR LIPSCOMB.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
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MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.
MRS. L. T. D. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*
Atlanta, Ga.



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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. ROGERS WINTER, *Editor*, 61 Highland Drive, Atlanta, Ga.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Coworkers: With the passing of the summer and its period of suspended activities, when our work has been laid aside for the relaxation and rest which brings renewed vitality and clearer vision, may we not gain fresh inspiration from the lessons which the all-wise Creator has provided in his planning for each cycle of time and conserve our efforts toward carrying out the purposes of our organization? We can only hope to interest others through our own heart interest and devotion to the cause for which we are pledged. May I again urge that, even though your association is small, you make your plans to meet regularly every month? In getting together you will find that "in a multitude of counsel there is wisdom," and in personal contact an inspiration that is infectious and illuminating; also that you take time to plan well beforehand for your meeting. Make each meeting so attractive and interesting that each time will bring added interest and make new friends for your association. Have your program short and snappy, with always a short reading from some part of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, not confining your selections especially to the C. S. M. A. Department, for each issue carries historical matter new and old, with reminiscences from the memory book of men—and women, too, oftentimes—who give personal experiences not to be found elsewhere.

See if you cannot get your membership one hundred per cent subscribers to the VETERAN. A prize will be given at our next convention to the association securing the largest number of subscriptions. Send in your subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at Nashville, Tenn., the management of which will be made very happy by your coöperation, for a very heavy burden is the carrying on of

the publication, and it should have our individual support in increasing its field of usefulness.

Our new editor of the C. S. M. A. Department, Mrs. Rogers Winter, had for your edification a most splendid article last month, and I hope that you read and "inwardly digested," as well as enjoyed that beautifully written message which she presented for your consideration.

With the hope that the summer has brought to each of you the best of health and renewed zeal for the great work before us, and with every good wish for renewed success in all of your plans, I am, with affectionate remembrance, faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General*.

IN MEMORY OF JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

On Sunday afternoon, August 25, at the Open-Air Westminster of the South, at Fletcher, N. C. near Asheville the formal unveiling of the bronze tablet to the South's beloved "Uncle Remus" took place under the auspices of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association of Atlanta.

The dedication of the stone was the culmination of a dream of Mrs. Warren White, of Atlanta. This dream was shared by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Life President of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association, which has preserved the "Wren's Nest," home of Joel Chandler Harris in Atlanta. It is widely known that it was through the untiring work of Mrs. Wilson that the home of Joel Chandler Harris was saved as a memorial. This is probably the outstanding achievement of her life.

The impressive and interesting address on this occasion was delivered by the Hon. James B. Nevin, of Atlanta, and Mrs. Robert Blackburn who is famous for her gift of dialect interpretation, gave an Uncle Remus reading. The choir of Old Calvary Church at

Fletcher, sang appropriate songs, and two of the grandchildren of Mr. Harris unveiled the memorial, after the formal presentation by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson.

The marker is a tall upright boulder, bearing a bronze tablet inscribed:

“JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS
EATONTON, GA.
DECEMBER 9, 1848.
ATLANTA, GA.
JULY 3, 1908.
CREATOR OF ‘UNCLE REMUS.’”

On the reverse side of the tablet is inscribed:

“ERECTED IN APPRECIATION OF
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.
UNCLE REMUS
MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
ATLANTA,
AND
CHILDREN OF PUTNAM COUNTY, GA.
JUNE 9, 1929.”

With so many literary figures already connected with Old Calvary Church at Fletcher, it is not surprising that the brilliant young rector, Dr. Clarence Stuart McClellan, Jr., should conceive the idea of making the church grounds a fitting memorial of the South's noble names. Calvary Church, with its distinguished history, gave Dr. McClellan the background for his idea of the “Out-of-doors-Westminster-of-the-South.”

Joel Chandler Harris was a poet, historian, humorist, and a writer of matchless prose. Aside from his matchless “Uncle Remus,” he made other priceless contributions to literature. He was swept on the flood tide of his extraordinary popularity in this country to foreign lands and quickly reached the pinnacle of universal favoritism. “Br'er Rabbit” and “Br'er Fox” reveled in European applause.

His name belongs among those of his peers: Lanier and Timrod, O. Henry, Bill Nye, and many others whose genius is commemorated in Old Calvary Church yard.

The most fervent aspiration of Joel Chandler Harris while in life was the happiness of children. Earth had for him no sweeter music than the laughter of childhood. He was in unison with all that was gentle, kind, tender, and true.

As the years roll by, this memorial of Joel Chandler Harris at the open-air Westminster of the South in the “Land of the Sky” will live to teach its beautiful and inspiring lesson.

TRIBUTE TO THE C. S. M. A.

BY J. COLTON LYNES, INSPECTOR GENERAL, U. C. V.

On no occasion where the writer has addressed various assemblies has he felt so honored as when he realizes the love and veneration of the women of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

It is true that the Confederacy lived only four years, but it lived long enough to write in immortal lines the story of the grandeur of its men and women. It lived long enough to produce a type of manhood and noble womanhood that should remain even longer than the republic shall last. The story of their deeds rises to the sublimity of an epic.

The history of what the Confederate women did in heroic devotion and in splendid self-sacrifice is not surpassed by that of any other in the world. The sufferings of the Southern women, in their adherence to the Southern Cause, fill the brightest pages of human history and reflect the highest credit on human unselfishness. They gladly offered and gave all to their country. Human lives in large number and untold treasure were freely sacrificed. Character survives. “To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.” Love is immortal. Science may dazzle the eye, but it cannot start a tear. Art may make the marble almost speak, and science may chain the elements to her triumphal car, but, true as the lapping to her home in the fen, true as the murmur to the shells of ocean, the heart turns from all else and quickens the pulse at thought of heroes true and tried.

The hour of adversity is woman's hour of triumph. Firm, constant, devoted patriotism, pure as the water from Chindara's fount, enthused the bosoms, and signalized the lives, of the daughters of our Revolution and especially of our Southern Confederacy alike. Meek, gentle and confiding, a devotion and love, sweet as a sainted mother's, characterized their patriotic actions. Generous and self-sacrificing, they stripped beauty of its jewels and home of its luxuries for the success of their cause and the comfort of their heroes.

This noble association, the C. S. M. A., is well named and graciously officered. The veneration of these women for their heroes shows a trait which leads to the most glorious of epics. They recall many of the dramatic episodes of the War between the States. They see their heroes of sixty or more years ago leaving their homes and bidding good-by to mother and sweetheart, fair-haired and bright-eyed youths, full of hope and enthusiasm. They see them battling, leaping bravely into the leaden storms from the enemy's guns—now in victory, now in defeat, but always performing feats of matchless valor. They hear again the lone bugle calling them from their

(Continued on page 398.)

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.

DIVISION NOTES

CONFEDERATE PENSIONS.

A committee headed by John Ashley Jones, Commander in Chief, S. C. V., recently appeared before the Georgia legislature and asked for an increase of pensions for Confederate veterans. The bill, as passed by the legislature, provides for a pension of \$30 a month for Confederate veterans, and \$30 per month for widows of Confederate veterans. The committee consisted of Judge Peter W. Meldrin, of Savannah; Capt. R. L. Lawrence, of Marietta; Gen. A. C. Smith, Atlanta; Hon. A. G. Harris, McDonough; Hon. A. J. Womack, Macon; Mrs. W. A. Ozmer, Decatur.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

Charles T. Norman, Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, has appointed the following comrades as members of his official staff; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Capt. R. S. Hudgins, Richmond, Va.; Inspector, W. H. McIntyre, Bennettsville, S. C.; Quartermaster, Corbin D. Glass, Roanoke, Va.; Commissary, A. W. Kirkpatrick, Lewisburg, W. Va.; Judge Advocate, Hamilton C. Jones, Charlotte, N. C.; Surgeon, Dr. J. H. Digges, Washington, D. C.; Historian, H. L. Clinkscales, New York City; Chaplain, Dr. Luther Little, Charlotte, N. C.

Commander Norman says he will give the best service of which he is capable of performing to the office of Department Commander.

PACIFIC DIVISION.

The term of office of A. D. Marshall, Commander of the Pacific Division, S. C. V., having expired, Dr.

John Parks Gilmer, of San Diego, Calif., has been appointed Commander of this Division for the next ensuing year, such appointment to date from the 8th day of June, 1929.

Commander Gilmer reports that he will at once appoint his Official Staff and Brigade Commanders and inaugurate a campaign for the organization of new Camps and the reorganization of inactive Camps.

DIVISION REUNIONS.

Florida Division, S. C. V. will hold its annual reunion at Lake City, Fla., October 22-24, 1929; the annual reunion of the Georgia Division will be held at Quitman, Ga., on October 8, 9, 1929; the reunion of the Oklahoma Division will convene at Muskogee, Okla., October 8-10, 1929; and the reunion of the Virginia Division is planned to be held at Petersburg October 8-10, 1929.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Texas Division, S. C. V. held its annual reunion at Nacogdoches, Tex., September 3, 1929. The first session was called to order by F. A. Beall, Commander of Stone Fort Camp, No. 966, S. C. V., who introduced the morning speakers.

After the welcoming addresses, the meeting was turned over to Ed S. McCarver, of Orange, State Commander S. C. V.

The program was climaxed with a street dance, in which the public participated.

NEW CAMPS ORGANIZED

Comrade C. Gilbert, Assistant Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., during the month of August organized Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans at Mercedes,

Tex., with membership of fourteen; Weslaco, Tex., with twelve charter members; Mission, Tex., eighteen members; Edinburg, Tex., thirty members; San Benito, Tex., twenty-two members; Dallas, Tex., seventeen members.

At the annual meeting of the Texas Division, S. C. V., recently held at Nacogdoches, Comrade Claude B. Woods, of Wichita Falls, was elected Commander of the Division.

AS PAROLED.

Wishing to get the roster of his company at the close of the war correctly on record, John H. Hatfield, of St. Louis, Mo., sends the following information obtained from the War Department at Washington, D. C., where all Confederate records have been deposited, and this record shows the following:

"J. H. Hatfield (name not found as John H. Hatfield), private, Company B, 4th Battalion Mississippi Cavalry, C. S. A., enlisted November 14, 1861, at Columbus, Miss., at which time he gave his age as eighteen years. This company subsequently became Company D, 2d Regiment Mississippi and Alabama Cavalry and was finally designated Company D, 8th Regiment (Wade's) Confederate Cavalry. The last muster roll of the company on file, which covers the period from June 30 to December 31, 1864, shows him present. His name appears on a muster roll of officers and men paroled in accordance with military convention entered into on the 26th day of April, 1865, between Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding Confederate army, and Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman, commanding United States army in North Carolina, which roll shows that he was paroled at Hillsboro, N. C., May 3, 1865, as a private of Company D, 8th Regiment Confederate Cavalry. . . . The records show that the following named officers and enlisted men were members of Capt. W. A. Ferguson's Company (D), 8th Regiment Confederate Cavalry, on April 26, 1865; W. H. Summerville, first lieutenant, commanding company; F. H. Ball, second lieutenant; J. W. Bridges, first corporal. Privates—J. M. Earle, J. G. Gilham, J. H. Hatfield, J. B. Holder, H. C. Lang, J. B. Mayhew, W. M. Sanders, J. S. Stephens, A. A. Steele, M. A. Taggart."

TENNESSEE CAMP REORGANIZED.

The S. G. Shepherd Camp, U. C. V., at Lebanon, Tenn., has been reorganized, and the following officers elected for the coming year: Commander, E. S. Bowers; Adjutant, Brack Martin; Color Bearer, William Johnson; First Lieutenant, John Barry; Second Lieutenant, John North; Chaplain, William Green.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

On July 2, 1929, a monument was dedicated near McConnellsburg, Pa., to the memory of two Confederate soldiers who lost their lives in the fighting there on June 30, 1863, the monument being placed at the graves of these soldiers. It is made of Georgia granite and bears the inscription

"CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS:

W. B. MOORE, OF VIRGINIA;

F. A. SHELTON, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

KILLED NEAR HERE IN THE

FIRST BATTLE ON PENNSYLVANIA SOIL,
JUNE 30, 1863."

Representative people of both North and South were present at the exercises. The State of Pennsylvania was represented by its State Archivist, Dr. Hiram H. Skenk, and Adjutant General J. B. Van Metts, of North Carolina, represented the governor of that State; Rosewell Page, of Virginia, represented the governor of his State, and Dr. Archibald Rutledge represented the people of the Carolinas.

The monument is the gift of the Elliott Grays Chapter, U. D. C., of Richmond, Va., and the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and prominent members of the organizations were present.

The American Legion of McConnellsburg furnished the color guard and guard of honor for the unveiling ceremonies. Following the exercises, a dinner was served in the historic old Fulton House, which was the starting point sixty-six years ago for the short but decisive cavalry fight when Imboden's cavalry crossed the mountain and entered McConnellsburg.

VETERANS OF HENRY COUNTY, TENN.

There are twenty-two Confederate veterans still living in Henry County, Tenn., the youngest of whom is eighty-two and the oldest ninety-two years of age. The names and ages are as follows: E. Forrest, 90; William Lloyd, 84; W. P. Erwin, 86; G. W. Wimel, 87; Ike Littleton, 92; P. P. Pullen, 84; J. C. Myrick, 89; W. H. Olive, 86; W. D. Thomas, 88; J. C. McCall, 88; W. M. Jobe, 82; John Bomar, 83; J. P. Peoples, 89; C. I. Byars, Pink Cate, Billie Wilson, Louis Muzzell, (col.); William Clement, 82; Bill Moss, 82; Tom Miller, 90; Jim Cooper, 86; and Alex Porter (col.), 86.

Some of these veterans, members of Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., met in annual reunion with veterans of Graves and Callo-way Counties, Ky., on September 19, at Hazel, Ky.

TRIBUTE TO THE C. S. M. A.

(Continued from page 395.)

tired sleep to take up again the grim serial of battle. They see them battered, wounded, and hungry responding to the call of duty. They see them overwhelmed by numbers, repulsed, and then—most wonderful of all!—they see them accepting final defeat like brave and true men.

Especially should the noble old Confederate women be remembered on Memorial Day. It was their part in the great tragedy to suffer in solitude. They had not the privilege to die. They could not join in the songs of the camp nor the excitement of the battle—they could only read of them, be patient—patient and suffer—suffer! When the children became ill, they nursed them all alone. When the little ones cried for food, it was the part of these women to hear their cries without a hope of feeding them. But through it all they were true as the Spartan mothers of classic lore; and they should hold a most affectionate nook in the hearts of our people always.

In conclusion, the writer feels in his heart that,

“When other sixty years have passed,
And all have gone who wore the gray,
Sweet little children with their flowers
Will meet and magnify Memorial Day.
The South’s warm heart is beating yet,
And never, never can forget
Who wore the gray.”

LAST SURVIVOR OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

Four years ago there were eleven survivors of the Mexican War; the last of these has passed with the death of Owen Thomas Edgar on September 3, 1929, at the age of ninety-eight years. The last ten years of his life had been spent in the John Dickson Home, of Washington, D. C.

Mr. Edgar enlisted in the war with Mexico in February, 1846, and was honorably discharged on August 8, 1849. Returning to Philadelphia, his native city, he there studied the printing trade as his life work. An injury, received after the Mexican War, prevented his serving in the War between the States, but he went to Washington in 1861 and secured employment in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where he was later made a division chief, and he was in government service for twenty-five years. He was then connected with the Columbia National Bank for thirty-one years, retiring at the age of eighty-eight on a pension. He was buried in the Congressional Cemetery, Washington, with military and Masonic honors. Three volleys were fired over his grave and taps was sounded.

PORTRAITS IN THE BATTLE ABBEY.

A “Biographic Catalogue” of the portraits in the Confederate Memorial Institute (Battle Abbey), Richmond, Va., has been issued in fine form by the committee, composed of Messrs. Jo Lane Stern, William McK. Evans, and Peter J. White and will be found most valuable for the information it contains. There is a picture of the Confederate battle flag in colors, and the frontispiece is a picture of Gen. R. E. Lee, the original of which was given by General Lee to Jo Lane Stern when he was a student at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. There is also a correct copy of “General Orders No. 9,” as taken from the original in possession of the family of Colonel Marshall, aid-de-camp to General Lee, who prepared the order by direction of General Lee. The larger part of the catalogue is given to the short biographic sketches of Confederate officers and privates whose portraits are hung on the walls of the Battle Abbey. A copy of this catalogue will be sent postpaid for 58 cents. Address the Battle Abbey, Richmond, Va.

U. C. V. CAMP AT BROWNWOOD, TEX.

The following comes from Rev. W. H. White, of Brownwood, who served with Company E, 12th Kentucky Cavalry, Forrest’s command, having enlisted in 1863 at the age of nineteen. He moved from Kentucky to Texas in 1881, where he has been teacher and preacher, and a devout reader of the VETERAN since it was published. He says:

“The Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 118, U. C. V., of Brownwood, was organized more than thirty years ago. Since its organization more than three hundred members have been enrolled, of whom there are now only eleven on the Camp roll. We have an annual meeting in January of each year, and keep our dues paid regularly to the State and general organizations. I have been able to attend both reunions this past year.”

Such information from other Camps would be of interest generally, and the VETERAN hopes to hear from them.

In renewing subscription to the VETERAN, Mrs. J. R. Gibbons, of Bauxite, Ark., writes: “How I wish I had at least a dozen more subscriptions to send for the VETERAN. How much interest the reading of it would arouse in our organization and the spirit of patriotism for the cause so dear to—as it should be—the heart of every Daughter of the Confederacy. I wish we could put at least a half dozen subscriptions in every school library in the South.”

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By Floyd Gibbons

CAMP SMITH, Peekskill, N. Y., Aug. 17th.—I have shared the soldier's cigarette in pretty nearly every corner of the world, and I know how set in his ways an army man can get when it comes to knowing what smoke he likes. So the idea that a two year old cigarette—even if it did have the name OLD GOLD—could win this test over three old time brands seemed unbelievable.

But the thing worked out. At Camp Smith, where I witnessed the test, OLD GOLD put the bee on 506 Yanks of the Old Seventh New York Regiment.

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VOL. XXXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1929

NO. 11



ADMIRAL FRANKLIN BUCHANAN, C. S. N.

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The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veterans, is the property of the Confederate organization 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.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

The annual roll call of the American Red Cross for membership during the coming year will take place from Armistice Day, November 11, to Thanksgiving, November 29.

Out of each dollar membership in the American Red Cross fifty cents is retained by the Red Cross Chapter for expenditure in behalf of the community; in other words, all except fifty cents of the member's enrollment, regardless of amount except in the case of life or patron memberships, is spent in his own home town or city or county, as the case may be. Thus a large enrollment means direct community benefits.

The fifty cents from membership enrollment which goes to National headquarters is spent in national and international work. Each year hundreds of thousands of dollars are expended by National Headquarters for relief in disasters for which no general appeal is made to the public.

Each member who enrolls for even a year thus gives financial and moral support to his or her Red Cross, and to that extent is a participant in its work everywhere.


WANTED.—The book on "Acts of the Republican Party as Seen by History," by C. Gardiner. Who knows where it may be procured?

Mrs. Sadie L. Drewry Williams, 232 West Taylor Street, Griffin, Ga., seeks information on the Confederate service of her grandfather, Demarius E. Drewry, who enlisted in Alabama. His company, regiment, and officers under whom he served are desired.

Mrs. Texanna Riggle, 1627 East Sixteenth Street, Oklahoma City, Okla., is trying to get a pension, and wishes to hear from anyone who served with A. T. Riggle, Company C or D, Pindall's Battalion of Sharpshooters.

Mrs. Lizzie Watkins, 165 Spring Street, Eureka Springs, Ark., would like to hear from any surviving comrades of her father, J. H. Jenkins, who she thinks, served with Company F, 14th Missouri Cavalry. James M. Phelps was his captain, and the command was a part of Thomas McRae's Brigade, Fagan's Division, Sterling Price's army.

WANTED.—To hear at once from anyone who enlisted in Company G, 2d Mississippi State Cavalry, C. S. A., organized at Houston, Miss., by Capt. George Isabell, and who knew J. H. Marable, of that company, who needs a pension.—Miss Bessie Babbitt, Okalona, Miss.



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Confederate Veteran

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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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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. M. D. VANCE, Little Rock, Ark. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. A. T. GOODWYN, Elmore, Ala. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

CONFEDERATE REUNIONS.

Thirty-nine reunions have been held by the United Confederate Veterans in the years from 1890 to 1929. Interesting information on these meetings will be given in the VETERAN for December.

U. C. V. COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.

Alabama.—Gen. John R. Kennedy, Tuscaloosa.
Arkansas.—Gen. J. W. Hollis, Little Rock.
California.—Gen. S. S. Simmons, Los Angeles.
Florida.—Gen. J. T. Appleyard, Tallahassee.
Georgia.—Gen. J. Colton Lynes, Marietta.
Kentucky.—Gen. N. D. Deatherage, Richmond.
Louisiana.—Gen. L. W. Stephens, Coushatta.
Maryland.—Gen. N. D. Hawkins, Washington,
D. C.
Mississippi.—Gen. T. L. McGehee, Summit.
Missouri.—Gen. W. F. Carter, Clinton.
North Carolina.—Gen. W. A. Smith, Ansonville.
Oklahoma.—Gen. R. A. Sneed, Oklahoma City.
South Carolina.—Gen. J. B. Lewis, Anderson.
Tennessee.—Gen. John N. Johnson, Chattanooga.
Texas.—Gen. W. M. Atkinson, Gonzales.
Virginia.—Gen. William McK. Evans, Richmond.
West Virginia.—Gen. T. H. Dennis, Lewisburg.
Gen. W. B. Freeman, Richmond, Va.
Gen. Homer Atkinson, Petersburg, Va.

APPRECIATES THE VETERAN.

From a long-time friend and patron, Hon. Pat Henry, of Brandon, Miss., in renewing his subscription: "I still appreciate the dear VETERAN, and though I have reached my eighty-sixth mile post, it comes to me like a benison, and I read each copy with the same pleasure as of yore. I must congratulate you on its new print, which is very grateful to old eyes that have seen the many changes in our country since we laid down our arms in 1865, many instances for the better, some not so good; but during all the years the Confederate veteran has observed his parole as a gentleman should."

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

ON STAFF OF THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF, C. S. A.

Occasionally one is startled to see the statement that a certain veteran of the Confederacy claims to have served on the staff of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy. Surely, the honor of having been a Confederate soldier is sufficient distinction without making claim to any higher rank or place in Confederate service. As Commander in Chief of the Confederate Army, until General Lee was so designated early in 1865, as well as the directing head of the Confederate government, President Davis had his military staff, to which he appointed such men as he thought worthy to hold close in his councils. As is well known, George Washington Custis Lee, son of Gen. R. E. Lee, was one of the first so appointed; and though he would have preferred service in the field, he realized that his duty was where his chief wished him to serve. Had he been given the opportunity to show his ability as an active soldier, Confederate history would doubtless have another Lee renowned for soldierly skill and leadership. But his only opportunity came as commander of the troops for local defense of Richmond, and in that he rendered valuable service, so acknowledged by President Davis himself.

From Mr. Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," the following list of members of President Davis's staff is given, each of whom was designated as "Colonel and A. D. C.": Joseph R. Davis, G. W. C. Lee, J. C. Ives, James Chestnut, William Preston Johnston, William M. Browne, John Taylor Wood, F. R. Lubbock, and Burton N. Harrison. If there were other appointments, there is no record of them; and no private soldier could have been considered in this way, very rightly.

Writing of such misstatements in the press of the country, Miss Nannie Davis Smith, only living niece of President Davis, and who was very closely associated with his family in her youth, says:

"Curiously enough, outliving one's comrades has become a coveted distinction. An old soldier in our midst claims (mistakenly) that he is the last survivor of Jefferson Davis's staff. As a matter of fact, there is now no survivor. Gen. Robert E. Lee's son, George Washington Custis

Lee, served on President Davis's staff. Making assurance doubly sure, I quote as follows from 'Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,' Volume II, page 664: 'Lest any should suppose from the remark of General Ewell, that I had been unwilling to promote my aide-de-camp, Col. G. W. C. Lee, it is proper to state that the only obstacle to overcome was Lee's objection to receive promotion. With refined delicacy, he shrank from the idea of superseding men who had been actively serving in the field, and in one case, where the objection did not seem to me to have any application, he so decidedly preferred to remain with me that I yielded to his wishes, but gave him additional rank to command the local troops for the defense of Richmond. His valuable services in that capacity on various occasions sustained my high opinion of him as a soldier, and his conduct on that retreat and in the battle of Sailor's Creek, for which he is commended, was only what I anticipated.'

FROM THE VETERAN'S MAIL.

The following appreciated comment on the October number of the VETERAN comes from Berkeley Minor, Sr., of Charlottesville, Va., who says:

"In the October VETERAN, the editorial from the *Nashville Tennessean* says that 'The South has forgiven the North.' I'd say, 'The South is willing to forgive the North, if forgiveness is asked,' for it is impossible to forgive those who do not ask forgiveness, nor want it.

"Again, I note that my much-esteemed young kinsman, Matthew Page Andrews, whom I always read with interest and pleasure, believes that the United States of America is a republic since Appomattox. The *Washington Post* (of August 14, 1906) said most truly: 'Let us be frank about it. The day the people of the North responded to Abraham Lincoln's call for troops to coerce sovereign States, the republic died, and the Nation was born.'

"The October number is a more than usually interesting one. I have often used 'Here's Your Mule,' but had no idea whence it came. We old Confederates owe much to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

* * *

An interesting letter comes from C. R. Bushong, of Troy, Ohio, in acknowledgment of material on the life of Sam Davis, hero of the Confederacy, in which he says: "I thoroughly enjoyed reading the article on Sam Davis and the account

of the Richard Owen Memorial in Indianapolis. In these days, when the mind of the English-speaking nations is largely directed to the subject of peace, it seems to me very appropriate indeed to be reading these memorials which deal so vitally with the traits of nobility and brotherly kindness, which we are always so glad to recognize in our fellow men. . . . My daughter spoke to the high school principal here, who is the teacher of senior history, about the story of Sam Davis, and he asked her to read it to the history class when they reach that period in their class study."

* * *

J. Tucker Cooke writes from Waynesboro, Va., sending five dollars "to go toward the need of the VETERAN. I hope it lives a long and useful life. It is doing a great work for the perpetuation of all things dear to the Southland."

* * *

It is always gratifying to hear from young men who are interested in our Confederate history, and the following is especially appreciated as coming from one of the younger generation who has sprung up in Illinois. John F. Knox, of 321 Wesley Avenue, Oak Park, Ill., is very desirous of getting in touch with some veteran of the Confederacy and to have the opportunity of witnessing a Confederate parade. He says: "I have long been particularly interested in the Civil War, and especially the Confederate side of it. I take great interest in reading every issue of your fine magazine.

"I would be greatly pleased if any Confederate veterans would write to me, as I cherish the memory of those brave men who wore the gray, and I would feel honored to personally hear from some of them. I have never been South in my life, and I have seen only one Confederate soldier to date. I have never seen a gray uniform being worn by a veteran. In fact, all of my family traditions have been Northern, except for some distant relatives who served under the peerless Lee. Yet the unparalleled and incomparable struggle that the people of the Confederacy made to protect their homes and hearths early captured my imagination as nothing has ever done. I have absorbed whole shelves of literature dealing with the Confederacy, having the privilege of access to the Confederate section in the University of Chicago Library, where I have spent many hours reading.

"I hope that I may some time see a parade of Confederate veterans. Some time ago I heard that there was one C. S. A. soldier living in Chi-

cago. At the time he was ninety-two years old. I immediately called upon him at his residence, but he was then extremely ill and died shortly afterwards. He is the only wearer of the gray that I have ever been privileged to see."

AMERICA'S APPRECIATION.

BY CASSIE MONCEUR.

The United States Congress has authorized the completion of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery, allowing \$50,000 to be expended for that purpose. This means that a sarcophagus will be placed on the present slab that now covers the grave, and that it will conform in architecture with the background of the amphitheater; also that the architectural aspect will be carried out as to conformity of design, and that steps of one hundred and twenty feet in width will lead to the approach of this monument, greatly beautifying and enhancing the effect.

The sarcophagus will be of white marble. It is a protest in simplicity against the "group ideals," and very dignified in line of conception. But, as Father Ryan phrased it—

"Far out on the ocean are billows that never will break on the beach,
And so there are tributes of silence too lofty to utter in speech,"—

hence, as yet, no epitaph has been selected or made known to the public, and a year will be necessary before the sculptor will have perfected this masterpiece. This memorial is a tribute of the American people to the "manhood" of the period of 1917-1918, A.D.

France, which was the first country to honor the Unknown Soldier, brought her dead from Verdun to rest beneath the Arc de Triomphe. England took her hero from the blood-soaked fields of Flanders and laid him in the stately halls of Westminster Abbey. Italy opened the sepulcher of Victor Emanuel, the highest honor she could accord for her "Ignoti Militi."

It was a Frenchman, Maurice Maunoury, commander of the 28th French Artillery, who originated the idea of a memorial to the unknown dead of the World War. When awarding prizes at the Lycee de Charlemagne, he proposed a memorial to the poilu to symbolize the homage of a grateful country. France eagerly caught at the idea, and Joffre, Petain, and Foch led the funeral cortege when the Unknown Poilu came home.

England followed France's example, and when her dead was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, King George sprinkled a handful of soil brought from France on the casket of British oak. Two of the pallbearers were Field Marshal French and General Byng, while the rest were selected from the file of the army and navy. The epitaph for the British soldier reads: "They buried him among kings because he had done good toward God and toward his house."

Belgium allowed one of her soldiers, blinded in battle, to select the unknown body, while four comrades who had lost a right arm and four who had lost a left acted as pallbearers.

After a night spent in prayer, an Italian Gold Star Mother selected the casket for Italy's unknown by placing on it a white rose. The body was selected from the unknown dead in a little graveyard near the Adriatic Sea. The sepulcher of Victor Emanuel, which was opened to receive the body, is the finest in all Rome.

It is regarded as fit that the tomb of America's Unknown Soldier should be within the shadow of the Washington monument in Arlington National Cemetery. There the pine and cypress spread their benediction over the muster roll of the army and navy, and the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, when completed, will be the crowning touch of the beauty and solemnity of the place.

PREPAREDNESS

(From Memorial Day address delivered on May 30, 1929, in the Lee Memorial Chapel, Lexington, Va., by General William H. Cocke, retiring Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute.)

There are speeches being made to-day all over this broad land of ours lauding the brave men who have fallen for the flag, but I dare say none in precincts more sacred to the hearts of the people than this in which we are gathered. Here rest the mortal remains of a man whose whole life was consecrated to principles which this day has been set apart to inculcate and emphasize as the guiding principles of this nation's citizenship. Were we all like him, there would be no need of such expressions of patriotism except as a matter of gratitude. He rises in our civilization like a great beacon light at sea to guide us to the safe harbors of personal conduct and civic duty. No nobler figure shines upon the pages of history than of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the idol and the ideal of Virginians. Here we have the perfect type to which our young men may look in safe emulation,

one whose luster does not dim with time nor with searching scrutiny, but rather more and more startles the imagination with its awing superiority. It is no small honor to have an opportunity to speak, as it were, in the shadow of his tomb and with a sense at least of his spiritual presence. A nation's true greatness comes not so much from its physical possessions and wealth as from its ideals translated into the personal conduct and attitude of men like Washington and Lee. So long as men of this type are our models and the forms upon which we fit the character building of our citizenship, our country will march safely forward.

It has become the fashion to-day for men to decry war and military preparedness, yet these two greatest Americans are the direct products of war. I say the value of their lives as citizens and soldiers to America could well be assessed against all the suffering and mortality of those wars which were necessary to bring them to the vision of the people. The modesty of a Lee would probably have prevented his ever being known but for a crisis which crushed the souls of smaller men only to provide opportunity for this colossal character to express itself. Another mighty man whose remains are buried in this city would probably have been unknown outside the immediate circle in which he moved had not the crucible of war forced him to the front. I refer to Stonewall Jackson. Can there be a measure of the value of Washington, Lee, and Jackson as examples of supreme moral and physical courage, of unselfish patriotism, of a willingness to carry crushing responsibilities and support a nation's cause with a mien that inspired confidence and hope in those they commanded and served, to accept with composure and with honor victory or defeat, and, at the end, as in the case of Washington and Lee, modestly to refuse to use a nation's gratitude and admiration to their own selfish purposes? Who can measure the significance to the liberties of our country of Washington's refusal to accept a third term as President? This precedent embedded in the hearts of the people has always been and will continue to be a deterrent to more selfish men desirous of perpetuating themselves in power.

So long as men and nations are guided by the principle of self-preservation, a primary law of nature, there will be wars. I doubt that an advancing civilization has a tendency to lessen the probability of armed conflicts. The evidence up to this time is rather against this theory. Ger-

many, at the outbreak of the World War, was the most advanced nation in education, science, and efficiency of government and industry. When her interests seemed to demand force, she did not hesitate to prepare for and precipitate the most terrible military cataclysm that the world has ever seen. Americans, in 1917, regarded themselves as far advanced in education and a spirituality based upon the principles of the Church of the Prince of Peace, and yet they entered this great war upon the provocation of a refusal to comply with the demand of Germany that our ships should be clearly designated upon entering the area of conflict in order to avoid being attacked by submarines. I do not question our justification in thus supporting rights assured by international custom or law, and I hope there will never come a time when we shall be so imbued with pacifism that our national dignity and rights may be so trampled upon with impunity by any nation. I simply cite this instance to show how easily we may be drawn into conflict. England, in 1914, was far in the advance of civilization, and particularly so in its people's appreciation of the spiritual values. Though not directly attacked, she entered the war because of the indirect attack upon her interests and the fear of a victorious Germany.

I do not believe that leagues, peace pacts, or treaties outlawing war will materially change the situation. The efforts in this direction in the past have tended rather to reduce the number, but to increase the intensity of international conflicts. What more perfect league could there be than that existing between the States in 1861? Every procedure and tribunal necessary to settle questions were provided, and yet when the great issue of State Rights arose, it was necessary to resort to arms and battle over a period of four years. The World War itself was much enlarged in scope by reason of the league or treaty entered into by European nations guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. This treaty caused no hesitation on the part of Germany and Austria when their vital interests seemed to run contrary to its provisions. It then became, in the words of Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg, a mere "scrap of paper." The treaties of Versailles, the Trianon, and Sevres, all made as recently as 1919-1920, laid the foundation for wars, some of which have already been fought and others are but awaiting the development of a new strength on the part of nations affected to become realities. Does anyone believe that a nation so powerful as Germany will continue indefinitely to tolerate at the dictation

of weaker nations a Danzig Corridor, or that Russia, the largest and intrinsically the richest and most powerful nation in the world, will yield its centuries-old purpose to control an outlet to world markets other than through ports ice-bound for five months of the year? England, France, and the United States to-day truly have a place in the sun and enjoy a major portion of the world's land, water, and trade. But their prosperity is out of proportion, and with a militant population of about one-eighth of the world's militant population, they must be prepared either to make great sacrifices or battle for their continued supremacy. Our country is particularly the object of envy of other nations because of our great wealth and constantly increasing dominance in world export trade, while we close our markets to others. For the present we have nothing to fear, but this is due to our strength, our potential military strength.

I do not advocate war, and hope that it will not again come with its suffering and devastation. It can best be avoided by maintaining a constant naval and military strength sufficient to protect our interests and, above all, to keep alive in the hearts of our countrymen a patriotic and fervent love of country. Every boy should have instilled in him that his first duty is to the flag. And it is. What else may demand his life? He may love his wife, his children, his parents, his friends, but none of them may say, "I am in danger; you must die to protect me," and enforce that command. Regardless of all other interests, when the flag calls the answer must be, "I come." That is an absolute truth in government as now constituted. Then must we, when the flag calls, let him answer "as the quarry slave at night scourged to his dungeon," or shall we so train him that when the call comes he will spring to the ranks with joy in his heart that he has an opportunity to serve, even to die, for that country and that flag which inspire his soul with love and obedience? Let his motto be: "*Pro Patria Mori Dulce et Decorum est.*" With a manhood so trained and ready we have but little to fear and may look forward to many generations of peace, for no nation will dare attack us. Our dangers will be from within and incident to the weakening influence of wealth.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

A healthy patriotism and Spartan training for youth will serve even here to protect us and post-

pone the evil day when we must go the way of all nations. I should like to see all young men, particularly those who attend colleges and are destined to become the executives in business and government, have some military training either in school or the citizens' military training camps. Athletics are becoming constantly a more important phase of a youth's education and are of great value in developing bodily strength, courage, sportsmanship, and loyalty. It has been said that England's battles were won on the football fields of Rugby and Eton. There is much truth in this, for in these contests England's soldier leaders were called upon to exercise those qualities which later were relied upon to win success on the field of battle. By all means possible, then, let us keep our people from bodily and spiritual decay. Hold before them loyalty to the flag and to a living, divinely instituted religion as the twin disciplines of their souls, and let no internationalism on the one hand nor atheism on the other destroy the spiritual urge that emanates from these ideals.

Memorial Day has the double purpose of giving us an opportunity to express our gratitude to those who have died a soldier's death and to quicken in our hearts patriotism and love of country. It should be observed by all citizens to keep fresh in the minds of youth that no greater honor may come to a man than the opportunity to serve his country as a soldier, and that when the opportunity comes he should seize it with gladness in his heart, or, failing to do so, live the life ever after of a man who has been craven in the hour of need, a slacker, who cannot hope ever to command the full respect of himself and his fellow man.

THOSE CAMP CHASE LETTERS.

BY ALICE BREENE ROGERS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The announcement in the August number of the *VETERAN* that a bundle of letters written by and to Confederates imprisoned at Camp Chase, Ohio, in 1862, had been turned over to the President of the Ohio Division, U. D. C., and would be delivered to claimants proving that they are entitled to these long-withheld communications, has brought back to my mind a group of old soldiers who were wont to gather in the home of my stepfather, Capt. P. M. Griffin, in Nashville, to fight the battles over and to pay a loving tribute to the memory of comrades who had preceded them upon the Great Adventure.

In the list of writers of these letters appear the

names of Theodore Kelsey, Thomas Kirtland, and John Walker. To give them their proper titles, it would be "Adjutant" Theodore Kelsey and "Lieutenant" Thomas Kirtland, of the 10th Tennessee Infantry, Irish, nicknamed the "Bloody Tinth." John Walker was, in all probability, a lieutenant in the 10th Tennessee, or in one of the Confederate regiments surrendered without the knowledge or consent of its members at Fort Donelson. From Fort Donelson the officers were taken to Camp Chase, and the "non-coms" and privates were taken to Camp Douglas. Months later they were exchanged at Cairo, Ill. Thence they went by boat to the island above Vicksburg, where General Grant was endeavoring to change the course of the Mississippi River. From this island they went to Vicksburg, and shortly afterwards to Clinton, Miss., where the reorganization took place. The regiment was outfitted with new uniforms and guns that had run the blockade. Members were sworn into service for three years or the duration of the war. A few weeks later, the commander of the 10th Tennessee, Col. Randall McGavock, was killed at the battle of Raymond, Miss., and while bearing his body from the field, Captain Griffin was captured by the Federals. He was permitted to purchase a coffin and to bury Colonel McGavock's remains in Raymond, and was later taken on board a steamboat headed for Island No. 10, where a Federal prison was then located.

Lieut. John Walker was also a prisoner on board this boat, and he furnished my stepfather with a letter of introduction to his father, Colonel Walker, of Memphis, Tenn. When the boat was about two miles above Memphis, Captain Griffin made his escape and swam down the Mississippi to the city wharf, where he landed among a group of roustabouts, who supposed him to be one of their number who had fallen into the water, and they urged him to hurry home for dry clothes.

After getting away from the wharf, Captain Griffin realized the seriousness of his position. Memphis was in the hands of the Federals, and he knew no one there to whom he might turn for advice. He had very little money of his own, and not even a change of clothing. In his possession, however, was his colonel's watch, money, and valuable papers, which he was very anxious to turn over to a brother, Dr. Grundy McGavock, who was then living on his plantation in Arkansas. After considering the matter, Captain Griffin decided to present the letter of introduction to Colonel Walker, and he went directly to the Walker

home. Colonel Walker was absent, and the letter was handed over to the mother of the officer who wrote it. She read the letter through three or four times and took a long look at the unprepossessing young man who had presented it, then said: "My husband has taken the oath, and I can do nothing for you." Captain Griffin said goodbye to Mrs. Walker, and in later years he said that he had never felt any resentment toward her. He engaged lodging at a third-rate boarding house and, to use his own expression, "sneaked around the town, eavesdropping people." After several days, he overheard a conversation between two gentlemen, both of whom it seemed had suffered large financial losses at the hands of the Federals. At the close of their talk, he followed the man who seemed to have the greatest grievance. First, he told him that he had been guilty of listening to his conversation, and he then identified himself with Colonel McGavock's papers. The man whom he had addressed told him that his name was McPherson, that he conducted a school for young ladies in Memphis. He told Captain Griffin that he would be arrested, but after being assured that worry about arrest was the least of his troubles, Professor McPherson looked him in the eye and directed him to the home of a Mr. McCombs, and told him to tell this gentleman his story. My father thanked the Professor and started to the McCombs residence. By mistake, he stopped at the home next door. A beautiful young lady came to the door in response to his summons, and, although he had never seen her before, he recognized her as a sister of Lieut. Thomas Kirtland. He asked if she was not a relative of the Lieutenant, and she said that she was his sister, and that Mr. McCombs was her nearest neighbor. At the McCombs house, Captain Griffin was received very kindly by Mrs. McCombs, who invited him to wait until her husband arrived from the cotton gin. When Mr. McCombs heard his story, he took him upstairs and gave him clean linen and a suit of clothes, completing his costume with a stovepipe hat. He was then taken down to dinner and introduced to the family and to two Federal officers who were among the guests as a nephew of Mr. McCombs, from Cincinnati. His host sent over into Arkansas for Dr. McGavock, and a few days later he arrived, when his dead brother's property was turned over to him.

While Captain Griffin was awaiting the arrival of Dr. McGavock, Mrs. Walker came to see him. Her husband had returned home, and the letter of introduction had been delivered to him. She

was in great distress, and brought a number of gifts with her, none of which Captain Griffin felt that he could accept. She made a second visit and brought him a lot of clothing, and finally, just to please her, he accepted a suit of clothes.

Finding that all roads leading out of Memphis were heavily guarded, Captain Griffin hired out to the Federal government and was sent to Louisville. From there he started to Nashville with a gang of workmen and came as far south on his journey as Edgefield Junction, where a friend boarded the train and informed him that a government detective was at that moment awaiting his arrival in the L. & N. depot at Nashville, and that the Federals had offered several thousand dollars for his capture, dead or alive. He left the train immediately and was brought to Nashville in a hack furnished by his friend. He had many hairbreadth escapes before he got back to his old command, which was at that time encamped on the line of the W. & A. Railroad, near Sand Mountain, Ga. Among the first of his comrades to welcome him back was Adjutant Kelsey. After this they remained very close together until the Adjutant met his death at Chickamauga, with many other members of his regiment. Captain Griffin assisted in consigning his body to the earth after the battle.

Adjutant Kelsey was a native of New York, but his sympathies were with the South, and at the beginning of the war he came to Nashville and cast his lot with the 10th Tennessee Infantry, Irish. In the spring of 1881, his niece, Mrs. E. N. Whiton, came to Nashville with her husband, and Captain Griffin accompanied them to Chickamauga, Ga., for the purpose of having Adjutant Kelsey's remains disinterred. At that time, the condition of the old battle field was quite different from what it is to-day. They were able to find only a few of the Adjutant's bones, which were later taken to New York for burial.

Mrs. Whiton was a woman of unusual beauty and charm, and, according to my stepfather, greatly resembled her uncle, whom she adored. For her to receive a letter written by this beloved kinsman so long ago would be like getting a gift from that "High Country" where the Adjutant has been joined by a great majority of the comrades who held him so dear. If the addresses cannot be found, I trust that there is still in the land of the living members of the family of Lieutenants Kirtland and Walker to whom the letters they wrote may be sent.

In looking over letters written to my stepfather

by his old comrades, I have found frequent mention of both the Adjutant and these other officers, and in each instance there are expressions of love and admiration. I first heard of the 10th Tennessee when I was a small child. To me the exploits of its members are very real, although the mellow voices that related them are forever stilled.

THE AFTERMATH OF WAR.

(This historical article was contributed by D. C. Alford, and sent in by Miss Mary Holland, Hartwell Chapter, U. D. C., Hartwell, Ga.)

At the close of the War between the States there were many tragedies and crimes of various kinds to add to the number that had already been committed to make the history of war the more distressing and grievous.

One that has ever been deplored by the people of Hartwell, Ga., was the brutal murder of Dr. J. M. Webb on the 3rd of May, 1865. Some half-dozen of the "hangers-on" who always followed in the wake of war came through Hartwell on their mission of crime, determined to do whatever they wished to carry out their fiendish desires. Dr. J. M. Webb was one of their victims. A more kindly, noble, and harmless man could not be found than "Dr. Jim Webb," as he was familiarly known. These ruffians approached him and demanded his pistol, but before he had time to take it from the strap, they shot him dead.

The awful tragedy took place in the southeast corner of the public square, near where the sign of an old well is shown now, and all who remember and know about the sudden going of Dr. Webb are made to feel sad when passing this place.

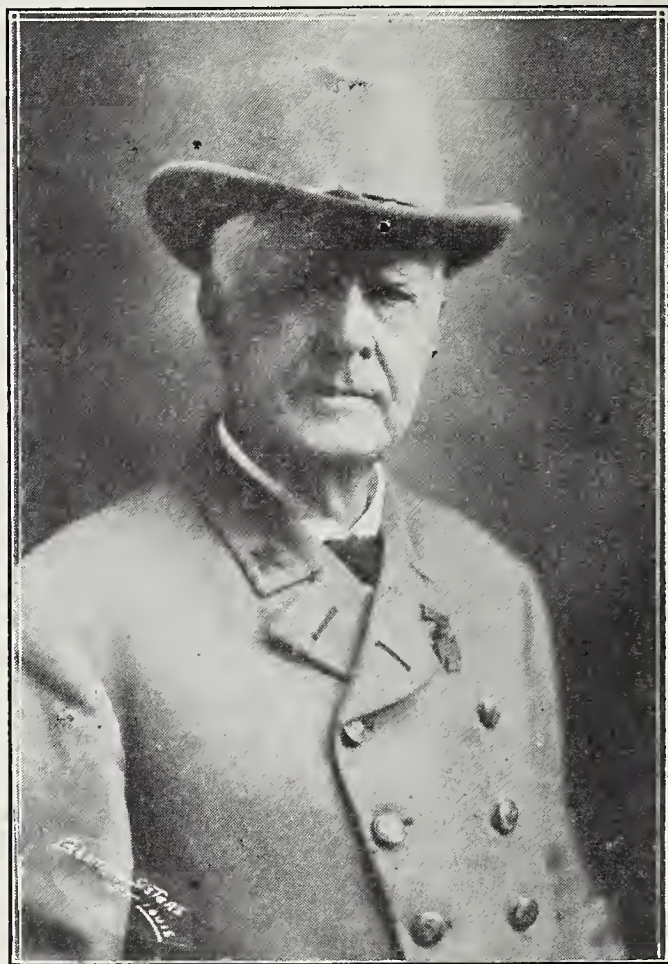
After committing the awful crime, these murderers rode away as if nothing had been done, and at that time nothing could be done in the way of redress; all had to bear and endure the best they could.

Mrs. Webb, the noblest and best of mothers, was left to grieve over the sad going of her beloved husband, and to care for her three little boys the best she could without the help of a kind and loving husband and father. How well she did everything that could be expected of a consecrated Christian mother is best known by all who ever knew this good woman until the time came in November, 1912, for her going to be with the loved ones whom the Scriptures say are "precious in the sight of the Lord."

PAYMASTER GENERAL, U. C. V.

Gen. Charles Collier Harvey, Paymaster General of the United Confederate Veterans, died at his home in St. Louis, Mo., in late August, 1929, after some months of failing health.

He was born in Campbell County, Va., Septem-



GEN. CHARLES C. HARVEY, U. C. V.

ber 8, 1846, and was married to Miss Anna Wells Flagg, also of Campbell County, on May 1, 1867. He went to Missouri in 1869, locating at Glasgow, but in late years his home had been in St. Louis. He was a member of the St. Louis Camp, No. 731, U. C. V., and had served as Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., while at the time of his death he held the position of Paymaster General, U. C. V.

Prior to the War between the States, Charles C. Harvey was a member of the Lynchburg Rifle Grays. He was mustered into the Confederate service on April 23, 1861, at Richmond, and on May 6, became a member of Company A, 11th Virginia Infantry, of which regiment the late U. S. Senator John W. Danien was Adjutant. Later, young Harvey participated in the major engagements of Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, including the battles of Bull Run, Yorktown, Seven Pines, Seven Days Fight-

ing around Richmond, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Frazier's Farm (where he was wounded), Fredericksburg, etc.

In years after the war, Charles Harvey went to Missouri and was in the hardware business in Glasgow, later being in the general office of the Wabash Railroad. Later still he was with the Mexican National Railway and stationed in Laredo, Tex., 1892-93; and just prior to his retirement, some fifteen years ago, he was traveling freight agent of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, out of Kansas City.

The Harvey family were all Presbyterians, and General Harvey was for many years a member of that Church, but eventually joined the Baptist Church to be with his wife. He was a member of Camp No. 80, U. C. V., of Kansas City, transferring his membership to Camp No. 731, U. C. V., when he made his home in St. Louis.

DISMOUNTED CAVALRY.

Among papers and letters stored in an old trunk through many years, the property of the late Maj. J. N. Dodson, commanding the 9th Texas Cavalry, the following paper was brought to light by Mrs. J. H. Page, Vice President of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Houston, Tex., and a copy was sent to the VETERAN as something worthy of record. It will be of interest as showing the desire of Major Dodson and his men to give the best service possible and for they had been trained, and is as follows:

"CAMP NEAR TUPELO, MISS.,
ARMY OF THE WEST,
August, 1864.

"To the Honorable Secretary of War,
Richmond, Va.

"Sir: Representing the 9th Regiment of Texas Cavalry, I beg to make the following statement and appeal: This regiment was mustered into the service of the State of Texas on the 19th day of August, 1861, and turned over to and mustered into the Confederate service on the 14th day of October, 1861. We went from our home and were mustered as cavalry and so served our State, and were so turned over to the Confederate service, and so did much hard and, we trust, honorable service, and it was certainly an implied contract between the State and the Confederate States that we should serve in that capacity; and we flatter ourselves that we did much good in our twelve hundred miles of scouting during the months of November, December, and January, in the Creek and Cherokee Territories and in our two Indian battles of Red Fork and at the battle of

Elk Horn, led by the lamented and gallant Colonel McIntosh; also a part of our command was engaged in the brilliant feat at Keetsville, Mo., under command of Major (now Colonel) Ross, of Texas, a few days before the battle of Elk Horn, the effect of which was to destroy the enemy's rear and cut off his supplies, thereby reducing him to distress.

"We refer you to these successes as evidence of our valuable services on horseback, and by them we will be judged. Pressing necessity required that we should cross the Mississippi River and go to the relief of General Beauregard at Corinth, Miss. We were dismounted at Des Arc, Ark., about the 13th of April, 1862, temporarily, forage being scarce and transportation being insufficient. Please see General Van Dorn's General Order, No.—, a copy of which is inclosed. To that pressing necessity we yielded obedience, and went heart and hand to the fields so recently stained with the blood of our friends and kindred east of the Mississippi. Reluctantly, however, did we quit our impudent foe, then menacing Missouri and Arkansas and threatening the borders of our own beloved State.

"Permit us to remind you that the emergencies contemplated in the said order have already expired, and, so far from their now existing, that experienced and expert horsemen are needed upon every hand. For our character as horsemen and marksmen on horseback, and our scouting and guerrilla capacity, we respectfully refer you to our delegation in Congress and Cabinet. And for the following reasons we hereby demand that we be again placed in our proper element—upon horseback:

"1. We are cavalry proper, and so contracted to serve.

"2. The reason for which we were dismounted has expired.

"3. We have reënlisted as cavalry.

"4. We are horsemen by trade and by profession, and policing and scouting the country was our occupation at home, being from the stock raising prairies.

"5. We are healthy, hardy and efficient upon horseback, and ailing, unhealthy, tender, dispirited, and inefficient on foot.

"6. We have done much valuable service on horseback, and have done nothing but suffer with disease and languor on foot, and have been a drag to the government (which we regret to say), and the habits of the greater part of the regiment have been such that they cannot endure long and fatiguing marches on foot. We have been trained under rigid infantry discipline for the past three months, and it is a failure in all save melting away in number, caused by ill health, which is in greater part brought

on by wounded pride at being brought to their present positions, which was never the case on horseback.

"7. The public service, success, the health of the troops, all demand loudly that we be placed in our proper sphere

"And to the general commanding the division, and to the War Department, we respectfully appeal. We take this opportunity to suggest to you that should we not be mounted at an early date, we shall consider the contract between the State of Texas and the Confederate States, and that between us and the Confederate States, violated upon the part of the Department, and, hence, according to all civil and international law, not binding on us, and shall demand to be discharged, and, if refused, shall tender our resignation. All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. N. DODSON,

Major Commanding 9th Texas Cavalry."

COMMANDER FORREST'S CAVALRY ASSOCIATION.

The familiar presence of Gen. W. A. Collier, Commander of Forrest's Cavalry Association, will be sadly missed from future gatherings of his Confederate comrades, for the beloved Commander has passed to his eternal reward. He died at Memphis, Tenn., on August 18, after a short illness, and his going has left a wide gap in the ever-thinning gray line.

William Armistead Collier, son of Thomas Barksdale and Catherine Page Nelson Collier, was born in Haywood County, Tenn., February 12, 1847. His parents were Virginians, of English descent, and sprung from the oldest and most prominent families of that State. He was related to the great English divine, Jeremy Collier, and Admiral Collier of the English Navy. Three great-grandfathers were officers and heroes in the Revolutionary War. The father of William Armistead Collier, a large and successful planter, died when his son was yet a child, leaving a widow and several children. When the neighborhood in which his mother lived was evacuated by the Confederates, she had on her plantation a large amount of cotton. True to the blood of her Revolutionary sires, she ordered this cotton burned rather than have it fall into the hands of the enemy. Being an invalid, she had her bed rolled to the window so that she could see the order executed.

Thus descended, it was but natural that young Collier, though little over fourteen years of age, should join one of the first companies organized

for the Confederacy of Tennessee in 1861; but he was rejected on account of his youth. His family then sent him to Memphis, hoping to keep him out of the army. He was in Memphis but a short while when he joined a company, which afterwards became Company I, of the 1st Confederate Cavalry. This regiment served throughout the campaigns of 1862 and 1863 in Tennessee and Kentucky, under Generals Wheeler and Bragg.

In the spring of 1863 young Collier was discharged near Columbia, Tenn., because of ill health. The enemy was then advancing. It was necessary for him to retreat or become a prisoner. He determined, if his strength permitted, to go to his home in West Tennessee, then in the Federal lines. He was advised that it would be impossible for him to cross the Federal lines, not only because of the regular troops, but because of the bushwhackers and guerrillas that were infesting the country. Being so often warned of the danger, he attempted to ally himself with three other Confederates who were going his way, urging them that the four could make a strong fight if necessary; but they refused to permit him to accompany them.

This proved most fortunate for young Collier, as the three men were killed that night. After eighteen months of active service, he was still so frail and young that, disguised as a girl, he successfully passed the Federal lines, and reached his home in safety. During his stay at home he was often pursued by the Federal raiding parties, and was once captured and detained for a short while as a prisoner.

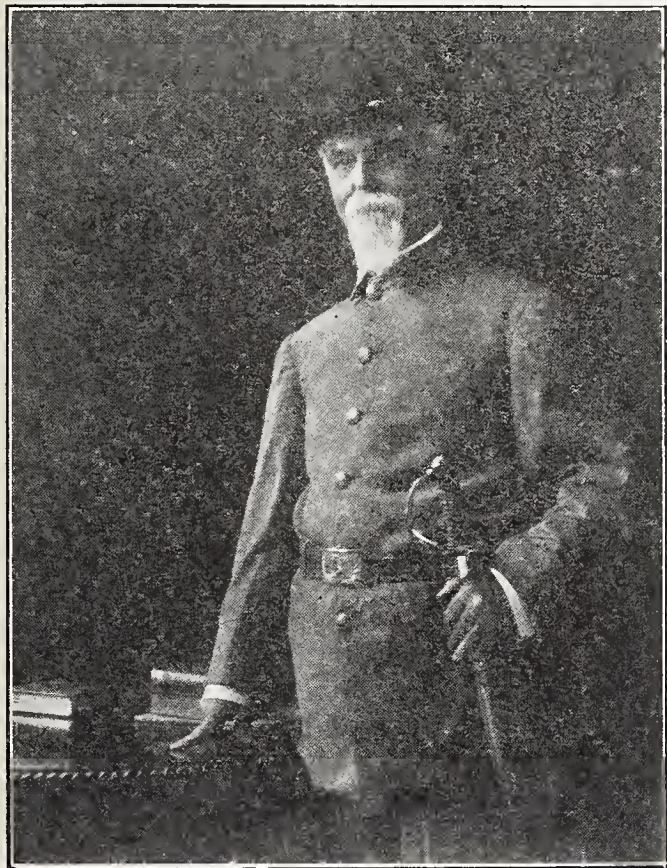
In the fall of 1863, his health being restored, Collier went south and joined Company B of the famous 7th Tennessee Cavalry, under General Forrest, the company that he had attempted to join early in 1861. He served until the end of the war in this command, and participated in the principal engagements, some of them the most brilliant in the history of our great struggle. He was never wounded, although he had a horse shot under him at West Point, and his clothes shot and his flesh burned at Tishomingo Creek.

When informed at Gainesville, Ala., that General Lee had surrendered, and that his command was expecting orders to do likewise, young Collier and his messmates, W. E. and John S. Maclin, determined that they would not surrender; so, with their servants, they left their command with the intention of crossing the Mississippi River and joining the Trans-Mississippi Department. Hearing of their departure, their colonel sent for

them and advised and urged the young men to remain and surrender with the command, saying that if Lee and Forrest surrendered, they could afford to do so, too. Collier promised his colonel that he would remain provided he could know the

for the twelfth time to that honor he considered the highest he had ever received.

He was laid to rest in the gray uniform that he devotedly loved, his casket covered with the Confederate colors that he had so gallantly defended.



GEN. WILLIAM A. COLLIER

terms of surrender in time to leave, if desired, as he would never surrender to any foe to be searched, insulted, and humiliated. The terms as given by the Federals were liberal, and he surrendered with the command.

After the war, Mr. Collier returned to his home and devoted several years to the reclaiming and upbuilding of the old family homestead and retrieving the ruins of the war. He studied law at Lebanon, Tenn., and located in Memphis in 1870, where he had since resided and become prominent at the bar, in business, and in politics. In 1872, he was married to Miss Alice Trezevant, daughter of Nathaniel Macon and Amanda Avery Trezevant, of Memphis, who survives him with their four children, a daughter and three sons.

General Collier was always true, loyal, and active in maintaining the righteousness of the Confederate cause, of instilling its history into his children, and of preserving the traditions of the Old South. A regular and prominent figure at all reunions, he had many years served as Commander of the Forrest Cavalry Corps; and at the Charlotte reunion, he was unanimously elected

UNDER THE SHADE OF THE TREES.

THE DYING WORDS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

What are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?

What is the mystical vision he sees?

"Let us pass over the river and rest
Under the shade of the trees."

Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?

Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease?

Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks
Under the shade of the trees?

Is it the far Shenandoah, whose rush

Offtime had come to him, borne on the breeze
Over his tent, as he lay in the hush
Under the shade of the trees?

Nay, though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,

Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,
Saw the soft sheen of the thitherward shore
Under the shade of the trees.

Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight,

Heard the harps harping like sounding seas—
Saw earth's pure-hearted ones, walking in white,
Under the shade of the trees.

Surely for *him* it was well—it was best—

War-worn, yet asking no furlough of ease,
There to pass over the river and rest
Under the shade of the trees.

—Margaret J. Preston.

LAST OF GOVERNOR WATTS'S FAMILY.

Report has come of the passing of the last member of the family of Thomas Hill Watts, governor of Alabama during the War between the States and a member of President Davis's Cabinet. Miss Minnie Garrott Watts, the youngest child, was born in October, 1865, in the old Watts home in Montgomery, which is now St. Margaret's Hospital; she died at Long Beach, N. J., on September 30, and her body was taken back to the old home town and laid away in the family plot in Oakwoods Cemetery, Montgomery. She was a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, also a member of the Baptist Church, noted for her many deeds of charity. Her nephews were the pallbearers.

ADMIRAL FRANKLIN BUCHANAN.

BY CHARLES LEE LEWIS, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY.

When the unhappy war between the North and the South began in the spring of 1861, Franklin Buchanan was generally regarded as one of the most distinguished officers in the United States Navy. He was then a captain, the highest rank in the navy at that time, and for two years had been the commandant of the Washington Navy Yard, a post then looked upon with favor by ambitious officers. Indeed, as early as 1842 a writer in the *New York Herald* had declared: "If all that constitutes the officer and gentleman, the high-toned man of honor, with twenty-eight years of service in acquiring what all accord to him the 'finished sailor man,' was ever concentrated in one person, that one is Franklin Buchanan."

Buchanan had perfected himself in the science and art of his profession through varied experiences in many different types of ships and on most of the great seas and oceans. He had entered the navy as a midshipman when only fourteen years old, with the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" (first sung in Baltimore only a few months previous) ringing in his ears and the bright deeds of our naval heroes in the War of 1812 inspiring him to emulation. With the sea fever burning in his youthful breast, he would not wait until the frigate *Java*, then fitting out in Baltimore, was ready for sea, but gained permission to sail meanwhile on a merchant vessel to the West Indies.

In the *Java*, under command of Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of the battle of Lake Erie, and later in the ship of the line *Franklin*, commanded by Master Commandant Henry E. Ballard, he spent his first five years in the naval service in cruising in the Mediterranean. During this time, in addition to Perry, he was brought into touch with other naval leaders whose names are bright on the pages of naval history, such as Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, John Downes, Charles Stewart, and Thomas Macdonough. Eager for active service, not immediately at hand in the navy, on his return home, he secured a furlough and went as second officer on a voyage to China in a merchant vessel. After a year or so he was back again in the United States and reëntered active naval service, spending several years in the Caribbean in Commodore David Porter's squadron and in the *Natchez* under command of Master Commandant George Budd in their successful operations against the pirates of the West Indies, where the

hurricanes and the yellow fever were even more dangerous enemies than the sea rovers. Meanwhile, on leave, Buchanan, though only a young lieutenant twenty-five years old, sailed the ship *Baltimore*, of sixty-four guns, recently built in the city of Baltimore for the Brazilian Navy, safely through a severe storm and delivered her safe and sound into the hands of representatives of Emperor Don Pedro.

Then came more cruising in the Mediterranean, first in the *Constellation*, commanded by Captain A. S. Wadsworth, uncle of the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and a little later in the ship of the line *Delaware*, a crack ship commanded by Captain Ballard. It was while attached to the latter ship that Buchanan, in company with the other officers, was entertained at dinner in Paris by King Louis Philippe. Among these other officers were Charles S. Stewart, the famous chaplain, and Andrew H. Foote, and Sidney Smith Lee, brother to Robert E. Lee. Returning to America in the famous old frigate *United States*, Buchanan was married on February 19, 1835, to Anne Catherine Lloyd, daughter of Gov. Edward Lloyd, of Wye House, and niece of Francis Scott Key.

The young naval officer's next sea duty was that of flag lieutenant on the *Constitution* flagship of the Pacific Squadron based at Callao, Peru, under command of Commodore Claxton. After returning home on the sloop of war *Falmouth*, he was ordered as second in command to Capt. William D. Salter, of the steam frigate *Mississippi*, one of the new show vessels of that day. On December 17, 1842, Buchanan, having been promoted to the rank of commander the year previous (September 8, 1841), was given his first independent command in the navy, the sloop *Vincennes*. In this vessel he patrolled the Caribbean for two years on the lookout for pirates and slavers, at the same time helping to keep his government in touch with affairs in Mexico and in the new Republic of Texas.

When Secretary of the Navy Bancroft was endeavoring to establish a naval school, Buchanan, among other officers, was asked to give advice in the choice of a site, and after Annapolis was chosen, the Secretary appointed him to be the first superintendent of the new school. For this duty of organizing such an institution, he was admirably suited, as he was known throughout the navy as a most able disciplinarian and cultured gentleman, and both he and his wife were well known and most highly esteemed in Annapolis.

olis. Buchanan here initiated the high standards of discipline and efficiency for which the Naval Academy has become famous; and Bancroft himself, in his annual report for the year 1845, commended his precision and sound judgment and his wise adaptation of simple and moderate means to a great and noble end. "All parties of that day, the Secretary of the Navy, the public journalists, and others," declared Marshall's "History of the U. S. Naval Academy," "bear testimony to the skill, ability, and success with which he discharged the difficult duties of his office."

After about eighteen months as Superintendent of the Naval School (as it was at first called), having made repeated requests for active sea service in the Mexican War, Buchanan was finally ordered to command the new sloop of war *Ger mantown*. Though this vessel arrived in Mexican waters a few days too late to take part in the capture of Vera Cruz, Buchanan was able to join Commodore Perry's squadron in the successful expeditions against Tuspan and Tobasco, and he remained on duty on the Mexican coast until the peace was signed, February 2, 1848. After a period of shore duty, most of which was spent in command of the *Baltimore* *Rendevous*, early in 1852 he had the good fortune to be ordered to command the steam frigate *Susquehanna*, the flagship of Commodore Perry's squadron in the famous expedition to Japan. In this great enterprise he was associated with other officers whom Perry had tested and found worthy in the Mexican War.

When, after patient negotiations with the Japanese, the President's letter was at last, on July 14, 1853, ceremoniously presented at Uraga to personal representatives of the Emperor, Buchanan, who was in charge of the landing of the American naval escort, had the unique distinction of being the first to set foot on Japanese soil, and he also took a prominent part in the negotiations which led to the opening of Japanese ports to American commerce. Toward the beginning, and again at the close of the expedition, the *Susquehanna*, on special service in Chinese waters, carried the American Commissioner up the Yangtsekiang River to look after American interests during the Taiping Rebellion. Bayard Taylor, who was temporarily attached to Buchanan's ship, wrote in his "Visit to India, China, and Japan in 1853": "We found in Captain Buchanan, the commander, all that his reputation as a gentleman and a brave, gallant officer led us to expect." Re-

turning to the United States by way of Honolulu, San Francisco, and Cape Horn, the *Susquehanna*, still under Buchanan's command, was the first steamship to cross the Pacific Ocean.

Such had been the career of Buchanan when, on August 1, 1856, he was made a captain, and after service on various boards, chief among which was the famous "Efficiency Board," and some time on "waiting orders" because of ill health, he was placed in command of the Washington Navy Yard on May 26, 1859. Here he was brought into intimate contact with affairs at the national capital which were fast developing into the open break between the North and the South. In spite of his sympathies for the South, still Buchanan performed his duties faithfully and fully as long as he was an officer in the United States Navy. For example, when, early in 1861, it was rumored that a mob would attack the Washington Navy Yard to secure arms and ammunition for preventing Lincoln's inauguration, Buchanan drew up specific instructions for the defense of the place, among which was the following: "In the event of an attack, I shall require all officers and others under my command to defend it (the yard) to the last extremity, and should we be overpowered by numbers, the armory and magazine must be blown up."

But just as honest and straightforward were the steps he took in severing his connection with the navy, when he finally decided he could not longer remain conscientiously in it, after he had become convinced that the sentiment in Maryland, as expressed not only in the press, but also in the legislature and even by Governor Hix himself, was predominantly in favor of succession from the Union; and when, on April 19, the first blood was shed in the war on the streets of Baltimore, in the effort that was made there to oppose the passing of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania troops through the city on their way to Washington, then Buchanan, on April 22, resigned his commission as a captain in the navy of the United States. In this decision he was moved by the same emotions that led James Hyder Randall, a native of Baltimore then residing in New Orleans, to pen those immortal lines, beginning, "The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland." Buchanan had likewise been born in Baltimore some sixty years previous, and had many relatives living in that city. His great-grandfather, Dr. George Buchanan, was one of the seven commissioners appointed in 1792 to lay out Baltimore Town, and was besides a prominent member of the General

Assembly of the Colony of Maryland. He owned an extensive estate, called "Auchentorlie," which is now a part of Druid Hill Park in the city of Baltimore. Franklin Buchanan's grandfather, General Andrew Buchanan, commanded Maryland troops in the Revolutionary War and was also prominent in Baltimore affairs; while his father, also named Dr. George Buchanan, was one of the founders of the Medical Society of Baltimore and a charter member of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, and held several offices in the municipal government of Baltimore. Perhaps the first sights most vividly impressed upon Franklin Buchanan's mind in childhood were the ships sailing in and out of the harbor of his native city. He had resided there for several years on two different tours of duty as a naval officer. His first voyage on a merchant vessel had started from that port, and the *Java*, the first ship he had served on as a midshipman, had sailed from Baltimore. His wife belonged to one of the most prominent of Maryland families, and his home ever since his marriage had been in that State. He, accordingly, had good and sufficient reasons for feeling that his interests, his very life even, were bound up with those of Baltimore and Maryland.

After it became evident that Maryland could not follow Virginia out of the Union, Buchanan was advised that the sectional difficulties would be arranged when Congress met, and he allowed himself to be persuaded by some of his friends to recall his resignation, which had not then been acted upon. "This I soon regretted," wrote Buchanan afterwards, "when it became apparent to all that there could be no reconciliation between the North and the South, and when influential Union gentlemen offered their services to obtain my commission for me, I plainly told them that nothing could induce me to remain in that navy. My Southern views were known to Mr. Welles, and when I said I was ready for services, he knew that I would not accept service against the South." Buchanan's request was accordingly refused, for a few days after it was made, the Secretary of the Navy curtly wrote him: "By direction of the President, your name has been stricken from the rolls of the navy."

In his home, "The Rest," on the eastern shore of Maryland, Buchanan spent several months with his family, looking after his farm, and anxiously regarding the course of the war which had meanwhile begun in earnest. During this period of anxiety, he wrote a nephew in Baltimore: "I have

never written or sent a message South to secure a situation there, but I have been told I could get one without the *least difficulty*. My intention is to remain neutral if I can do so; but if *all law* is to be dispensed with, the 'Stars and Stripes' are to be still more desecrated by the powers that be than they have been, and a coercive policy continued which would disgust *barbarians*, and the South literally *trampled upon*, I may change my mind and join them." That is just what happened, for he eventually came to the decision that his duty lay with his friends in the South. Leaving his home and family, he proceeded to Richmond, where, on September 5, 1861, he joined the Confederate Navy with the rank of captain.

Buchanan was soon made Chief of the Office of Orders and Detail, a position of great responsibility in the organization of the new Confederate Navy. Then, early in 1862, he was given an opportunity to display his courage and professional ability in active service, when he was ordered to command the C. S. S. *Virginia*, the famous iron-clad, which had been constructed out of the half-burned hull of the steam frigate *Merrimac* that had fallen into the hands of the Confederates at the outbreak of the war. This vessel was provided with a sloping shield covered with four inches of iron armor, ten heavy guns, and a wedge-shaped ram weighing about 1,500 pounds. Just before noon on March 8, 1862, Buchanan took this new, untried weapon of warfare, with its comparatively untrained crew of some 320 officers and men, out to engage in battle with the Union fleet in Hampton Roads. Of the numerous vessels in this fleet, the five largest were armed with about 100 guns, to count only the heavier ordnance. "They were the pride of the navy, and before the war had been regarded as the highest and most perfect type of the men-of-war of the period," wrote James Russell Soley in "The Blockade and the Cruiser."

Grimly advancing in the face of a concentrated fire from two Union ships and shore batteries besides, the *Virginia's* iron ram, just fifteen minutes after the action began, crashed into the *Cumberland* and sent her to the bottom, with a loss in killed, drowned, and wounded of 137 out of her crew of 376 men. Then, turning his attention to the other vessel, the *Congress*, Buchanan found that she had retired into shallow water out of most effective range, but in due time he forced her to raise the white flag. While the surrender was being effected, a tremendous fire was opened from the shore on friend and foe alike, and it

became necessary to destroy the Congress with hot shot and incendiary shell. The fact that his own brother, McKean Buchanan, was purser on the doomed vessel did not deter the Confederate commander from doing what he conceived to be his duty. Fortunately this brother was not among the 137 casualties which the Congress suffered. But Franklin Buchanan himself was not so fortunate, for it was in this last stage of the battle that he was wounded in the thigh by a Minie ball fired from the shore. Though not a dangerous wound, it forced him to relinquish the command of the Virginia to Lieutenant Catesby ap Rogers Jones, his executive officer.. This officer then took the ironclad into deeper water off Sewell's Point, after a brief attack on the Minnesota, because the tide was ebbing and daylight nearly gone, and, besides, it was thought that the other Union vessels could be easily destroyed the following day. Though the ironclad had suffered some minor injuries, she was quite capable of renewing the fight early the next morning. She had lost only two killed and nineteen wounded to a total of about 300 casualties on the Union side.

The results of this first engagement of an ironclad in battle were hailed with delight in the South and struck consternation into the heart of the North. No such losses in a naval battle had ever been experienced by the United States since the founding of the government. At a cabinet meeting hastily convened in Washington, "both he (Lincoln) and Stanton (Secretary of War) went repeatedly to the window and looked down the Potomac—the view being uninterrupted for miles—to see if the Merrimac was not coming to Washington" ("Diary of Gideon Welles," I, 65). This tension was somewhat relieved by the drawn battle of the following day between the Confederate ironclad and the Union Monitor, but into that we shall not go, as Buchanan's wound prevented him from commanding his ship in the second day's fighting. He had ordered his cot to be carried to the gun deck of the Virginia, but the surgeons refused to allow him to remain on the vessel because of his loss of blood and consequent weakness.

For this remarkable achievement, Buchanan, together with those under his command, received the thanks of the Congress of the Confederate States, and, on August 21, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of admiral and placed at the head of the Confederate navy, his commission bearing the date of August 26, 1862. His old friend Tattnall, in congratulating him, wrote: "That which I ad-

mire most in the whole affair is the bold confidence with which you undertook an untried thing. To have faltered, or to have doubted, might have been fatal, but you proved yourself (as the old navy always esteemed you) a man not of doubt or faltering when you had undertaken an adventure.."

When his wound had healed, Admiral Buchanan was ordered to Mobile, in August, 1862, to organize the naval defenses of that important Southern port. Here he labored against heartbreaking obstacles in the building, arming, manning, and equipping of a fleet. Though three rams were built at Selma, Ala., and conveyed down the river to Mobile, adequate iron for armor could be obtained for only one of these, the Tennessee. This vessel had a shield somewhat like that of the Virginia, with armor five to six inches thick, and carried six heavy guns and a ram. With this ironclad, which was not ready to be commissioned until February 16, 1864, and with three small gunboats, the Morgan and Gaines, built early in the war and unarmored except for a thin plating over the boilers, and the Selma, a converted open-deck river steamer, Buchanan was forced to fight Farragut in the battle of Mobile Bay after he had assembled a fleet of four monitors and fourteen wooden vessels.

It is true that in this battle of August 5, 1864, Farragut's fleet had to pass between Forts Morgan and Gaines to get into Mobile Bay; but of the 69 and 27 guns, respectively, mounted by these forts, not more than one-third were modern and effective, and, furthermore, Fort Gaines was invested by 1,500 Union soldiers two days before Farragut moved his fleet forward to force the passage. With a total of more than 150 heavy guns on his ships, the Union commander was able to smother the fire of the forts effectively and lost only one vessel, the monitor Tecumseh, which was sunk by a Confederate mine.

After Farragut had broken through into the bay, Buchanan, who had coöperated with the forts as fully as he could with his small squadron, which carried a total of only twenty-two guns, found himself face to face with an overwhelming force with the odds nearly nine to one against him. Though the Tennessee had engaged ship after ship of Farragut's fleet, while passing the forts, her engines were too slow to enable her to sink any of them and her guns were unable to sink a single one of the wooden vessels, none of her shells penetrating below the water line. In the

last stage of the battle, though Buchanan knew that he could expect no assistance from his gunboats, he was unwilling to give up the fight without doing his utmost. Accordingly, he said to his second in command, "Follow them up, Johnston; we can't let them off that way," and the Tennessee turned slowly and proceeded deliberately toward Farragut's great fleet.

The fight that followed is not surpassed elsewhere in the annals of naval history. For more than an hour this one ironclad fought three monitors and all of Farragut's fourteen wooden ships. Meanwhile her gun port shutters became jammed one after another, so that not a gun could be brought to bear; the steering chains and then the relieving tackles in turn were shot away, and the after end of the shield was so thoroughly shattered that the gun deck was on the point of being exposed to view. Admiral Buchanan had been found by Surgeon Conrad seriously wounded and had been carried on the surgeon's back down the ladder to the cockpit, with the Admiral's broken right leg slapping against Conrad as he slowly moved along with his heavy burden. When Johnston reported the state of affairs to his wounded commander, Buchanan said: "Well, Johnston, fight to the last! Then, to save these brave men, when there is no longer any hope, surrender." This, of course, was inevitable; but when the white flag went up and the battle came to an end, in spite of the great disparity in strength of the opposing forces, the losses were altogether disproportionate, for Buchanan's small squadron had lost only twelve killed and twenty wounded, of whom two were killed and nine wounded on the Tennessee; while Farragut's fleet had lost, besides the ninety-three drowned on the Tecumseh, fifty-two killed and one hundred and seventy wounded. Buchanan had, indeed, fought a glorious fight!

In spite of his age, the severity of his wound, and many months of prison life, Buchanan survived, was exchanged, and made a prisoner a second time just at the close of the war. Like so many other Southern leaders, he then returned home to engage in another struggle — against financial embarrassment. During the war his beautiful home, "The Rest," filled with interesting souvenirs and curios which he had collected on his many cruises to foreign lands, was destroyed completely by fire, with the loss of practically everything. Before the war, having only the income from his pay as a naval officer, he had not amassed much wealth, as he had a large family to support, and, being generous and hospitable by

nature, he spent freely in the entertainment of his friends. At the close of the war, accordingly, he found himself an old man with most of his property and his profession gone and still faced with the problem of supporting his family. It is said, however, that, when he returned homeless, an observer could not have told from his appearance and bearing that he was not "the most applauded victor instead of, as he really was, the most dejected of the vanquished." As resolutely as he had gone into battle, he first set to work to provide a new home for his family and to make his small farm as productive as possible. Then he accepted the presidency of the Maryland Agricultural College, now the University of Maryland. After a year, he was appointed to a responsible position with the Alabama Branch of the Life Association of America, with headquarters at Mobile. But the infirmities of advancing age and the desire to be with his family at "The Rest" led him to return home in the summer of 1871. Here he enjoyed to the fullest extent the attachments of the family circle whose ties had so often and for such long periods in the past been broken. A devoted husband, a kind and loving father, and an indulgent grandfather, he at last found rest in this quiet retreat, where his friends, Jefferson Davis among many others, were entertained with his old-time, open-hearted hospitality.

Here Admiral Buchanan died on the night of May 11, 1874, "from that earthly rest passed quietly as the little child falling asleep upon its mother's breast to that eternal rest, where no more shall envious tongue or civil strife or high ambition enter to ruffle the current of life," feelingly declared a local paper. He was buried in the family cemetery of "Wye House," the ancestral home of his wife's family, the Lloyds. Admiral Buchanan was survived by his wife and his nine children—eight daughters and one son—of whom only three daughters are now living.

Buchanan was not tall in stature, but he had great physical strength, in his prime having the reputation of being one of the very strongest men in the navy. Surgeon Conrad gives the following description of his appearance during the war: "At sixty-two years, he was a strikingly handsome old man; clean shaved, ruddy complexion, with a very healthy hue, for he was always remarkably temperate in all his habits; he had a high forehead, fringed with snow-white hair; thin, close lips, steel-blue eyes, and projecting conspicuously was that remarkable feature which impressed every one and marked him as one of a

thousand, his wonderful, aquiline nose, high, thin, and perfect in all its outlines. When full of fight, he had a peculiarity of drawing down the corners of his mouth until the thin line between his lips formed a perfect arch around his chin." His character has been well summed up as follows: "He was a thorough sailor, a strict disciplinarian, born to command, bold and venturesome, impetuous and brave to a fault, of sound judgment, kind and affable to subordinates, of very genial disposition, modest and retiring, an accomplished gentleman and the soul of honor; and what he undertook to do, he did with all his might."

COCKRELL'S MISSOURI BRIGADE, C. S. A.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

When Pemberton's army fell back into Vicksburg after the disastrous defeats at Bakers' Creek and Black River bridge, the Missouri Division, commanded by Maj. Gen. John S. Bowen, comprised six regiments and one battalion of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, dismounted, and five batteries of artillery. Those batteries had lost nearly all of their guns at Black River, so the officers and men, with a few exceptions, joined in with the infantry. Altogether, the fighting strength of the division did not exceed four thousand five hundred men.

When the surrender came and the men had been paroled, those who were able to march took the road, and kept going until Demopolis, Ala., was reached. Here parole camp was established, and hither came the sick and wounded as soon as they were able to travel. By October, 1863, all fit for duty were congregated at Demopolis and reorganization was effected. So heavily had each company and regiment suffered that no unit was more than a skeleton; so a system of doubling up was adopted. The seventy-three companies were reduced to thirty, the seven regiments to three, and altogether numbered not exceeding two thousand men. Col. F. M. Cockrell, of the 2nd Missouri, was promoted to brigadier general. This consolidation left a large number of commissioned officers without commands, so they organized an independent company, and operated and fought on their own hook.

In November, the brigade was ordered to Meridian, Miss., and later to Mobile. From Mobile it went to Lauderdale Springs, Miss., where it was divisioned with Ector's Texas Brigade, and that of General Sears. Gen. S. G. French, of Florida, commanded this division, which became an important part of Polk's corps during the Atlanta campaign. It was in all the fighting and skirmishings from Resaca, Ga., to Jonesboro, being heavily engaged at

Kenesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, and the latter place. After the fall of Atlanta it moved to Palmetto, Ga., where it recruited preparatory to joining in Hood's move into Middle Tennessee. On the way it engaged in a losing assault on the enemy fortifications at Altoona, losing several men in killed and wounded. It was during this battle that Sherman's signal flag, waving from the courthouse cupola in Atlanta, conveyed the order to General Corse, Federal commander at Altoona, saying:

"Hold the fort; reinforcements are on the way."

To which Corse, though wounded, flagged back: "By God's grace, I will!"

It might be stated, parenthetically, that this message and answer were afterwards coined into the once-popular revival hymn, "Hold the Fort, for I Am Coming," and enthusiastically sung by Sankey at the stirring revivals held by Moody and Sankey in the late sixties.

Cockrell's Brigade was almost totally wiped out at Franklin. Its action there may be thus described: In a section of the enemy's front was a line of rifle pits of great strength. A brigade was ordered forward to capture it, but recoiled under the withering rifle fire that smote it. Another brigade was advanced, only to meet a like fate. Then Gen. Pat Cleburne and a brigade of heroes who had won renown on many a well-contested field, and had never failed, was ordered in. With his usual elan, Cleburne hurled his dauntless men upon the enemy line. The works were reached, but not carried. The brave Cleburne was killed and his men fell back, being even unable to bring with them the body of their dead commander.

"Where is Cockrell? Tell Cockrell to go in," ordered Hood, and the Missourians stood to attention. Cockrell, leading the well-formed line, advanced to the music of "The Bould Sojer Boy," played by the brigade band. Reaching a point within two hundred yards of the enemy, the line halted and dressed, the band was sent to the rear and the order to charge at the double was given. Raising a yell, copied from the red men of the Western plains, the gray line dashed forward. The winning of the battle was staked in that advance, and every Missourian knew it. The men in blue behind the now visible rifle pits held their fire until the seventy-five yard point was reached, then they fired, opening in a wild burst of the volley. O, the withering, deadly effect of that storm of lead that smote the Missourians! Fully seventy per cent went down in a heap. A Dutch boy in one of the companies described it as, "Shust like blowing out a candle." Yet, despite this terrible punishment, the remnant pressed on, drove the occupants out of the works so manfully defended, but, owing to another line of

blue men concealed by a row of hedge thirty yards to the rear could only hold from the outside. Of the privates who went into this charge, eighty-one per cent were killed or wounded, and of the officers only twenty per cent remained to join in the attack on Nashville.

When Hood was compelled to give up his expedition against Nashville, his army, all except what were left of Cockrell's brigade, was ordered to join General Johnston in North Carolina. At the special request of Gen. Dabney H. Maury, commanding at Mobile, the Missouri remnant was ordered there.

When General Canby advanced against Mobile, he came from the direction of Pensacola. Mobile's defenses from that direction were Spanish Fort, and Fort Blakely. Making a feint toward the latter, Canby, with some 20,000 men, advanced against Spanish Fort, which fell the same day that Lee surrendered at Appomattox. Canby then turned his whole force of 22,000 against Blakely, defended by the Missouri skeleton of a brigade and a corps of Alabama cadets, possibly two hundred strong. For four hours these withstood the onslaught of the vast army hurled against them, to be finally overcome and captured. The cadets were paroled and set home; the Missourians transported to Ship Island and kept until May 11, 1865, when they were paroled, sent to the mainland and permitted to return to their homes. The number paroled was about three hundred.

A BOY OF THE OLD DOMINION DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.*

BY REV. MILTON BENNETT LAMBDIN.

(Continued from October Number.)

While the drafts, along with the recruitment of European mercenaries, brought large numbers into the ranks, still the cry was maintained, "men, and more men." "Money answereth all things," and, employing this Solomonic aphorism as the basis of action in getting "men, and more men" to offer themselves as targets for Rebel bullets" in defense of the old flag and in the saving of the Union," high bounties were offered to all comers, whatever their race, color, or previous condition of servitude, so long as they could shoulder a musket or pull a trigger. Bounties running as high as \$600, \$800, or even \$1,000 were paid as an inducement to don the uniform. Large commissions were also paid as a commission or reward to anyone in bringing this *sui generis* type of patriot to the recruiting office.

With far more money bulging his pockets than he had ever possessed in all his life before, the bounty soldier sailed in to have one glorious time while it

lasted. He had assistance a-plenty, you may be sure. The bootleggers of that day, the gambling sharks, the dive keepers, lent him a willing hand, day and night, to blow it in, until the last dollar was gone in riotous living. The old story says: "Where the carcass is, there the eagles are gathered together." He was the carcass, the panderers to his vices were the buzzards. A daily scene were the hacks filled to the roof with a jam of singing, shouting, beastly drunken soldiers, making the rounds of the vilest resorts in successive order. The short-lived orgy ended, the bounty money all gone, they were herded up and headed for the front as powder fodder. This method of making easy money, as was to have been expected, created a specialized class known as "bounty jumpers." Reckless fellow, who took their lives in their hands, enlisted, got the bounty, were put into the ranks, deserted at the first opportunity, skipped off to a new territory, reenlisted under an assumed name, received the new bounty installment, and frequently kept at the game until they were finally caught. It meant certain death when the deal went against them.

Among the "bounty jumpers" of those exciting times was a pastmaster in the art by the name of Downey. Eventually he was caught, tried by drum-head court martial, and sentenced to be shot. The usual order in the gruesome pageant was to transport the doomed man, seated on his coffin, in a jolting, two-wheeled cart, to the place of execution, under the convoy of the firing squad before the which he was to stand. Downey was to be shot at high noon, the conventional hour, also, for fashionable weddings, and such like functions, on a certain day. Boys are boys the world over, as you may happen to know, and you will thus take it for granted that there was high excitement among all the boys of the town, with whom Downey was somewhat of a hero, to take in the show; and when the school noon recess bell was rung that eventful day, there was a tumultuous and instantaneous break by every mother's son in a rapidly disappearing streak of fleet-footed sprinters in the direction of the death zone, about a mile distant on the northwest outskirts of the town.

They were too late, however, due to the unsympathetic attitude of the teachers toward the peculiar joys of boyhood, who refused to dismiss them a fraction of a second before the appointed time, to get any nearer to the dramatic exit of Downey than what was known as Mason's Wall, a high brick inclosure quadrangle of the old and historic "Mason House," about a quarter of a mile distant from the place of execution. It was the best they could do under the circumstances, and they saw the great crown of envied onlookers nearer at hand, heard the

volley of the firing line, and saw the old cart rumbling its return with the dead body of the daredevil "bounty jumper," inside this time, who had taken a business risk just "once too often."

Though the bounty method of getting recruits was pushed to the very limit, along with the adjuncts of the draft and the foreign mercenary soldier enlistments, the cry was insistently rung out, "Men, and more men!"

Eventually Grant was driven to the conviction that if the war was to be won by the North, it could only be done upon an arithmetical-attrition plan. The South, as known, had substantially all of its available man power in its ranks. A rigid blockade was maintained at sea by the Federal government that absolutely and effectively prevented the Confederacy from obtaining help from the outside in the way of men, munitions, and food stuffs for its wasting and impoverished army, while the whole world lay open to the government of Abraham Lincoln for bought-up assistance. Grant thus knew that every Confederate soldier killed in battle, incapacitated by wounds and disease, or captured, was just that much asset lost to the Southern cause that could not be replaced. The process of abrasion in wearing away the Southern ranks was steadily kept up, though it meant such a fearful sacrifice of his troops that he was dubbed at the North, "Grant, the Butcher."

In addition to this wasting-away method toward an eventual win-out in his conduct of the war, a point was reached by him when he absolutely refused to exchange prisoners, thus leaving thousands of Union soldiers in Confederate prison camps, knowing at the same time that the South was prosecuting the struggle on a short-ration basis, and that these Union prisoners would likewise and necessarily be compelled to suffer from the shortage of food. It thus relieves the Southern leaders from the unjust charge of inhumanity toward their Federal prisoners.

Several times during the war The Boy's home had a call of the military. On both occasions it was far into the night, possibly after the midnight hour, and each time the family was aroused from their sleep by a noisy rat-a-tat-tat on the front door, which proved to be a squad of soldiers who said they had orders to search the house. There was nothing else to do but to admit the unwelcome callers, who went all over the house, looking here and nosing there into every nook and corner. For what, the family never did find out. When the searching party, on one of these occasions, entered the third story back attic, the sight that confronted their eyes suggested a miniature armory, with a promiscuous collection of guns, bayonets, knapsacks, cartridge boxes, canteens, with even a tent or two. The whole exhibit had such a

suspicious look that the officer in charge of the domestic invasion asked in apparent surprise: "What's all this?" "Just some picked up and discarded army junk that the boys have gotten together with which to play soldiers," replied the Dad, who, quite likely, saw the accumulation for the first time. Fortunately for the family, the officer was not far himself from the boyhood estate, so he passed the matter over, to the great relief of the boys especially, who began to see visions of arrest for the misappropriation of government property, with a finale, like their patron saint, Downey, before a firing line. A harrowing thrill for the kids. The likelihood is that the unceremonious call was due to a report that the family was harboring some "Rebel spies."

In the northeast corner of the dining room of The Boy's home there stood a handsome inlaid mahogany secretary. On its top was a small, oblong hardwood box, that was used by the Mother as her treasure chest, and where she kept the ready money that went into the family expense account outlay. While the search was in progress during one of these midnight episodes, The Boy saw a soldier go over to the secretary, open the box, and transfer its contents to his own pocket. After the search was over and the party all gone, The Boy told his father about the theft. The Dad asked him if he would be able to identify the soldier. He replied in the affirmative. "Well, then, the very first thing that you do tomorrow morning is to go down to the barracks and report the matter to the officer in charge of the squad."

Full of self-importance in the thought of such a momentous commission, he was early at the barracks, which was in a substantial-looking, old-time residential house, on the north side of King Street, between Washington and Columbus Streets. The officer was found and acquainted with the robbery. "Could you pick the soldier out?" he was asked. "Yes, sir; there he is, right over there," was the answer, as he pointed to a soldier standing in a group at the opposite side of the room. Walking over to the man and putting his hand into his pockets, and turning them inside out, the officer handed the stolen money to The Boy, and said: "Take it home." The recovered treasure soon found its familiar, though temporary, resting place in the box perched on the old antique secretary in the northeast corner of the dining room aforesaid, to the joy of the maternal family treasurer, be it said.

In the operation of their train service out of Alexandria toward the west, the Federals were subjected to a frequent, dangerous, and exasperating experience. The railway track was lined on each side, at a near-at-hand distance, with an almost

unbroken fringe of scrub pines, a thick, high undergrowth of bushes, and a continuous length of old-time twisting snake fences, which provided a perfect barricade behind which the unseen "rebel" sharpshooters, Mosby's men—guerrillas the Yankees called them—could enjoy the diversion of taking potshots at the occupants of the passing trains. It made the crews and passengers more than nervous to play the rôle of unwilling bull's eye objectives for those invisible marksmen, who were entirely too free with their "shootin' irons." It was too much a one-sided affair, and rapidly becoming a monotonous and dangerous nuisance that had to be abated in one way or the other. But how? While necessity may know no law, she is also the mother of invention, and a way out of the critical difficulty was eventually evolved that was immediately capitalized as a veritable inspiration by the Federals. If these hidden and pestiferous experts in marksmanship were hankering to bore holes through flesh and blood, and found it the joy of their lives to sprinkle the anatomies of train operatives and travelers with a generous assortment of coon and squirrel shot, then they would be accommodated, but possibly not quite up to their liking.

Carrying the newly conceived plan into immediate effect, a bunch of the leading citizens of the town were rounded up and made to sit upon the cowcatchers of the outgoing trains. You can easily mentalize the daily picture as the conductor sings out, "All aboard!" and with a ting-a-ling, a whistle or two of the engine, accentuated with sundry snores and snorts, growls and grunts, the archaic type of the iron horse would gird up its loins and trot out toward the danger zone, with the aggregation of closely packed prominent burghers adorning the front area of the locomotive, like the effigies carved in wood of kings and queens, generals and mermaids, that the sailing vessels anchored in the harbor at the other end of the town were carrying at their bows.

Among these enforced human equipments of the cowcatcher, in order to discourage the "rebs" from firing upon the train at a risk of the lives of their copatriots, was Doctor Johnson, a well known physician, afterwards the mayor of the town, and Edgar Snowden, Jr., the widely known proprietor and editor of the *Alexandria Gazette*.

Each of these worthy townsmen, as well as the other members of the guardian group, "took their medicine like a man," without a quiver or a quaver of complaint. Whether, however, this indignity inflicted upon helpless noncombatants was justified by the exigencies of war is not for The Boy to express his personal opinion about. He is merely narrating the facts, leaving it with others to mature their judgment

in the premises. The unique strategy was quite a success, as the trains ran back and forth without the fear of a shot to disturb the peace of mind and serenity of soul of all parties aboard.

Another scheme that the Federal authorities put over on the "rebel sympathizers" of the town was in the issuance of an order that every man who refused to take an oath of allegiance to the Union would be put on board a steamer and transported out of town to parts unknown—a clean-cut issue thus made that could neither be evaded nor sidetracked, as precise in its intent as the royal demand made on the "Plain of Dura" thousands of years ago, "Bow down to my image of gold. Turn or burn."

How many "bowed down" in taking the prescribed oath, The Boy is unable to report, none so far as he knew, but he is proud to remember that among those who held conscience and courage of conviction above expediency and pusillanimity in a decided "we will not," and were thus black listed for deportation, was his father. It was a never-to-be-forgotten, a solemn day, a sad day, a day of broken hearts in the family circle, when the beloved parent hastily gathered a few belongings together, and, with prayer and tender embraces for wife and children, under military guard and in company with numerous other friends and townsmen, he walked up the gangplank of a vessel lying at the wharf, all steamed up and throbbing from stem to stern, as though anxious to make its immediate start down the Potomac. And then—an order was received to disembark these stubborn-hearted, obstreperous disloyalists and let them return to their homes again.

In the earlier stages of the war, small groups of Confederate prisoners were brought to Alexandria on their way to the Northern prison camps. The occasional event produced the greatest excitement and fervor among the Southern feminine element in the town, who flocked out to the railroad station to greet them, and in whose eyes every man among them was a hero of heroes. Some of these women had loved ones in the ranks of the Confederacy, others had relatives whose bodies filled graves marked or unknown. In short order, brass buttons were cut from the gray jackets as precious souvenirs, and pins substituted in their stead.

One of the prisoners whom The Boy recalls was from a family of minus social station, who had lived outside the town previous to the war. There he stood, a central figure, one of their own, modest, erect, soldierlike in his tattered uniform, every inch a man. He, too, was despoiled of his buttons by these ladies of higher social scale than he had ever occupied. But what did the trivial accident of birth count at a time like that? A testing time that determined

"Who's who" in the possession of the essential qualities that made a man a man. Far greater to be a soldier in their estimation, in the army of Lee and Jackson, than to be a member of one of the "First Families of Virginia."

And the names of these two immortals reminds The Boy that in after-years, when he was a minister in charge of a pastorate on the historic James River, one of his friends was an ex-Confederate soldier. One day this survivor of the war said to him: "Do you know what I say to myself whenever a true Christian dies?" "No, what is it?" "I say to myself that he has gone to be with Lee and Jackson." Not so remote an idea either, in a conception of the qualities of character that one would associate with those who make up the population of Paradise.

While pursuing his studies at Hampden-Sidney, Va., in preparation for the ministry, The Boy's professor of theology was the Rev. Dr. Robert L. Dabney. During the war Doctor Dabney served as Chief of Staff, with the rank of Major, for Stonewall Jackson. A man of intense convictions, a fighting saint, and who never let slip an opportunity to idealize spiritual and moral and manly qualities in the terms of Lee and Jackson.

(Continued in December.)

LAST OF THE CONFEDERATE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

BY ROBERT GILLIAM, PETERSBURG, VA.

On Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, I was seated in the east gallery of St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va., in attendace upon divine service. During this service I saw some one carry to President Davis, who was seated directly down in front of me, a message of some kind.

The President immediately arose and walked quietly out of church. As I knew something of the severe fighting about this time on the lines around Petersburg, I feared that there was some trouble, and so I, too, went out of church and down to the Confederate Treasury office, where I was employed as a clerk. Arrived there, I found several other clerks packing money, papers, etc., and was informed that Richmond was to be evacuated and we were to remove the valuables to Danville, Va., as soon as transportation could be secured. After assisting with the packing, I went home, packed a "carpet-bag," and returned to the Treasury office. That evening our valuables were loaded on the train and, along about midnight, we moved out for Danville, where we arrived the following evening.

It has been so long ago that I cannot recall the names of all the Treasury officials who made up our

party. Maj. William D. Nutt, chief clerk of the Treasury office (who previously held that position with the United States Treasury); Peter Wise and his wife, a daughter of Major Nutt, all of Alexandria, Va.; James G. Bain and R. T. K. Bain and John Branham, of Portsmouth; Henry Fuhri, of Donaldsonville, La., and his bride of a few days, née Jones, of Petersburg; Judge James Sangster, of Fairfax, who had been my tentmate during our encampments around Richmond; and half a dozen other Treasury clerks.

We were accompanied from Richmond to Danville by some of the naval officers and midshipmen from the school ship, Patrick Henry, as a guard. After spending several days in Danville, we proceeded on to Charlotte, N. C., where we spent a night in the building formerly used as a mint for coining money. Here we were joined by a company of local defense forces, made up of employees of the Confederate States Naval Works, located at Charlotte. The next morning we were ordered to load our treasure on a train, which carried us to Newberry, S. C., the end of a line toward Abbeville, under construction from both ends. Here we were met by a long wagon train, which took us on a trip of several days to Cokesbury, the end of the line of said proposed railroad coming east. We transferred to a train at this point, and were soon at the pretty little town of Abbeville, the county seat of Abbeville District, S. C.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her family were with us on this trip, traveling in an ambulance, while we were in wagons. The first night out from Charlotte we spent in a pine woods, on the edge of which the wagon train was parked, two of the clerks occupying each wagon. Mrs. Davis and family spent that night at a farmhouse just across the road from us.

While at Abbeville, Mrs. Davis and family stayed at the home of Mr. Burt, who was a member of Congress, Confederate States, and were later joined there by President Davis and his Cabinet, and here the last Cabinet meeting was held. Abbeville, S. C., was the last capital of the Confederacy, and not Danville, Va., nor Charlotte, N. C., nor Washington, Ga.

After a week or so spent at Abbeville, the Treasury officials were ordered to take their money down to Augusta, Ga. We loaded it on wagons and went with it to Washington, Ga., whence we proceeded by the Georgia Central Railroad to Augusta. After a week or so spent in Augusta, news reached us that the Federals were coming up the river from Savannah, so we hurried back to Abbeville, via Washington.

On our arrival at Washington, Ga., we first heard of General Lee's surrender. The news was imparted to us by Mr. Foote, a Confederate Congressman of

Kentucky, and hardly any of us believed it. Some one suggested a coat of tar and feathers for Foote for circulating what we believed to be a false report.

After a few days in Abbeville, by order of a superior official, we turned over the treasure of the Confederate States to General Duke's (formerly Morgan's) Cavalry. The transfer had been made after dark and from the railroad train, it being reported that the Federals were at Cokesbury, only a short distance away. What became of this money I do not know, nor have I ever heard of anybody who does know.

Late that evening, I think after dark, I found General Breckenridge, then Secretary of War, sitting on the hotel steps opposite the northwest corner of the courthouse square. I approached and got into conversation with him and asked his advice as to going with Duke's command to the Trans-Mississippi Department. His reply was: "My young friend, I advise you to return to your home in Richmond by the nearest available route."

After turning over the money, estimated to be as much as \$1,500,000, in gold and silver, to General Duke's command, about eleven o'clock at night, our party, consisting of eight or ten of the office employees and some who had come with us from Charlotte, N. C., went a little way into the woods, spread our blankets, and slept till early morning, when we arose and started afoot for Augusta, Ga. This was a long walk, some seventy-five or eighty miles, I think; but we accomplished it in three or four days, getting a ride of a few miles now and then. I recollect one in a wagon, of about thirteen miles, the man told us. We paid for this in Confederate money, as we did for our meals en route.

Arriving at Augusta, we put up at the hotel, where we had stayed on our first visit, and after about a week, or perhaps less, having been paroled in accordance with the terms of General Lee's surrender, we were furnished with transportation home, down the beautiful Savannah River by a stern-wheel steamboat to Savannah, where we spent a day and a night; thence by steamer to Hilton Head, S. C., and thence by steamer Thetis, a transport, to Newport News, Va. On this steamer we were joined by Gen. J. D. Imboden, his wife and daughter, and some members of his staff.

During the latter part of our war, the Confederate Congress passed a resolution, or bill, calling upon patriotic Southern people to donate gold and silverware, jewelry, etc., to purchase blankets for the soldiers. These contributions, made with liberality, principally by Southern women, were deposited in the Treasury and packed in a white oak chest, and carried with us as far as Abbeville. In our first move from there, I have understood that this chest was left

with the family of a Major Cunningham, who were among the best people in Abbeville, and kept by them till after the close of hostilities and then delivered to some Confederate official, I do not know whom.

On our last march from Washington to Abbeville, we passed through a very large part of Johnston's army, many carrying their arms, but none in any way molesting our train, though we thought they knew what it contained and that the war was over. At Augusta, by what authority I do not now, if ever I did know, we occupied the office of the bank, which had been the Confederate Depositary (Hon. Phillip Clayton had been the Depositary officer), and here redeemed, in gold, all the Confederate money offered at one of gold for sixty of Confederate, and, later, at one for one hundred dollars Confederate.

In Volume II of President Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," I find the following interesting statement with regard to the specie in the Confederate Treasury—and to his journey. Somehow he seems to have forgotten being in Abbeville at all; but I know he joined his family there at Colonel Burt's home. If he had not been there with his Cabinet, there would be no controversy now between Abbeville, S. C., and Washington, Ga., as to which was the "last capital of the Confederacy."

On page 690, the President says: "I must now recur to two extraordinary statements made by Gen. J. E. Johnston in regard to myself while at Charlotte, N. C., on pages 408 and 409, Johnston's Narrative. The first is that at Greensboro, on the 19th of April: 'Col. Archer Anderson, Adjutant General of the Army, gave me two papers addressed to me by the President. The first directed me to obtain from Mr. J. N. Hendren, Treasury Agent, thirty-nine thousand dollars in silver, which was in his hands, subject to my order, and to use it as the military chest of the army. The second, received subsequently by Colonel Anderson, directed me to send this money to the President at Charlotte. This order was not obeyed, however. As only the military part of our government had then any existence, I thought that a fair share of the fund still left should be appropriated to the benefit of the army.'

"And so, as revealed in his 'Narrative,' he took the money and divided it among the troops.

"When my attention was called to this statement by one who had read the 'Narrative,' I wrote to Colonel Anderson, referred to book and page, and inquired what letters from me as there described he had received. He responded: 'I do not remember anything connected with the subject, except that there was a payment of silver coin to the army at Greensboro, and I have no papers which would afford information.'

"My letter book contains no such correspondence, but has a letter which renders more than doubtful the assertion that I wrote others such as described. The only letter found in my letter book on the subject of the funds in charge of Hendren is the following:

"Mr. Hendren, C. S. Treasurer,
Greensboro, N. C.

"Sir: You will report to General Beauregard with the treasure in your possession, that he may give to it due protection as a military chest to be moved with his army train. For further instructions, you will report to the Secretary of the Treasury.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"Official: F. R. Lubbock, Colonel and A. D. C."

Volume II, page 695, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," the President says: "The Secretary of War, Mr. Breckenridge, had remained with the cavalry at the crossing of the Savannah River. During the night after my arrival in Washington, Ga., he sent in an application for authority to draw from the treasure, under the protection of the troops, enough to make to them a partial payment. I authorized the Acting Secretary of the Treasury to meet the requisition by the use of the silver coin in the train. When the next day passed without the troops coming forward, I sent a note to the Secretary of War showing the impolicy of my longer delay, having there heard that General Upton had passed within a few miles of the town on his way to Augusta to receive the surrender of the garrison and military material at that place, in conformity with orders issued by General Johnston. This was my first positive information of his surrender. Not receiving an immediate reply to the note addressed to the Secretary of War, General Breckenridge, I spoke to Captain Campbell, of Kentucky, commanding my escort, explained to him the condition of affairs, and, telling him that his company was not strong enough to fight and too large to pass without observation, asked him to inquire if there were ten men who would volunteer to go with me without question wherever I should choose. He brought back for answer that the whole company volunteered on the terms proposed. Gratifying as this manifestation was, I felt it would expose them to unnecessary hazard to accept the offer, and told him, in any manner he might think best, to form a party of ten men. With these, Captain Campbell, Lieutenant Barnwell of South Carolina, Colonels F. R. Lubbock, John Taylor Wood, and William Preston Johnston, of my personal staff, I left Washington. Secretary Reagan remained for a short time to transfer the treasure in his hands, except a few thousand dollars, and then rejoined me on the road. This transfer of the treasure was made

to Mr. Semple, a bonded officer of the navy, and his assistant, Mr. Tidball, with instructions, as soon as it could be safely done to transfer it abroad and deliver it to the commercial house which had acted as Financial Agent of the Confederate government and was reported to have incurred liabilities on its account." (*Id.*)

My recollection is that the Financial Agent referred to was Fraser, Trenholm & Company, London, England.

The last Cabinet meeting of the Confederacy was held in the Burt House, Abbeville, S. C., with the following present: Jefferson Davis, President; Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State; John C. Breckenridge, Secretary of War; Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy; John H. Reagan, Postmaster General. A council of war was held at the same time with the Cabinet and the following generals in attendance: Basil W. Duke, George C. Dibrell, W. C. Breckenridge, J. C. Vaughan, S. W. Ferguson, and Braxton Bragg.

It was decided, after mature deliberation and discussion, that it was useless to continue the war longer, and that the government should be disbanded.

M. H. Clarke, Acting Treasurer, C. S. A., says: "The last Cabinet meeting, which could be called such, was held at Abbeville on the 2nd day of May, 1865."

A full history of these events may be found in the Office of the Clerk of the Court of Abbeville County.

OUR CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.

Have you remembered the mothers brave
Who watch and wait our helping thought?
Have you given gladly of what you have,
That care and comfort for them be wrought?

Those mothers so true in war's hard time,
That stirred the spirit of this fair land?
These mothers who inspired the poet's rhyme,
And now are waiting with trembling hand.

Ah, mothers, you are serving with patience
The place you are called to fill;
Your faces aglow with God's own radiance,
Listening to hear and to do his will.

Blessed mothers of the long gone past,
'Tis ours to make happy your way;
Until you shall hear God's voice at last,
"Enter with me into this new Day."

—Sallie Norman Lang.

[Dedicated to the Women of the Confederacy who are using the "Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund."]



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.

"Gone forward! Whither? Where the marshaled legions,
Christ's well-worn soldiers, from their conflicts cease;
Where faith's true Red Cross Knights repose in regions
Thick studded with the white, calm tents of peace."

COL. WILLIAM H. CHAPMAN.

Col. William H. Chapman, of a prominent Virginia family, died at his late home in Greensboro, N. C., on September 13. He was born in Madison County, Va., in 1840, a son of William A. and Elizabeth Forrer Chapman, the family removing to Page County soon after his birth, and there his early youth was spent.

In the tragic days which marked the opening of war between the States, William Chapman promptly joined a military company formed at the University of Virginia, and soon afterwards the members of this gallant company were ordered by Governor Letcher to return to their homes and assist in the drilling and organizing of other commands. Going back to Luray, in Page County, William Chapman became first lieutenant of the Dixie Artillery, and later was captain of that battery. When the Dixie Artillery was merged with Pegram's Battery, young Chapman joined Mosby's Battalion, with which remarkable unit of the Confederate service his brilliant renown as a soldier was won.

During the war he was married to Miss Josephine Jeffries, of Fauquier County, this military wedding being celebrated on February 25, 1864, at Highlands, near Delaplane, Va. The Chapman home in Fauquier was surrounded by hotly contested territory and in the midst of many battles, and the participants had many narrow escapes from capture by the Federals. At all times this home had been the center of social activities, and its circle of friends and visitors included scores of persons who made history in Virginia and the South. It was here that Baron Von Massow, a

German officer who had joined Mosby's command, was nursed back to health, and for fifty years he continued a staunch friend of the Chapman family.

With the close of the war, Colonel Chapman returned to Fauquier County and for some time was a farmer there, later being connected with the railway mail service; still later he was appointed to the Federal revenue service, during which his home was at Alexandria, Gordonsville, and Richmond, Va., and during his last years at Greensboro, N. C. He is survived by four sons and four daughters, also two brothers.

REV. N. C. DENSON.

At the age of eighty-eight years, Rev. N. C. Denson died in Little Rock, Ark., on July 21, after some years of failing health. He is survived by two daughters and a son, also by two foster sons, a stepson, and a stepdaughter.

Born in Rankin County, Miss., May 13, 1841, his parents removed to Arkansas when he was four years old and settled in Ashley County. At the beginning of war between the States, young Denson enlisted in Company K, 3rd Arkansas Regiment, which was assigned to the Texas Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps. He served throughout the war, taking part in many engagements, among them being Sharpsburg, Second Manassas, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Spottsylvania, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, where he was wounded. He was twice cited for bravery in action, and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

Locating at Warren, Ark., after the war, Comrade Denson lived there thirty years, during which time he served the Baptist Churches of that place and section. For more than fifty years he served as minister, and during the time organized many Baptist Churches in Arkansas. He also served on the State Mission Board some twenty years. During the last three years his home had been with his daughter, Mrs. W. S. Daniel, in Little Rock.

In speaking of his life, he was wont to say: "I preached for over fifty years and served four years under General Lee." He was a faithful attendant of Confederate reunions until he became too feeble, and it was his pleasure to read the VETERAN and live over the days of his youth as a soldier of the Confederacy. He was laid to rest with loved ones in the cemetery at Warren, where he had spent so many years of his active life in the work he loved.

COL. J. T. GEORGE.

The last roll call sounded for Col. J. T. George, on September 20, 1929, in Mayfield, Ky.

He was born in a log cabin in the south part of Graves County, near the historic church of Mt. Zion, August 28, 1847. When a small boy, he was left an orphan, his father and mother dying about twenty-four hours apart.

At the age of sixteen he joined the Confederate forces in Mississippi, early in the war, enlisting in Company C, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, under Gen. N. B. Forrest. He was in every battle in which Forrest's forces were



COL. J. T. GEORGE.

engaged, including three of the fiercest battles of the war—Harrisburg, Guntown, and Brice's Crossroads. On account of his youth and gallantry, he became the favorite of the entire company. His record as a soldier was of the very best, for when duty called he was ever ready to go into the thickest of the fight.

While on a scouting expedition at Johnsonville, Tenn., he was captured and taken to Paducah, Ky., where, with others, he was asked to take the oath of allegiance, but refused. He was then sent to Camp Morton, where he remained a prisoner for seven months, being released June 15, 1865, some two months after the close of the war, of which he had not been apprised.

Colonel George again took up his residence in South Graves, near his old home, and became an esteemed and honored citizen. In 1890, his popularity led to his election to the office of county clerk; four years later he was reelected. In 1923, he was honored with the appointment of State pension commissioner, which office he held to the satisfaction of all until 1927, when he retired and returned to his home in Mayfield, on the Paris Highway.

In the death of Colonel George our town and county lost a splendid man, one who, from a homeless youth, developed into the highest type soldier, friend, neighbor, and citizen.

[Contributed by the Mayfield Chapter, U. D. C.]

REV. GEORGE BOOTH BASKERVILLE.

Rev. George Booth Baskerville, the son of Dr. John Tabb and Margaret Malone Baskerville, was born near Somerville, Tenn., March 29, 1847, where he lived until his death, July 31, 1928.

As a boy, he had the best educational advantages in his time and section. Imbued with the high and noble traditions of the South, and knowing that her cause was just, he joined Company E, 12th Tennessee Cavalry, on October 11, 1862, when only fifteen years old. He served with this command until the spring of 1865, when the 12th Tennessee was consolidated with Forrest's Old Regiment. He surrendered with General Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865, after following that peerless leader through all his campaigns.

Returning home at the close of hostilities, he entered college, and, in 1868, joined the Methodist Church under the ministration of his distinguished father, Rev. John Tabb Baskerville, and was soon himself an ordained minister. For sixty years, Dr. George Baskerville was a foremost leader of Methodist divines in Tennessee; for twelve years, he was presiding elder, and for four years, pastor of the Second Methodist Church in Memphis.

Failing health caused him to retire from active duties as a minister, nevertheless he continued to preach throughout his section of Tennessee until his death.

On November 29, 1869, he married Sallie Lewis Read, of Brownsville, who died in 1921. Five children survive them, three sons and two daughters. Dr. Baskerville was buried in the cemetery at Stanton, Tenn.

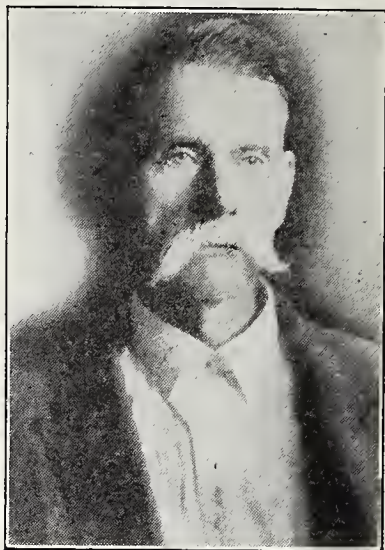
A gallant, fearless soldier in youth, defending his native Southland throughout the four years of incessant warfare; a militant disciple of Christ, carrying the gospel all his life by his words and his personal character to unnumbered multitudes; a devoted husband and father in his own home, finding a hearty welcome everywhere and in every other home, the life of this beloved comrade was long in the land which the Lord, his God, gave him; his individual record was part of the history of the Confederacy and of the Methodist Church; his memory is cherished by the thousands in the different Christian flocks he served and saved as a minister; and his own soul will enjoy eternally the peace and happiness of the blessed and the faithful.

[Prepared by Gen. W. A. Collier during his own last illness.]

Confederate Veteran.

CAPT. WILLIAM E. MCELWEE.

Capt. William Eblen McElwee, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Rockwood, Tenn., died there on October 6, from injuries sustained when struck by an automobile several days before. He was ninety-four years of age. A long, varied, and colorful career has thus ended.



CAPT. W. E. M'ELWEE.

William McElwee was born at Postoak Springs, near Rockwood, April 16, 1835, the son of William and Lucinda Eblen McElwee. His paternal grandparents were James McElwee, of North Carolina, a soldier of the Revolution, and Nancy Johnston, of Virginia. He studied law and was licensed to practice in 1859. At the outbreak of the war, he joined the Confederate army, his regiment being sent to Bowling Green, Ky., where he was given the post of provost marshal of the town. Later he was commissioned captain and sent to Dover, surrendering with the army at Fort Donelson. On release from prison, he rejoined the army and became a member of Brown's Brigade, and participated in all its battles up to and including Chickamauga, where he was wounded, his company having but twelve men after that battle who were not either killed or wounded. After this battle he was transferred to Gen. A. P. Stewart's Division, and placed in command of pioneer troops. After the battle of Missionary Ridge, he was assigned to Stevenson's Division, and, after the fighting at Kenesaw Mountain, to the headquarters of General Johnston. Following the battle of Atlanta, he returned to General Stevenson's command, and was with the headquarters company until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. In all, he participated in forty-four battles and skirmishes during the war.

Returning to Roane County, Captain McElwee became interested in iron industries and railroads; in late years he was active in the building of good roads in the county. He had been a member of the County Court for twenty-four years. He was one of the best-informed authorities in the State on pioneer history. His father had fought under Andrew Jackson, and his grandfather un-

der Shelby at King's Mountain and in various Indian battles.

In 1867, Captain McElwee was married to Miss Martha Brown, who died in 1872. He is survived by a son and two grandchildren. Funeral services were from the Methodist Church at Rockwood, with interment in Oak Grove Cemetery.

Only one Confederate soldier remains in Roane County, his comrade, Henry P. Green, City Treasurer of Harriman, who was orderly sergeant of Company I, 26th Tennessee Infantry, and was later a sharpshooter of John C. Brown's Brigade, equipped with a Whitworth rifle.

W. O. CAIN.

William O'Dil Cain, a lifelong resident of Sumter County, S. C., and one of its best known and most respected citizens, passed away at the home of his son, D. J. Cain, in Sumter, after an illness of several weeks. He was eighty-five years of age.

William Cain was the eldest child of Richard B. Cain and Anna Margaret Reid, born November 26, 1844, in the privateer section of the county. While a cadet at the Citadel, he volunteered for service in the Confederate army and was a member of Company B, White's Battalion of Citadel Cadets, serving with distinction throughout the war.

He was twice married, first to Miss Carrie Henry Scott, of Richland County, in 1868; the second marriage was to Miss Ida B. Dwight, also of Richland, who died two years ago. Of this marriage six sons and two daughters survive him; there is also an adopted daughter, a sister, and one brother surviving.

He had served in the House of Representatives as a member from Sumter County; and he was a member of Claremont Lodge, F. & A. M., and a deacon in the Baptist Church. He was also a zealous member of Camp Dick Anderson, U. C. V., and served as Commander of the Camp for the past several years. He was laid to rest in the family burying ground near Sumter.

[Mrs. E. F. Bookter.]

HARRY C. BALLINGER.

Lieut. Harry C. Ballinger, died in Grayson, Ky., on October 10, 1928. He was one of John Morgan's men, serving with the 10th Kentucky Regiment. He was eighty-six years old; had never married, and lived alone, cared for by his friend; was buried from the home of Colonel Powers, and sleeps on their lot.

[Juliet S. Powers.]

JASON M. GREER.

Judge Jason M. Greer, for many years prominent in the political life of Union, S. C., passed away at his home there on June 21, 1929, after an illness of several months. He is survived by two sons and two daughters. His wife, who was Miss Nannie Byers, preceded him to the grave many years ago.

Jason M. Greer was the youngest of seven brothers to volunteer for service in the Confederate army. All of the brothers served four years. He was among the sixteen-year-old boys who volunteered from Union County, and served with Company B, under Capt. D. A. Townsend, 4th South Carolina Regiment. These boys went in box cars to Augusta, from there to near Savannah, Ga. They were in front of Sherman to Charleston, then to Cheraw, where they guarded five hundred Yankee prisoners (captured by General Hampton), took them to Raleigh, N. C., and there turned them over to the military authorities. The company composed of these boys was sent to Spartanburg to resist the coming of Kilpatrick's raid, but the boys got news that Lee had surrendered and disbanded and came home, where each one later had to give up his beloved gun to the Yankee garrison placed there for a few months.

For more than twenty-seven years Judge J. M. Greer served Union County in public and appointive offices. He served as magistrate of two different townships, judge of probate twelve years, secretary and treasurer Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company for twenty-one years, Commander Camp Giles, U. C. V., for two years. He also served as cashier of the old People's Bank for eighteen months, as Master of Union Lodge No. 5, F. and A. M., and filled appointive and elective offices in the Lodge.

Judge Greer had served his first term as magistrate of Union township and was serving his second term when overcome by failing health. Though far past the "threescore and ten," he was keenly interested in public affairs and kept posted on current events. He was one of the "youngest" officers in the courthouse, alert, energetic, and capable. His was a long record of public service, probably unequalled in the State.

A native of Union County, he was born about seven miles south of Union, on June 6, 1848. During the early part of his youth, Jason Greer attended school at the old Male Academy (which stood where his residence on South Church Street

stands), under the tutelage of Prof. D. A. Townsend.

The funeral services were from the Grace Methodist Church, at Union. Judge Greer was a life-long member of the Methodist Church and was a loyal member. He was a man of deep convictions and held unswervingly to the ideals he cherished. For a long lifetime he served his generation faithfully and with honor to himself.

MRS. HARRIETT LATIMER BITTICK.

In the recent passing from earth to heaven of Mrs. J. Holland Bittick, a long, useful life was closed.

She was a daughter of A. J. and Harriett Underwood Latimer, born in Sumner County, Tenn., going with her parents to Obion County at the age of ten years. The family settled in the dense forest and carved out a home there, the first home being a one-room log house. Most of her schooling was acquired in a log cabin with puncheon floors and seats. The only access to the school building was a meandering path, across which a wolf often trotted.

Harriett Latimer was a direct descendant of Bishop Latimer, of England, a granddaughter of Jonathan Latimer, called the "Old War Horse of the Revolution." Born on Jefferson Davis's birthday, thirty-three years later than he, she grew to be a great admirer of that great statesman.

She lived in two centuries and through four wars, in all of which she had loved ones engaged, but her best service was given to the Confederacy. Having grown up in the wilderness, she was fearless, young, and active, and, therefore, able to do many helpful deeds for her country. Her life was many times threatened, but she never faltered.

Through the Spanish-American War she waited and prayed for brave loved ones, and then throughout the World War she knitted sweaters and socks for her own blood and kin as well as others who were in the conflict. She never lost spirit, but wished she could help more.

She grew with her section of country from a grease dip for light to electricity; from an ox-cart for traveling to automobiles; from cooking in front of an open fire to gas and electric stoves; from homespun and hand-made clothing to ready-to-wear; from a log cabin with stick-and-dirt chimney to modern consolidated and steam-heated high schools and colleges; from winding, narrow paths to splendid hard-surfaced highways and woman suffrage; from open saloons to prohibition, and was privileged to vote her sentiments in the last national campaign.

She had been a member of the Church of her choice

(Continued on page 438.)

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*
Diego, Calif.
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
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, Woodard Circle, 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.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy:
Recently your President General has walked hand in hand with sorrow, and for the numerous messages of loving sympathy, the many hands stretched to her in comforting kindness, she is most grateful. It has proved, if proof were needed, that we are one glorious sisterhood, sharing the sorrows one of another, bearing each other's burdens, and thus fulfilling the law of Christ.

It seems but a short time since that, in all humility, your President General stood before the convention in Charleston, and, with an almost overwhelming consciousness of the weight of the responsibility and of her own unworthiness, received from you the greatest honor in your power to confer. The two years have been exceedingly busy, and while there have been at various times many problems, in the aggregate, the time has been a happy one. We are grateful for the opportunity of serving in an administrative capacity the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and appreciate the pleasures of intimate contact with the membership. The leaf upon which is recorded the events of the past two years will soon be turned, and there lies before you a fresh, white, unwritten page. May nothing be inscribed thereon save the principles embodied in our motto, "Pray, Dare, Think, Love, Live," and exemplified in the purposes of this organization, "Memorial, Historical, Educational, Benevolent, and Social."

So frequently do we hear and use the expression, "This is a restless age," that it has become hackneyed and accepted without thought; it is none the less a truism, displayed in denominational differences, in "splits" in political parties, with neither of which we have aught to do, save that we may profit by *not* following their example.

The same spirit of unrest is developing in the United Daughters of the Confederacy an inclina-

tion to scatter our resources, to become interested and financially involved in enterprises, worthy within themselves, frequently pertaining to the period which we are organized to commemorate, and yet for which we are not responsible. Objectives such as the completion of the quota on "Women of the South in War Times," the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation, the Matthew Fontaine Maury Scholarship, languish for years while support is given activities to which we are not obligated. Each individual member should feel a personal responsibility for the completion of every enterprise undertaken by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The very last admonition from this President General to the readers of this column in our beloved CONFEDERATE VETERAN is couched in homely phraseology, as she begs you, as an organization, *to attend to your own business.*

On September 27, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, official representative of the President General, presented to Rear Admiral Henry A. Wiley, U. S. N., the Cross of Military Service awarded him by action of the Charleston convention. The exercises were under the auspices of the Matthew Fontaine Maury Chapter of New York City, and were held at the St. Regis Hotel. It was a most happy occasion, linking three distinguished naval officers—Commodore Maury, for whom the Chapter is named; Rear Admiral Semmes, upon whose birthday the presentation was made; and Rear Admiral Wiley, the recipient of the Cross.

Within the past month, by authority of the Executive Committee, a Cross of Honor and a Cross of Military Service have been placed in the Museum of American History, which is a part of the great Washington Memorial at Valley Forge, Pa. The former Second Vice President General, Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, accompanied by a party of friends, presented the crosses to Dr. Burk Rector, of Wash-

ington Memorial Chapter, and President of the Historical Society. They are placed in the cases together with many other military decorations. Adjacent is the case containing a sword of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, Confederate uniforms, and flags and other Confederate relics, together with a portrait of the great commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

The following invitations are acknowledged with grateful appreciation: Convention Florida Division, convention Georgia Division, Divisions of North Carolina, Oklahoma, Virginia, New York, Missouri, Ohio, and Tennessee. Had it been possible, it would have been a great pleasure to be with each of these Divisions, participate in their deliberations, and extend greetings from the general organization.

Deeply appreciated invitations have been received also from the Auxiliaries to the American Legion to attend the national convention held in Louisville, Ky.; from the city of Savannah, Ga., to attend exercises commemorative of the siege of Savannah and the heroic death of Count and Brig. Gen. Casimir Pulaski; from Asheville Chapter, U. D. C., to the unveiling of a memorial to Herman Frank Arnold at the "Open Air Westminster of the South," Fletcher N. C.; from the Halifax County Chapter, U. D. C., to their annual flower show; and from the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation to attend the exercises at Stratford, October 13, 1929.

May the future of the United Daughters of the Confederacy be toward "whatsoever thing is true, whatsoever thing is just, whatsoever thing is honest, whatsoever thing is pure, whatsoever thing is lovely, whatsoever thing is of good repute," holding aloft, as a guiding star, the torch of Southern patriotism, Mispah.

MAUDE BLAKE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. NOTES

Alabama.—On the last day of the memorable convention held recently in Mobile, the Alabama Division unanimously indorsed Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., for the high office of President General. It is the second time that Alabama's brilliant daughter has been honored by such indorsement.

Alabama, the Cradle of the Confederacy, has never held the office of President General, and her Daughters feel that the recognition has already been too long deferred. For thirty-two years this gifted Southern woman, in Chapter,

State, and general organization, has given loyal service. May each State in the Confederacy accord to Alabama this honor through her best-beloved Daughter, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky!

Many Chapters of the Alabama Division have arranged interesting yearbooks, and 1929-1930 has opened up most auspiciously for a year filled with good works and distinctive achievements.

[Mrs. Joseph Aderhold, State Editor, Anniston.]

* * *

Arkansas.—Recently the Memorial Chapter, of Little Rock, has been given an opportunity for real service in the preservation of one of the State's historic documents. The official copy of the Ordinance of Secession of the State of Arkansas was by chance unearthed by J. H. Atkinson, head of the Department of History of the Little Rock High School, who appealed to the Memorial Chapter to rescue the document from further injury and the deterioration of time. His request met with enthusiastic response, and when the instrument was handsomely framed and hung in the room of the Arkansas History Commission in the State capitol, the following invitation was read before both houses of the General Assembly:

"*Gentlemen of the General Assembly:* Recently a valuable historic document has been rescued from oblivion and possible destruction. The official copy of the Ordinance of Secession of the State of Arkansas, suitably framed and protected from further injury and the deterioration of time, has been hung in the room of the Arkansas History Commission. The movement has been sponsored and financed by the Memorial Chapter, U. D. C., of Little Rock.

"The Chapter feels deeply the honor that is hers in thus being privileged to contribute her 'bit' toward the preservation of the State's most important papers, and in making a little ceremony of the rescue and rehabilitation of this particular document.

"Memorial Chapter cordially invites each member of this honorable body to visit the rooms of the History Commission to view the document and to do honor to the courage and fidelity to principle and to personal conviction as displayed by the signers of this instrument in those troublous and trying times.

"Some member of the committee will be on duty during the two days and will be glad to greet each of you and to answer any questions you may care to ask.

MRS. B. G. REAVES, *President Memorial Chapter.*
ANNIE M. GATEWOOD, *Chairman of Committee."*

California.—Since the opening of Dixie Manor, Confederate Veterans' Home, at San Gabriel, in February of this year, it has been found necessary to provide additional room, as other veterans have applied for admission. A new dormitory has been opened recently, which will contain an infirmary also, well equipped to care for the sick. The men are happy and well cared for; the Home is comfortable and attractive, and in an ideal location.

In accordance with a long-established custom, the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, of Long Beach, celebrated, on September 10, the birth anniversary of Gen. Joe Wheeler at a beautifully appointed luncheon held at The Breakers Hotel. Seventy-two members and out-of-town guests were present. Mrs. O. P. Hanna, Chapter President and presiding officer of the day, welcomed the guests and spoke briefly on the life and achievements of General Wheeler. Mrs. Hanna quoted the words of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who said of General Wheeler that he was "one of the two ablest cavalymen in the army." Miss Caroline Duncan, of Los Angeles, speaker of the day, in her address on "Our Southern Heritage," emphasized the importance and achievements of the men and women of the "Old South" who had given to us of Southern birth "a priceless heritage, a sacred trust, which is both a blessing and an obligation." An honored guest on this occasion was Col. W. J. Courtney, eighty-six-year-old veteran, born in Missouri, who was in five major battles in the War between the States, for which he was given a special medal by the U. D. C. Chapter of Liberty, Mo.

The annual Camp picnic and reunion of Camp 770, U. C. V., was held September 14, in Los Angeles, and was unusually well attended.

[Erna Ferrell Grabe, Publicity Director.]

* * *

Florida Division.—The third district meeting of the Second Brigade, Florida Division, was held September 12, at Gainesville, in the Episcopal parish house, with large attendance. Mrs. A. W. Leland, Second Vice President, presided. Mrs. Joseph E. Waugh, President of J. J. Finley Chapter, and Mrs. E. A. Hickson, President of Kirby Smith Chapter, were joint hostesses.

Many guests attended from out of town, and the day was most delightfully entertaining as well as instructive. The program was made up of several assembly songs and solos, instrumental and vocal, and the department of activities were presented by the following chairmen: Jefferson Davis Highway, Mrs. D. A. McKinnon, of Mari-

anna; Cemetery Committee, Mrs. Lloyd T. Everett, DeLand; Confederate Veterans' Home, Mrs. Frank Brown, Jacksonville; Publicity, Mrs. F. L. Ezell. Mrs. C. M. Causey, Treasurer Florida Division, gave a talk; also the Recording Secretary and Registrar, Mrs. Marion Dickson and Mrs. Mack Hawkins, respectively, made interesting talks on the constitutional requirements of their offices.

Three-minute greetings were given by all Chapter Presidents and Junior leaders present. The favorite song, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," was most pleasingly rendered by the Mildred Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy. Mrs. Leland is director of this Chapter of earnest workers.

[Mrs. Viola B. Ezell, Editor.]



MRS. CHARLES BRECKENRIDGE FARIS.

Mrs. Charles Breckenridge Faris is presented by the Missouri Division for First Vice President General, U. D. C., subject to election at the convention in Biloxi, November 20-24, 1929.

Mrs. Faris, wife of Hon. Charles B. Faris, United States District Judge, of St. Louis, has been an active member of the Missouri Division for twenty-eight years, giving unselfishly of her time and talent, with ten years' service on the Executive Board. She has the distinction of having been chosen the second time for President of the Division, having served first in that office some twelve years ago, the only one so honored.

The Missouri Division is proud to present Mrs. Faris, with her wealth of experience and her love and devotion to the Confederate veterans, to the general organization for this high office.

Tennessee.—The annual convention of the Tennessee Division was held in Chattanooga, October 3-11, with the Gen. Francis M. Walker Chapter as hostess, of which Chapter Mrs. J. H. Gillespie is President.

The report of the State President, Mrs. Lowndes Turney, showed that steady progress is being made by the Division.

The Sam Davis home and its preservation was thoughtfully considered, showing that sentiment for the boy hero of Tennessee is still strong.

Miss Mollie E. C. Kavanaugh, Chairman of Education, reported thirty-nine applications for scholarships. Some of the foremost universities are giving scholarships to boys and girls of Confederate lineage. All students are reported as doing fine work and reflecting credit on the organization, while some have already made a name in their chosen fields of endeavor. The financial statement for scholarships was approximately \$11,500. An appeal for the Gen. A. P. Stewart scholarship brought additional contributions.

Following the report of Mrs. Owen Walker, Chairman of the Confederate Memorial Hall, which is to be erected on the campus of Peabody College at Nashville, the work to begin in the early spring, the Division voted to complete the fund for the Sam Davis Memorial room in the name of the Children of the Confederacy.

"The South in American Life and History," by Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, of Nashville, was indorsed by the convention. This book is now being used as a textbook in colleges and universities.

A resolution to place a bronze tablet in memory of Father Ryan, sweet singer of the South, in a room of the Father Ryan High School at Nashville, was adopted.

Memorial Hour was an impressive part of the convention program. "The Confederate Requiem," composed by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, State poet laureate, was sung for the first time at this convention and will be used hereafter at State memorial services.

On Historical Evening a most able address was given by Maj. Phil Whittaker in a detailed account of the life of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston; and he commended the Daughters on their work of correcting false history. The flag presentation was a special feature of the exercises. As the American flag was unfurled, "America" was sung; with the Tennessee State flag was given the "Salute to the Flag of Tennessee"; and as the Confederate flag was presented, "The Conquered Banner" was given as a musical reading, with

violin obligato and piano accompaniment. Many of the old songs were sung, and the parade of the "Belles of the Sixties" climaxed the program.

Members of the convention were urged to subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The issue for January, 1893, was the beginning of its existence. It was established by the late S. A. Cunningham, "not for fame nor reward, but to set before the world the principles for which the South contended in the sixties," and he bequeathed the publication to the four Confederate organizations of the South that it might be continued through further years of usefulness.

Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, Corresponding Secretary General, was made Honorary State President of the Division.

The social features of the convention were delightful. There were receptions, teas, luncheons, suppers, and a drive over the battle grounds, historical points and mountain paths, with their beautiful views. Confederate veterans in their uniforms of gray were guests of honor at all entertainments.

The following officers will serve the coming year: President, Mrs. W. C. Schwalmeyer, Memphis; First Vice President, Mrs. J. H. Gillespie, Chattanooga; Second Vice President, Mrs. R. H. Poindexter, Nashville; Third Vice President, Mrs. A. R. Dodson, Humboldt; Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. A. Cragon, Jr., Nashville; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Frances Stevens, Memphis; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary H. Carson, Lebanon; Historian, Mrs. J. Wade Barrier, Johnson City; Registrar, Mrs. Oscar A. Knox, Cleveland; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Emily Moseley, Winchester; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. W. W. Worley, Mountain City; Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Memphis; Director of C. of C., Mrs. A. D. Updike, Erwin.

[Mrs. E. M. Buchanan, Editor.]

Historical Department, U. D. C.

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

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, Historian General.

U. D. C. TOPIC FOR DECEMBER, 1929.

The Last Stand in North Carolina. Battles of Bentonville and Averysboro. Surrender of Johnston's Army.

C. OF C. TOPIC FOR DECEMBER.

Story of Christmas in the Sixties. (Miss Rutherford's Scrapbook.)

Reading: "Little Giffin of Tennessee." (Tichnor.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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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*
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MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON....*Recording Secretary General*
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MRS. LAMAR LIPSCOMB.....*Historian General*
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MRS. L. T. D. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*
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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. ROGERS WINTER, *Editor*, 61 Highland Drive, Atlanta, Ga.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

And he whose heart beats quickest, lives the longest.

Life's but a means unto an end; that end

Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.

The dead have all the glory of the world."

A MESSAGE TO STATE PRESIDENTS.

Your President General invites your special attention and coöperation in passing on to you a request from our newly appointed editor of the C. S. M. A. department in the VETERAN. We have been most fortunate in securing Mrs. Rogers Winter as our editor, a capable and brilliant writer, but she, nor anyone else, can give the necessary stimulus to the work if the responsibility is hers alone, and you are urged to keep her in touch with your different activities or to give suggestions that she may pass on to other Associations through the pages of the VETERAN. "In a multitude of counsel there is wisdom," and from the many interested ones some one will receive help. Write to Mrs. Winter, keep her in touch with your field, and she may be able in return to give inspirational help. Let us be up and doing, each one feeling her own personal responsibility, for the work is yours, and on you depends the results as to whether it shall keep its rightful place among those who value the great sacrifices of our dear mothers and their brave soldiers, whose valor and whose sacrifices made possible our lives so blessed as this new day has given us.

With every good wish for each, and an abiding faith in your response to Mrs. Winter, at 61 Highland Drive, Atlanta, Ga., I am, as ever,

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

TRIBUTE TO THE C. S. M. A.

The minutes of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association contain much that is of interest to those who are dedicated to the South, its traditions of the past, and the glory that will belong to the future because of the inspiration that comes from things heroic in the past. But nothing is dearer to the women of the C. S. M. A. than the tributes from the great leaders of the Confederacy that are recorded in the pages of the C. S. M. A. Minutes. One of the most beautiful of these is contained in the address made by Gen. Clement A. Evans, at the Memphis reunion, U. C. V., in 1909, in which he said:

"There were no better defenders of the South's honor than its noble women, and the daughters of these noble women do well to perpetuate their deeds, while we of the other Confederate organizations do well to bear in love and highest honor these women of our Southland whose many sacrifices may never be known.

"Your organization (the C. S. M. A.) has a high purpose, which is being well and ably carried out. Your noble work is an important part of the work we are all doing to perpetuate the memory of our great cause, in defense of our history, in defense of those great truths for which we and our comrades fought.

"These noble women who bore the sacrifices of the war are fast leaving us. Their ranks are thinning rapidly as well as those of the men who

served their country in the field. You have done much to show the truths of the principle for which we battled, and ere many more years have passed I am assured that these truths will be recognized as truths by our great united nation.

"Old prejudices are rapidly passing away, and our country has once more become one people, united under one flag, believing in the principle of peace and truth."

General Evans has passed on to join the gray hosts on the "greenswards of eternity," but his message remains still to be an inspiration and incentive to the Memorial Associations of the South. Never shall the memory of the great captains of the Confederacy die, and the glory of the men who wore the gray will brighten with the passing of the years.

* * *

Mrs. S. M. Fields, C. S. M. A. President for the State of Texas, is ready for active work this fall, after a most interesting summer. She visited friends and relatives in Virginia and North Carolina, being delightfully entertained everywhere. At the reunion in Charlotte, she was one of the honored guests at all the functions, and on her return to Texas she attended the Texas State reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

The following is an excerpt from a very interesting article written by Mrs. Fields on Memorial Day for one of the Texas newspapers:

"There is something unique in the War between the States. While the South was overpowered, they were never conquered. The same spirit that actuated the South to resist oppression is in the people of the South to-day. They held fast to the truth for which they contended—State Rights—and a very strange thing to relate is, the people of the North, the children of the bitterest abolitionists, are coming to acknowledge that the South, not they adhered to the Constitution.

While the South adheres closely to the principles for which they fought, they to-day fight a grander battle by putting out of their hearts all bitterness toward those of the North who were contending for their rights as they saw them. As the years go by all bitterness passes, and both North and South honor the men of the blue and the gray alike.

"No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead."

A CITIZEN WELL BELOVED.

The sympathy of the South, and of the Memorial women particularly, will go out to Mrs. William A. Wright, Georgia President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, at the death of her distinguished husband, William Ambrose Wright, son of Gen. Ransome Wright, of Confederate fame, and himself a Confederate officer with a record equaled by none other.

Bishop Warren A. Candler, who delivered an oration of classic beauty at General Wright's funeral on Tuesday, September 18, told this story, preceding it by the statement that in all history it had no precedent so far as his knowledge goes.

General Wright, who had three horses shot from under him in battle, was finally so badly wounded in an engagement that it was necessary to amputate his right leg. Always such an injury means retirement from active service, but when William Ambrose Wright's leg was healed, even before the scars of the wound had ceased to ache, the gallant young soldier was again at the front, riding as a courier on his father's staff. His crutches by his pommel, and himself strapped to the saddle, he rode the battle line until he was captured by Federal troops and sent as a prisoner to Johnson's Island.

Bishop Candler paid to him the highest tributes that can be given, not only for his bravery in the service of the Confederacy, but for his unequalled record of service to his State in time of peace. He was buried on the fiftieth anniversary of the date of his entry into office as Comptroller General of the State of Georgia. For fifty years the people returned him, term after term, to the State capitol, and only twice during those fifty years was he opposed by any candidate for the office of Comptroller General.

His name was synonymous with the word "honor," and he was loved as well as respected throughout the length and breadth of the State of Georgia. More Confederate veterans were gathered at his funeral than have been assembled in many years in Atlanta, the number exceeding even those in attendance at the Memorial Day exercises.

Bishop Candler, speaking of his service as Comptroller General, said: "No man could persuade him through friendship nor intimidate him through fear in the fulfillment of his duty to his State."

He was buried at Oakland Cemetery in the Con-

(Continued on page 438.)

Sons of Confederate Veterans

JOHN ASHLEY JONES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, ATLANTA, GA.

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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.

DIVISION NOTES.

ANNUAL REUNION AND CONVENTION.

Past Commander in Chief Edmond R. Wiles is business manager of the annual Confederate reunion of the Veterans and Sons to be held at Biloxi, Miss., June 3, 4, 5, and 6, 1930. Comrade Wiles was business manager of the reunion held at Little Rock, Ark., in May, 1928, and also managed the last reunion, held at Charlotte, N. C. The reunion is sponsored by the State of Mississippi and the Gulf Coast cities, and, with Comrade Wiles as manager, its success is assured.

MEMORIALIZE GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

Gen. Robert E. Lee, who died at Lexington, Va., fifty-nine years ago October 12, was memorialized there on the anniversary of his death, not only for his strategy as a general, but for his genius as a college president. He died as president of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University.

In the early sixties, soldiers honored Lee the warrior; to-day, soldiers, citizens, and students salute the soldier, the educator, the American, who rests in the ivy-colored chapel on the University campus there.

A rapidly decreasing roll of Confederate veterans told of their war chieftain, who always, on the eve of battle, dismounted, uncovered his head, and joined his men in prayer. Not least among their accounts was that of Appomattox, the day General Lee sat on his white horse, Traveller, and bade his men an emotional farewell. They spoke

of him as a father, a leader who, when the day was lost, asked his men to "take hope, have good cheer, and trust in God."

Of the twenty-one students stationed fifty-nine years ago as a guard of honor beside the General's body before final burial, as it lay in state in the college chapel, only three now remain. They are S. H. Chester, Nashville, Tenn.; W. McChesney, Staunton, Va.; and J. R. Winchester, Little Rock, Ark.

High points of Lee's little-known career as a college president were told here. Turning his back on a \$25,000-a-year offer to become head of a life insurance company, and another to become commanding general of the entire military force of Egypt at an immense salary, General Lee rode across the Blue Ridge to Lexington to assume the presidency of a small Southern college at a salary of \$1,500 a year. He is now described as "one of the greatest college presidents who ever lived."

While serving as an educator, Lee directed a chapel to be built on the campus as a place for student worship. This building is now Lee Memorial Chapel, in the basement of which the General is buried. Thousands of visitors pass through this memorial each month. Fifty-two thousand persons visited the chapel during the twelve months past.

NEW CAMPS ORGANIZED.

On October 1, 1929, Assistant Adjutant in Chief C. E. Gilbert organized a new Camp at Biloxi, Miss., known as the Jefferson Davis Camp.

The Camp will take an active part in the annual reunion to be held at Biloxi in June, 1930. The officers of the Camp are: G. F. Carroll, Commander; Walter Wadlington, First Lieutenant Commander; C. J. Wiltz, Second Lieutenant Commander; F. H. Kimbrough, Adjutant; Glen Swetman, Treasurer; Ab. Jackson, Quartermaster; L. C. Corbon, Judge Advocate; R. W. Burnett, Surgeon; Tom Grayson, Historian; George C. Guint, Color Sergeant; and E. A. DeMiller, Chaplain.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

The opening ceremonies of the thirty-fourth annual convention of the Virginia Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, were held in the large and handsome armory at Petersburg, Va., on October 10, 1929. This meeting was a joint assembly of veterans, ladies, and sons, held under the auspices of the Virginia Division, S. C. V., to which the public was invited. The band played patriotic airs, which stirred the enthusiasm of all. The hall was packed with Confederate veterans, visitors, and the local people.

Col. Charles T. Norman, Division Commander, made a most excellent report, outlining the work of the Division during his administration. His report, among other things, showed that Virginia had contributed during his administration more than \$1,300 to the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, Inc.; that the pension of Confederate soldiers had been increased at the last legislature; and that he had organized or reorganized seven Camps during the past year.

The business meeting was addressed by Hon. John W. Rust, of Fairfax, Va., president of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, Inc. He outlined the work which had been done by the Park Association and the work which the Board had in contemplation. He asked for the coöperation of the Sons of Confederate Veterans in this great project. A resolution was passed that the incoming Commander appoint a committee to coöperate with the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park directors.

The convention was honored with the presence of Judge Edwin P. Cox, the person who introduced the resolution in R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, U. C. V., for the Sons of Confederate Veterans to meet in Richmond in order to organize the general association of Sons of Confederate Veterans. Judge Cox was the first Division Commander of Virginia, as well as the first Adjutant in Chief. He gave a delightful talk before the convention, outlining the history of the organization and the

struggles the organization had in its infancy.

The Entertainment Committee had provided for an automobile trip to the Crater and the Confederate Tunnels, as well as a reception at the Country Club.

Dr. H. J. Eckenrode, Historian in Chief, S. C. V., delivered a very instructive address on Text-books and gave a history as to the work the State Conservation Commission was doing in marking the historical places along the roads throughout Virginia.

The following Brigade Commanders of the Virginia Division were unanimously elected: First Brigade, A. F. Hozier, Norfolk; Second Brigade, Robert R. Rainey, Petersburg; Third Brigade, John Saul, Salem; Fourth Brigade, J. Edward Beale, Remington; Fifth Brigade, Col. Heirome L. Opie, Staunton.

LAST OF A MARYLAND COMPANY.

The annual reunion of the Ridgely Brown Camp, U. C. V., of Montgomery County, Md., could not be held this year because only one member was left. Commander E. L. Tschiffley is now the sole representative of this Camp, of which he has been Commander for many years, and he is the last survivor of the one hundred and twenty stalwart young men of Montgomery County who enlisted under the Stars and Bars nearly seventy years ago. He is now eighty-seven years of age, still keen of intellect, though not so active as of yore when he was regularly one of the "boys" who gathered in annual reunions, both of county and State, as well as the general reunions of the United Confederate Veterans.

Commander Tschiffley is a native of Washington, but his parents moved to Montgomery County when he was a boy of ten. There is a Confederate monument on the square of Rockville, where he lives, which he helped to erect in 1913, and the figure in bronze is symbolical of that gallant and sturdy manhood which fought for the cause of the Confederacy, and it stands in tribute to the thin gray line of Montgomery County. The inscription on that monument, "That we through life may not forget to love the thin gray line," can now be read by only one so pledging that fealty, yet as long as he remains, the green mounds where his comrades rest will have their memorial bloom each springtime, and after him the bronze comrade on the monument will still inspire the living to never forget "the thin gray line."

A CITIZEN WELL BELOVED.

(Continued from page 435.)

federate section, in the same plot in which repose the bodies of Gen. John B. Gordon, Gen. Clement A. Evans, and General Iverson.

With Bishop Candler, we say once more:

"Soldier, statesman, we salute thee, looking down upon us from the far distance of eternity. May we be worthy of the glorious example of gallantry, chivalry, and fidelity which you have exemplified for half a century. Never has greater manhood reposed in so slight a physical compass."

And to Mrs. Wright we give the thought that such grandeur as was his defeats the very grave itself. His is the immortality of honor.

MRS. HARRIETT LATIMER BITTICK.

(Continued from page 429.)

for sixty-one years, a member of a missionary auxiliary for thirty-three years, of which she was a long-time life member.

Her husband, to whom she was married in 1865, was one of Forrest's cavalry, and they traveled together fifty-nine years. Six children blessed their home, and all were at her home going. She had lived with her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Caldwell, at Rives, Tenn., for some years. She was awake to events of the day and fully appreciated every forward movement for better, cleaner, and safer conditions in which to live.

Thus, with a long, beautiful life spent in loving helpful serve to others, she peacefully, sweetly, and beautifully fell asleep here to awake in heaven, there to be reunited with the host of dear ones "loved and lost a while."

THE OLD, OLD SONGS.

Responses have come to the request for copies of some old songs, and the VETERAN is glad to be able to give one of them this month, hoping to have the others later on. In writing of the old song of "Kitty Wells," Mrs. A. D. Williams, Historian of the Confederate Gray Chapter, of Leesburg, Fla., adds:

"Down through the years since childhood comes the echo of my mother's sweet voice singing these old songs, of which 'Kitty Wells' was one of her favorites. The words elude me, except in snatches, but the tones of her voice and the dear old tunes linger about my heart like the echo of her voice. My mother was only four years old during the War between the States, but she knew and sang these old songs all her life, so they must have been popular for many years after the war closed. 'Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party' was an-

other she loved. I can only hum the tune. I wonder if anyone has the words?"

A letter comes from Judge A. W. Hutton, of Santa Monica, Calif., with a copy of the song complete, and a reference to having heard it sung in his young manhood. That was at the marriage of his next older brother, who had served with Company A, 36th Alabama Regiment, until wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, when he was transferred to the cavalry and served as a lieutenant of the 16th Confederate Cavalry. "My brother was married in the fall of 1868," writes Major Hutton, "and I, who had just received my B.L. at the University of Virginia, was one of his attendants, while our cousin, Sallie Blocker, was one of the bridesmaids. She was sweet, beautiful, and musical, and sang 'Kitty Wells.' I got a copy of the song from her, and it is the version I send. . . . I saw some little service in behalf of the Confederacy myself, and I have two commissions as Major General of the Pacific Division, U. C. V."

KITTY WELLS.

You ask what makes this darky weep,

Why he, like others, am not gay,
What makes the tears roll down his cheeks

From early morn till close of day.

My story, darkies, you shall hear,

For in my memory fresh it dwells;

'Twill cause you all to drop a tear

On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Chorus.

When the birds were singing in the morning,

And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,

And the sun on the hilltop was dawning,

It was then we laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day

When we together roamed the dells,

I kissed her cheek and named the day

When I should marry Kitty Wells.

But death came creeping in my door

And took from me my joy, my pride,

And when I found she was no more,

I laid my banjo down and cried.

I often wish that I was dead

And laid beside her in the tomb;

The sorrows that bow down my head

Are silent in the midnight gloom;

This world has no charms for me,

Though wild flowers are blooming in the dells,

For one bright form no more I see,

'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

DO YOU KNOW.

That George Washington was the only President who was elected unanimously?

That Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Fillmore, Benjamin Harrison, Wilson, and Harding married widows?

That the only two signers of the Declaration of Independence who became Presidents of the United States—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson—died on the same day, July 4, 1826, fifty years later?

That when John Quincy Adams became President, all of his predecessors, except George Washington, were living?

That Andrew Johnson's wife taught him to read after they were married?

That George Washington was the richest President of the United States, although Theodore Roosevelt's income was larger?

That Theodore Roosevelt was awarded the Nobel Peace prize of \$40,000 for his influence in bringing to an end the Russo-Japanese war in 1905, and that in 1920 the prize was awarded to Woodrow Wilson for his labors in behalf of world peace?

That U. S. Grant had always been a Democrat until he was nominated and elected President by the Republicans in 1868?

That Franklin Pierce's Secretary of War was Jefferson Davis, afterwards President of the Southern Confederacy?

That Presidents Washington, Madi-

son, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, and Harding were childless?

That James K. Polk was the first presidential nominee to be notified of his nomination by telegraph?

That George Washington refused to become a candidate for a third term?

That Presidents John Adams, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, McKinley, and Wilson in their early years were teachers?

That James Madison was the author of the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States?

That when the war broke out in 1861, Presidents Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan were still living?

That Abraham Lincoln was six feet and four inches tall, two inches taller than George Washington?

That Thomas Jefferson, in 1783, while a member of congress as organized under the Articles of Confederation, originated the decimal system of currency for this nation?

That John Adams lived twenty-five years after completing his term of office as President?

That James Buchanan's fiancé died shortly before the date set for their marriage, and that he remained true to her memory through his life?—*Exchange*.

The Optimist: "The palmist told me that I was at the end of all my troubles."

The Pessimist: "Ah, but did she say which end?"

A TURKEY REVIEW.

What part of a turkey is used in music? (Feet.)

What does the dressmaker do to the turkey? (Baste it.)

When is a turkey like a small boy who has eaten too much? (When stuffed.)

What part is a part of a sentence? (Claws.)

What part is an oriental? (Turk.)

What part appears upon a field of battle? (Drum sticks.)

What part assists my lady in making her toilet? (Comb.)

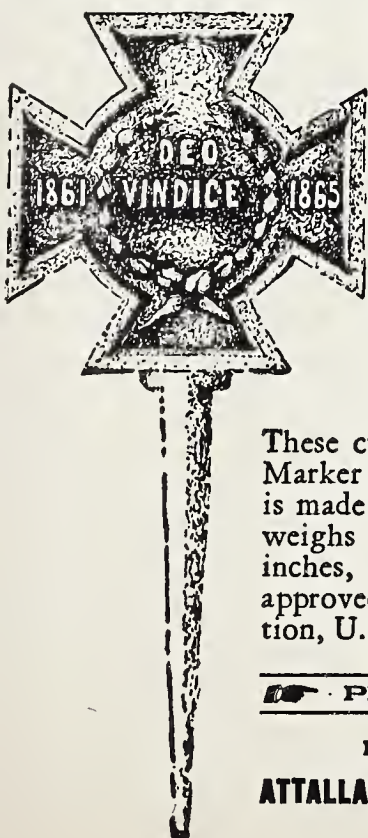
What part is a story? (Tail—tale.)

When a turkey is cooking, what country is represented? (Greece.)

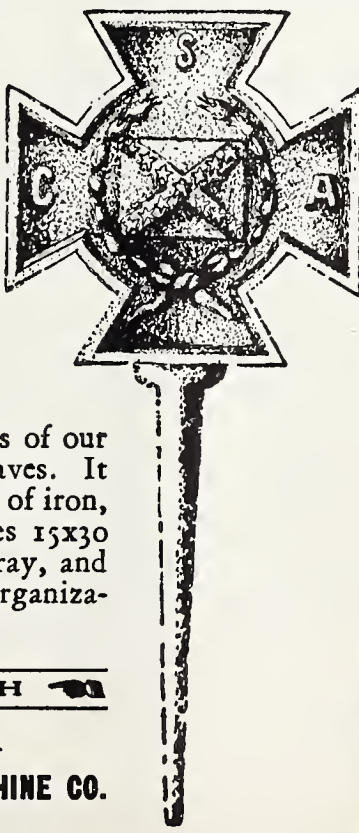
Why has the turkey five reasons for being sad? (1) He gets it in the neck. (2) He gets a roasting. (3) He is much cut up. (4) We all pick on him. (5) He is finally in the soup.

Mrs. Effie Wilkes, courthouse, Ardmore, Okla., is interested in helping to complete the war records of two old soldiers in need of pensions. They are: Milton L. Reel, who served in Gaddy's Militia, of Berryville, Ark.; he enlisted in the fall of 1864. Was also known as M. L. "McGraw," as that was the name of his stepfather. A. J. Powell, of Ardmore, served in the same company, but the affidavit of other comrades is needed; one of these was Dow High, of High, Ark. John E. Barker enlisted under a Captain Archer, Company I, but was transferred to Captain Wood's Company B, — Arkansas Regiment, enlisting from Fulton County, Ark., in the fall of 1863, and serving to the end; was in the fighting at Poplar Bluff, Mo., and was then sent to Freeman's Division, under command of General Coleman. Some of his comrades were Sam and Marion Pogue, Bill Talley, Mack Elkins, all of Fulton County, and Ferdinand Shaver, of Sharpe County, Ark. It is hoped that some of them are still alive and will let him hear.

The VETERAN has been asked to help locate the owner of a canteen taken from the body of a Confederate cavalryman at the battle of Shiloh. The canteen is in the form of a small wooden keg, on one head of which are the letters "S. C. L.," and lower down are minor carvings. The canteen was procured from one H. B. Olmstead, who served in Company H, 6th Michigan Infantry, in the battle of Shiloh.



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Forget"**



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MISCELLANIES

Pictures of Confederate leaders have become very scarce, and some are now not procurable at all, especially in good engravings. The VETERAN offers two pictures of General Lee in small size, one of these a steel engraving about 7x9 inches, print surface, which can be framed with wide or narrow mat effectively. This picture will be sent, postpaid, for \$2.

The other picture, smaller in size, is a photogravure in sepia, which makes a handsome picture for desk or table framed suitably. This will be sent for one dollar, postpaid.

A picture of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in good size, a handsome engraving, will be sent for \$4. This originally sold at \$5, and there are no more like it.



ECHOES *from* DIXIE

Who does not love the old songs of the South? In this collection, "Echoes from Dixie," there are songs which stir the emotions with their tender sentiment, their patriotic fire, their religious fervor. This collection should be in every home of the South. These songs were collected and published by Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, leader of Confederate Choir No. 1, U. C. V., and this is the edition revised by Matthew Page Andrews. Both words and music are given. Price, one dollar per copy, postpaid. Sent as a premium for three new subscriptions to the VETERAN.



BOOKS

The special offer of "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," compiled and edited by Capt. R. E. Lee, Jr., by which the book will be sent with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$4, is renewed for this month. Both renewals and new orders will be accepted, but renewals must be in advance. The VETERAN bought the last of this \$5 edition of the book and wants every subscriber to get a copy, if possible.

===== SEND IN YOUR ORDERS PROMPTLY =====

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Confederate Veteran

C L Willoughby
616 N Iowa Av
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Fla

VOL. XXXVII.

DECEMBER, 1929

NO. 12



GENERAL PERSHING AND HIS HORSE "JEFF"
Jeff, a beautiful bay, an "F. F. V." from the Vale of the Shenandoah,
was presented to General Pershing by the American Legion
(By courtesy of the Signal Service). See page 456.

973-705
C748

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Mrs. Medora B. Maynard, 129 Sixteenth Street, Hermosa Beach, Calif., asks for the words of an old Southern song entitled "The Red, White, and Red," which was sung when she was a child during the War between the States. The VETERAN will be glad to have a copy of this for publication.

O. G. Guttery, Box 14, Alton, Kans., is helping to make a list of all soldiers buried in Osborne County, Kans., and out of the 420 records have been secured for all but three. One of these

was Robert (or Robertson) Barnett, and his rank, company, and regiment are wanted. He enlisted in Tennessee near Knoxville.

Mrs. Bettie Wilson, 1608 College Avenue, Bluefield, W. Va., seeks information on the war record of her husband, Willis Howard Wilson, of Hicksford (now Emporia), Va. He was a telegraph operator connected with the Confederate service, and anyone who can recall his service will please write to Mrs. Wilson.

MARSE ROBERT

KNIGHT of the CONFEDERACY

By JAMES C. YOUNG

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Order from W. B. Hackley, University of Richmond, Va.

Mrs. C. L. Koonce, Coleman, Fla., would like to hear from anyone who knew her husband, Calvin Luther Koonce, who enlisted from Jones County, N. C., in the 68th North Carolina Infantry, and served throughout the war. She is trying to get a pension, and would appreciate hearing from anyone who can testify to his service, and especially as to his discharge from the army.

Confederate Veteran

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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. XXXVII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1929

No. 12.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

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KEEP THE VETERAN INFORMED.

A special request is made that the VETERAN will be informed well in advance of the date set for any notable meeting or event, such as reunions, dedication of memorials, etc.

TO "THE PATHFINDER OF THE SEAS."

Armistice Day in Richmand, Va., was marked by a notable event—the unveiling of the monument to Matthew Fontaine Maury, a man who did more for the safety of navigation and the advancement of maritime commerce than any man who ever lived. In him was the God-given ability to trace out the lanes of the sea and to mark those routes for the safety of those “who went down to the sea in ships.”

Honored abroad more than at home for his wonderful accomplishments, this monument is the culmination of the effort started by Mrs. E. E. Moffett, of Richmond, that his own beloved South, for which he had sacrificed all, should fittingly honor his memory. She began in 1915 this movement for a monument in his native State, and she has worked indefatigably to the successful completion of the undertaking.

The monument was unveiled on November 11 with interesting ceremonies, and, though ill in a hospital, Mrs. Moffett shared in spirit with those who carried out the program, and her heart was cheered by messages from friends even as her room was made beautiful with flowers on that day.

A full account of the monument movement to its completion will be given later.

This last memorial is the greatest tribute yet paid to the memory of a great and good man, benefactor of mankind. That "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country" has been exemplified in the neglect of the government he served through the greatest accomplishments of his wonderful career—but *his day is coming!*

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

THE NEGRO IN THE SOUTH.

Two incidents of recent happening, touching on the negro in the South, have been reported to the VETERAN through newspaper clippings telling of honors paid to two negroes whose lives had been spent in a worth-while way in the section of their birth in slavery. One of the negroes, Jefferson Davis Wilson, said to have been born a slave in the family of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, died at the age of ninety-seven years, and sixty-five of those years had been spent in service connected with the University of Louisiana, at Baton Rouge. He was called the "oldest alumnus" of the university. As bootblack, valet, waiter, he had endeared himself to the cadets of the university by his devotion to his duties, and on his death in October, the flag of the university was flown at half mast in his honor. A full military detail of cadets followed him to his last resting place, while the military salute was fired over the grave, covered with flowers sent in large part by his friends of the white race.

Another negro honored by his white friends was Dr. Albert F. Owens, known to and respected by the people of Mobile, Ala., for his noble work among the people of his own race. He had been dean of Selma University for Negroes for many years, but every year he returned to Mobile to manage the holiday dinners for his people, funds for which he had received and administered for over fifty years. The people of Mobile knew and appreciated the work he had done for his race, and many prominent citizens attended and took part in the funeral services on his death last December. At the head of his grave in Magnolia Cemetery, at Mobile, they have placed a memorial stone with this inscription:

"ALBERT F. OWENS, D.D., 1855-1928.

MINISTER OF RELIGION, EDUCATOR, PHILANTHROPIST, MESSENGER OF INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL.

ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF MOBILE."

People of the North and of other sections of this country who so little understood the feeling which the people of the South have for the negro they knew in slavery and since—who are so rabid in their desire that the negro have "proper recognition" at the South—should find in these two in-

cidents (and there are many more of the kind) something to change their ideas of the Southerner's treatment of the negro both in slavery and in freedom. The bond between master and slave was made strong by the law of kindness, and no greater evidence of that is needed than the fact that many slaves remained with their former owners despite the allurements held out to them in the name of freedom. Innumerable incidents are on record where they lived out their lives on the old plantations, with the feeling to the end that they were with their best friends, and their last days were provided for in the same spirit that parents provide for their children.

When we think of the immense effort that has been made in the past sixty years and more to Christianize the African Continent, and what little headway has been made in penetrating that black mass of heathenism—superstition, idolatry, cannibalism—one is moved to say that the negro in America should bend the knee in thankfulness that his ancestors were brought through slavery into the Christianizing influence of Southern households. Brought here as savages, within a generation they were converted into human beings, and mainly by association with a people known for its culture and kindness. They were trained to work, and though that training did not take strong hold in many instances, some became skilled workmen in different trades, and when freedom came were better able to meet the new responsibilities. Granted that there were evils in slavery—as in every other institution affecting mankind—the good accomplished for the negro race by slavery in the South far outweighed the evil, and in the mixed population of these United States, the philanthropic work for the advancement of the negro still exceeds what has been done for any other race. He has the opportunity to make good anywhere, and as he makes of his life for good or evil, so will his citizenship in this Southern country be respected or resented. Enough has been done for the negro to make of him a thinking, responsible being, and it is high time that he should realize that something is due from him in gratitude for all these benefits—that he has received his due in philanthropy and in turn should pass on its benefits to that part of his race still in darkness; that he should not be clamoring for more benefits, and in ways for which he is not fitted, but rather should show his worthiness of those he has already received.

The negro in the South is with his friends as in no other part of the country, as events have

shown, and the future acceptance of him as a citizen rests entirely upon his own actions for good or evil.

SAM DAVIS—WORLD HERO.

Many poems have been written on Sam Davis, the boy hero of Tennessee, whose bronze statue stands upon the Capitol grounds in Nashville, the latest of which comes from the pen of C. R. Bushong, of Troy, Ohio, who became acquainted with his heroism on a visit to Nashville. He also gives his impressions in prose, as follows:

"While on a vacation trip recently the children and I spent a day in Nashville, Tenn., and while strolling about the beautiful State Capitol grounds, we came upon the bronze monument erected to the memory of Sam Davis. I stood in reverent admiration before that monument and read the inscription and brief story of the brave Southern lad whose heroic life was brought to a tragic and untimely end through the events of the Civil War. Having lived in the North all my life, my ignorance of this incident may be partly my fault, and it may not be. At any rate, I will have to confess that I never before heard of Sam Davis. The episode of his life was not given in my school history. But he is plainly an object of hero worship in his native Tennessee, and justly so. I do not know when I have been so deeply impressed. I have not in a long time found anything which has so thrilled me and fired my imagination as the simple story of this country lad who stood with unflinching courage and firm loyalty to his friend and his cause beneath the very shadow of the gallows. After returning home, I wrote my impressions in verse."

While the poem is rather long for the VETERAN, the fine sentiment is especially shown in the concluding stanzas, here given:

"No man hath ever a greater love revealed
Than this, wherein a man hath his life laid
down
To serve for his cause or his fellow man a
shield—
Such act supremely merits the hero's crown.

And since, in devotion, this hero of Tennessee
On Honor's altar once made and fulfilled his
vow,
A united North and South, upon bended knee,
Shall with eternal glory his name endow."

THE MURDER OF MRS. SURRETT.

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

I am glad to have lived long enough to know of Winston's "Andrew Johnson," Stryker's "Andrew Johnson," and Bowers's "Tragic Era."

We are told to love our enemies, but that injunction does not apply to enemies of our country. As Christians, we can wish them painted to posterity as they really are. During the period of the War between the States and the subsequent sorrow and desolation, the scuffle for bread and meat, we down South knew but little of what was going on at the North. We never heard of the Dunham conspiracy to implicate President Davis in the murder of President Lincoln, or of the conspiracy to fasten Lincoln's murder on Andrew Johnson, or of the true inwardness of the murder of Mrs. Surratt by the military commission, and the murder of Wirz, to divert opprobrium from Stanton and his vile crew because of the deaths of Federal prisoners at Andersonville.

Now, posterity will be advised. I find in Winston's "Andrew Johnson" some account of the war made by Sumner, Ashby, Stevens, etc., on President Johnson. The following incident, page 413, will be of interest to you readers:

"Perhaps the queerest instance of the intolerance of the radical with the conservative was seen when Ben Butler ran afoul of Bingham. The House was debating a bill for the relief of destitute persons in the South, whether loyal or disloyal. Bingham, supporting the bill, wandered over to the Democratic side of the chamber. Butler, who opposed the bill, remarked that the gentleman from Ohio had 'got over on the other side not only in body, but in spirit.' Judge Bingham, who, it will be remembered, was the Judge-Advocate who prosecuted Mrs. Surratt and the other alleged assassins of President Lincoln, had grown tired of such flings. He, therefore, retorted that 'it does not become a gentleman who recorded his vote fifty times for Jeff Davis, the arch traitor in this rebellion, as his candidate for President of the United States, to undertake to damage this cause by an imputation on either my integrity or honor.' 'I repel with scorn and contempt any utterance of that sort from any man,' said Bingham, 'whether he be the hero of Fort Fisher not taken or of Fort Fisher taken.'

"This fling at General Butler, who, as was well known, had voted fifty times at the Charleston convention in April, 1860, for Davis for President, and had not taken Fort Fisher, aroused the

incorrigible man's wrath. In reply, he admitted he had voted fifty-seven times for Jeff Davis for President, 'hoping thereby to prevent disunion,' but he asserted that the difference between himself and the honorable gentleman from Ohio was this: 'While Jeff Davis was in the Union, a Senator of the United States and claiming to be a friend of the Union, I supported him.' . . . 'I left him as soon as he left the Union,' Butler replied; "but the gentleman from Ohio now supports him when he is a traitor." . . . 'I did all I could and the best I could,' he went on, 'and I feel exceedingly chagrined because I could do no more; but if during the war the gentleman from Ohio did as much as I did in that direction, I should be glad to recognize that much done. But the only victim of that gentleman's prowess that I know of was an innocent woman hung upon the scaffold, one Mrs. Surratt. And I can sustain the memory of Fort Fisher if he and his present associates can sustain him in shedding the blood of a woman tried by a military commission and convicted without sufficient evidence, in my judgment.'

"Butler's onslaught stunned Bingham, and he corrected his remarks for the record. Butler then renewed the attack, intimating that Bingham and his associates had withheld Booth's diary from the court and had mutilated it by tearing out leaves to shield Johnson, the instigator of Lincoln's murder. 'Who spoliated the book?' Butler bellowed. 'Who suppressed the evidence? Who caused an innocent woman to be hanged when he had in his pocket the diary showing the purpose of the main conspirator in the case?' Along this line Butler cavorted, as only Ben Butler could. When he had finished his remarkable tirade, Bingham arose to make reply. 'Such a charge as the gentleman makes,' said Bingham, 'is only fit to come from a man who lives in a bottle and is fed with a spoon'—evidently referring to General Grant's contemptuous remark about General Butler's soldiering and to Ben Butler's well-known reputation in New Orleans."

I wish every decent person from Maine to Texas could read these three books.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

"The source of the abolition outburst against the Fugitive Slave Law, against Webster, against the government, was not only the statute itself, but certain dramatic attempts to execute it in New York, Boston, and Pennsylvania."

In this fashion was the public mind prepared for a most effective piece of propaganda against slavery and the South. Nine months after the Fugitive Slave Law went into effect, and while the country was ringing with denunciations of the first cases of its enforcement, the *National Era*, organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, began the serial publication of a story entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly." The author was Harriet Beecher Stowe, sister of Henry Ward Beecher and Edward Beecher, and wife of a Presbyterian minister and professor in the Theological Seminary in Andover, Calvin E. Stowe.

The narrative was written with dramatic genius. It was a succession of incidents, each picturesque, some startling. In this fashion the whole abolition argument and appeal was presented. The entire story, or any section of it, could be dramatized and acted with little effort. Characters were so drawn as to give the impression that they were typical. The distinct and emphatic idea thus conveyed to the reader was that, as a class, the slaves were frightfully abused and yearning for freedom; that Southern men, with tepid exceptions, were tyrannical and vile; that, in general, Southern women were incompetent, sluggish, and cruel. While figures were made to appear and things to happen that showed the easier side of slavery, they were subordinated to the drama and were used to make prominent the horrible and the base. Early in 1852, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published in book form. One hundred thousand copies were sold in two months, and within a year the American public had absorbed three times that number. Not a city, town, or village in the North was without it, and it was read even in the South. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the literary sensation of the period. It did more to create sentiment against slavery, and even more against the South, than all that had been or was to be spoken or written on the subject. In this sense Mrs. Stowe may be said to have been a principal agent in bringing about the Civil War. "Is this the little woman who made this big war?" asked Lincoln, when she went to see the President during that conflict. (Albert J. Beveridge, in "Abraham Lincoln," Volume II, pages 137, 138.)

This war propaganda, written in ignorance of the South by one who had never put foot on that soil, but gathered atrocities from revolutionary writings of abolitionists, was used for the subjugation of the South by the conspirators against

the government and Constitution of the United States.

Read now the final and truest summary of what this conspiracy meant, set forth in Beveridge's "Life of Lincoln." If Senator Beveridge had lived to finish his work, myths would have been laid low. He did it well as far as he went, and no student of American history can ever ignore the plain facts. And what of that piece of propaganda, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the falsest ever used to bring about a war and to feed fanaticism and hatred of all people against the South? Dead "Slavery," the object of this hatred, dead the cause of Southern independence, and yet the lying propaganda lives, diligently reprinted and kept in circulation in America and foreign countries. Every library in the North circulates it; it is put into the hands of young generations of negroes, of the young foreigners who are being Americanized; it is cherished among standard works and used for every reading course possible. There is no purpose this book can ever justly fulfill; it represents no historic truth, no social condition that ever existed. It is pure melodrama, fit only for the stage, and, strangely, on the stage it lives as well as in libraries. . . . This war propaganda carried on so unscrupulously after more than half a century of peace is a crime against humanity. No political expediency can in the least justify the keeping alive of forces conceived in ignorance and malice against fellow countrymen, and now acknowledged by the intelligent and informed as beyond the pale of ethical standards. To have this creation of a fanatical and unscrupulous writer fastened forever on American literature and drama is a disgrace to America and a perpetual insult to that part that gave birth to Washington and Lee, and to all that class of men who added to the greatness and achievement of the English-speaking people from the day of Sir Walter Raleigh to this present hour of Richard Evelyn Byrd.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Rev. Philip Mercer, Box 210, Alton, Ill., author of "The Gallant Pelham," is now at work on a life of Gen. N. B. Forrest, and he would appreciate hearing from anyone who can give him personal glimpses of the great commander. What he especially wants is the recollections of those who knew Forrest personally, and who, through their association with him, both in war and peace, can give him incidents and impressions of his character and personality.

KATIE'S SECRET.

The sunlight is beautiful, mother,
And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day;
And the birds in the branches of hawthorne
Are carolling ever so gay.
And down by the brook in the meadow,
The rills ripple by with a song;
And, mother, I, too, have been singing
The merriest all the day long.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,
And Willie came down by the gate.
He whispered, "Come out in the moonlight,
I have something to say to you, Kate."
And out in the moonlight we wandered,
Way down by the hawthorne tree.
O, mother, I wonder if any
Were ever as happy as we.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,
Last night I was weeping alone.
The world was so dark and dreary;
My heart it grew heavy as stone.
I thought of the lonely and loveless,
All lonely and loveless was I.
I scarcely could tell why it was, mother,
But, O, I was wishing to die.

So now I will gather my roses
And twine in my long braided hair,
And Willie will come in the evening
And smile when he sees me so fair.
O, mother, to him I am dearer
Than all in the wide world beside.
He told me so out in the moonlight;
He called me his darling, his bride.

[Another of the old songs asked for, kindly supplied by Mrs. Mary F. Fennell, South Hill, Va., now eighty-two years of age. She also sent a copy of "Kittie Wells."]

DID McCAUSLAND USE ARTILLERY?

Gen. David Hunter, in his official report of his raid on Lynchburg in June, 1864, charges General McCausland with cowardice in using artillery against his (Hunter's) advancing forces, thus exposing the town of Lexington to his artillery fire.

Wanted, from survivors of McCausland's Cavalry, information as to what artillery, if any, McCausland had when he made his stand at North River on June 11, and in what manner and to what extent it was used, if at all.

Response will be highly appreciated by Hunter McDonald, 924 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.

REUNIONS, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

BY EDMOND R. WILES, BILOXI, MISS.

The question of when and where the thirty-nine reunions, U. C. V., have been held is a subject on which very few people are correctly informed, and especially has there been doubt in the minds of a great many as to how the organization was formed, and where and when the first five reunions were held.

Believing that the information would be appreciated, I have spent considerable time and effort in securing data from those who had authentic information, which should settle for all time the dates and places of holding the reunions. In order that there could be no question raised concerning the authenticity of the time and the meeting place of the first five reunions, I wrote Dr. Dunbar Rowland, State Historian of Mississippi, concerning the matter, whose reply clearly sets forth the desired information, as follows:

"The first reunion of the United Confederate Veterans was held at Chattanooga, Tenn., July 3, 1890; the second was held at Jackson, Miss., June 2, 1891; the third at New Orleans, April 8, 1892; the fourth at Birmingham, Ala., April 25, 1894; the fifth at Houston, Tex., May 22, 1895; the sixth at Richmond, Va., June 30, 1896."

The places and times of holding the entire thirty-nine reunions are as follows:

- First, Chattanooga, Tenn., July 3, 1890.
- Second, Jackson, Miss., June 2, 1891.
- Third, New Orleans, La., April 8, 1892.
- Fourth, Birmingham, Ala., April 25, 1894.
- Fifth, Houston, Tex., May 22, 1895.
- Sixth, Richmond, Va., June 30-July 2, 1896.
- Seventh, Nashville, Tenn., June 22-24, 1897.
- Eighth, Atlanta, Ga., July 20-23, 1898.
- Ninth, Charleston, S. C., May 10-13, 1899.
- Tenth, Louisville, Ky., May 30-June 3, 1900.
- Eleventh, Memphis, Tenn., May 29, 30, 1901.
- Twelfth, Dallas, Tex., April 22-25, 1902.
- Thirteenth, New Orleans, La., May 19-22, 1903.
- Fourteenth, Nashville, Tenn., June 14-16, 1904.
- Fifteenth, Louisville, Ky., June 14-16, 1905.
- Sixteenth, New Orleans, La., April 25-27, 1906.
- Seventeenth, Richmond, Va., May 30-June 2, 1907.
- Eighteenth, Birmingham, Ala., June 9-11, 1908.
- Nineteenth, Memphis, Tenn., June 8-10, 1909.
- Twentieth, Mobile, Ala., April 26-28, 1910.
- Twenty-first, Little Rock, Ark., May 15-18, 1911.

Twenty-second, Macon, Ga., May 6-9, 1912.

Twenty-third, Chattanooga, Tenn., May 26-29, 1913.

Twenty-fourth, Jacksonville, Fla., May 5-8, 1914.

Twenty-fifth, Richmond, Va., May 31-June 3, 1915.

Twenty-sixth, Birmingham, Ala., May 15-18, 1916.

Twenty-seventh, Washington, D. C., June 4-7, 1917.

Twenty-eighth, Tulsa, Okla., September 24-27, 1918.

Twenty-ninth, Atlanta, Ga., October 7-10, 1919.

Thirtieth, Houston, Tex., October 5-8, 1920.

Thirty-first, Chattanooga, Tenn., October 24-27, 1921.

Thirty-second, Richmond, Va., June 19-22, 1922.

Thirty-third, New Orleans, La., April 10-13, 1923.

Thirty-fourth, Memphis, Tenn., June 3-6, 1924.

Thirty-fifth, Dallas, Tex., May 19-22, 1925.

Thirty-sixth, Birmingham, Ala., May 18-21, 1926.

Thirty-seventh, Tampa, Fla., April 5-8, 1927.

Thirty-eighth, Little Rock, Ark., May 8-11, 1928.

Thirty-ninth, Charlotte, N. C., June 4-7, 1929.

Fortieth, Biloxi, Miss., June 3-6, 1930.

A careful summary of the above places of meeting of Reunions gives the following information:

Cities in which one or more Confederate Reunions have been held:

Chattanooga, Tenn., 3; Jackson, Miss., 1; Richmond, Va., 4; Nashville, Tenn., 2; Atlanta, Ga., 2; Charleston, S. C., 1; Louisville, Ky., 2; Memphis, Tenn., 3; Dallas, Tex., 2; New Orleans, La., 4; Birmingham, Ala., 4; Mobile, Ala., 1; Little Rock, Ark., 2; Macon, Ga., 1; Jacksonville, Fla., 1; Washington, D. C., 1; Tulsa, Okla., 1; Houston, Tex., 2; Tampa, Fla., 1; Charlotte, N. C., 1; Biloxi, Miss., (to be held in 1930), 1.

Honors go to Richmond with 4 reunions; New Orleans, 4; Birmingham, 4; Memphis, 3; and Chattanooga, 3; Atlanta, Nashville, Louisville, Dallas, Little Rock, Houston, 2 each.

The following States have entertained one or more reunions: Tennessee, 8; Alabama, 5; Virginia, 4; Louisiana, 4; Texas, 4; Georgia, 3; Kentucky, 2; Arkansas, 2; Florida, 2; Mississippi, 1; South Carolina, 1; North Carolina, 1; District of Columbia, 1; Oklahoma, 1.

The United Confederate Veterans organization, as shown by minutes of the first reunion, was per-

fects in New Orleans in 1889 at a meeting of the heads of the various departments, divisions, and other Confederate organizations, all meeting and amalgamating into one organization, known as the United Confederate Veterans. The first reunion of the United Confederate Veterans was held at Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1890. The second was held on the occasion of the unveiling of the Confederate monument on the old capitol grounds at Jackson, Miss., on June 2, 1891. There was no reunion held in 1893, this being the only year skipped since the organization of the United Confederate Veterans.

All Southern States have now held one or more U. C. V. reunions; but, due to the fact that the first few reunions were not on the elaborate scale that prevailed later, and especially the last three reunions that have been held under the auspices of the States, the State of Mississippi decided to entertain in a fitting manner the "fast fading gray lines" through its legislature appropriating \$40,000 to aid the Gulf Coast in holding at Biloxi, next June, the fortieth reunion.

Plans are being laid for one of the greatest reunions that has ever been held in the South. Something different from the others, featuring the natural beauties of the Gulf Coast, and especially taking advantage of the fact that a large representation of naval vessels, in the way of cruisers, destroyers, and other auxiliary vessels, can be brought into the harbor at Gulfport.

THE SITUATION AT FORT DONELSON.

BY ROBERT M. HUGHES, NORFOLK, VA.

In the October number of the *VETERAN* is an article by M. L. Vesey, taking issue with some of the statements in Major Otey's paper published in the August number, and reflecting on Major Otey. I feel an obligation to defend him.

He says that Major Otey "claims to have been on General Floyd's staff." If this form of expression means to question the fact, I refer him to Vol. 7, page 428, "Official War Records," where General Floyd mentions him as on his staff.

Mr. Vesey claims to know more about the battle than a staff officer of the commanding general, who, he says, "spent most of his time hunting up General Floyd." Major Otey was carrying important orders and messages between Generals Floyd and Pillow, which seems to me a very proper occupation for a staff officer. It certainly was a dangerous one, as he was exposed to enemy fire much more than soldiers protected by rifle pits.

He says (I prefer to quote him exactly): "This staff officer must have thought a battle was hell fire, for he says the underbrush caught on fire and came near burning up the Federal dead and wounded. Well, it must have been an awful hot fire, for the ground was covered with snow at this time."

I construe this as intended to deny the fact. I, therefore, refer him to the article of Gen. Lew Wallace in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. 1, page 412. He says: "This time the battery set fire to the dry leaves on the ground, and the heat and smoke became stifling. It was not possible for brave men to endure more. Slowly, suddenly, frequently pausing to return a shot, they went back for the last time; and in going their ears and souls were riven with the shrieks of their wounded comrades, whom the flames crept down upon and smothered and charred where they lay."

But perhaps Mr. Vesey would prefer Southern testimony. I, therefore, refer him to the report of Col. A. Heiman, commanding a Confederate brigade, who says in his official report that "the dry leaves on the ground were set on fire by our batteries, and, I regret to state, several of their wounded perished in the flames ("Official War Records," Vol. 7, at page 368).

Much of Mr. Vesey's statement does not profess to have been on personal knowledge. He could not have known personally what occurred at the council which determined on surrender. Nor could he have known personally what Forrest said or did. He (Forrest) took out a cavalry force, but he states that he sent out two reliable scouts to examine the road nearest the river, who reported that the backwater which they would have to cross, and afterwards did cross, was to the saddle skirts and the mud about half leg deep. ("Official War Records," Vol. 7, page 295.) The weather meanwhile had turned very cold.

It is a disputed question whether the Northern forces had reoccupied their positions. Gen. Lew Wallace says that they had. Scouts sent out by the Southern generals said the same thing. The official reports show that General Floyd wanted to renew the attack the next morning, but General Buckner reported that his troops had reached the limit of endurance. It must be said in justice to them that they had been actively occupied much longer than Floyd's troops.

Mr. Vesey relates an exciting scene between General Floyd and "Col. Tom Sykes, commanding the 20th Mississippi." In point of fact, that regiment was commanded all through the fight by

Maj. William N. Brown. His detailed report will be found in Vol. 7, pp. 379-383, of the "Official War Records." He gives a detailed and manly account of the embarkation and the failure to take his regiment aboard, in which "Col. Tom Sykes" is not mentioned. General Floyd's report shows that the boat left when it did because the captain of the boat told him that any more passengers would swamp it. Col. Daniel R. Russell, the regular colonel of the 20th Mississippi, gives the explanation of the detail of that regiment to protect the embarkation. He says: "My regiment, in the march from Clarksville, was the left and rear of Floyd's Brigade, and I suppose was still in that position, and hence would be last to embark unless the order of march was reversed." ("Official War Records," Vol. 7, pp. 415, 416.)

I regret that my publication of his communication should have called forth any attempt to belittle Major Otey. After General Floyd's removal, General Wharton was put in command of his brigade. When he was put in command of a division, Major Otey commanded the brigade till the end of the war. The published returns of Lee's and Early's armies show this. When all was over, he returned to Lynchburg, his home, where he was universally respected by all, including his old army comrades and such veterans as Jubal A. Early and John W. Daniel. His military record was of the best.

LIEUT. SAMUEL BOYER DAVIS.

BY JOHN BENNETT, CHARLESTON, S. C.

[In the Shepherdstown (W. Va.) *Register*.]

The story of John Yates Beall I have read in many places, both truly told and falsely; and I have learned to rely on the narrative of Judge Daniel Bedinger Lucas for the truth. Miss Virginia Lucas, whose tragic accidental death I deeply deplore, contributed to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN much concerning John Y. Beall and his family.

In connection with the vindictive execution of Capt. John Yates Beall, it has always been a consolation to me to know that my kinspeople did what they could to save Captain Beall, and did save the life of Lieut. Samuel Boyer Davis, to whom was entrusted the perilous errand of carrying north into Canada, for communication thence to the defense of John Yates Beall, the manifesto of President Jefferson Davis that Captain Beall was a duly commissioned officer in the Confederate States Navy, and was acting under orders and

with fullest government recognition in his attempt to release the Confederate prisoners confined on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie.

This is a singular story, of which I have found no contemporary knowledge in Jefferson County, the home of John Y. Beall. Lieut. Sam Davis, son of Bertram Davis, of Philadelphia, and Lydia Presstman, of Baltimore, was in the Confederate service. In December, 1864, during the Christmas festivities at the old Spottswood Hotel, in Richmond, Lieutenant Davis met Harry Brogden, of Maryland, who told him he was under orders to go to Canada with important dispatches, and that he had very little liking for the task. On impulse, Davis volunteered to undertake the errand, known to be expressly perilous, and the good of its outcome uncertain, though the errand be successful. But, since it was a desperate attempt to save the life of a fellow officer, Davis undertook the errand, reached Canada with the dispatches, and was returning from Toronto, with coat sleeves full of silk dispatches, with a Canadian passport, when he was recognized, in Sandusky, Ohio, by a returned Federal prisoner, arrested in Newark, and tried by military court in Cincinnati on the charge of being a Confederate spy.

His trial lasted but two brief days, in January, 1865. He was peremptorily refused permission to obtain from Richmond proofs that he was a bearer of official dispatches, not a spy, the Judge-Advocate General declaring that "the so-called Confederate government was not a government recognized by any other nation, and that no document under its seal could properly be introduced as evidence before a military court of the United States. Under which circumstances, of what avail were certificates of Jefferson Davis or Judah P. Benjamin?"

Davis was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on February 17, on Governor's Island, as if in ironical gesture Captain Beall's attempt to release the prisoners there. He was permitted no communication with the outside world, and the gallows actually was in erection under his window, when a singular accident saved him.

On February 1, a gentleman whom Lieutenant Davis had known in earlier days, in the home of Gen. Isaac Trimble, of Baltimore, saw in a Cincinnati paper a brief item announcing the date of Lieutenant Davis's execution. He immediately made his way to Cincinnati, secured with difficulty an interview with the prisoner, and set in motion determined intercession to the general powers of

the War Department, and direct appeals to the President, to reverse the findings of the court and to mitigate the sentence of death. In these efforts Gen. Jo Hooker joined, convinced from both the evidence offered and the character of the prisoner that the charge of spying was in error. General Hooker was the commanding officer of the department in which the Cincinnati court trial occurred.

In spite of one or two cautious reassurances from the outside that every effort was being made in his behalf, that he should not be hanged, the authorities on Johnson's Island had no information of the sort, and on February 15, Davis was informed by his guards that the gallows for his execution had been erected. On the 16th, his guards were doubled and every arrangement made for his execution at ten o'clock next morning.

On the 17th, he arose at five o'clock and breakfasted, thinking that he looked upon sunrise for the last time. By seven o'clock crowds began to assemble to witness his execution. He saw men stretching the rope which was prepared for his halter. There was actually a band playing funeral music beyond the inclosure. Lieutenant Davis had given up hope; he considered himself a dead man; when Col. C. W. Hill, commandant of Johnson's Island prison, hastily entered his cell and, dismissing several visiting officers and all guards, informed him that, but a few moments before, the commutation of his sentence had come, to imprisonment during the war, at Fort Delaware.

In spite of the vindictive opposition of Stanton, Secretary of War, and of Judge Holt, Advocate General, the appeal for this commutation of sentence had reached President Lincoln, who at once approved said commutation from death.

Lieutenant Davis was imprisoned first at Fort Delaware, and later in Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. It is said that even still Stanton and Holt were determined upon excessive punishment, and were endeavoring to have his sentence to death commuted to imprisonment for life. Such bitterness, such vindictiveness, is difficult to understand. His situation, however, had reached the President, and their malevolence was thwarted. After Lee's surrender, an order for his release was issued; but on service to the War Department, the Secretary of War destroyed it, and said that the President had made a mistake. He remained in prison until December. In November, the Andersonville Prison Survivors' Association took steps toward his release, from his outstanding kindness to Federal prisoners while Davis was

stationed there; that he was the first to introduce sanitary regulations in that stockade, never punished an effort to escape, and treated prisoners like fellow men. In December, 1865, the obdurate Secretary of War finally was compelled to direct his release.

It was not until after his return to Baltimore after the close of the war that Lieutenant Davis knew what plans had been adopted to save him and by whom they were undertaken.

He was but twenty years old, early an orphan, son of Lieut. A. B. Davis, U. S. N., a gallant officer; and grandson of Col. Samuel B. Davis, defender of Lewis, Del., in 1812; and he had two sisters dependent upon him.

Many gentlemen prominent in government circles in Baltimore and Washington, and two United States Senators, took part in his rescue, both related to him and unrelated. The gentleman by whom he was recognized in Cincinnati, and through whose first interference and continued effort the attempt to save him from a dishonorable execution was carried to a successful end, chanced to be my mother's brother, Hon. William Trimble McClintick, of Chillicothe, Ohio.

Reading by chance in a Cincinnati paper an item referring to "the captured Confederate officer, Sam B. Davis," Mr. McClintick became convinced that the young officer was none other than the lad whom he had known, years before, in Baltimore, at the home of his own uncle, Isaac R. Trimble (C. S. A.), of whose wife young Davis was a relative. Hurrying to Cincinnati by an early morning train, he found Davis in a cell, unshaven, fastened with ball and chain, without bed or blanket, disheveled from sleeping on the floor with nothing but a block of wood for a pillow.

Davis did not know him, but he identified and recognized the young prisoner beyond possible error by recalling several things which none but the boy he had known could recall and complete.

He immediately began steps toward his rescue, happily successful at last. Davis and his two sisters, Minna and Lydia, had made their home in Baltimore, in the household of Gen. Isaac Trimble and his wife, their relatives. Among other efforts in his behalf, his sister Minna went to Washington to intercede. She was an able, plain but attractive, girl of highest character.

After Lieutenant Davis's release, Mr. McClintick, who was then counsel of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, obtained employment with that company for the boy he had assisted to rescue from death.

The effort, however, to assist Capt. John Yates Beall proved futile, as did every other attempt to save him.

My father had always told me the tragic story of John Yates Beall, with the statement that Captain Beall was his cousin; and that George Beall, John Y. Beall's father, had once caught him up upon a great black horse, saying, "Johnny, do you want to come to my wedding?" and that he had ridden behind George Beall, and been present at the wedding of George Brooke Beall and Janet Yates, the parents of John Y. Beall. That was in October, 1826, when he was a little boy. But he never forgot that fact. I think, indeed, he never forgot anything worth remembering.

SHERIDAN AND TREVILLIAN STATION.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLY, ALA.

As a Confederate soldier I was in the Valley Campaign in 1864, and had, as such, a good opportunity to form a fair estimate of the merits of the military leadership in that series of maneuvers, better known as the Valley Campaign; and I must say that none of them, with perhaps one single exception, had the wisdom and foresight of our former commander, Old Stonewall.

Brave old Early, never loved or admired by his soldiers, was adventurous and often as successful as Stonewall, under whom he had served and taken lessons in the hard school of war, but in an emergency was not so successful. Then, his habits, at times when he should have been at his best, disqualified him for any duty, and his subordinates, many of whom were splendid men, disliked to approach him or make suggestions, knowing his irritable disposition.

A Union man, at the beginning of the trouble between the North and the South, and bitterly opposed to secession, he had many things to commend him to his superiors in the army and government. He was known to be a man of principle and wonderful force of character. I have seen many prominent men in my life, but I don't think I have even met a man of such striking personality. Coming into his presence impressed this idea upon all.

Such was the man selected in June, 1864, by General Lee, in an emergency, to meet the enemy advancing under Hunter and Sheridan from the west to capture Richmond, while he, with a weak force in front to the east of the city, was holding off Grant's main army. Lee's army, weak at the beginning of the campaign and worn out by con-

stant fighting, had now been divided, and a part sent under Early to meet this new danger from the west under Hunter. How well he performed the task assigned him with the weak forces that could be spared him, history tells.

Sheridan, who was busily engaged in destroying the railroad in the rear of Richmond, with ten thousand well-equipped cavalry, was met and utterly routed by Gen. Wade Hampton at Trevillian Station before Early, with his infantry, arrived.

Hastening along this dismantled railroad, through a country full of the dead bodies of Sheridan's and Hampton's horses, he routed Hunter at Lynchburg, capturing many prisoners and much of his army equipment.

But I should not pass this important battle fought at Trevillian Station without telling more about it. It was one of the greatest cavalry battles of the war, and the most skillfully executed. It shows the wisdom and courage of Gen. Wade Hampton. He employed Stonewall's and Lee's tactics used so effectively at Chancellorsville, when they wiped out Joe Hooker's great army. The fight at Trevillian lasted two days. The first day's operations were enough to satisfy Hampton that Sheridan was too much for his weak force of thirty-five hundred run-down, poorly equipped cavalry, against three times their number of select men, armed with repeating rifles. Knowing the fight would be renewed the next morning at daylight, he left a skirmish line stretched out in front of the enemy, with instructions to fall back when the fight opened, abandoning a piece of artillery occasionally to the enemy to encourage them to follow on. With the main force, he rode at their head, making a great detour until he was in Sheridan's rear and not far from his wagon camp. At daybreak, two cannon shots in rapid succession was the signal to advance and for those in front to turn and fight. Sheridan's whole train of wagons and artillery fell into the hands of the Confederates at the opening of the engagement, and he found himself in between two fires, front and rear. This was too much for him, or any army. After this utter rout, he and some of his men, after riding day and night for several days, with Hampton and his ragged soldiers pressing them every step, found themselves safe behind Grant's lines below Richmond. So ended the battle of Trevillian Station, the escape of Sheridan himself alone making it incomplete.

After Hunter had outrun Early in a fair foot race from Lynchburg into the mountains of West

Virginia, he marched his army back to the Valley Pike, rested his men a day, and marched by easy stages north to Martinsburg, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on July 3, where he captured army supplies and prisoners. Here he again lost precious time, if it was his purpose to march his army into Washington, in tearing up the railroad. This, I suppose, was necessary to keep Hunter from following him after he should have recovered from his flight from Lynchburg.

On the 5th, Early marched across the Potomac with enemies a-plenty in front and rear. General Sigel, "The Flying Dutchman," wouldn't fight, but fled, after a skirmish, into his fortified position on Maryland Heights, overlooking Harper's Ferry across the Potomac in Virginia. Here again General Early lost precious time in a demonstration around the base of the mountain to impress General Sigel that he must be good and not interfere with him and his ragged Confederates in his invasion of Maryland. When he had done this, he marched away toward Washington. At the Monocacy River, east of Frederick, his cavalry found a force of Yankees under Gen. Lew Wallace so well posted that only a part of his force could get across the river to attack them. But these, under Gen. John B. Gordon, though much fewer in numbers, boldly waded the river, crossed a mountain, and routed the enemy, in which the Confederates lost many valuable men. This fight consumed another valuable day in his advance on the Capital, for Grant at this time was sending an army on ships from below Richmond, by way of the Potomac, to protect Washington from falling into the hands of Early's army. The Confederates arrived there just as the first of these reënforcements began to debark. Seeing that he was just a little too late to capture the place, Early reluctantly marched away, after making a demonstration to pay his compliments to "Old Abe" and his cabinet. He recrossed his army into Virginia and marched leisurely to the Valley of Virginia, where he defeated every general sent against him until he grew to have contempt for all opponents. His uniform success seemed to have a bad effect on him and made him careless. Up to this time he seemed to be a worthy successor to his old commander, Stonewall.

Sometime in August, Grant, in command of the army below Richmond, decided to send Sheridan to the Valley with heavy reënforcements of picked troops. Among these were ten thousand well-equipped cavalry armed with Spencer repeating rifles. This was a new gun and very effective. I

suppose Grant thought Sheridan would wind up Early's little army of ten or twelve thousand in a short time, for he had now perhaps not less than sixty thousand veteran troops. Grant came to Sheridan's headquarters himself and gave him instructions, no doubt, how to conduct his campaign. He then returned to his army, near Richmond. But for some reason, Sheridan did not seem to be very aggressive, and was satisfied to send out raiding parties into the Valley, where General Early had everything his own way, while Sheridan held his main forces behind the mountains toward the east. Whether he was afraid to tackle Early, or this was a part of his tactics, I cannot say. Anyhow, he remained quiet while Early, to show his contempt and to gather supplies, crossed the Potomac, placing a wide river between him and Sheridan, and giving him every opportunity to cut him off from his base and capture his army, by moving forward only a few miles and taking possession of the Valley Pike.

In this way time passed until September 18, when, for some reason never explained, General Early took it into his head to march away from his camp near Winchester, at the head of a large part of his forces, in broad daylight, in full view of Sheridan's lookouts on the mountains, only a mile or two away, leaving only General Rodes there with his small division to contend with Sheridan if he should come out to make trouble. These movements were reported to Sheridan, and, no doubt, urged by his officers to do something, he at length took courage to move. After a hard march of twenty miles, Early and his army had, at dusk, arrived at Martinsburg, on the B. & O. Railroad, which the cavalry had attacked and captured before the arrival of the infantry. As soon as these entered the town, and before they had a moment of rest, tired as they were, a courier came at full speed from that splendid officer, General Rodes, with a dispatch to General Early informing him of the critical condition of his division at Winchester, and urging him to return that very night, as Sheridan had come out of his cover in the mountains, formed his lines, and was about to attack him with overwhelming forces. Without sitting down to rest, we "about faced" and marched back halfway to Bunker Hill, where we bivouacked and slept perhaps two hours, when we resumed our march back to Rodes at Winchester.

The pike was given up to the army trains and artillery, while the infantry followed along through fields and woods on the left side toward the enemy, with scouts farther out, lest we should at any

time fall into the enemy's ambuscades. Some of these walked unexpectedly into Sheridan lines, lying flat on their faces, and were captured, but some escaped. As we moved along slowly, parallel with the trains, to give them time to get well out of the way of danger, we could hear the distant sound of artillery and see the shells exploding high in the air. We then knew Rodes was engaging the enemy. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. Farther on we turned more to the left, leaving the road, and entered a deep, narrow ravine on the edge of a body of woodland, and had just formed the brigade to which I belonged. So high was the bank of this ravine in front of us that we could not see twenty feet ahead of us. While we were forming, our brave and ever faithful sharpshooters had already formed on the high ground in front and were advancing with the usual spirit that they had always exhibited, when, to our astonishment, they came running back down the hill to us, apparently demoralized at the sight of the immense forces advancing on us. Sheridan's lines extended for miles, with ample reserves, while our brigade was only seven or eight hundred yards from right to left, with no supports on either flank.

Col. J. H. Lowe, of our regiment, the 31st Georgia, now commanded the brigade (Gordon's Georgia), sitting on his horse just back of the line, could see the enemy's advancing line only a few feet in front of him, and cried out: "Forward! Forward!"

This we did and found ourselves and the enemy face to face on the brow of the hill. They were advancing with their guns at what we called "right shoulder shift"; but we had our guns at will and could get them in positions to fire first. This was so sudden, so unexpected and deadly to the enemy, that the whole force in front of us, as far as the brigade extended, broke, with our men close behind them in close pursuit. We were now driving them in fine style, and if General Early had had all his men in line with us, we would have utterly routed Sheridan's great army in a short while. But they were not formed with us, and after we had driven them quite a distance, their long lines overlapped the brigade on the right and left and compelled it to fall back to the original position.

Gen. R. E. Rodes, coming to our assistance with his division, was killed by a shell. In his death the Confederate army lost one of its best officers. There was now no one competent to command as

he had done this splendid division, which had performed its part so nobly under the eyes of Stonewall at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, and the Wilderness; but they formed on the same ground and, when the word was given, moved up the steep bank and like soldiers met the enemy's line, separated only by a few feet. The fighting was hand-to-hand for a few minutes, but Rodes' men were too much for the Yanks, and they broke, followed closely by the Confederates through the woods, over the ground we had fought a little while before, to an open field beyond, and through this to another timbered tract. In this field there was a gully, or natural ravine, three or four feet deep. In this a large part of them, fleeing to escape death at the hands of their pursuers, fell with their faces to the ground, with their loaded guns by their sides. The Confederates passed over these, paying special attention only to those who were using their legs to reach the cover of the woods ahead. But this line was now too thin to go farther, and, no officer being present to bring up reinforcements or direct affairs, all returned to the gully, finding all who had taken refuge in it were there still, quiet and behaving themselves very well. Then we made a stand in the wide open field, while those we had been pursuing took lodgment in the woods beyond with a multitude of other refugees they found there. Under the protection of this timber, they became bold and opened a hot fire on us, standing in the open. At this place it was not necessary to load guns; there were already plenty in the ditch by the side of their owners and ready for immediate use. As soon as I had fired at the enemy, I threw away the gun, stepped down in the gully, picked up another beside Mr. Yank, and let fly another Minié for our neighbors in the woods. This continued for some time, until our ranks at that place, by death and wounds, were thinned until there were not more than a dozen of us there. All struck out for the woods back of us two or three hundred yards away, leaving me there alone, looking down in the gully at two or three hundred big fat Yankees. I could have trotted every one of them out if I had ordered them to get up, but I was afraid my comrades in the woods, seeing so large a body of blue-clad soldiers coming, would kill me and them too. So I hurried off, leaving them there, but I had not gone more than fifty yards when these rascals were firing at me.

Sheridan now got busy enough to send heavy reinforcements to this part of the line, and made

it hot the rest of the day for me and a few of Rodes' men who held on in that piece of woods till near sundown, although they charged our position time and again with ten times our numbers. At last, when we had shot away all our ammunition and that of dead friends and foes, and our ranks were too thin even if we had ammunition, we deemed it best to retire. But the enemy was too badly used up to make any further effort on that part of the line.

All this time, General Gordon was holding the enemy in check far to the left. Locating him and my command, I rejoined them and helped them drive back the last effort made by the enemy to drive Gordon from his position. Falling back from this last position held by our men, I carried out with the greatest difficulty our regimental color bearer, who was shot down by my side.

Night coming on, our brigade marching slowly toward Strasburg, on the pike, in rear of Early's men and without ammunition, Sheridan made a last effort to capture or destroy our army. But General Gordon, by some means, in the darkness of the night got a small quantity of ammunition. This he gave to the 38th Georgia Regiment, of his brigade, and stationed them at a suitable place to hold any cavalry force Sheridan should send in pursuit. Sure enough, here they came galloping on in great confidence. Just as the officer in command, riding at the head of the column, gave command in a loud tone to his men to rush on to the Confederates and destroy them, the 38th arose and fired a volley into their ranks that filled the pike with dead and wounded men and horses, thus blocking any further attempt to molest us on the retreat.

This battle satisfied his army that Early was not a Stonewall. Hadn't he, in 1862, defeated the combined armies of Milroy, Banks, Fremont, and Sheridan — sixty thousand against twelve thousand? Early could have done as well if he had been as level-headed, and Sheridan and his men didn't fight with the spirit manifested by others whom he had not met before. Their charges seemed to lack vigor and confidence of success. From now on, Early's management went on from bad to worse, until General Lee had to relieve him of his command.

But what about Sheridan? He had a great military reputation. Let us see if he deserved it. Here he was in the Valley from August to December, 1864, with a splendid army larger than that of General Lee's at Richmond, now with much effort holding Grant off with a skeleton

army stretched out thirty-five miles. There were no Confederate forces to defend the city on the west and north. After overwhelming Early at Winchester, at Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, or any time before or after, he could have marched his forces through the gaps in the Blue Ridge, over excellent roads, only a short distance, to the railroad junction at Gordonsville, as Stonewall had done two years before, using it to supply his army from Washington, attack Richmond in the rear, and capture that place easily. History tells us that Grant urged him to do this, but he offered many objections and finally shifted his army, by a great detour, through Washington and the Potomac, to Grant's army in front of Petersburg and Richmond. Perhaps his experience at Trevillian Station, where he had lost his army in his fight with Hampton in June, had something to do with his choice of routes; or that Mosby, with his little squad of Confederates, might interfere with his communications.

Doubtless his narrow escape from Trevillian Station was a nightmare to him the rest of his life. Anyway, he seemed to lack that confidence in himself that a great general must have if he does anything remarkable.

But I was on the wrong side of events to see his merit and understand his claims to renown. Those who were with him from their standpoint could observe what I could not; and as his side in the great contest finally won, he received the plaudits of the victors.

OUR CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"Good will and peace, peace and good will!"

The burden of the Advent song,
What time the love-charmed waves grew still
To hearken to the shining throng;

The wondering shepherds heard the strain
Who watched by night the slumbering fleece,
The deep skies echoed the refrain,

"Peace and good will, good will and peace."

* * * *

Ah! yet I trust that all who weep

Somewhere at last will surely find
His rest, if through dark ways they keep

The childlike faith, the prayerful mind;
And some far Christmas morn shall bring
From human ills a sweet release

To loving hearts, while angels sing,

"Peace and good will, good will and peace!"

—John Dickson, M.D.

FAMOUS ARMY HORSES.

BY MRS. WILLIAM LYNE, OF ORANGE COURTHOUSE.

[Honorary Vice President of 13th Virginia Regiment Chapter, U. D. C.]

When I review in memory my girlhood days in Richmond (I am now in my eighty-fifth year), nothing looms more vividly than the famous men I have seen in the bygone years who came and went, great figures of history like General Lee and President Jefferson Davis. Those two used often to ride horseback together; and a martial pair they were, each carrying himself with the dignity of a West Point graduate, and each sitting his saddle like a veritable centaur. Gen. Robert E. Lee's father, the immortal "Light Horse Harry," had won his spurs in the American Revolution, and by his cavalry exploits routed Tarleton and whipped Cornwallis out of his boots; so that it was literally "bred in the bone" for Gen. Robert E. Lee to be a good horseman. All the Lees were. My brother, Judge Moncure, once accompanied General Lee on a long ride, for he was a scout with important dispatches to deliver, and he counted it no great honor (for he was a young man) to hold Traveller when the General stopped for a few minutes to visit friends in Caroline County. The people of Virginia always think of Traveller as very docile, but he was not, yet General Lee was a superb horseman and kept him under control, albeit this horse so injured his hand he could not afterwards hold the bridle as prescribed by army regulations. After the war, General Lee himself would take Traveller to be shod, and soothe him by stroking his neck, explaining that bursting bombs had shattered his nerves. Once Miss Mary Custus Lee permitted Col. Joe Lane Stern, when he was a student at Lexington, to ride Traveller, though usually the faithful old war horse just grazed on the lawn unless General Lee himself used him, riding over those lovely hills adjacent to the university. My sister, Mrs. Alice Burge, taught Colonel Stern his alphabet; and as a telegraph operator, his services were invaluable in the war, though he was then just a lad.

After the battle of the Wilderness, General Meade (of Gettysburg fame) came to my mother's country home, "Ellerlie," near Ruther Glen, and his mount had a white stripe, hence was called "Old Baldy."

Few people who look at the stuffed effigy of "Little Sorrel," now at the Confederate Home in Richmond, can imagine the long, useful record this horse rendered to the immortal fame of

Stonewall Jackson. At the battle of Chancellorsville, when Jackson was wounded, the horse ran violently, striking the General a great blow by dashing under a tree; and never again would the crazed steed permit anyone to use him. So shell-shocked Sorrel was sent to end his days on a farm near Lexington, with an army record of which few horses could boast. Sorrel brought the General once on a long ride at night from Fredericksburg, Va., for conference with General Lee, being able to pick his way in the dark—so that Stonewall Jackson, unknown to the Federal spies, who were on the lookout for him, came into Richmond and met with Robert E. Lee and returned as silently as he came.

General Lee's home on Franklin Street, near Seventh (now the Virginia Historical Rooms), had belonged to a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Norman Stewart, an uncle of Mrs. Joe Bryan; and the Confederate officers, who often were there, christened it "The Mess."

J. E. B. Stuart often came on his faithful "Virginia." His fame in the cavalry made him the *Beau Gallant* of the war. But Fitz Lee was not far behind him when knighthood was in flower. His horse was named "Nellie Gray."

As I lived on Church Hill, near the Crenshaw home, I recall very plainly when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was wounded and brought there. His horse was named "Fannie," and he rode her all through the war. Pickett's mount was named "Lucy," and his wife knew the canter of this little mare and would recognize when her lover was coming, for the romance between General Pickett and his wife was one of the most beautiful chapters in his life. My brother, Maj. Thomas Jefferson Moncure, went with Pickett across the wheat field in that memorable charge at Gettysburg, for he called: "Come on, Moncure; ride with me." My brother rode an old white nag, that carried him safely, though his boot heel was shot off. It seems strange that a man who escaped injury at Gettysburg and Chickamauga should in his old age have been killed by a horse, as was my dear brother Tom, after he had retired from his useful career of building many of the most important railroad bridges in the South.

I went to Stonewall Jackson's funeral, when his horse was led behind the casket. Jackson lay in state in the capitol, and the cortege moved down Governor Street, and I viewed the procession from the porch of a house that later Dr. McGuire used as a hospital. All was sadness then—for how

different was the scene from the days when "Old Jack" was hurrying his marches in the Valley. I used to sing, as a girl, a song:

"Go it, Stonewall Jackson, you're a terror to the Yanks;
You've whipped out Freemont, and also Shields and Banks."

After the war, I married a member of the 3rd Richmond Howitzers, William H. Lyne, whose battery had served from Bethel Church to Appomattox, which tested horseflesh as well as the morale of the company. Boswell Alsop, Joe Fourquerean, and other men later well known in Richmond commerce, were his comrades. Once, when they were in the Vale of Shenandoah, Jackson had ordered forage and provisions to meet him at Front Royal; and naturally, at Mount Airy, the plantation of General Meems, is one of the richest farms in that vicinity, negro drivers with mountain top wagons were arriving from all directions. One darky driver, belonging to General Meems, got his team tangled up and backed into the river. Meems recognized his own mules and, seeing the accident, said with a loud oath: "I hope that d—fool of a nigger has broken his own neck." Instantly a quiet voice remarked: "He is a human being, and I trust he is not hurt." Meems looked around, and Stonewall Jackson was standing by his side, and had vouchsafed the rebuke. But, alas! the oats meant for the commissary of the Southern Confederacy had gone to the bottom of the Shenandoah River!

* * * * *

Since the earliest days of the colonies, Virginia had held her own as a breeder and producer of splendid horses. The race tracks of New Market were renowned in the days of "Merrie England," when Charles II made sly love to Nell Gwynn; and so, when the Cavaliers established their homes on the banks of the Rappahannock, Potomac, York, and James, horse racing soon became the pastime of the gentry. The blood of those sires produced "F. F. V." pedigree along equine channels, just as the aristocracy of their masters trace their genealogy back to the peerage. The horses were also "Fleet-Footed Virginians," and many old receipts are held as priceless trophies in families that not only staked large sums on horseflesh, but paid for the importation of the best sires from England so as to breed the stock requisite to their taste and aims. Colonel Baylor, of Caroline County, Va., maintained at his home, named "New Market" (for England's race course), a stud farm that was the forerunner of Bull Field,

Major Doswell's place in Hanover; and his horses sold for as much as \$10,000, for in the family of David Dunlop, of Petersburg, exists a receipt showing that a horse owned by his progenitors was bought at two thousand pounds in English currency from Colonel Baylor, my husband's great-grandfather.

The United States Government is teaching in its cavalry lessons the life of Gen. Turner Ashby, as the finest exponent of horsemanship in the War between the States. He was a native of Fauquier County, near Warrenton, W. Va., and born and bred to the saddle.

The war horse associated with Andrew Jackson's victory at New Orleans was also bred in Virginia—"Truxton" by name, a white horse of magnificent proportions. Few people stop to-day to realize what the victory of the battle of New Orleans meant, yet it gave supremacy to the American nation west of the Mississippi, when, if the victory had gone to the British, this domain would have gone to Canada. Hence, Jefferson, with his acumen as to the Louisiana Purchase, went in person, though an old man, to see Andrew Jackson when he passed through Lynchburg on his triumphal return to Washington for a victory parade. The venerable sage of Monticello rode horseback from his Albemarle home to join in this welcome; for Jefferson loved horseflesh, and was as eager to see Truxton as he was to congratulate Jackson. The cry of applause was: "This is the General who beat the troops that beat Napoleon." But Truxton's record was not to end here; for there followed the Seminole campaigns, and the acquisition of Florida, so that this horse's great vitality and endurance ranks with that of "Old Hickory" himself in those days, when it took hearts of oak to conquer the wilderness. All during Jackson's career as President, it was Truxton that bore him, prancing, through the city of Washington, Truxton, with his flying mane and head held high, a horse that well might boast Virginia ancestry and a noble pedigree!

* * * * *

We could tell always whether a dead horse had belonged to the Federal army or to our men by the condition of the animal—theirs were so well fed and ours so bony and poor. I shall never forget a trip I made with my sister, Mrs. Eustace Conway Moncure, in war times, going from Bowling Green to Normont's Ferry on the Pamunkey River. All along the route, at intervals, were dead horses, and our worn-out old nag would not

pass them. But sister Fannie was equal to the emergency. She got out of the buggy and took off her flannel petticoat and put it over our horse's head and led him by; while I followed, trudging along with my little nephew, Willie, who is now the Judge of the Chancery Court of Richmond, but was then a very bright red-headed baby. Our difficulties so upset him, he screamed at the top of his lungs; but I could deal with him, though it took his mother's nerve to manage our steed. We passed thirty-seven dead horses, shot by the Union soldiers to keep the South from using them.

Our cousin, Mrs. George Moncure, was a splendid rider; and once, when she was captured and taken to Federal headquarters at Stafford Courthouse, her presence on horseback was majestic, equal to Di Vernon's, and greatly impressed the Yankee officers. Few women were more beautiful of face; for she had the lovely Ashby brown eyes, being a sister of the famous knight of the Valley, Gen. Turner Ashby. Her little boy, Jim (James Ashby Moncure, of Richmond), was just learning to toddle when the Yankees came into his mother's room and captured her. The little fellow was riding a "stick horse," but was old enough to realize the blue coats were taking off his mother, so he lisped: "I wish dis (s)tick was a sword, so I could tut off your head!" His mother said she was devoutly thankful the Federals could not understand his lisping indignation, not knowing what might have resulted. For "bummers" did go to the home of the Royals and carried off a little fellow twelve years old—Keith Royal, of Warrenton. His mother pinned her shawl around him as she kissed him good-by, for it was bitterly cold. He was never heard of again. Presumably he froze to death, for the last time he was ever seen, this mere child was trying to warm himself by a Yankee camp fire. This made his brother, Attorney William L. Royal, of the Richmond-Bar, always most bitter in his feelings to the Federals. Hence, it was said that no Yankee prisoner that "Buck Royal" ever was given the custody of to carry back behind the lines, was ever heard of; maybe so, maybe not. It is hard to forget. The death of poor little Keith, his mother's youngest, broke her heart.

* * * * *

And so the years pass on, and we are a united country, and the maps my brother Tom made as chief engineer for McLaw's Division, at the battle of Gettysburg, are now used at West Point as the best topographical reports (since all papers were taken from Richmond to the War Department in

Washington, D. C.); also the U. S. cavalry now studies the horsemanship of General Ashby, and writes about it in the *Cavalry Journal*, giving even the pictures of his memorable departure from Winchester. Federals sought to cut Ashby off. They blocked him on each side of the street, and also a squad met him immediately in front; but Ashby did not give them time to fire. He dashed straight on, and jerked the blue coat who was their leader out of his saddle by the collar, just yanked him from the horse and threw him over the neck of his own milk-white steed and rode off with him dangling there, like Romans of old had borne the Sabine women.

* * * * *

When I was honored by the privilege of meeting General Pershing upon his return from France for the Victory Parade, it made my heart swell with pride to think that this officer rode a mount that was "bred in Ole Virginny." His charger, "Jeff," came from near Staunton, Va., and he is a splendid animal, dark bay with white feet and long black tail. I like to think that this horse came from Augusta County—from the same vicinity where our illustrious war President, Woodrow Wilson, first saw the light of day—for I am at heart still a "good old Rebel," and feel that for brave men and chivalry and courage, Old Virginia cannot be beat!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EVACUATION
OF RICHMOND

BY JOHN R. SOUTHALL, RICHMOND, VA.

At the time of the evacuation of Richmond, I was living on Church Hill in the city, and I was nearly thrown out of bed when the gunboats were blown up, also later by the blowing up of the powder magazines, which were located down the hill, not very far from the Chesapeake and Ohio roundhouse, east of the magazines. The negro almshouse was situated south of the magazines, and this building, of frame construction, was literally splintered. The present city home was occupied as barracks for the V. M. I. Corps. The concussion was so great it was generally said that not a pane of glass was left unbroken in the numerous windows of the building.

The evacuation of Richmond was begun on Sunday, April 2, 1865, and pandemonium reigned all through the night and early morning of the 3rd. The city was fired in all localities where the Confederate government had stores of any sort, which spread the fire so generally. The city was burning when the Federal troops marched in, and they

prevented a much greater loss to individuals by controlling the fires.

The fire extended on the north side of Main Street from about Seventh Street to a point midway between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets. On the south side it ran from Ninth Street to about midway between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets.

Sparks set fire to the Presbyterian church, located on the corner of Eighth and Franklin Streets, generally spoken of as Dr. Read's. Dr. Read was the pastor when the church was rebuilt on the corner of Fourth and Grace Streets. On the first location now stands the building of the Grace Street branch of the American National Bank and Trust Company.

For many years previous to, and at the time of, the evacuation, the upper floors of the business houses on Main Street were occupied by many of the families of the merchants. As rapidly as possible, and as much as they could, their household effects were removed to Capitol Square.

The first and only time I saw Gen. R. E. Lee was when he came to Richmond after the surrender, and I saw him after he had crossed the pontoon bridge. This bridge was located on the south side of the river, beginning a little east of the mill of Dunlop & McCane, now owned by Warner Moore & Co., and Lee entered the Richmond side at the foot of Seventeenth and Dock Streets. The mill at Seventeenth and Dock Streets was then owned by D. W. Moore, the father of Warner Moore, the present owner. It was a corn mill.

General Lee crossed the river and turned into Cary Street on his way to his home. He was riding Traveller, and looked neither to the right nor to the left, but straight ahead. The streets were filled with debris from the fire, and it was difficult to make your way through, even in the middle of the roadway.

The destruction was so great that, while I knew Richmond and its sundry locations well, when on Main Street, but for the custom house (the present remodeled post office building), I would not have known where I was. In the custom house was the office of the Treasury Department and its various sections, also the offices of President Davis and Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State. The office of the War Department was on Ninth Street, nearly opposite the present Rueger's Hotel.

On the southwest corner of Main and Ninth Streets was a brick building, occupied by Robert

H. Boshier as a carriage shop, later by the *State* newspaper. It was torn down and the Chamber of Commerce building was erected, which was torn down also, and on its site was erected the present fine building of the First and Merchants' National Bank.

Opposite the present post office, sitting back in a court, were the Bank of Virginia and the Farmers' Bank. Inside of the small court were "guard houses," where watchmen were placed at the east and west ends.

Near the corner of Fifteenth and Main Streets was the hat store of Mr. John Dooley, the father of the late James H. Dooley. He was generally esteemed. He was a good Irishman, and his word was considered as good as his bond. Within the same square and on the south side, was the hat store of Mr. Thompson, the father of John R. Thompson, the poet, one of the contributors to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, edited by Edgar Allan Poe.

The negro population was disposed to be very troublesome, especially the younger set. Many of the old servants refused to leave the homes they had had for so long, preferring a good home to freedom without the home.

The State Armory, the land portion, is now a part of the Tredegar Company. There was stored ammunition, shells, and cannons, manufactured largely by the Tredegar Company for the Confederate government. The explosion of the shells there sounded like a battle was going on. All the buildings near by burned.

The tobacco warehouses were fired, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost to owners of tobacco, who were awaiting the close of the war for its shipment to Europe. A warehouse on Cary Street, just in the rear of the Henrico County courthouse, was fired, and that fired the courthouse, by which many valuable records of the county were lost. On the south side of Main Street, to the dock, the fire ranged and wiped out all buildings except Libby Prison and a similar building adjoining, which, after the war, was used by the Crystal Ice Company as a manufacturing plant.

But the stars are weary of watching the dead,
And the sea of singing their dirges,
And Earth—a Niobe—bows her head
And clasps the dust of her children dead
And lists for the Messenger's stately tread—
The solemn herald of him who has said

That death into life emerges.—*Mary E. Bryan.*

MORE ABOUT THE BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE, N. C.

BY ROBERT W. SANDERS, D.D., GREENVILLE, S. C.

Having read with keen interest Comrade Lambert's article on the battle of Bentonville, N. C., in the *VETERAN* for June, I will add something out of my own personal experience and observation as one who was in this great battle, which opened early Sunday morning, March 19, 1865. This was Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's last fight with Gen. W. T. Sherman, taking place just a few days more than one month before the terms of surrender were agreed upon at the Bennett House, not far from Durham and Hillsboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

The battle continued, *at intervals*, for *three days, four days*, in fact, if one is to include in it the hard and brave conflict of General Wheeler, in charge of the Confederate rear guard, with the advanced forces of Sherman at the bridge over Mill Creek, on the early morning of March 22.

A private in the ranks cannot know much of what is taking place in an army in actual battle, except *at and close to*, his own position in the line of struggle and "sharp agony." Thence, my necessary limitations in recording the account that is herewith to follow. My main authority in what I shall say is the great book entitled, "Military Operations of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston." More than once before, and again to-day, I have carefully read General Johnston's account of the battle of Bentonville; and also that of the battle of Averysboro, which occurred March 16 (Thursday), lasting from 7 A.M. till night, when General Hardee's Corp withdrew, to move on by way of Elevation to Bentonville.

Of course, so far as General Johnston speaks his narrative is conclusive.

On page 392 General Johnston, commander in chief, says: "The army was ordered to cross Mill Creek by the bridge (the only one) at Bentonville before daybreak of the 22nd" (not the 20th).

General Johnston further states: "About eight o'clock (on the morning of March 22) they were halted beyond the stream, two miles north of Mill Creek. . . . Soon after Major General Wheeler had posted his rear guard on our bank of the stream to hold the bridge, the leading Federal troops appeared on the other. They made repeated attempts to force the passage, but failed in all, after brave efforts, in which three color bearers fell within fifty feet of the Confederate rear guard" (page 392).

Referring to the fighting of March 19, 20, and 21, General Johnston says: "We captured 903 prisoners in three days, but had no means of ascertaining the number of the enemy's killed and wounded; but,

as our troops were generally successful and were covered by intrenchments in a part of the fighting on the 19th, all of the 20th, and most of that of the 21st, it must have exceeded ours very much. From the appearance of the field and the language of the Federals, it largely exceeded four thousand."

When General Hardee's Corps (or part of it) arrived on the battle field, coming hurriedly from Elevation, March 19, McLaws's Division was sent to the left to assist General Hoke; although it turned out that they, were not needed. Taliaferro's Division was ordered to the extreme right of the Confederate line and engaged in hard fighting that afternoon, when Brigadier General Elliot's Brigade suffered severe loss of men in an open field.

The enemy's firing from their artillery, which had been concealed in the woods was very deadly, finally forcing the falling back of our right wing. I was in that portion of the line which extended into the thick woods on the left of the old field. There our loss in killed and wounded was not great. Assisting with the wounded in rear of the line—and especially with a very severely wounded brother, one of the brave color guard of our regiment—until night came on, I was then unable to find my command before early morning of March 20 (Monday). The main fighting of my regiment (2nd South Carolina Artillery, but then infantry) was picketing and sharpshooting on that day. Finally, on Tuesday, the 21st, late in the afternoon, we were rushed very hastily, two or more miles, to the extreme left to support the Confederates, mainly Tennesseans, who were in a fierce and brave struggle with Sherman's right wing on Mill Creek. The enemy were now, as during the passing days, vigorously trying to break General Johnston's line on his extreme left, so as to gain the Mill Creek bridge in our rear, the only way for an escape northward in case of a retreat. On that night, by order of the chief commander, the Confederates withdrew from the Bentonville battle field, crossing the said bridge. My regiment, being perhaps nearest to the place of crossing, was about the first to make the passage. Sherman's large army, constantly being reënforced from the Carolina Coast, marched on to Goldsboro, and there rested for some two weeks; while the main remnant of Johnston's braves moved on to Smithfield and camped in that region for about two weeks also. From that point, we marched on by Raleigh, Hillsboro and Company Shops (now Burlington), and, finally, to Greensboro. Sherman, with now about 110,000 men, strenuously pursued Johnston's small army of 25,000 to 30,000, say, of all arms; while Gen. Wade Hampton's cavalry—two of their divisions under Major Generals Wheeler

and Butler, persistently protected our rear. While we were in camp at Smithfield, General Johnston reviewed his army. On this occasion the music of the bands was inspiring, especially that which was rendered by the Tennesseans, who had come to us, in small numbers, from Hood's depleted ranks of the West.

In General Johnston's "Narrative" (pages 393-4), he states that in the fight of March 19 (Bentonville), his force in infantry and artillery was only about 14,000. He then remarks: "The Federal army exceeded 70,000 men; about half of it present on the 19th, and all of it 'the afternoon of the 20th.'"

Thence, you see that the odds in the battle were that of two or three to one during three days, to say nothing of the inferior arms with which some of us fought. For example, my regiment was equipped with old Austrian rifles, muzzle loaders, with caps. With these we had been furnished while on the heavy artillery service on James Island in defense of Charleston. Of course, we left behind us our big guns with which that city had hurled back every attack from the sea till the evacuation (not capture) on the memorable night of February 17, 1865.

Then all the Charleston troops were quietly withdrawn and at once proceeded on the long, hard march up the Carolina Coast, without tents, often hungry yet without rations, some at last without shoes; but never desponding until the surrender, April 26. Our comfort in this dark hour was that we had maintained the honorable record of true and patriotic soldiers to the finish of our just fight, that bloodshed and carnage would now cease; and that we might now turn our faces toward home and loved ones, hoping that, after hundreds of miles yet to be traveled on foot, we might enjoy a rest from the unspeakable hardships of cruel war. My own walk with a brother and our faithful negro cook, in order to reach home in Barnwell, S. C., was about three hundred and fifty miles. It was about the middle of May when our journey ended. My wounded brother, too badly shot to be carried from Bentonville in an ambulance, was left on the roadside in an old house (now hospital) with eighteen others of our regiment. All died and were there buried, except my brother, who at last reached home about the 1st of July. Before the surrender of General Johnston, some of General Lee's noble fellows from Appomattox passed through our camp, giving us the first information we received of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Many incidents along our way from Charleston, S. C., to Greensboro, N. C., are clamoring for a record in my desultory and fragmentary reminis-

censes; but I will give only a few of them. Perhaps they will be interesting.

General Hardee's gallant son, only sixteen years old, I think, was killed at Bentonville when he rushed into the enemy's ranks to regain a piece of our artillery.

I saw in the woods, on Sunday night, the 19th, the grave of a boy of only fourteen years, who had fallen in battle on that day. The sight of it awakened sad feelings. I was myself only seventeen years of age, having volunteered at Charleston in 1864.

There were many negro soldiers in Sherman's army from the coasts of Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina. As some of them passed by the old house wherein lay helpless the nineteen wounded men referred to, the negro troops crowded the building and, with bitter, profane, and insulting words, abused the suffering Confederates. A right-minded Union officer, touched by an appeal for relief, ordered the negroes to leave; and a guard placed at the door prevented further insults. A prisoner captured at Bentonville, I was told, had some Southern lady's silk dress packed into his knapsack. Relics of this and of other types were often gathered from Southern homes by the lower class of Sherman's army in Georgia, North, and South Carolina. Of course, the better class of his men were not given to such low pilfering. A Union officer spoke kindly and sympathetically to my brother; and, on the morning of March 22, as the Federals were going forward, a general of high rank (name not known), after inquiring about the needs of the unfortunate wounded Confederates, ordered his quartermaster to supply them with both rations and medicine.

It was on our rapid, tiresome march from Bentonville to Greensboro that I one day bought a half-grown chicken (white, with yellow legs) from a lady, at a home we were passing. I paid for it with my last ten-dollar-blue-back bill, a remnant of the money my father gave me as I was leaving home to join the army. My regiment had not been paid a dollar for eight months!

During the day on which I had bought my ten-dollar chicken, I had the good luck of picking up some green collard leaves. That night our "pottage" was chicken and collards boiled together in our camp kettle. I went to the wagons near by and from a friend got some corn meal, which was quickly prepared for us by Jack, our negro cook, in the shape of a corn pone. Then came our sweet repast. How sweet! It seemed to me the best supper in which I had ever had a share. A sharp appetite and good digestion made that meal as fine a one as I, on that night, cared to have. As usual on our march, we slept without tents on the naked ground.

A BOY OF THE OLD DOMINION DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.*

BY REV. MILTON BENNETT LAMBDIN.

(Continued from November number.)

During the progress of the war, the outlying territory of Alexandria was frequently filled up with successive encampments of soldiers. This influx of an outside military population which had been fed up for long months on army rations of hard-tack and beans gave an inviting opportunity to local itinerant vendors in pastries and fruits to do a land office business with their toothsome wares. Just as soon as the transient city of white tents was anchored in the near-by fields, then you would see a motley swarm of men and women, boys and girls, going around among the tents calling out: "Nice hot dumplings and sauce, pies and cakes." "Hot dogs" had not been invented in those days. It takes time and a high degree of scientific concoction and artistic inspiration to evolve some things. The peripatetic merchants in pies and cakes were not always careful how they reeled off those talismanic words, so it gave an opportunity to soldiers, possibly an erudite purist in English from Boston, to ask in mock seriousness of one of the howlers: "What do you want to kill us off for, with your pizen cakes?"

Riveted in the memory of The Boy is the merciless and barbarous way in which military justice was meted out by one of the provost marshals of the town. In passing the office of this high-powered and hard-boiled military satrap one day, The Boy saw a large crowd about the entrance and peering in. Being a boy, he joined the crowd, and in due course of process wound his way inside, of course. It was a pathetic scene that confronted him, as a young soldier was under trial and crying, when he was ordered back to the camp to be hung up by the thumbs—a perfectly agonizing mode of punishment. In short after years The Boy would occasionally see this brute of an ex-officer upon the streets of Washington, where he practiced law in civil life, and each time he passed him with aversion and horror.

The war time of the sixties was a singing age, as you could hear the soldiers singing in camp and on the streets, "When this cruel war is over," "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," "John Brown's body lies a-moulderng in the grave," "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree."

The sectional issues that heated the maelstrom of strife and split the nation in two found its reflex in certain of the Churches of the town. From one of them, where The Boy's father had his membership, along with a considerable group of others of like

mind in a refusal to avow their allegiance to the Union cause, he was unceremoniously "cast out of the synagogue" as unfit for Church membership and fellowship.

A frequent spectacle after many of the battles in Northern Virginia, and to which the onlookers necessarily became somewhat callous, was the long line of ambulances bringing in the wounded combatants to the military hospitals. Another was a detail of soldiers carrying the dead body of some comrade to its burial, with military honors, in the newly established National Cemetery at the southwest edge of the city. After the volleys of blank cartridges had been fired, and the squad had left, there was the usual scramble of the boys attending the obsequies to pick up the unfired bullets scattered about the grave side.

Akin with Fort Ellsworth, immediately and near at hand at the west end of the city, was Fort Lyons, on one of the yet higher hills overlooking Alexandria across Hunting Creek, somewhat toward the southwest. One day, with a terrific noise and reverberation that shook the town and surrounding territory, and rattling the doors and window sashes of every house, the fort blew up. It was said that the catastrophe was due to the carelessness of one of the force of German soldiers who manned the fort, in smoking his pipe in a munition magazine. The boys of the town, needless to remark, were promptly on the ground to get a first-hand view and report of the situation, and a gruesome sight, too, as they peered into the hastily improvised tent hospitals, where the surgeons were amputating mutilated arms and legs in rapid order, without the merciful aid of anæsthetics, the use of which was then hardly known.

From time immemorial, the horse has been the subject of the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel. We see him portrayed upon canvass, as he adorns the walls of famous galleries of art, and we look upon his effigy in bronze and stone, bearing proudly upon his back the figure of the monarch or the warrior, as the monument glorifies the public squares and plazas of the great cities of the earth. Then by way of woeful contrast to this sublime exhibit of one of the Almighty's masterpieces of constructive grace and beauty, look, if you will, upon an after melancholy spectacle, as the equine veteran of the havocs of war emerges crippled and limping from the carnage of the battle field, where he played such a worthy part as a hero of heroes. And see him, too, summarily discharged from the shafts of army wagons and ambulances, in which menial capacity he had done his bit humbly and faithfully, now emancipated and hobbling his painful way to the inevitable boneyard near at hand.

Instead of being honored for meritorious services and put upon a generous pension of corn and oats to spend the rest of his rapidly ending life in honor, ease and comfort, at the expense of a grateful government, see him, can you believe it, branded with a hot iron, as though a felon, as the white-heated instrument of torture sizzles into his quivering flesh the mystic letters, "U. S. C."—"United States Condemned." Condemned for what? Desertion? Failure to duty? Laziness? Condemned to be turned adrift as a derelict, a worthless something for the crime of having served his country so laboriously that now, no longer able to bear the heat and the burden of his tasks, he is cast out for anyone to have and to hold who cares to take the risk to pick him up, doctor up, patch up into a comparative state of rehabilitation—if he can. Here is where The Boy functioned an ardent hope to own a horse all for himself, and here was the horse right at hand for the taking.

One day, as The Boy's Dad happened momentarily to lift his eyes from his draftsman's board, in his architect's improvised office in the second story front of his domicile, his astonished eye caught the scene, staged right opposite the window in the street below, of a group of excited boys, and in the midst of the youthful mob a dilapidated specimen of a once war Bucephalus. More surprised yet, he saw his son holding one end of a rope with the other end around the neck of the antique bag of bones. In astonishment, up went the sash and out flashed the question, "What have you there?" and back came the proud reply, "A horse!" Alas! for shattered youthful hopes and dissipated dreams of future joyous days in rides astride that to-be-rejuvenated quadruped, as out of that open window there was heard, of all sad words of tongue or pen, "take that horse back again," and the convention of small boys down in the street adjourned *sine die*, with broken hearts and tear-stained eyes.

What's a boy without a dog? And there was a dog. Rover was his name. He was born with it; no other name fitted that dog but Rover. He belonged to The Boy *de jure*, but he belonged to all of the boys on the block *de facto*. And he was the object of the love, pride, and devotion of every boy of the entire neighborhood and the surrounding hinterland, where his fame had extended.

Never such a dog was known in all the annals of doghood, back through the centuries to the day when the first dog gladdened human life with its advent. A Jonathan and David affection linked the hearts of the dog and his youthful devotees. Have you ever felt the supreme passion? Like Mary's little lamb, wherever the boys went the dog was sure to

go. He walked the fence rails with the boys, and stood on the top of the back premise woodshed sky scraper to view the landscape over from its dizzy height.

One day sorrow laid its withering hand upon the hearts of the boys. Rover was gone. Where? No one knew. He failed to answer the roll call that morning. Breaking themselves up into committees of ones and twos and threes, the boys scattered themselves over the whole neighborhood and the entire city in the search for Rover. Though diligent search was made, he could nowhere be found. The sun went down upon their grief. Somnus waved his mystic wand in vain to conjure sleep. Spectral forms throughout the night were whispering "Rover, Rover!" with echo, "Never more." The morning star shone upon a Roverless world. The boys met in open lodge out on the street and were called to order. The first business on the docket, left over from the previous day's session was, "What has become of Rover?" with no Daniel to interpret his mysterious absence. Finally the meeting constituted itself into a committee of the whole, and went off on a second day's hunt for the lost Rover.

A few days previous to the disappearance of Rover, a regiment of soldiers had pitched camp near at hand to the city. Some one suggested a visit to the camp in the quest for their lost love, so off they went. The first "Blue Coat" that they ran across was asked if he had seen a little brown and yellow spotted dog answering to the name of Rover. Taking in the situation right off the bat, and with a view of having some amusement for himself and his fellow soldiers, he answered at once that he had seen such a described dog. Well, it was their dog, and did he know where he was? "Over there in that tent. Hurry across and demand your dog." And on the jump they headed for the tent. Yes, he had picked up such a dog, a rare and beautiful animal, too, as he was strolling the streets of the town a day or two ago, and had brought it back with him as a mascot for the company. But another soldier of another company had laid hands on him for the same purpose. "Come along, boys; I think we can find him."

So along they trotted with their soldier guide, while the crowd, having been given the tip, grew all the time the larger in this rare chance to vary the monotony of camp life at the expense of the unsuspecting urchins. And thus it ran in a fruitless visit and inquiry from tent to tent, until they were told in the wind up of the merry joke put over on them, that the colonel of the regiment had him. The colonel! Better to face a lion than to invade the tent of such a high and mighty personage in the demand for the return of their lost Rover. Hopeless

in their misery, homeward they plod their weary way, when, just as they reached the home of The Boy, discouraged and despairing, the very first thing that struck their joyful eyes, as he bounded out of an alley way to greet them, was—Rover! Rover! Mouth wide open, tongue lapping out, eyes a-glistening, tail wagging, and with the same glorious old-time smile stretching all the way across the expansive territory of his lovely face from ear to ear. And every sinuous twist and turn, with every facial grimace and grin, seemed to say: "Where in the world have you boys been all this time?" The cup of joy of "the committee of the whole" bubbled over the brim like streams of nectar. Rover was yet with them. Life had now a newer and more radiant meaning.

The foolhardy and ill-omened act of J. Wilkes Booth, in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, for the which the South had no culpability nor responsibility whatever, produced an exciting and critical tension in the sectional atmosphere of Alexandria, as it threw a pall of apprehension over the minds of the Southern element of the city. They knew not what the enraged feelings of the soldiers and the large colony of carpetbaggers and Unionists among the population might mean for them in its acute reaction. It was a time, more than ever, when they had to walk softly and cultivate a silent tongue.

The city outwardly went into deep mourning for a period of time. It was not an optional matter with the citizens, but compulsory and sternly enforced, as a squad of soldiers went around from door to door and ordered the occupants to drape the house in sable colors, The Boy's house along with the rest.

The funeral of the dead President was a great event. The Boy, of course, took it in, as he made one of the long line of thousands, stretching itself out for many blocks in length, as it slowly filed into the East Room of the White House, where the body was lying in State. He carries the unique memory of having seen Abraham Lincoln alive and dead. In the first instance, when the President came down to Alexandria by steamer to attend a military review. He can see him to this very day in retrospect, astride of a horse, carrying a careworn but kindly face, and wearing the same old high "beaver" in which he is conventionally featured.

The review was held in the open fields outside of the town, and The Boy had a private box reservation up a tree, where, comfortably seated on an outstretched limb, he had a splendid observation point to take in the spectacular show, as the various army corps, brigades, and regiments passed by in easy sight. He remembers one of the marching soldiers getting a focus on him, as he was thus perched overhead, and saying with an amused smile: "See that squirrel up the tree?"

Among the thousands of admirers of "The Great Emancipator" who were drawn to Washington in attendance upon his obsequies was a tall and massive, beau ideal looking type of a frontiersman from the Western plains, with a Samson like profusion of coal black hair sweeping his broad shoulders, and dressed to kill from head to foot in buckskin hunting garb, and with his "trusty rifle" in hand, with which he was accredited in putting daylight through many a "pesky Redskin." For all the world he looked as though he had stepped out bodily in living flesh from the pages of J. Fenimore Cooper's "The Deer Slayer," or "The Last of the Mohicians."

Another quaint object that had its appeal, also, for the Boy on the day that he stood on the side line of Pennsylvania Avenue as the catafalque bearing the remains of the President was on its way from the White House to the station, for its conveyance to Springfield, Ill., was a huge negro musician in one of the numerous bands of the funeral cortege.

Nature had equipped him generously with a conspicuous pair of immense valve-like ears, which flapped in rythmic measure to the notes of the wind instrument of which he was the star performer. It is an easy guess that without the loss of valuable time, the very first thing that The Boy had to do was to go into an intensive, self-directed training in the mystery of the ear flapping art. Having gotten as far as the "Entered Apprentice" degree in its acquirements, he risked an exhibition of his skill before the family circle. Instead, however, of being showered with warm congratulations and proud encomiums upon his notable success, he was laid out cold and stiff with the causal comment of his Dad, "Any old donkey, my son, can beat you at the game of wagging his ears," and a possible future artistic career was summarily cut short for the ambitious youngster.

The actors in the Grand Drama of the long-drawn-out strife and struggle between the same racial elements of the North and the South have largely passed away, but the imperishable record of their deeds, whether they be in the statecraft of the cabinet or in the heroism of the field of Mars, remains as a task for future generations to read, ponder, and to render its varied judgments as to the merits of the vital issues involved.

In his scattered reminiscences, or memorabilia, serious and humorous alike, of youthful contacts with the daily current of life of that momentous and rapidly receding past, The Boy attempts nothing of a worth-while and constructive addition to its annals. All that he has in mind to engage his cursory pen is to project, if he can, and possibly not amiss in the telling and the reading, some features of a human

interest slant in the way of minor happenings and trivial incidents that lie, of course, entirely and necessarily outside the didactic purpose that the styles of the historian may have occasion to set forth in a more detached and graver tone.

In other words, the present narrative, in its very nature, is simply a gossip story that has to do in the main with the unique experience of a boy, who counts himself a favorite mortal to have lived his boyhood years during the thrilling days of the War between the States, in the city of all cities, Alexandria, on the Potomac, in the land of all lands, the Old Dominion, while the fate of the erstwhile Southern Confederacy was awaiting the arbitrament of the sword.

THE FIFTH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

BY JOHN W. DAVISON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In looking over the Official Records of the War between the States, which are made up of reports, letters, telegrams, and general orders, arranged in chronological order, and now known as the official history of the Union and Confederate armies, I find the work is of great magnitude, consisting of perhaps 125 volumes, in which there is found interesting deductions of local interest, not only to the few surviving veterans, but to all those now interested in the War between the States.

I selected from Volume 25, part first, some interesting history of the 5th Alabama Regiment, which contained Company C, made up in Monroe County, Ala., known as the "Monroe Guards." Company C was mustered into the Confederate service at Pineville, Monroe County, Ala., in 1861. I noticed that in the roster of Company C the names of many families perhaps known to your readers of the present day, such as the names of Burton and Giles Goode, Capt. Thomas M. Riley, John Burns, J. C. Kinklea, S. H. Daily, C. C. Nettles, L. W. Duke, W. H. Estes, F. Metts, W. B. Rodgers, Rankin, McCants, Pat Morrison, Wiggins, Watson McInnis, Captain Kilpatrick, Andrews, W. A. Riley, W. G. Curry, W. H. Watkins, and T. J. Bradford.

The 5th Alabama Regiment was made up from South Alabama counties and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. On page 958 of that volume, wherein is a history of the Chancellorsville campaign, I find that Col. J. M. Hall, in his report, makes mention of names familiar, no doubt, to many of your readers. In the last paragraph of the report, Colonel Hall said: "In this fight (Chancellorsville) all acted well, both officers and men vying with each other in doing their whole

duty. I would, however, respectfully mention the gallant conduct of Capt. T. M. Riley, Company C; Adjutant C. J. Pegues and Sergeant Major Alfred G. Ward, also Sergeant Adam Spicewood and Corporal A. M. Ballard, Company E; and Private James Arrington, Company D—all of those men acted with the most undaunted courage, coolness, and skill."

Then followed the report of Capt. Thomas M. Riley, "who was in command from the time that the gallant and chivalrous Renfro fell mortally wounded." Dated May 8, 1863, Captain Riley, Company C, commanding regiment, in his report, said: "We were ordered forward to occupy the works, when Captain Renfro, while bravely leading the advance and calling on the men to follow, fell mortally wounded. Being the senior officer, I now assumed command of the regiment, and, moving forward with this, the 26th Alabama," etc. At Malvern Hill, the 5th Alabama Regiment went into battle with 225 men; 26 were killed and 66 wounded. At Fair Oaks, 29 were killed and 181 wounded. At Chancellorsville, 24 were killed, 130 wounded, and 121 missing.

More might be gleaned from these war records, wherein is interesting reading to those who were engaged in the war, or to the descendants of those who went out and never returned.

Let it be remembered that there are other reasons than money or patriotism which induce men to risk life and limb in war. There is the love of glory and the expectation of honorable recognition. But the private in the ranks expects neither. His identity is merged in that of his regiment. To him the regiment and its name is everything. He does not expect to see his own name on the page of history, and is content with a proper recognition of the old command in which he fought. But he is jealous of the record of his regiment, and demands credit for every shot it faced and every grave it filled. Regimental scars can be seen only in the records of its casualties.

In point of numerical loss, the 6th Alabama Regiment sustained at the battle of Fair Oaks the greatest loss of any regiment during the war. This regiment, then in Rodes's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division, lost 91 killed, 277 wounded, 5 missing; total, 373 out of 632 engaged.

The chivalry of Southern valor should be rehearsed by the firesides in our homes, not in a spirit of resentment or revenge to the conquerors, but in respect to the memory of our dead, and in justice to the courage and devotion to principle of those who still survive.



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.

"O Valiant Hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle
flame,
Tranquil you lie, your Knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land you Loved."

HINES HOLT HALL.

Hines Holt Hall, who died at his country home, The Elms, in Elmore County, Ala., on the 15th of October, 1929, at the age of eighty-three years, was the last son of the distinguished Hall family which gave six sons to the Confederate service. Of these, the first died on the battle field of Chickamauga, leaving a brave record as a young and splendid soldier to be a guiding star to his brothers.

The youngest of these, Hines Holt Hall, was of the class of 1865 at the University of Alabama, and during the last year of the war he went with the Tuscaloosa Cadets to Mobile, where they gave gallant service to the Confederacy to the close of hostilities. After the war, he studied law and practiced in Montgomery. In 1887, he was married to Miss Louise Crenshaw, whose beautiful life as a devoted wife, loving mother, and faithful friend ended less than a year before his death. The home they made with their family of two sons and five daughters was known to a large circle of friends for its widespread hospitality and the devotion which united them in the one bond that is eternal. In this beautiful old home he lived a life that endeared him to all. He was loyal to the fine traditions of the South—a man endowed with enduring principles of honor and truth, a friend whose loyalty never wavered, whose kind courtesy and fine sincerity gave him the profound affection of all who knew him. His love for the South and for the Confederacy was a flame that burned steadily in his heart, and a tiny Confederate flag was placed in his coffin.

In the fast thinning ranks of the gray, there are now four comrades who remain to salute the memory of the dear comrade who has reached the last haven of peace.

["M. H."]

H. W. HOLLIDAY.

H. W. Holliday, eldest son of James B. and Emily Jane Dunlap Holliday, was born March 1, 1846, and died on the 27th of November, 1928, at Greenville, S. C.

When war came on in the sixties, this young boy joined the ranks of the Confederacy in his father's place, first serving with the 3rd Regiment of State Troops at Charleston. When this regiment was disbanded, he joined Company E, of the 16th South Carolina Regiment, this on the last day of February, 1864, and went through the Georgia campaign under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He was in all of the battles around Atlanta, then followed Hood into Tennessee, and took part in the fighting at Franklin and Nashville. When the surrender came, he was at home on sick furlough. His command was a part of Gregg's Brigade, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

Comrade Holliday was a member of R. C. Puliam Camp, No. 297, U. C. V., of Greenville, S. C., also a member of the Masonic Lodge of that place, and of the Methodist Church. He was three times married, his last wife, who was Mrs. Mary R. Payne, surviving him.

JUDGE A. RICE ELLIS.

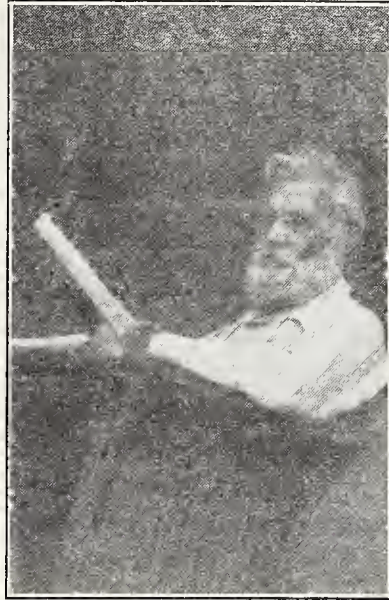
Judge A. R. Ellis, oldest citizen of Abbeville County, S. C., died at his home in Due West, early in March, 1929, after an illness of some weeks. A long and useful life had been his in its span of eighty-seven years. His was a fine example of quiet, Christian citizenship, modest and unassuming, yet unafraid to state his position and to stand for what he considered the right. In that he has left a fine legacy to his children, of whom there are two sons and four daughters. His wife also survives him.

Judge Ellis served the Confederacy in the four years of war, having enlisted with Company G, Orr's Regiment of Rifles, and he took part in two of the major engagements of the war, Gettysburg and the Wilderness, in addition to many others. At Gettysburg he was wounded, and in the following engagement at Falling Water he was captured and taken to Point Lookout prison, where he was held to the end of the war.

For many years, Judge Ellis had served as justice of the peace of his township. He was chairman of the board of the A. R. P. Church, from which the funeral service was held, with its deacons as honorary pallbearers, while the active pallbearers were six grandsons.

BENJAMIN R. CRABILL.

Benjamin R. Crabill, born at Toms Brook, Shenandoah County, Va., on March 13, 1846, died on July 22, 1929, at his home near Monroeville, Ind., having passed into his eighty-fourth year. He had taken his family to Allen County, Ind., in 1888, and there reared his family of seven sons and two daughters, all surviving except one son. His wife, who was Miss Frances Ebert, also survives him, and one sister, at the old Virginia home. He was the son of George K. and Elizabeth Wymer Crabill.



BENJAMIN R. CRABILL.

Enlisting for the Confederacy at the age of sixteen, young Crabill served for a time under Col. John S. Mosby, later joining the regular service and becoming a member of Company E, 11th Virginia Cavalry, Laurel Brigade, under Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, and he participated in the activities of this command to the end at Appomattox.

Returning home, he became one of those constructive citizens who helped to build up his community and the South in those years following the war; and though he lived upon a farm near Monroeville after moving to Indiana, his activities extended beyond the farm, and in his work as contractor and builder, many buildings in the town and surrounding country were put up by him, among them being twelve brick schoolhouses. An ardent Democrat in politics, he took much interest in civic and political affairs.

ALBERT G. STALNAKER.

Albert Gallatin Stalnaker, who died in the South Pasadena Hospital, Calif., on November 17, was born in Lewisburg, W. Va., in 1842, the son of Randolph and Caroline Joel Stalnaker. During the War between the States he served in the 27th Virginia Regiment, of the Stonewall Brigade; three brothers also served in the Confederate army. His body was taken to Charleston, W. Va., and there interred. Three daughters and a sister survive him.

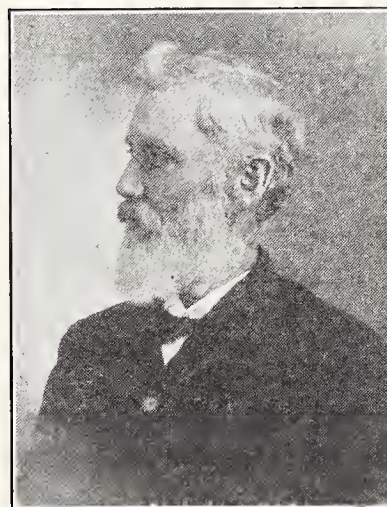
J. M. HUNT.

After a long illness, J. M. Hunt, pioneer citizen of Jones County, Ga., died at his home near Round Oak, on the 13th of February, 1929. He was born in Jones County, January 1, 1841, the son of Thomas and Sarah Pope Hunt, and his entire life had been spent in the same community with the exception of two years in Marshallville and Macon, and the time of his service as a soldier in the War between the States. After serving through the war as a member of the 45th Georgia Regiment, he returned to the home plantation, and became known as the originator of the peach industry in Jones County. He was the oldest Confederate veteran of his county, having passed his eighty-eighth milestone.

For more than forty years, Comrade Hunt served as steward in the Round Oak Methodist Church, of which he was a charter member. He was married twice, first to Miss Elizabeth Carver, of Macon, and two daughters and a son survive of the five children born to them. His second wife was Mrs. Louise Gibson, also of Macon; there are also three grandchildren and one great-grandchild. He was last but one of a large family, one brother, W. W. Hunt, of Little Rock, Ark., surviving him.

VOLNEY METCALF.

Volney Metcalf, born in 1845 at Natchez, Miss., died at his home in Azusa, Calif., on July 9, 1929, and was laid away in Oakdale Cemetery. He had lived in Azusa for the past thirty years, with his



VOLNEY METCALF.

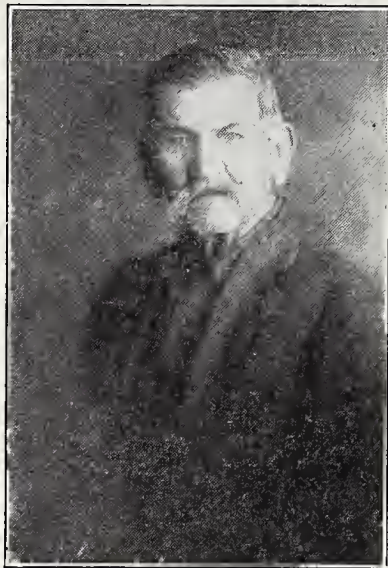
son, where he was well known and highly respected. He was a member of the United Confederate Veterans of the California Division, and could talk most interestingly of his war experiences. He enlisted in the Confederate army with the Adams Troop from Natchez, which was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, and served

with the Jeff Davis Legion, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C.

Comrade Metcalf is survived by a son and a daughter, both living in California.

W. G. HUDDLESTON.

One of the most esteemed members of Camp No. 1555, U. C. V., of Jacksonville, Tex., has been lost by the death of W. G. Huddleston, one of the few survivors of the crew of the Virginia in the engagement with the Monitor at Hampton Roads, Va., March 8, 1862. His death occurred on October 19, near Jacksonville, Tex., in his eighty-seventh year.



W. G. HUDDLESTON.

Comrade Huddleston was born at Montgomery, Ala., March 8, 1843, and joined the Confederate States Marine Service under Captain Thorn, at Montgomery, April 2, 1861. He was first stationed at Pensacola Navy Yard, was later transferred to Norfolk, Va., and was assigned to the Merrimac, its name being changed to the Virginia. During his service on this vessel, he was in the engagement at Hampton Roads. After this, Comrade Huddleston was stationed at Drewry's Bluff, below Richmond, and saw service in the Virginia army until captured in one of the many engagements in which he took part and held prisoner at Wheeling W. Va., until Lee's surrender, after which he returned to his home at Montgomery, Ala.

In August, 1866, he was married to Miss Ella B. Chase, who died in 1879, and later he was married to Miss Selena A. Williams, of Travis County, Tex., who survives him with the five daughters and two sons.

Peace to his ashes and honored be his memory.

[J. A. Templeton, Adjutant Camp No. 1555, U. C. V.]

S. J. QUARTERMAN.

As he quietly slept, death came to S. J. Quarterman on October 20, 1929, at his home in Quincy, Fla. He was born in Liberty County, Ga., on February 26, 1838, and his life had been passed in that State until his removal to Florida, in February, 1924, to be with his nephew in Quincy. For many years he farmed in Baker County, Ga., and he was then in Mitchell County as merchant, railroad agent, and postmaster at DeWitt.

During the War between the States, Comrade Quarterman served with the Jeff Davis Legion, and at the close he was in prison at Point Lookout, Md. "His last days were spent in comfort," writes his nephew, "and he loved to think of and to talk about his old-time friends."

JAMES TAYLOR MCGUIRE.

James Taylor McGuire was born April 5, 1846, in Cherokee County, N. C., on a farm near the Hiawatha River. Here amid nature's most wonderful surroundings he grew to young manhood. At the age of fifteen years he enlisted in the Confederate army and gloriously served the cause of the South until the close of the war. In 1877, he married Mary Lou Gardner, and to this union six children were born, of whom three survive him.

Mr. McGuire moved from his native State to Tennessee, and after a short residence there he moved to Missouri, this trip being made in an ox wagon and a journey of eight weeks' duration. After spending several years in Missouri, he went to Arkansas, and then to Oklahoma.

In 1911, the messenger of death entered his home and summoned his loving wife. His second marriage was to Miss Ellen Lincos, who died in 1919.

On August 4, 1929, in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ed Fisher, at Fort Gibson, Okla., Mr. McGuire entered into eternal rest. Endowed with a kind and affectionate disposition, a man who professed Christianity at a tender age and steadfastly walked in the light of the Great Maker throughout the years of his life, the world was made richer by his presence, for all of his deeds were a manifestation of a great devotion.

[From tribute by Rex. W. Smith.]

JOHN B. MCCAUSLAND.

John B. McCausland, oldest citizen of Fayette, Mo., died there on the 5th of September, aged eighty-seven years. He was born in Augusta County, Va., March 1, 1842, the youngest of the four sons of Andrew Jackson McCausland, and a cousin of Gen. John McCausland. At the age of nineteen years he enlisted as a soldier of the Confederacy, serving with Company I, 5th Virginia Regiment, and going through the four years of war without an injury. He took part in the strenuous campaigns under the immortal Stonewall, and was in all his major engagements; he was also at Gettysburg, and at the surrender was doing picket duty at Lynchburg, Va.

After a few months at home following the surrender, Comrade McCausland went to Missouri

and there had lived in Randolph and Howard counties, making his home at Fayette in 1894. In 1869, he was married to Miss Sallie Snell, who survives him with their four daughters and two sons. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and a highly respected citizen of his community, county, and State.

WILLIAM M. MOSS.

Born in Williamson County, Tenn., in 1839, William M. Moss had completed ninety years of life when the last call came to him at his home in Jackson, Tenn., during November. He had been a citizen of that place for many years, and had served under two Presidents as its postmaster.

Enlisting for the Confederacy at the beginning of the War between the States, William Moss won special recognition for his service in several notable engagements, including Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, and Kenesaw Mountain, where he was wounded. During a skirmish near Chattanooga toward the end of the war, he was captured by Gen. John Wanamaker, who offered him freedom if he would take the oath of allegiance. Refusing to do so, he was sent to Camp Chase prison, and there remained until the close of war. During President Harrison's administration, Wanamaker served as Postmaster General, and in his application for the postmastership at Jackson, Comrade Moss recalled to General Wanamaker the incident of his capture and refusal to take the oath, but he was awarded the position and served capably through two administrations. He was a lifelong member of the Christian Church. His wife survives him with their four daughters and two sons.

WILLIAM S. BOMAR.

William S. Bomar, pioneer citizen of Henry County, Tenn., and member of Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Isom Comer, in the Manleyville community, on November 5, after a short illness. He was in his eighty-fifth year.

Born in Henry County, in 1845, of one of the most prominent families in that section, he became a leading citizen of his county and community, and was a lifelong member of the Baptist Church. At the outbreak of the war in 1861, he enlisted and served throughout the conflict as a member of a company under Captain Pettyjohn, Forrest's Cavalry.

After the war, Comrade Bomar was married to Miss Dora Iron, and three sons and two daughters of that marriage survive him. His second

wife was Miss Mary Doty, who also survives with their daughter. A large number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren are also left, and there are many friends to mourn the passing of one who had won their respect and love by his upright Christian character.

[P. P. Pullen, Paris, Tenn.]

BENJAMIN A. LONG.

A true and tried soldier of the Confederacy, Ben. A. Long, of Mount Selman, Tex., died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. C. H. Merk, on January 1, 1929, in his ninety-first year. He was



BENJAMIN A. LONG.

among the first to volunteer from Cherokee County, Tex., in June, 1861, joining Company C, 3rd Texas Cavalry, which later became an integral part of Ross' Texas Brigade in the Tennessee army. In this command he served faithfully to the final surrender. He was born in the Republic of Texas at the town of Douglas,

near Nacogdoches, August 16, 1863. His father, James D. Long, located at the town of Larissa, in Cherokee County in 1856, where the son, Ben. A. Long was educated at Trinity University, which was then located at Larissa, under the management of Dr. Yoakum. He was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church for more than sixty years. Funeral services were held at Bullard, Tex., his pastor officiating. Of the six brothers, only one is now living, W. S. Long, of Mixon, Tex. Of his own family, one daughter and two sons survive him, with the six grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren.

[J. A. Templeton, Adjutant Camp No. 1555, Jacksonville, Tex.]

CAPEHART.—Entered into life eternal, at "Southall," Vance County, North Carolina, September 3, 1929, Thomas Tucker Capehart, son of the late Thomas Capehart, C. S. A., and Amelia Epps Tucker. Second Timothy, chapter 4, verses 7 and 8.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, *President General*

Troy, Ala.

MRS. A. C. FORD, Clifton Forge, Va. *First Vice President General*

MRS. R. F. BLANKENBURG. *Second Vice President General*
San Diego, Calif.

MRS. JOHN WILCOX, Houston, Tex. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. *Recording Secretary General*

MRS. F. L. EZELL, Leesburg, Fla. *Corresponding Secretary General*

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

MISS MARION SALLEY, Orangeburg, S. C. *Historian General*

MRS. A. S. PORTER, Lakewood, Ohio. *Registrar General*
14724 Clifton Boulevard.

MRS. J. W. GOODWIN, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Crosses*
The Cloverly

MRS. CHARLES GRANGER. *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*
New Orleans, La.

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. J. J. Harris, Official Editor, Sandersville, Ga.

THE CONVENTION AT BILOXI, 1929

"Where a changing, sapphire sea,
Reaching to eternity,
Beats a tireless symphony—
Mississippi."

So sang a poet of the old State of Mississippi and doubtless in tribute to that beautiful Gulf Coast section—some say that is *the State*—than which there could have been no more beautiful setting for the meeting of a deliberative body. Biloxi-by-the-Sea, with its restful calm, its blue skies, and mellow sunlight to welcome and cheer the visitors from more wintry sections, met with appreciative response; and Mississippi Daughters added to that cheer with their gracious hospitality and entertainment unsurpassed.

Amid scenes hallowed by the presence in his last years of the only President of the Southern Confederacy, most fittingly this convention was dedicated to the memory of Jefferson Davis, this being the leading thought in the report of the President General, who said:

"From the date of organization, September 10, 1894, one of the definite purposes of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has been honoring the memory of the President of the Southern Confederacy and the restoration of the name of Jefferson Davis to its rightful place among the greatest of American statesmen."

In the old Church of the Redeemer at Biloxi, the original of which was a refuge to him—a sanctuary—in those last sad days of Jefferson Davis, the preconvention divine service was held, conducted by the rector, Rev. E. A. Miller, and, in the light streaming through memorial windows dedicated to the Davis family, the audience sat in reverent hush and felt the presence of those who once came there for spiritual consolation. The window dedicated to Winnie Davis, beloved "Daughter of the Confederacy," represents the raising of Jairus's daughter, a beautiful tribute

to one who will ever live as the first to receive the name which is perpetuated in many thousands who proudly claim membership in this great organization.

From the wall of the beautifully decorated stage of the convention hall a splendid portrait of Jefferson Davis faced the assemblage, so vividly alive in expression that it seemed to say: "Daughters of the South, to you we look for that justification which will give us our rightful place in the history of our country.

* * *

The exercises on Tuesday evening, presided over by Mrs. William H. Price, General Chairman, gave a full program of welcome addresses and responses, interspersed with musical selections by the music clubs of the city and section, as follows:

Welcome from the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., by Mrs. R. C. Herron, President; from the City of Biloxi, Mayor J. J. Kennedy; from all the coast cities, Hon. Carl Marshall; from the women of Mississippi, Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson; response to the addresses of welcome, Mrs. A. C. Ford, Virginia.

Greetings were extended for the State by the governor's representative, followed by greetings from the United Confederate Veterans, by Commander in Chief, Richard A. Sneed; by the Commander in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, John Ashley Jones; for the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Mrs. Charles Bryan, of Tennessee. For the women's patriotic organizations of Mississippi, by Mrs. Rucks Yerger; by Past President of the Mississippi Division, Mrs. B. S. Shinn.

Following this came the presentation of general officers, past and present, the honorary presidents, and convention pages.

The thirty-sixth annual convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, opened for business on the morning of Wednesday, November 20, with large representation from the thousand or more Chapters of the organization located in all parts of this country, and the one in France had a voice by proxy. From the far West they came, for Oregon answered to the roll call; from the east, in the tones of Boston; from the icy North, and from the "deep" South—all intermingled in one interest, for wherever their lives had been cast, they were still Southern to the core.

The report of the President General covered a vast field of endeavor and accomplishment within the past year, and, following the thought of this convention held near the old home of Jefferson Davis, her first recommendation was: "That the President General, or her appointed representative, attend the ceremonies incident to the unveiling of the statue of President Davis in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., and that she be authorized to provide an appropriate floral offering for the occasion." This recommendation was adopted, and within the coming year, Jefferson Davis, illustrious son of Mississippi, "will again enter that building which responded to his eloquence on that memorable day in 1861, when he delivered his farewell address to the Senate; and with another distinguished Mississippian, Senator J. Z. George, will stand for all time among other men of renown who have given themselves to the service of their country."

After touching upon the high points of the organization's activities, some of which had been completed, the President General made a number of recommendations which met with the approval of the assemblage and were later acted upon. Among these was the recommendation that the United Daughters of the Confederacy place a portrait of Gen. R. E. Lee in the West Point Military Academy, of which he was superintendent from 1852 to 1855, this portrait to be in keeping with the portraits of other superintendents there, and to cost approximately \$2,000; that an endowment fund of \$8,000 be created and to be known as the Mrs. L. H. Raines Memorial Loan Fund, this as recognition of the service rendered by Mrs. Raines in the early years of the organization; that a fund of some \$3,500 be secured for a bust of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, to be placed in the Hall of Fame in the University of New York when his name shall have been accepted for that honor; that the sum of \$9,000 be contributed from the U. D. C. treasury for the purpose of restoring the

room at Stratford in which General Lee was born, and the nursery adjoining; also to supply certain shelves of the library thare with books selected by the committee on Southern Literature for Home and Foreign Libraries; and for appropriately marking by tablets the rooms and library shelves as gifts from the organization. (The thought in this recommendation was that in the appropriation from the general treasury, every Daughter of the Confederacy visiting Stratford could feel that she had contributed a part toward the restoration of these rooms. The amount to be appropriated had to come under the \$10,000 limit to which the organization could be pledged without special consideration, and this was afterwards made \$9,995 by suggestion of Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Mississippi, with a special gift of \$5 by Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Tennessee, in memory of her father, the late Rev. John W. Bachman, so that the amount might total \$10,000.)

Reports of general officers followed in order, with their various recommendations. (See Minutes Biloxi Convention.) The report of the Treasurer General showed receipts in the general fund as \$26,940.94, with disbursements of \$22,014.72, a balance of \$4,926.22 to start another year. Assets of the organization in cash, securities, and loan funds made a grand total of \$163,817.74.

The report of the Chairman on Credentials, Mrs. L. U. Babin, of Louisiana, showed a voting strength of 2,338 for this convention, with delegates present representing votes something under that. Her report also showed that South Carolina leads all other States in number of Chapters, having 131 in active condition; Virginia comes second with 130 Chapters; Georgia third with 118; and North Carolina fourth with 114—and how they do work!

Later sessions of the convention took up reports of the various committees, a number of chairmen reporting their work completed. Of these was that on Women of the South in War Times, Mrs. Edwin Robinson, of West Virginia, Chairman. The 10,000 copies of "Our Book" having been taken by the various divisions, this work was considered as completed according to the contract with the publishers, but arrangements are to be made whereby another edition of the book may be secured if found desirable. The Lee Memorial Trust Fund, to be used for the necessary renovation of the Lee Chapel at Washington and Lee University, of which Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Kentucky, was chairman, has been turned over to

the authorities of the University to be expended for that purpose, and the work of the committee is finished. The committee appointed on the Memorial Approach to Arlington Bridge, Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee, chairman, reported its work concluded, after full investigation of the plans for this memorial bridge connecting the city of Washington with the old home of Gen. R. E. Lee, now known as Arlington National Cemetery.

Reports of special committees included that appointed to "consider the advisability of securing a business office for the U. D. C.," by Mrs. L. B. Newell, of North Carolina, chairman. Action on this was to appoint a committee to consider Nashville, Tenn., as the logical place for such an office, and to investigate the possibilities offered by that city in its fireproof buildings. The immense cost of transporting the heavy file cases holding these valuable papers whenever there is a change in Registrar General, and the immense labor in handling these papers, makes it necessary to secure a permanent location for them and a business manager to direct the work of keeping these records.

A design for the Spanish-American War decoration, to be given by the U. D. C. to veterans of that war having Confederate ancestry, was submitted by Mrs. Wallace Streater, chairman of that committee, who was delegated to investigate further the cost of the decoration and the possible number that will be needed.

A resolution was introduced by Mrs. Charles S. Bolling, of Richmond, for the Virginia Division, asking that the United Daughters of the Confederacy pledge \$50,000 toward the purchase of Stratford, this sum to be the final payment on the purchase price of this old home of the Lees and birthplace of Gen. R. E. Lee; and of this amount, the Virginia Division pledged \$5,000. The resolution was passed subject to its ratification by the Divisions and Chapters where there are no divisions, and will be reported again to the convention in 1930.

An amendment submitted by Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, of Georgia, to the rules for the award of the U. D. C. Cross of Military Service, providing that war nurses of the army, navy, or marine corps who are descendants of Confederate soldiers, may be awarded this decoration, aroused considerable discussion and opposition, but was finally passed by a majority—not unanimously.

Mrs. Robert D. Wright, of South Carolina, chairman of the Education Committee, reported that the U. D. C. have an endowment fund of

\$100,311.87, and a grand total from both division and general U. D. C. scholarship funds of \$237,748.99. From this, 811 scholarships have been awarded within the past year, valued at \$101,638.02. The most valuable cash scholarship is at Vassar College, the Mary B. Poppenheim Scholarship, valued at \$1,000. The Mrs. Simon Baruch University Prize of \$1,000 was won this year by Theodore Marshall Whitfield, of Richmond, Va.

Nearly \$6,000 was pledged in the convention to the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women, with some divisions yet to be heard from. The administration of this fund was reported by Mrs. Amos Norris, of Florida, chairman. Thirty-seven needy women of Confederate connection, living in various parts of this country, and one in South America, have been the beneficiaries of this fund during the past year.

Report of the Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. James E. Woodward, of North Carolina, showed that 1,144 crosses had been bestowed by the organization, including the four Crosses of Military Service awarded at this convention, the recipients of which could not be present. These went to Maj. Gen. Henry P. McCain, Rear Admiral Thomas P. Magruder, Brig. Gen. James J. Jervey, and Col. George E. Pickett, great-grandson of General Pickett, C. S. A. The memorial cup going to the division bestowing the greatest number of crosses during the year was awarded to Georgia.

The report for the Confederate Museum of Richmond, Va., was given by Miss Susan B. Harrison, House Regent, and it showed that 16,142 people had paid admission during the year. In addition to these visitors, school children are admitted free, as are visitors on holidays.

The report by Mrs. R. H. Chelsey on the subscription work for the VETERAN showed the effort to increase it, the total number of subscriptions reported through the U. D. C. for the year being 1,947, as against 1,662 for 1928. Again this work was led by North Carolina with 260 to her credit, California being next with 149 subscriptions.

The reports by Division Presidents on Wednesday evening brought before the convention some splendid accomplishments by the States and Chapters in States where there are no divisions. A special prize offered by Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, of Georgia, First Vice President General—a beautiful silver vase—for the most "concise, constructive, and comprehensive" report, was awarded to the Ohio Division President, Mrs. A. S. Porter, by the committee appointed to pass on these reports.

The last sessions of the convention were devoted to consideration of amendments offered, some of which brought out considerable discussion. The first of these was offered by the President General as "Section 5, of Article VII," and prohibits the furnishing of the U. D. C. Minutes, with the lists of chapters and members, to any other organization "when it is to be used for the purpose of creating interest in, or soliciting funds for, other work than that of the United Daughters of the Confederacy."

A resolution was introduced by Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, New York, for the purchase of a portrait of John Slidell, of Louisiana, from the Countess de St. Roman, of Paris, this to be placed with portraits of other famous men at Columbia University, New York. This portrait of Slidell was painted in 1810, at the time of his graduation from Columbia University, and just before he went to Louisiana to seek his fortune. An appropriation of \$550 was voted by the convention for the purchase of this portrait.

At the election of general officers on Thursday morning, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Alabama, was made President General. The changes in other officers are given in the heading of this department. A picture of the new President General will appear in the January number.

(Continued on page 478.)

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT, U. D. C.

WINNERS OF GENERAL U. D. C. PRIZES FOR 1929.

MISS MARION SALLEY, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

The Raines Banner.—To the Division making the largest collection of papers and historical records, and doing the best historical work. Won by Georgia Division, Mrs. Kirby Smith Anderson, Historian.

Jeanne Fox Weinmann Loving Cup.—To the Division reporting the greatest amount of work done in schools. Won by Georgia Division.

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. Won by Mrs. D. S. Vandiver, of South Carolina.

William Jackson Walker Loving Cup.—Offered by Mrs. R. B. Broyles, in memory of her father, a captain under Gen. N. B. Forrest, to the U. D. C. Chapter placing the greatest amount of books on Southern history and literature, with U. D. C. bookplate in each, in any public library. Won by Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Louisville, Ky.

Thomas D. Osborne Loving Cup.—Offered by Mrs. John L. Woodbury in memory of her father, a member of the "Orphan Brigade," to the Daughters of the Confederacy submitting the best pageant on a Confederate topic. Won by Mrs. Eloise B. Burkheimer, Charlotte, N. C.

Rose Loving Cup.—For the best essay on "Chaplains in Confederate Service." Won by Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, Lexington, Va.

Mrs. John A. Perdue Loving Cup.—For the best essay on "John Paul Jones and Raphael Semmes—A Comparison." Won by Mrs. William Cabell Flournoy, Lexington, Va.

Hyde-Campbell Loving Cup.—For the best essay on "The Statesmanship of Jefferson Davis, as Evidenced by His Speeches and Writings." Won by Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco, Tex.

Adelia Dunovant Loving Cup.—Offered by Mrs. W. T. Calhoun, in memory of her sister, former Historian of the Texas Division, for the best essay on "John C. Calhoun, Apostle of State Rights." Won by Mrs. Josephine Turner, Louisville, Ky.

Sydnor Ferguson Prize.—Twenty-five dollars, offered by Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Cary, for the best essay on "Mosby's Rangers." Won by Mrs. W. S. Bernard, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Gordon White Prize.—Twenty-five dollars, offered by Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, for the best essay on "Art in the South before the War between the States." Won by Mrs. Clara R. Hayden, Tallahassee, Fla.

Betty Pendleton Prize.—Offered by Mrs. J. H. Cleland, in memory of her grandmother, for the best essay on "The Confederate Flags." Won by Mrs. J. R. Vandiver, Anderson, S. C.

Orren Randolph Smith Medal.—For the best essay on "The Capture of Jefferson Davis." Won by Mrs. Kirby-Smith Anderson, Madison, Ga.

Anna Robinson Andrews Medal.—For the best essay on "The Jamestown Parliament of 1619, the First Legislative Assembly in the New World." Won by Mrs. William T. Fowler, Lexington, Ky.

Martha Washington House Medal.—For the best essay on "Abram J. Ryan, Poet-Priest—His Connection with the Confederate Army." Won by Mrs. W. J. Morrison, Nashville, Tenn.

W. O. Hart Medal.—For the best essay on "The Cabinet of the Confederate States." Won by Mrs. May Gardner Black, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Roberts Medal.—For the second best essay in any contest. Won by Mrs. J. R. Carson, Chester, S. C.

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.
MRS. LAMAR LIPSCOMB.....*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. QUINBY.....*National Organizer*
Atlanta, Ga.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Little Rock.....Mrs. J. F. Weinmann
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Mrs. Chenault
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Freed
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. ROGERS WINTER, *Editor*, 61 Highland Drive, Atlanta, Ga.

Times change, and men often change with them, but principles never!

A YULETIDE MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Beloved Coworkers: The cycle of time has again swung round, completing the thirteenth year since we first took sweet counsel together, and love joined hands and hearts in a devoted effort for the perpetuation of the sacred work bequeathed to us by our sainted mothers; and it is my happy privilege to again send to you cordial greetings, with the deepest appreciation and love of my heart for your loyal support and coöperation. You have held aloft the beacon light of Southern patriotic pride and principles, and the ante bellum ideals of the gentlewoman of the Old South, having written deep in the hearts of the loyal young womanhood traditions built upon the lessons learned from those who flung to us the torch to carry on with "Peace on earth, good will to men." If the trust be honored and we have kept the faith, the seed has fallen upon good ground, and your reward will come in the imperishable glory of the highest type of American womanhood.

May the Giver of all good send the blessings of peace, joy, and prosperity into each home, and may the circle of your influence widen until it shall touch as the waves of the beacon, every land and people.

MARGARET A. WILSON.

NEWS FROM THE ASSOCIATIONS.

Mrs. John F. Weinmann, of Little Rock, Ark., has been reëlected President of the Arkansas Confederated Southern Memorial Association. Also, she has been chosen again as Arkansas's Presi-

dent of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Weinmann is one of the most capable women in both organizations, and is well liked by all.

Mrs. Townes R. Leigh, of Gainesville, Fla., has been chosen again to lead the C. S. M. A. work in Florida. She is a gifted and popular woman, and her many friends are glad to know that she will again be State President, and that she is well again after illness of some time.

Mrs. D. D. Geiger, State President of the C. S. M. A. for West Virginia, is well again after serious illness lasting many months. She is assuming again the State President's work in West Virginia, having been reëlected this fall. Mrs. Geiger is also President of the Huntington Association.

The Huntington, W. Va., Association met on October 19, with Miss Sallie Jones. The meeting was a most delightful one. The attendance was large, and renewed interest was shown in the work. Ten new members were added at this meeting, and there are many more prospective members. "The new year is starting off in a beautiful spirit," writes Mrs. Geiger, "and there is keen enthusiasm concerning the Junior Memorial Association."

A new Ladies' Memorial Association has just been organized in Biloxi, Miss., with Mrs. Byrd Enochs as President. The new Association is composed of the leading women of Biloxi, and the president is widely known both in social and patriotic circles, which insures its success. The Association will be hostess to the C. S. M. A. during the annual meeting in 1930, at the time of the veterans' reunion in Biloxi, June 3-7.

CHRISTMAS AGAIN!

To the Memorial women of the South, greetings and good wishes from the C. S. M. A. editor. May the holiday season bring peace and happiness to each and every one of you, and may the New Year strengthen the ties of old friendships and bring new joys of the mind and heart.

And may all of us receive the blessings of renewed inspiration in the work we have undertaken in the service of the South. May we build well for the future upon the foundation of past glory and find new ways of conveying to the youth of to-day the sacred flame of memory's never-dying love for the cause of the Confederacy and the wearers of the gray. MARY CARTER WINTER.

SHALL MEMORY EVER FAIL?

"Athens had her 'Painted Porch,' where the sons of the doughty sires who championed the cause of Miltiades might trace the emblazoned glories of their Marathon. France has her 'Home of the Invalides,' where, through gorgeous windows the filtering sunlight wreathes with flame the tattered 'Fleur de Lys' of Navarre, and the sacred eagles of the Corsican Bonaparte. England has her Westminster Abbey, where hard by her shrouded kings sleep the sturdy warriors who have carved, with the points of their gleaming blades unfading names upon their country's roll. None of this is ours. Only the shining stars each night keep solemn watch and ward above the graves of those who, from the Potomac to the James, from Rapidan to Appomattox, yielded up their lives for a cause they held sacred, yet every inch of the soil consecrated by their martyrdom and made forever famous by their sacrifices breathes in reverence their imperishable names." (From address by Rev. E. C. De La Moriniere.)

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

"The Unknown Dead!" It is a phrase which commands the heart and mind, awakening tenderness and love, infinite pity and mysterious admiration for those who have made the final sacrifice with none of the emblazonment of glory about their heroic but forgotten names.

Unsung, but not unhonored, they sleep in many an unmarked grave, but, as Dr. E. C. de La Moriniere expresses it so beautifully, "God has long since crowned their brows with the diadem of immortality."

Recently, in Atlanta, under the smooth sward

of the Confederate section, where Gen. William Ambrose Wright was buried, many of these graves of the unknown dead were discovered by those who prepared the last resting place of that gallant Confederate soldier. Sounding for his grave brought forth the fact that all of the space to the left of the approach to the Confederate monument was filled with unmarked and forgotten graves of those who had died for the South, and in only one spot was found space for one more grave, that of General Wright.

On the right, as one approaches the monument in Oakland Cemetery, is a beautiful obelisk bearing the name of every Confederate soldier buried in that great section, but into the graves at the left had been placed the bodies of those who were not identified in death sixty years ago.

As time rolled on, the grass grew green and beautiful above their graves, the sod, as could be easily seen after it was known that here rested the heroic dead, much greener and richer above the graves than in the narrow spaces between each one, and in time these graves were forgotten until General Wright was called home to his comrades. But from now on, they will be remembered, and, in time, perhaps a marble shaft will gleam whitely above their lost and lowly graves.

FOR RESTORATION OF BEAUVOIR.

The Beauvoir Memorial Committee, organized in Gulfport on October 23, with the purpose of furthering memorial purposes connected with the last home of President Jefferson Davis at Beauvoir, between Gulfport and Biloxi, on the beach, and with the object of locating and authenticating articles used at Beauvoir during the residence of the Davis family, has arranged as its first memorial work the conversion into a memorial of the office building at Beauvoir which was used by President Davis.

Superintendent Elnathan Tartt, of the Beauvoir Confederate Home, has coöperated with the committee in this restoration of the office which Mr. Davis used as his workroom while writing "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." The plan is to secure as many articles as possible which were used by the Davis family for this room, with a portrait of the Southern chieftain, and place volumes of his work on the shelves.

Dr. Margaret Caraway, of Gulfport, is now chairman of the Beauvoir Memorial Committee. —*The New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Sons of Confederate Veterans

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DR. A. J. CROWELL, Charlotte, N. C. *Surgeon 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.

PERSONAL NOTES.

IN MEMORIAM.

Comrade Silas W. Fry, Past Commander Eastern Division, S. C. V., on August 6, 1929, lost his life while swimming in Rainbow Lake, Denville, N. J.

Comrade Fry was in the prime of life and activity, and entering upon the full enjoyment of a successful career of broad achievement in both the business world and in patriotic work, to which he was devoted. He had served New York Camp, No. 985, S. C. V., in nearly every important capacity, as comrade, as adjutant, as commander, and as member of numerous committees, after performing duties tedious, technical, and difficult; and had several times gone as duly authorized delegate to the annual reunions of Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Comrade Fry had served as Commander of the Eastern Division, S. C. V., and was deeply interested and diligently active in aid of Confederate memorials and monuments, in the preservation of historic battle fields in the South, and in placing stone markers upon neglected graves of Confederate soldiers who were buried usually where they fell in battle; and he was an ever-ready defender of the truth of Confederate history, devoted to Southern social and civic ideals, and an active member of patriotic organizations.

Comrade Fry's usefulness and efficiency in all that he undertook were evidenced by successful results invariably accomplished, often when tasks

undertaken seemed insurmountable. His character was as immaculate as his always well-groomed and immaculate person; he was a typical Southerner and an American of the original stock which founded this great republic; he was a true friend, and he had friends who were true and loyal.

CONFEDERATE RECORDS OF LOUISIANA.

Gen. L. Stephens, Department Commander of the Army of Tennessee, United Confederate Veterans, Coushatta, La., has compiled three volumes containing the record of all Louisiana Confederate soldiers and commands. The three volumes have been presented Red River Parish, La., by General Stephens. The records are now in the office of the clerk of the court, and are available for public use.

ACTIVITIES OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Maj. K. M. Van Zandt, Past Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans, has been the active president of the Fort Worth National Bank since 1874.

Major Van Zandt recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday. His bank, which now occupies a twenty-two-story building, has had no other president since it was founded more than fifty years ago. Its capital, surplus, and undivided profits are now more than \$5,000,000.

Major Van Zandt not only founded Fort Worth's first bank, but was also instrumental in bringing the first and second railroads to Fort

Worth. He gave the site for the first church and helped to build it. He was teacher of the first school and the first Sunday school in Fort Worth. He served in the War between the States as a major, and after the war went to Fort Worth in a covered wagon.

To-day Major Van Zandt is active as head of his bank and is at his office every morning. His keen, active mind is forever busy.

"THE LITTLE FORK RANGERS, 1861-65."

[A sketch of Company D, 4th Virginia Cavalry. By Woodford B. Hackney, grandson of a member of the company. 117 pages. Richmond, Va. Press of the Dietz Printing Company, 1927.]

Reviewed by Richard L. Morton, Professor of History, William and Mary College, Virginia.

Culpeper County, Va., has furnished its full quota of good fighting men. The Culpeper Minute Men, since the time that they followed Gen. Andrew Lewis against the Indians in the battle of Point Pleasant, in 1773, to the present, have been familiar figures in Virginia history. Now another company from Culpeper rides upon the stage and makes its bow to fame. The Little Fork Rangers take their name from a region in the northern part of the county above the junction of the Rapahannock and the Hazel Rivers, the Little Fork, in which the company was recruited and drilled. Professor Hackley, of the University of Richmond, has done more than chronicle the material adventures of this small group of very active Confederate cavalymen. In tracing the background for their activities, he has given us an intimate insight into Confederate history, cutting across the whole period of the war in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

The Little Fork Rangers became Company D, of the 4th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, in September, 1861. With the aid of personal interviews with surviving members of the company, letters of the period, official records, and the diary of one of their number, Lieutenant Holtzman, the author has kept his little group from being lost to view in the larger organization. The regiment was a part of Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade in General Stuart's famous cavalry force. There was no group in the army more active than the cavalry—skirmishing in advance of the army, playing its part in battle, and pursuing the enemy or covering the retreat after the battle. The Rangers followed Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Manassas and in his retreat from Yorktown, and they followed

Gen. R. E. Lee from Seven Pines to Appomattox. According to Mr. Hackney—

"The Little Fork Rangers left Jeffersontown on July 4, 1861, with fifty-seven men. The total number on the rolls, including new enlistments and transfers, was, as near as we can determine, one hundred and forty-nine. There were thirteen in the final charge at Appomattox. The sixth and last muster roll, covering the period from February 29, 1864, to April 30, 1864, contains ninety-eight names. That it is very unlikely that the active strength of the company at any time greatly exceeded one hundred men. Of the one hundred and forty-nine men, ten were killed in action, three were mortally wounded, and seven died of disease during the war, making a total of twenty men who gave their lives for their country. In addition, thirty-six were wounded and twenty-five were captured."

Fifty-four per cent of all those who were enlisted in the company at one time or another were killed in battle or by disease, captured, or wounded—a remarkable testimony in itself of the heroic struggles of these men.

The book contains a complete roster of the company (Company D), with a brief sketch of the record of each of its one hundred and forty-nine members. It also traces the complete record of the 4th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry as an organization. Some interesting stories are told of the organization and drilling of the company, of personal experiences of its members, of Federal raids in the Little Fork region, and of other war-time activities. Especially valuable are the nine pages of extracts from Lieutenant Holtzman's diary. Mr. Hackley is right in saying that they "reveal, more effectively than any discussion, untold stories of hardship, suffering, hunger, danger, devotion to duty, patriotism; they give us interesting first-hand information as to the daily routine of camp life, how the soldiers passed their time when not engaged in active campaigning; they suggest many interesting commentaries on the history of the times; they disclose the human side of soldiering; they impart the humorous and the pathetic."

The author gives as the chief motive in putting in print the results of his research the desire that the other descendants of the "Little Forkers" should share with him the joy of following their ancestors through these adventurous and trying years. He has certainly succeeded in putting them all in debt to him.

THE CONVENTION AT BILOXI.

(Continued from page 473.)

To Texas, the great State of Texas, the next convention will go through the gracious invitation extended by Miss Katie Daffan to meet "somewhere in Texas," and San Antonio cordially supplemented this with its invitations from the mayor of the city, its Chamber of Commerce, and its Barnard E. Bee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. Hurrah for Texas and Miss Katie Daffan!

* * *

HISTORICAL EVENING.

The program for Historical Evening, Thursday, November 21, opened with a colorful procession of flag bearers, officers, etc., the division historians bearing their State flags. The high lights of the program was the presentation of the Historian General, Miss Marion Salley; the address by Judge Stone Devours on "The Constitution of the Confederate States"; the awarding of crosses; and the closing scene in the fashion parade of the sixties, with appropriate music.

* * *

MEMORIAL HOUR.

Memorial exercises were held on Wednesday afternoon, with Mrs. P. H. P. Lane, chairman of

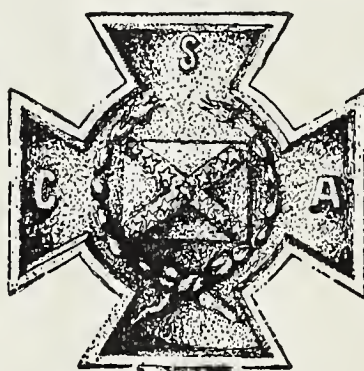
the Memorial Committee, presiding. Following the invocation, "Lead, Kindly Light" was rendered by the quartet, which gave additional appropriate selections during the service. A memorial to the United Daughters of the Confederacy was given by Mrs. W. S. Coleman, Georgia; to the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans, by Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, West Virginia. Special memorials were: Gen. James A. Yeager, by Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Kentucky; to Gen. Charles C. Harvey, Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, South Carolina; to Mr. Alexander McQueen Salley, by Mrs. J. Frost Walker, South Carolina; to Gen. W. A. Collier, by Miss Edith Pope, Tennessee; to Mr. Robert Preston Blake, by Mrs. A. C. Ford, Virginia; to Mrs. Mary Lindsey Pendleton Cleland, by Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Missouri.

With the roll call of States, a flower was placed in the wreath by each Division President.

There were many things outside of the convention which attracted the Daughters of the Confederacy to this delightful little city of Biloxi by the sea, and the many entertainments for their pleasure while there relieved the tedium of convention proceedings. Special mention of these entertainments will be given in the January number.



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For homes within a pleasant land,
For Friendship's cheer along the
way,
For Love's enduring, golden band,
In Truth, we thank thee, Lord, to-
day.

* * *

Now He who orders all the ways
Of sun and stars through boundless
space,
Will guard my nights and keep my
days,
Though clouds and darkness hide his
face.

And so, o'er all the scenes of life
I know he keepeth watch and ward
Though bright with peace or dark with
strife,

I thank thee for thy mercies, Lord.

—F. R. McLaren.

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Special Offering in Old Books

Let the VETERAN help you build up your Confederate library. Send a list of your book wants, and, if not in stock, will locate them if possible, whether old or new.

* * *

In the following list, while the books are old, they are in good condition unless otherwise stated; the reading matter is all in good order:

"Reminiscences of the Civil War." By Gen. John B. Gordon.....	\$5 50
"With Sabre and Scalpel." By Dr. John A. Wyeth.....	5 50
"Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States." By Gen. Henry Lee. Revised edition, with biography of General Lee, by his son, Gen. R. E. Lee.....	6 50
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"Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." By Jefferson Davis. Two volumes. Cloth bound. Binding injured.....	8 00

Remember the special offer on "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," compiled and edited by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, by which the book and a year's subscription to the VETERAN are given for \$4.00. Get it for a Christmas gift for some one. Nothing better. This is the \$5.00 edition, and the stock is being exhausted.

"Echoes from Dixie" is a splendid collection of songs of the old days in the South, and that, too, would be an appreciated gift at this time. Send one dollar for a copy, or secure three new subscriptions to the VETERAN and get this collection as a premium.

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